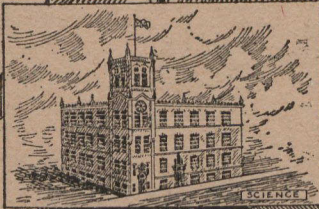
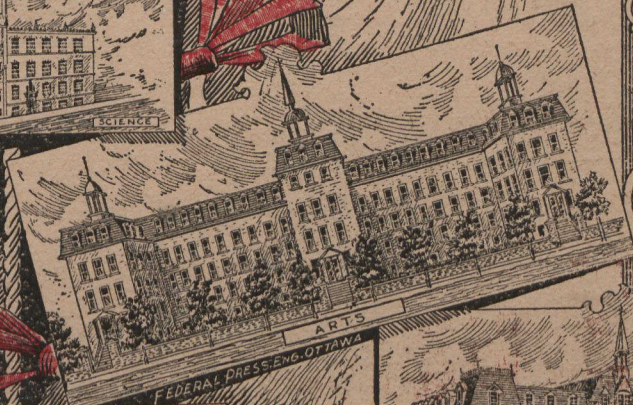


University of Ottawa Review.



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REV. WILLIAM J. HOWE, O.M.I.
DIED, FEBRUARY 13th 1900.

(From photo by Jarvis, Ottawa.)

University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 6

FEBRUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 6

“NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.”

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death
of his saints.—PSALM CXV.

SINCE the beginning of the new year, several members of the Order of Mary Immaculate have passed away to their eternal home. Amongst those that have thus gone to their reward, are reckoned three devoted priests, to whom our University will ever owe a heavy debt of gratitude. One of them had reached an age when death can hardly be regarded as unexpected; still his sudden departure from the scene of long and successful labors, calls forth a pang of sharp regret from everyone that had the happiness of an acquaintance with his gentle ways. We refer to good Father Antoine, as the simple people loved to call him, the First Assistant to the Superior General. Perhaps to no one more than to Father Antoine does our University owe its present enviable position amongst educational establishments. The next Oblate to answer the Master's call to a better world, was one whom our great sorrow for his death, hardly permits us to mention. Those that knew Father Howe as intimately as we did, must have some idea of the

keenness of our grief. Let the following brief notice, as well as our editorial reference to his death, be accepted as our tribute to his memory. In the third place we mourn the death of Rev. Father Laporte, who for some years back has been known to many of us as the ever hospitable Superior of the Oblate house in Maniwaki. Father Laporte, besides having spent some time under our College roof as Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department, was, moreover, always a staunch friend of both professors and students. Finally, we have to record the passing away of a last year's graduate, whose life in our midst was ever such as is sure to elevate and edify. Mr. O'Meara was a young man, alike beloved by both professors and students. His death, though not unexpected, has caused a regret that is deep and will be lasting. In behalf of those that have gone into the home of their Eternity, the REVIEW breathes a prayer for rest; to those left behind as mourners of this fourfold bereavement, the REVIEW humbly offers the little tribute of its sincere condolence.

Reverend Joseph E. Antoine, O.M.I.

DIED JANUARY 11TH, 1900.



HE Angel of Death has once more visited the home of the Oblates in Paris and summoned to his eternal reward our beloved Father Antoine, First Assistant to the Superior General of the Congregation. The dirge of sorrow rising from the hearts of those for whom he labored so long in Paris, will surely find an echo on this side of the ocean, and many a tear will be shed over the memory of the noble priest who, in the morning of his sacerdotal career, so generously cast his lot amongst us.

That Reverend Father Antoine should be well known in Canada is not surprising, since he spent here more than thirty years of his priestly life.

Joseph Eugene Antoine was born in May, 1826, in the Diocese of St. Dié, France. He grew up under the watchful care of deeply Christian parents, who never for a moment relaxed their vigilance

in regard to that tender flower, a sacerdotal vocation, which had evidently been planted in his soul. In 1849 he entered the Oblate novitiate at Nancy, and the year following, he pronounced his vows. As he had almost completed his theological studies when he entered the novitiate, he was sent directly from Nancy to Marseilles, in order to prepare for his ordination to the priesthood. On the 30th of September, 1850, he had the great happiness to receive Holy Orders at the hands of the venerable Founder, of the Oblates, Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles.

The soul of the zealous and energetic young Levite was all athirst for the work of foreign missions, and, at his own request, he was attached to the mission in Canada. The first twelve years of his life in this country, he spent in christianizing the Indians. He was afterwards appointed Superior of the Oblate community in Montreal, and finally Provincial of the Congregation in Canada and the United States. In spite of the strain caused by the duties of his administrative charge, he yet found time to preach a good many retreats and to direct an ever-increasing number of persons who sought his counsel and assistance. Even Bishops had resource to the treasures of his wisdom and experience, and such was his success in settling delicate questions, that he was selected to be the first occupant of the Episcopal See of Pembroke, an honor which his humility would not allow him to accept. The Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Taché, also endeavored to make him his coadjutor, but with no greater success. During his stay in Canada, Father Antoine was untiring and most successful in his efforts to further the interest of Ottawa University.

In 1887 he was present at the General Chapter of the Congregation, which was held in Rome, and before the close of the chapter, he was appointed Assistant General. The important duties which now devolved upon him did not extinguish for a moment that apostolic love for souls which had always characterized him, and throughout Paris, among rich and poor, great and lowly, his unassuming manners and whole-souled charity earned for him the name of "*le bon Père Antoine.*"

The news of his death fell like a thunderbolt upon the community. That so robust a constitution should be brought to the grave in two or three days seemed almost incredible. Such

however are the ways of Providence. One morning in January, while on his way to one of the convents of Paris, in order to say mass, he was struck by a passing wagon and seriously injured. Pneumonia quickly set in, and in three days he was dead. During his brief illness, when told that he had but a few hours more to live, he cheerfully offered up the sacrifice to God. He was buried in the cemetery of the Sacred Heart, at the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, within the shadow of that temple which he loved so much to visit during life. His tongue is now silent and his lips forever closed, but the memory of his virtues will live long amongst us.

Reverend William J. Howe, O.M.I.

DIED, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1900.



STUNNED by the great magnitude and cruel suddenness of their bereavement, the professors and students of Ottawa University, as well as the faithful people of St. Joseph's parish, can hardly realize that dear Father Howe, the beloved Oblate, the able teacher, the devoted dispenser of God's blessings, is now no longer in their midst. During the times of recreation, as we pass through the College halls, we half expect to hear again the old familiar hello! followed by some warm Celtic greeting, the overflowing of a heart unable to contain all the rich treasures of its kindness. So hard, hard is it to get used to the absence of one whose daily life formed, as it were, a part of our own existence.

Perhaps never before has there been witnessed in Ottawa, a more general or a more heart-piercing sorrow than that which has made memorable the death of Father Howe. Around the lifeless body, as it lay in state in the University parlor, and in St. Joseph's Church, we expected to see manifestations of profound grief on the part of both young and old. In this respect our expectations were more than realized. Not only women and children, but even strong business men in the prime of life, were heard to weep aloud as they knelt in prayerful devotion beside the mortal remains of him, who most probably had been their gentlest and most

devoted benefactor in a world where true God-like kindness is all too rare. Even yet, if, of an afternoon, we chance to enter St. Joseph's Church, we cannot fail to notice a number of sorrow-bent figures, who have not as yet ceased, nor will they cease as long as life lasts, to lament daily, before God's Eucharistic throne the loss of him who, without doubt, was their truest earthly friend. Dear reader, those praying figures are representative of the poor, the sorrowful and the abandoned. Well may they, above all others, weep ; a comforting light has gone out from the midst of their humble lives.

The Reverend William J. Howe, C.M.I., was a native of county Tipperary, Ireland. He was the son of John Howe and Ann Conroy, and was born in the parish of Silvermines, diocese of Killaloe, on April 17th, 1858. Having completed his common-school education, he felt in the depth of his soul, a heaven-inspired inclination towards the noblest of all vocations. Promptly obedient to God's call, he entered the Oblate Fathers' Juniorate at Kilburn, London, where he made his classical course. He then made his novitiate in his native Ireland, and continued during some time his studies for the missionary priesthood. The confinement and close application necessary for the acquirement of sacred science, soon, however, proved too severe a strain for his rather delicate constitution, so he was forced to abandon his books for awhile and betake himself to an active business career. Having entered the employment of Mr. Ring, a Dublin merchant, he remained for some time in the Irish Capital, and then left his dear native land for a stranger home in the Western World. We next find him travelling around as representative of a large New York firm, in which capacity he won universal confidence and esteem.

But his Heavenly Father's gentle call to nobler work, to which, years before, young William J. Howe had bravely tried to correspond, still sounded in his soul, so, with a generosity truly characteristic of his whole-souled Celtic nature, he resolved to again occupy himself solely with his Master's business. He was strong again in health, and would henceforth devote himself unreservedly to the procuring of eternal treasures both for himself and for his fellow men. With this purely supernatural end in view, he came to Tewksbury, Massachusetts, where, in October,

1888, he again entered the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1890, he made his perpetual vows, and thenceforth for three years, devoted himself to the study of theology and to the teaching of young men who had the desire of becoming missionary priests. In the month of September, 1891, when the new Oblate Juniorate was opened in Buffalo, N. Y., Brother Howe was appointed one of its professors, in which capacity he remained for two years.

During his residence in Buffalo, Brother Howe was untiring in his devotedness to a double duty,—the study of theology and teaching. Indeed the thorough manner in which he accomplished this twofold task, attracted the attention and admiration of both his superiors and pupils. Some of those that are now professors in Ottawa University owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Father Howe for his devotedness to their encouragement and advancement during their classical course in Buffalo. We feel sure that, as long as life lasts, when exercising the sacred ministry, they will not forget to pray for the kind and genial benefactor of their early student days.

On August 13th, 1893, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass., Brother Howe was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood by the Right Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. In the following October, he received his obedience for the University of Ottawa, where he remained until his call to a well merited reward. Father Howe's six years residence in Ottawa needs no encomium here. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his sacred calling, he made the sick-room and the house of affliction, the chief objects of his solicitude. His life amongst us was a series of good deeds and kind acts that are written indelibly upon the hearts of his Oblate brethren, of the University students and of the citizens at large.

During the night of Friday, February 5th last, Father Howe took ill, and was confined to his room next day. Nobody thought, however, that anything serious was the matter. On Sunday, his condition had become somewhat worse, so it was deemed expedient to have him removed to the Sisters' hospital, Water street. Monday's morning papers announced that Father Howe was at the Hospital suffering from inflammation of the lungs, but a local

termination of the malady was not dreaded nor even thought of, by any of his friends. Acute pneumonia, however, soon placed the patient in a very critical condition ; so, on Tuesday the 13th, at noon, the news came to us like an electric shock : " Father Howe is unconscious with hardly any hope of recovery." The sad tidings soon spread through the University and cast a shadow of gloom upon every countenance. During the afternoon and evening, it was impossible to pass through the corridors without being asked again and again for the latest report from the sick room. Professors and students vied with one another in imploring heaven for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their dying brother and friend. Even nature itself, that afternoon, seemed completely sympathetic. An unusual thing on a Canadian winter day, the rain fell in torrents, and a strong wind moaned lonesomely through the naked branches. It was just the kind of day most suitable for sad and melancholy thoughts.

Towards evening the patient became conscious, and remained so for at least a couple of hours. During that time he bade farewell to some of his dearest friends, and made a final preparation to meet his Judge, for well he knew that death was near at hand. About eight o'clock p.m. he relapsed into unconsciousness, and then the watching priests, Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., Rev. Father Paillier, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Poli, O.M.I., who had been constantly in attendance at his bedside, knew that the end could not be far off. About eleven p.m. as the prayers for a departing soul were being recited, the end came without a struggle,— Father Howe was dead. The heavy rain had ceased, but the winter wind continued to sigh mournfully among the leafless trees, a touching forerunner of that great sigh of grief which early next day, was destined to rise from many a home in Ottawa.

The tolling of St. Joseph's bell in the early morning of the 14th conveyed the sad tidings of Father Howe's death to the comparatively few that had become aware of his critical condition the evening before. Very many there were however that knew not of his illness until they received the sorrowful message that he was no more. To them especially the news was so stunning that it seemed incredible. The University students were so touched with the sudden grief that, during recreation, the

accustomed pastimes were completely abandoned, and hardly a sound disturbed the heavy silence.

At ten o'clock a.m. the whole student body, fully five hundred in number, marched in procession to the hospital, and escorted the body back to the University. It was there laid out in one of the parlors, which had been heavily draped in mourning for the occasion.

During all that afternoon and the following day, a continuous throng of citizens representing all ages, classes, creeds and nationalities, gathered around the simple coffin, eager for one last look upon a countenance that, in life, never failed to bring cheery comfort and fresh hope to the hearts of the troubled and the discouraged.

On Thursday afternoon, February 15th, the remains of Father Howe were borne from the University by six brother Oblates and placed in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church. Then the pathetic "Office of the Dead" which sounds so strangely like the sighs of suffering helplessness, was chanted by the Reverend Professors of the University assisted by many other priests.

On Friday morning at nine o'clock, the solemn funeral mass began, the officiating Prelate being the Most Reverend Joseph I. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. During the service, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomède Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, occupied a throne on the epistle side of the sanctuary, and when mass was over, he pronounced the final absolution. It was the first time that His Excellency had assisted pontifically at a funeral service since his appointment as Apostolic Delegate. The Rev. P. T. Ryan of Renfrew, Ontario, delivered the funeral oration. His words were a touching tribute to the memory of Father Howe, whose name is destined to be honored by the lips of all that knew him. During the lengthy funeral service, standing room could, with difficulty, be obtained within the sacred edifice and many persons were forced to remain outside in the biting winter cold.

At length, the long funeral procession slowly wended its way to the Oblates' Scholasticate, Ottawa East, where another shorter service was held in the chapel. The coffin was then sorrowfully borne to the little secluded cemetery among the trees, where

Father Howe was gently laid to rest beside his brother Oblates that had preceded him to a home where sorrow never enters.

*
* *

Scarcely a day passes without our recalling those closing scenes of a life whose chief characteristic was humble Christian goodness; the tears unbidden rush up to dim our sight, and memories of the past make us oblivious of the present. With striking vividness there passes before our memory's eye, three days of painful illness heroically endured, then the final good-byes, the solemn *proficiscere* of the attending priests, and then the parting sigh. We seem to see again the modest coffin, and the pale, calm lifeless form, clad in the penitential violet of the sacerdotal state, with the crucifix and beads of the Missionary Oblate clasped in the stiff white fingers. Anew, we witness, gathered around the doubly consecrated corpse, the weeping flock to whose spiritual and temporal wants the departed priest of God had so zealously attended—for whom, in fact, it may be said he gave his life.

Once more in memory's temple we take part in the solemn funeral service; we recall the unusual throng and the tear-stained faces, and we hear again the prayerful sighs that must have pierced the heavens even to the throne of God.

And then, when the final absolution has been sung, and when we have looked upon the dead for one last time ere the lid is permanently fastened upon the coffin, we follow in spirit the mournful procession to the little cemetery beside the ice-bound Rideau. Again we seem to see the casket with its precious treasure lowered into the inhospitable-looking earth deep-frozen by the wintry winds of our northern clime. The *Benedicite* is recited, another absolution is pronounced, the familiar words of the *De Profundis* echo in our ears, the rough earth rattles upon the hollow sounding wood, and all is over. How peculiarly sad—how melancholy is that sound, the sound of the clay upon a coffin lid! Let us turn away and forget the grief of that parting from one whom we had learned to love, in the sweet remembrance that our separation must be, at most, but of short duration.

Let us close this little tribute to the memory of Father Howe, with the following quotation from the funeral sermon:

“ In the death of the devoted priest whose funeral rites we are celebrating, you have a legitimate cause for grief. By his death the Archbishop loses a zealous laborer in the Vineyard of the Lord, the Order of Mary Immaculate, a devoted brother in religion; and the University a valuable teacher. You, my brethren, of this parish, have lost one whom you addressed as ‘Father,’ not only because he was a priest but because he was your priest, especially charged with the care of your souls. You are not to be told to dry your tears. You are not to be told that there is no room for sorrow beside the bier of a Christian. You may well grieve, for the Church grieves with you.

“ There is a vacant place in this church—in the sanctuary that hitherto during the past six years, has been vacant only when duty made it so, a place, so far as its recent occupant is concerned, will be vacant for ever. I know, brethren, it is not necessary for me to speak to you of Father Howe. Here amongst you, you have known him for six years. Tell me if I’m not speaking the truth, when I say he was ever at your service. Did you ever have one more willing, more zealous, more untiring to do everything that was in him for your needs and desires? Could I speak much higher praise for a priest of God? Could I wish anything nobler to be said of myself? He worked zealously, untiringly, unselfishly, having only one object and purpose in view—the welfare of his people, among whom he was pleased to interest himself for the care of their souls. I am not surprised that the news of his death came upon you as a shock. It was no greater shock to you than it was to us, who saw him go out from our midst hoping to have him back in a day or two.”

KIND WORDS OF REGRET AND SYMPATHY.

Here is a touching letter in reference to the death of Reverend Father Howe. It is from the pen of the Honorable Alfred Evan-
trel, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature :

TORONTO, 15th Feb. 1900.

Dr. Stuart Albin,
Ottawa University,

DEAR SIR,—I was much grieved at the reception of your letter conveying to me the sad intelligence of the premature death

of my good and intimate friend, Rev. Father Howe, O.M.I.

If it was indeed shocking news to me, and to his numerous body friends in Canada, how painful it must be for the University and the noble Order of which he was an ornament.

Father Howe made friends for the institution every time he travelled ; and his genial qualities mingled so well with his virtues, that I am one of those he left a lasting impression upon, and I deplore his loss with the Rev. Fathers at Ottawa to whom please to offer my heartfelt condolence in their great grief and bereavement.

Devotedly yours,

ALFRED EVANTUREL,

Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

THE STUDENTS' TRIBUTE.

The Ottawa University students at a special meeting, drew up the following resolutions of condolence :

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to Himself one upon whom He had impressed the sacerdotal character in the person of Rev. William Howe, Oblate of Mary Immaculate and

WHEREAS, Rev. Father Howe, had been for six years a devoted professor of Ottawa University, and had, in his daily intercourse with the students, become greatly endeared to them all by his nobility and tenderness of character, and

WHEREAS, we, the students of Ottawa University, realizing the severe loss which has been sustained by both the professorial staff of the University and ourselves, in the death of our beloved friend, philosopher and guide, do

RESOLVE, that our heartfelt sympathy and condolence be tendered to the Very Reverend Rector of the University and through him to the members of Reverend Father Howe's family in this sad hour of their affliction.

Signed on behalf of the students by their Committee.

J. E. McGLADE, *Chairman*

J. F. BREEN,

W. A. MARTIN,

J. B. COUGHLIN,

M. A. FOLEY, *Sec.*

Reverend Joseph C. Laporte, O.M.I.

DIED, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1900.

By the death of the Reverend Father Laporte, until recently Superior of the Oblates' House at Maniwaki, both the professors and students of Ottawa University have lost one of their truest friends. During the past seven years, Father Laporte was known to us chiefly on account of his ever ready hospitality.

Maniwaki, a neat village on the Gatineau, some ninety miles north of Ottawa, has long furnished, during the hot vacation days, a pleasant summer resort for the Reverend Fathers and Brothers of the University. Occasionally, even students whom extraordinary circumstances prevented from spending the holidays at their native place, have passed a few weeks right pleasantly at Maniwaki. Father Laporte ever generously extended to all without exception, the kind hand of welcome and hospitality. The spacious house over which he had charge, as well as everything to be found therein, was placed unreservedly at their disposal. In a word, everything was done for the greater comfort and entertainment of anyone that could say "I belong to Ottawa University." One summer, most of the professors, for the sake of a change, chose Mattawa in preference to Maniwaki, for their vacation outing. Father Laporte was grieved, and anxiously inquired what he had done to offend the University people.

The Reverend Joseph Camille Laporte, O.M.I., was born at St. Paul de Joliette, diocese of Montreal, on July 17th 1856. Hence he was just two years older than the lamented Father Howe. His father's name was Toussaint Laporte and his mother's maiden name was Clémentine Caisse.

Young Camille made his classical course at Assumption College, and, upon its completion, entered the Canadian Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Lachine, on November 10th, 1878. Having finished his year's novitiate, he came to Ottawa in order to pursue his theological studies. On November 12th, 1880, he pronounced his perpetual vows, and on May 23rd, 1883, he was made a priest forever by His Grace, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel.

Father Laporte was first sent to Quebec where he remained one year, after which he was removed to Montreal. His stay of four years in the Canadian Metropolis was prolific in good works, amongst which, the most notable was the erection of a splendid school. During the scholastic year '88-'89, Father Loporte was Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department of Ottawa University, and then he was sent to Lake St. John where he remained three years. The chief marks of Father Laporte's zeal and energy at that lovely summer resort, are the Oblate's house and church which he caused to be erected.

In the year 1892, Father Laporte's ability was openly recognized, for he was appointed Superior of the Oblate house at Maniwaki and Pastor of an extensive parish, which position he held until last year, when failing health forced him to abandon active work.

Father Laporte is now gone, but he has left behind him at Maniwaki, monuments of extraordinary courage and unflagging energy, which will surely carry his name down through a long series of succeeding generations. The extensive church grounds, once an unsightly mass of solid rock, have been levelled, and laid out with an artistic beauty equalled nowhere north of Ottawa. The stately new convent and school, finished last year,—a building that would bring honor to any city,—is the noble result of Father Laporte's latest and most self-sacrificing efforts.

Another substantial and highly beneficial piece of workmanship, due in great measure, if not entirely, to Father Laporte's exertions, is the handsome new steel bridge across the Gatineau at Maniwaki. This bridge is a veritable blessing to the numerous settlers on both sides of the river.

Last year, when his new convent and school was about completed, Father Laporte was ill. No constitution, were it ever so strong, could withstand very long, such a constant heavy strain. Every day, save Sunday, from morning till night, he had watched over the erection and finishing of the new building; for he made it his business to oversee personally the placing of every brick and plank and nail. But this work, added to others of a like nature that preceded it, had cost him his life. The ever active brain, so prolific in great designs and useful inventions, at length suc-

cumbed to overwork. A complete rest became necessary, so the patient was removed to the Hotel Dieu, Montreal. He lingered on, however, until February 21st last, when his self-sacrificing spirit passed away to a kinder world.

R. A. O'Meara, '99.

The sad news of the death of Mr. R. A. O'Meara '99, at London, on Friday, the 16th instant, was received with deep regret and sorrow by the students and professors. Mr. O'Meara made the last three years of his classical course at Ottawa University and, during that time, earned the respect and esteem of the student body and of those of the Faculty with whom he came in contact. For two years he was a professor of English and Mathematics in the Commercial Course, but on account of failing health he gave up his position as professor and, during his last year, devoted himself altogether to class work. He was also, for two years, associate editor of THE REVIEW, and those of us who served with him feel deeply his early demise. In Athletics "R. A.," as we knew him familiarly, took an active interest, being himself one of the most expert Association footballers of Ontario. During '98-'99 he served as President of the University Athletic Association, filling the position most acceptably. Just before the final examination last June, he was afflicted with the dread disease, but recovered sufficiently to take his degree. Consumption, however, had taken a last hold, and though he never really rallied, he bore up with patient suffering till the last. To the sorrowing relatives of dear R. A. we extend our most sincere sympathy and pray that God may comfort them and grant eternal rest to the departed.



A CUP OF COLD WATER.



traveller on the thirsty sand,
Where beats the hot simoon,
Would bless with grateful heart, the hand
Giving a draught's rare boon ;

But should the false mirage betray,
How bitter were his fate,
How cruel that illusive ray,
Mocking his piteous state.

A pilgrim on the way of life,
Heart-famished, soul-oppressed,
Weary and wounded in the strife,
A kindness would have blessed ;

But should a traitor in the camp
Deceive with seeming good,
How sharper than a serpent's fang,
His base ingratitude.

And surely Christ, who promiseth
Reward for charity
Even of a cup of water, hath
Reward for such as he.

CAMEO.

HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE was truly a many-sided genius. That is a time-worn truism. Year after year we are told it, and still repetition never appears to make us too familiar with it. His name is universally known, and is universally looked upon as "the greatest in all literature." Such is the verdict of mature judgment, but minds in all stages of development are not less sparing of praise. A certain writer has said: "In youth, the spirit and action of his scenes excite the attention and the imagination; in maturer years, the wonderful variety and truthful delineation of the characters, and the exquisite beauty of the images that enrich almost every page, are more sensibly appreciated; and when many ordinary enjoyments of life are diminished by still advancing time, the reader recurs to Shakespeare, and finds the charm still unbroken, and that there is superadded an almost reverential sense of the profound philosophy so often conveyed in words not harsh and crabbed, but charming and musical as Apollo's lute." From this view none will dissent. The boy who has just entered on his teens can always glean sufficient from the pages of Shakespeare to delight him intensely; the populous world he has created in which stalk characters of most strange complexity, and of commonplace every-day life, is replete with interest for the student; and the immense grasp he had of knowledge of various kinds, his ability to couch his wit in language the most pointed, to give so cutting an edge to his sarcasm, and to present his sublimest thoughts in garb the most becoming, these will probably never cease to claim the attention of all.

The general mode of procedure in criticism is to exhibit the excellences of a writer and then attack his defects, or to perform the two conjointly. Now, is this method to be adopted in treating of any of Shakespeare's works? Scarcely can it be said that it should. For a writer who is so well nigh perfect as all admit him to be under so many various aspects, would hardly find it possible to crowd in many faults. Then again it were a useless occupation

to pry into his defects, for their evil influence would be amply counteracted and almost entirely overshadowed by his numerous excellences. Still, defects he had, and in the consideration of the subject proposed in this essay it may be said that we are confronted with one of them. He is often "so subtle as to become unintelligible," one writer has said. Indeed many disputed points have been raised concerning his works which the lapse of time has failed to settle. Shakespeare undoubtedly saw the solution of all those enigmas of life that he presents us with. Concerning many of these he most probably failed to perceive that any misconception could possibly arise, but we often feel that in penning some of his scenes he secretly exulted in the difficulty his readers would experience in unravelling his mysteries.

From the play we learn that Hamlet was possessed of many amiable qualities. He was

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers;

and, at the close of the last act, Fortinbras, just returned from the Polack wars, says, in ordering the removal of Hamlet's body from the scene of carnage,

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.

We might with interest and profit consider all these and other aspects of his character. But the question of his sanity overshadows all such considerations. There is a wide realm between a sane condition of mind and an advanced stage of madness; yet many contend that Hamlet occupies one of these extremes, while quite as large a number allot him a station at the other. Must we not, therefore, conclude even before any examination that he was peculiarly constituted? Shakespeare placed him in very strange circumstances. Now the question that puzzles is whether Shakespeare wished to portray a character who cloaked his designs under the veil of assumed madness, or one whose faculties were impaired by a real affliction. In either case the skill of a master is displayed. "How consummate must be the poet's art," says Cardinal Wiseman, "who can have so skilfully

described to the minutest symptoms, the mental malady of a great mind, as to leave it uncertain to the present day, even among learned physicians versed in such maladies, whether Hamlet's madness was real or assumed."

Hamlet's early years were passed as those of many a youth placed in favorable circumstances. His surroundings were most congenial to his nature. Some years had been devoted to studies in a university. But he had still experienced only the bright side of life, and no obstacle had presented itself to disturb the even tenor of his way. He was a student untried by tribulation, who probably never had occasion to meditate on the many phases of human misery. Instead of those truths which are taught properly only by actual experience, he had treasured up in his mind many "saws of books" copied there by youth and observation.

Such is Hamlet before we meet him. But our first acquaintance with him reveals a being entirely different. He is morose and sullen, giving way to his grief and sense of disgrace, and meditating self-slaughter. "Oh God! Oh God!" he exclaims,

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world.

His hitherto quiet life had been broken in upon. The death of his father, followed closely by the marriage of his mother with his uncle, plunged him into sadness, and from thence he quickly descended into despair. His despair assumes a maddened form when he learns of the murder of his father, and when the responsibility devolves upon him of ridding the throne of the monster who has usurped it, and who has steeped his soul in a most unnatural murder. He is unequal to the task which has fallen to his lot; he loathes his work. Throughout the play he takes resolutions innumerable of carrying out his father's injunction, but they are repeatedly broken. The murder of the king is ultimately accomplished, but Hamlet commits the deed only on sudden impulse, just as, some time previously, he stabbed Polonius, chamberlain to the king.

Very few instances can be given in support of the claim that Hamlet was only feigning insanity, and these, when closely examined, are only apparent proofs of the assumption of madness. Let us examine the scenes in which they are found. When first told

of the appearance of his father's ghost, Hamlet asks his friends Horatio and Marcellus not to mention anything concerning it. What purpose can he have had in view in enjoining secrecy on them? To answer this question we have but to refer to the preceding portion of the play. Hamlet is aware that he has acted strangely for some time past. The king and queen have noticed his peculiar behavior, and have questioned him about it. "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" asked the king of him. Now when it is a question of his "father's spirit in arms," it would naturally occur to Hamlet that the King would couple his sullenness with the apparition. Hamlet's imagination would not work long before conjuring up a situation that would be far from being a desirable one. He certainly feared mischief at the King's hands. This view is supported by the conversation that takes place between Hamlet and his friends after the disappearance of the ghost. Hamlet not only enjoins secrecy on them by a solemn promise, but he obliges them to swear never to make known aught of what they had heard or seen. This extra caution must certainly have been the result of information imparted during the interview with the ghost. That information, as readers of the play know, related to the murder of Hamlet's father, to the guilt of the then occupant of the throne. We must therefore conclude that it was fear of the King that prompted him to act as he did.

It is from this scene that those who hold that Hamlet's madness was only assumed, cull a passage in support of their opinion. Horatio expresses surprise at the strange things that had happened, and Hamlet replies in words that seem unmistakable in their purport.

Hor.—O day and night but this is wondrous strange!

Ham.—And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, "Well, well, we know;" - or, "We could, an if we would;"
 Or, "If we list to speak;"—or "There be an if they might;"
 Or such ambiguous giving out to note
 That you know ought of me :—this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear.

Now, instead of this being taken as a positive proof of the assumption of madness, might it not be interpreted as follows. Hamlet is aware that he has put on what he is pleased to call "an antic disposition." He knows that he has acted in a very strange way, but he does not feel inclined to admit that such conduct was the consequence of his gloomy reflection. He, therefore, in the presence of his friends, terms it "an antic disposition." He is conscious, too, that his strangeness of manner will continue to make itself more pronounced, now that he has fresh cause for grief. He likewise feels that the King will search the more diligently for that cause, and will, as has been said, meditate mischief against him. He, therefore, sees safety only in barring up all avenues to the possession of the secret. That Hamlet was right in judging that the King would conspire against his life once he became convinced that the murder of his predecessor was no longer unknown, subsequent events sufficiently prove.

There is only one other passage that is apparently a strong proof in favor of the assumption of madness. It occurs in the second scene of Act II. Hamlet enters reading. The King and Queen are present, together with old Polonius, the "wretched, rash, intruding fool." The Queen remarks his approach and says :

But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading;
 to which Polonius answers,

Away, I do beseech you, both away :
 I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.

He accosts Hamlet with the intent of ferreting out his secret, or rather of obtaining more conclusive proof that he was "mad for love." He is not very successful in the attempt, and at last leaves him just as the two courtiers Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter. They have likewise been despatched by the King to sound Hamlet.

They engage in conversation with him, and endeavor to draw him out. Hamlet suspects their motives; he even openly charges them with acting as spies, to which they finally plead guilty. "My lord," says Guildenstern, "we were sent for." Hamlet replies.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises.

This interview closes as follows.

Ham.—Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.

Your hands,—come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, (which I tell you, must show fairly outward,) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guild.—In what, my dear lord?

Ham.—I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

But this passage tends no more than the previous one to prove that Hamlet was not insane. If Hamlet were really feigning insanity, he surely would not be so rash as to make a confession to the very ones from whom he would wish to conceal the knowledge of that fact. We know that he is aware of the purpose of the visit of the two courtiers. They told him that the King had sent them to him, and he, as is seen in one of the preceding quotations, explains to them what the King had in view in so doing. But if his strange conduct were only assumed, it surely was assumed for some purpose. Now up to this point that purpose has been unaccomplished, and he certainly could not have failed to remark that in his conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he had betrayed that purpose. He placed no confidence in these men. In one of his later speeches he refers to them as

my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd.

In such friends he would hardly confide. Hence this scene has to be interpreted otherwise than as a proof of the assumption of madness.

Thus far we have not touched upon what might be called

positive evidences of the reality of Hamlet's madness. They are numerous and the passages in which they occur would constitute reading matter enough for one sitting. Many eminent physicians have examined the question of Hamlet's insanity, and have detected in his character not a few of the various symptoms of disordered minds. While it will be impossible for us to appreciate fully the value of this passage or that as tending to establish his insanity, or to pronounce authoritatively on its meaning, still we can glean much from the play that will convince us that all was not right with Hamlet.

The arguments in support of the claim that Hamlet was insane may be taken from four different sources. The first of these we shall examine is the opinion regarding his condition held by those who had to deal with him. None of them entertained the belief that he was only simulating madness. But here it might be said that such an argument would only tend to prove that the simulation was perfect. That objection would have some value if this were the only argument to support the opinion, but when taken in connection with the other three it serves as a confirmation of them. No word escapes any of the characters that could be contrued into a proof of the assumption of "an antic disposition." The King speaks of "Hamlet's transformation." "So call I it," he says,

Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was.

He then commissions Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

The Queen, his mother, noting his approach on a certain occasion, when he is in one of his gloomy moods, says.

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Some time after, to the King's question, "How does Hamlet?" she replies,

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier.

Polonius thinks he is "mad for love." He sets himself the

task of demonstrating this. He finds his efforts baffled by Hamlet's craftiness; still he is convinced that Hamlet is mad, for he says,

Though this be madness yet there is method in it.

If we now turn to Hamlet himself we find more conclusive proof that he was afflicted with a sore distraction. His wild actions and words can be accounted for only by the fact that he was unsound in mind. The transition from an apparently calm reasoning mood to a violent frenzy is with Hamlet occasionally very sudden. But such an occurrence, physicians state, is frequently met with in all stages of insanity. Hamlet's whole course displays weakness. He is capable of acting only on sudden impulse. The most urgent demands were powerless to move him to action, whereas circumstances the most trivial were sufficient to put him into a frenzy that deprived him for the time being of reason. His misfortunes were not such as would disturb the equilibrium of a well-balanced mind, and yet his gloomy reflections so magnified them, or rather so incapacitated him for meeting them, that on one occasion, in referring to the duty that had devolved upon him, he exclaimed,

O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right.

The reasoning he proposes to himself at times to justify his in-decision betrays also a weak mind. When he finds the King at prayer he recognizes the favorable opportunity therein presented of accomplishing his father's will; but he defers action, alleging excuses, which, if we do not believe him somewhat deranged, must be termed diabolical. Again, possessed of many evident proofs of the King's hostility, and of the hourly danger in which he stands, he still shrinks from duty, and seriously meditates "shuffling off this mortal coil." He does not commit suicide, it is true, but his refraining from that cowardly act little changes our opinion of his strength of will or steadfastness of purpose. For, among the many reasons he brings forward to deter him from it, no mention is made of a father's injunction unfulfilled, of a foul and unnatural deed unavenged. Most men placed in the same circumstances would make such the sole aim of existence; but Hamlet, in decid-

ing the great question of "to be or not to be," fails to take them into account.

We have already noted the opinions of some of the characters in the play regarding Hamlet's condition. Hamlet himself also on several occasions refers to the distracted state of his mind. We shall content ourselves with one reference. The King, with evil intent, had arranged a duel between Laertes, the son of Polonius, and Hamlet, the slayer of Polonius. Before they engaged, the combatants shook hands, and Hamlet said to Laertes :

Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;
 But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
 This presence knows,
 And you must needs have heard,
 How I am punish'd with sore distraction.
 What I have done,
 That might your nature, honor, and exception,
 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
 Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never Hamlet.
 If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not ; Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it, then ? His madness : if't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

One further argument remains to be examined. It has been touched upon somewhat in the early part of the essay, and hence it may here be briefly dismissed. Throughout the play we can discover no particular motive that would justify the assumption of madness. If Hamlet did assume "an antic disposition" for the better carrying out of some design, he failed to make it serve his purposes. He, moreover, as we have seen, betrayed the secret at times, when, did he knowingly simulate madness, he would certainly have been most careful to keep all persons in the dark regarding his intentions.

The character of Hamlet is not such as would command admiration. We see none of the unselfishness of Kent, none of the forbearance of Prospero, none of the devotedness of Antonio, and yet we regard him as being above the mediocre type. We look upon him as a kind of hero, but not because he accomplished anything out of the ordinary. Rather it might be said that such was

owing to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. It is of common occurrence that men who are in a way little entitled to the esteem of their fellows, receive, nevertheless, a certain share of it from the fact that their career has been marked by some unusual feature. The combatant who has been defeated remains still the combatant who has struggled; the sole survivor of a wreck attracts the eyes of the curious wherever he moves; and, to weak, faltering Hamlet, we pay a certain homage, not as to one whom we admire, but as to one, who, though he played his part badly, yet was called upon to assume a rôle that was more than ordinarily difficult.

P. GALVIN, '00.



It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or in the sea,
By limpid brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or nought to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.

Sacred Heart Review.



WAR PICTURES AND A PRAYER,

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

Dead, on the field of battle, cold and white,
 Besmeared with what was once the sap of life,
 Distorted, ugly, grim, shocking God's light,—
 Behold a youth late stricken in the strife !
 The heart made warm for love and friendship fair,
 The arms framed strong some useful end to serve,
 The heavenly brain designed high thought to bear—
 Now Death seals darkened eye and unstrung nerve.

Far-off, around a hearth fire burning low,
 Circles a group of silent figures dim
 In evening's dusk ; unspoke their thoughts outflow
 To their lost boy ; a mother's heart for him
 Hungers ; hot tears a sister's love sets free ;
 An aged father rues the void e'er felt
 By one whose loss is great—ah, could they see
 Their broken hero on the blood-stained velt !

God of the Social Home ! pluck from men's hearts
 Hell's hatreds, and unholy lust of blood,
 And all that leads thereto ; feuds of the marts ;
 Unhallowed greed ; the seething, rancid flood
 Of foul desire for power and pelf ; erase
 With Thy chastising Hand the pomp and pride
 Of potentates, till smiling face to face,
 Peaceful in neighborhood nations abide.

C.

Jan. 12, 1000.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY W.A. MARTIN, '02.

(Continued from last Month.)

To resume what has been said in the preceding pages, it seems evident,

That the "struggle for existence" does not harmonize with the wisdom and order of a designing Creator ;

That the "struggle for existence" is calculated to develop organs of combat but not the noble faculties of man ;

That no generative force can develop a higher from a lower being, since no creature can transmit more than it possesses ;

That the geological record reveals no traces of gradual transformations, and conclusively shows that in the past ages species were as constant as they are to-day.

But in addition to these, there are yet stronger proofs of the untenability of the evolutionary theory. When Darwin wished to establish his hypothesis, he naturally looked for similarity between the human and simian features ; and from the small degree of anatomical resemblance between them, he immediately concluded that they were of common descent. But is the structural conformity between the ape and man so close that we may assume a brotherhood ?

Consider the general appearance of man. How immeasurably he surpasses the ape ! His transcendent nature is revealed in his very material structure. Observe how erectly he stands, his whole body placed under his brain to which it is subordinate. His hands are not made for locomotion, but are fashioned that they may not only attend to his bodily needs but also act as instruments of the soul. His arms are not adapted for strength alone, for in this respect, he is excelled by many beasts. His feet are not grasping or prehensile organs that would enable him to pursue arboreal habits, but are constructed simply for support and locomotion.

But let us examine a few details of man's physical structure. Huxley himself admits that between the human and simian skulls

there is an immense difference. This difference is partly attested by the cranio-facial angle. According to Camper's system, this angle in the baboon nearest approaching man, measures 58 and less, whereas in the European skull the angle increases to 80° and over. The prominence of the chin is another feature that is noticeably absent as a characteristic of all apes. But, however, it is the brain above all that draws the line of separation between man and the lower terms of the zoological series, and shows that although he may be the ape's cousin, he can never be considered as its brother or descendant. Anthropologists almost concur in declaring that the human brain could never have been derived from that of a baboon and they deny most emphatically that man's brain is simply the ape's arrested in its progress. Gratiolet, for one, tells us that the human and simian brains are not only different in form but also in structure. Notwithstanding the asseveration of evolutionists, we are utterly unable to conceive how the monkey's brain could have increased to almost twice its original volume by any process of natural selection. In passing, we might remark that even the lowest savages have brains of the same weight and dimensions as those of our most intellectual men, while the needs of the savage would be satisfied with a brain slightly larger than the ape's. Now, the very essence of the evolutionary hypothesis is that development is advanced in proportion to the wants of the creature. But the savage has a brain immensely superior to his needs. Hence, Wallace has been forced to admit that the development of the brain could not have been effected by Natural Selection alone.

Man is the only creature that uses his feet exclusively as means of support and locomotion. Between the human foot and the hinder extremity of the ape, there is no similarity whatever, for the anterior limb of the ape is more like a hand. And indeed, it is for this very reason that the ape is called a quadruped. Is it possible for us to understand how the ape's foot could have acquired the peculiar form of a man's? The prehensile foot of the monkey was capable of terrestrial locomotion; why should it have been changed? Again, the hand offers an illustration of the wide physical dissimilarity between man and his supposed precursor. In the former, it is simply an organ of prehension, in the

latter it is both prehensive and locomotive. Wallace remarks that the human hand has many latent powers that are not utilized by the savage. Here again we have a discrepancy between fact and the assumption of the Natural Selection hypothesis that the development of organs is advanced in proportion to the needs of the creature.

Wallace says that it is absolutely impossible that the human larynx could have acquired its power and sweetness by any process of Natural Selection. The delicacy of the human ear to appreciate music affords still another example of the fallacy of the Darwinian principle that nothing is acquired but what would be of advantage in the struggle for existence. But how in the world could the appreciation of musical harmony have been productive of success in the creature's struggle for existence? In truth, the origin of the musical faculty and the sensibility of the ear to harmony is utterly inexplicable by Natural Selection.

Man's bodily development is entirely unlike that of the ape. The latter has a short life and develops rapidly. In fact, monkeys are born in a condition of mental and physical maturity. In a few years they have reached the highest stage of development and almost immediately afterwards death claims them. With man it is far otherwise. He is born neither physically nor mentally matured, and it takes many years before he has attained the fulness of his powers.

There is another characteristic which man possesses and which we look for in vain among the rest of the animal kingdom, the faculty of existing under all climatic conditions. Man is not confined to any particular land or clime but ranges over the wide world. Again, man can subsist on all kinds of food, whereas among beasts some are herbivorous others carnivorous.

It would be to no purpose to present particulars relative to the divergence between man and the ape in the muscular system, the circulation, the viscera, etc. as there is no intention of dealing with minutiae but merely of offering a brief and somewhat general view of the distinguishing characteristics of the two bodies.

If there is a vast dissimilarity between man and the ape in corporal structure, then truly the divergence in psychical qualities

approaches infinity. For, indeed, it is in the soul that the true distinction between man and all the other creatures of the universe resides. Let us hear what Mivart says on this topic: "In spite of the closeness of bodily resemblance, the psychical gulf between him (man) and them (the apes) constitutes a profound difference not merely of degree, but an absolute distinction of kind—one involving a difference as to origin. No mere power of evolutionary natural selection, no cosmic process, could ever have produced from irrational nature a being 'looking before and after'—a being who could say either 'this must be absolute truth,' or 'such is my duty and I will, or will not do it.'"

The insurmountable barrier between man and the animal is raised by two faculties, reason and intelligence. The power of abstracting, inventing and generalizing is always and essentially absent in the brutes. We often speak of the intelligence of animals but in doing so we simply mean the sensible knowledge they possess. It is universally admitted that the nature of the phenomenon infallibly reveals the nature of the force that produces it, for every phenomenon requires a proportionate cause. Starting from this principle we may easily establish the difference between man's and the brute's intelligence by studying the actions of both. Animal intelligence is properly called instinct. And what is instinct? Is it not simply a propensity to follow a certain mode of action or rather an aptitude that guides this propensity? Instinct continually revolves within a fixed compass beyond which it cannot penetrate. The power of *ratiocination*, of *deducing*, comparing, predicting, of perceiving the relation between means and end, is absolutely wanting in the brute, for does not the horse of to-day live in the very same manner as did the horse of ancient Egypt? and do not the cows and sheep browse in the self same manner to-day as they did 6000 years ago in the fields of Asia? If animals had the principle of intellectual knowledge, if they were endowed with inventive genius, would they not have improved on their mode of living? Why would they not reflect like men and endeavor to reform the manner of acting which their ancestors followed for centuries? And again, if animals had intellect, they would necessarily have moral notions of right and wrong, and should be responsible for their acts. But who is so foolhardy as

to attribute morality and responsibility to brutes ?

In conjunction with reason there is another faculty of the human soul that deepens the abyss between man and the brute, liberty, the power to choose and consider whatever it may please, to obtain and use whatever it may desire. Man alone is free either to yield to the cravings of the flesh or to subject them to reason and conscience ; he alone may choose what he pleases, reject what he pleases.

These characters of the human soul, reason and liberty, are revealed by many phenomena pre-eminet among which is the faculty of speech.

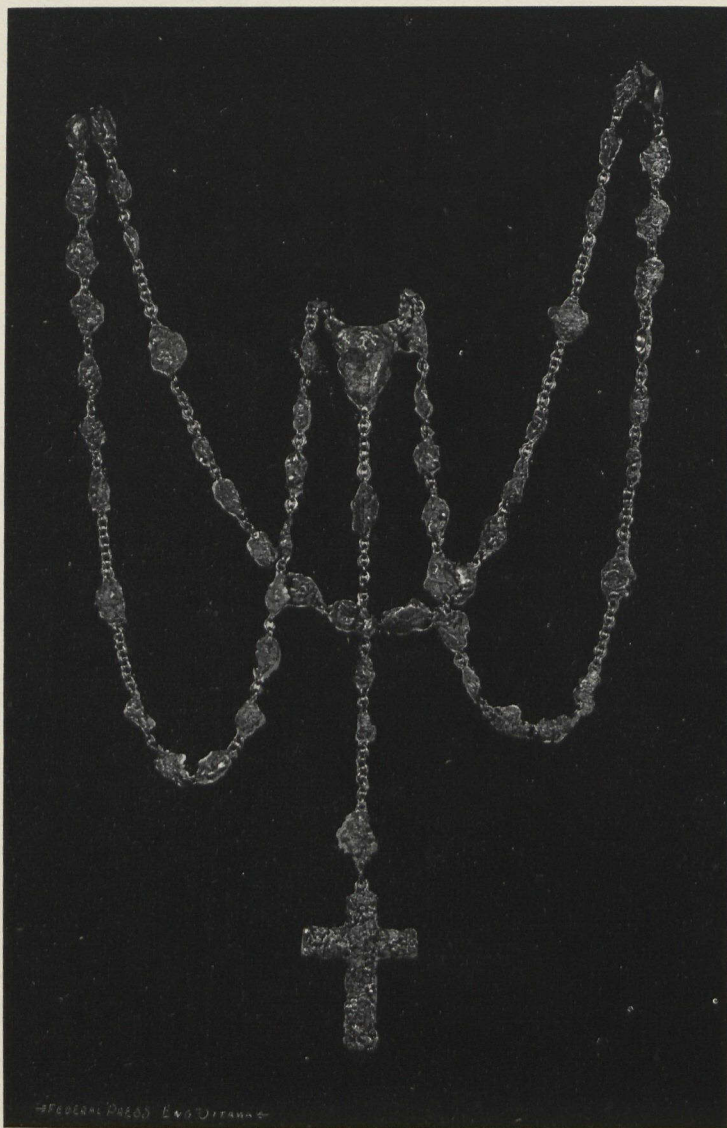
Language, as we all know, is an essential requisite of man since he is a social being. And when God wished to distinguish man from the brute animals, speech was the principal means he employed. Even Huxley says that it is the power of speech "that constitutes and makes man what he is," "that distinguishes man from the rest of the brute world," And he also declares that the difference which speech establishes between man and the brute animal is "vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences."

Speaking of the mental difference that language constitutes between man and the lower animals, Max Muller says : "Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, as far as I know, has ever contradicted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature ; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *borw-worw* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts showing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from initiative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in

the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animals, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I showed that the roots were with men, the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realised general concepts was by means of these roots, and words derived from roots."

Enough for the phenomena that reveal the transcendent nature of man's spiritual being. Let us consider the possibility of deriving man's soul from that of the brute. Since the human soul, which is wholly independent of matter, could never have been evolved from a non-spiritual principle, therefore, man's soul could never have been produced from the substantial soul of the brute, and its origin must have been a supernatural event. And again, since each individual soul requires the special creative act of God, for a greater reason than, must the soul of the first man have been created directly by God, and not have been evolved by material modifications. Thus the origin of man's soul is in God. But what is the origin of man? The soul is not man, neither is the body man; but man is of a dual nature, consisting of both body and soul. As I have endeavored to show in the first pages of this paper, there have not as yet been produced any facts that would force us to deviate from the literal words of scripture: "God formed man of the slime of the earth." And his soul we have seen comes directly from God: "The Lord God breathed into his face the breath of life and man became a living soul." Hence we see, man being of a two-fold nature had a double origin, his body directly from the slime of the earth, his soul immediately from God. But with St. Ambrose we may say: "*Nos animæ sumus, corpora vestimenta sunt,*" for indeed our true nature resides within. And this inner nature is the immortal man the image of God, the immortal man whom Lactantius calls "Pulcher hymnus Dei," the immortal man who shall survive the ruin of the universe.

Before concluding, it might be well to consider a few of the baneful effects of the evolutionary theory. One may say, perhaps, that there are no great dangers in adhering to the hypo-



ROSARY BEADS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

They are made of rough gold nuggets and are valued at \$500.

Presented by the Catholics of Dawson City to their zealous pastor, Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.I., October 1899.

thesis of Darwin, since he admits a Creator for the first species. But as Bronn remarks: "When Darwin attacks creation in general, then, according to our conviction, he must renounce creation for the first alga."

Father Zahm has denied that evolution is agnostic and atheistic in its tendencies. But in contradiction to his statement, we may cite that most eminent of evolutionists, Herbert Spencer, who proves that the theory "carried out to its legitimate consequences, excludes the knowledge of a Creator and the possibility of His work." In addition to this, we have the actual instances of many of Darwin's advanced followers, who have become confirmed atheists and agnostics. Indeed, we have but to point to Darwin himself, who, in his later days, wrote to Dr. Asa Gray and, although saying that it was impossible to conceive this wonderful universe as being the result of chance or necessity, and hence that we must look to an intelligent First Cause, still he asks, "Can the mind of man which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? . . . The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us, and I for one must be content *to remain an agnostic.*"

To conclude, what advantages are offered by the evolutionary theory? Is it not a degradation of man, making him a descendant of brutes, a simple term in an indefinite series? Does it not simply cater to his lower appetites and propensities, making their gratification his single aim in life? Whither does it relegate his higher sentiments, the holy aspirations of his soul? The very essence of the evolutionary hypothesis is utilitarianism. Where shall we seek reward for virtue? The struggle for existence favors the malefactor and crushes the virtuous man. Of what value are we to consider Christian self-denial, large-hearted philanthropy, generous self sacrifice, noble heroism, ardent patriotism, the pursuit of truth and beauty and the love of justice? What are we to think of the sufferings of the saints and the constancy of the martyrs? Are not all these a wilful loss in that gladiatorial struggle where each individual asserts itself, treading down and disabling its competitors, annihilating the weaker that it may itself become the fittest (or in the christian eye, the unfittest) to survive. We

who accept and worship an all-wise, merciful and just God, banish from our minds the idea of such an unholy struggle, and repudiate such a lowly origin. Since we are brothers of Jesus Christ, may we not claim the same descent as is ascribed to him in the Gospel when it says: "He was the son of Adam, who was of God."



If I should see
 A brother languishing in sore distress,
 And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
 A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

Sacred Heart Review.



THE ARM CHAIR STRATEGIST.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

He spoke before his glowing grate,
 While tilting back his chair :
 "Our arms meet only adverse fate,
 Ah, if I were but there
 The Boers I would with vim assail
 And nip their budding hope ;
 Then, bet your boots ! no move would fail,
 By pont or drift or slope.

"The thing that's needed most of all,
 (He tilted more his chair.)
 Is straight upon the foe to fall
 And through them slash and tear :
 It makes me tired to read about
 The slaughter of our men,
 Were *I* but there"—he loud did shout—
 "Joubert I soon would pin.

"Old Kruger, too, would have to flee.
 (He tilted more his chair.)
 "It is a mystery to me,
 We cannot reach his lair.
 If left to *me*, a change you'd see,
 In all this blooming row,
 Then soon 'twould be a victory
 For I could show them how.

"The generals lack brains, *I* know,
 (He tilted more his chair.)
 And balance"—back the seat did go,
 His heels shot high in air :
 But while he sprawled his language plain
 - Would grieve me much to say ;
 And talk of war makes him feel pain,
 Since that eventful day.

“VIRTUE CANNOT LIVE OUT OF THE
TEETH OF EMULATION.”

—*Julius Caesar.*

However well the principle contained in the words, “Virtue cannot live out of the teeth of Emulation” may be portrayed in “Julius Cæsar” by the action of Cæsar and the conspirators, and however apt that such words should occupy a place in this drama, yet, to my mind, this same principle receives an even better illustration in another of Shakespear’s plays—the one entitled, “King Lear.” A consideration of this subject may prove not uninteresting.

The wording of our theme does not permit “emulation” to be taken in a favorable sense. We may emulate a good and virtuous person in a friendly way; that is, we may have no envy of his goodness, we may be actuated only by a desire to be like him or even to surpass him in virtuous practices. Such emulation is commendable. But this is evidently not the meaning of “emulation” in the passage quoted above. If the sentence ran thus “Virtue cannot live without exciting emulation,” the meaning might be taken in this way, but the presence of the word “teeth.” shows that here is meant a biting emulation, a factious and envious rivalry. Shakespeare wishes us to understand that there is no man so just, whose character and springs of action are not misrepresented and maligned by malevolent individuals, who, because they are too depraved to be of like good morals, must vent their spleen by acts of vengeance and hatred. It is just this that happens in “King Lear.” The noble and magnanimous Cordelia, with a woman’s might, is subject to the persecution of her unprincipled and selfseeking sisters, Goneril and Regan.

We could scarcely have a higher ideal of womanly virtue, purity and disinterestedness than is exhibited in the person of Cordelia. Her exterior beauty and modest behavior are but a counterpart of the exquisite qualities that adorn her mind. She is unselfish almost to a fault. She loves her father, the old King, with a constancy, fidelity and tenderness that touches the heart.

She feels no resentment against him even when he sends her forth,

Unfriended, new-adopted to his hate
Dower'd with his curse, and stranger'd with his oath—
.....a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

And yet Cordelia is ready to submit to every injury rather than stoop to base flattery or sacrifice one particle of truth. Perhaps nothing speaks so well for the generosity, sweetness and firmness of her character as the fact that she is greatly beloved and respected by Kent, by the Fool and by the other attendants about her.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid is the last pious wish of the faithful Kent when he goes into banishment for her sake. And later in the play one of the knights tells the King that

Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the Fool
hath much pined away.

Such is Cordelia, beloved by all who know her, by all save her two sisters Goneril and Regan.

And these are certainly not models of virtue. That they show themselves monsters of ingratitude and crime is the only thing we can say of them. After they have, by the most barefaced hypocrisy and fawning adulation, obtained possession of their demented father's kingdom, they strip the poor old man of all dignity and honor and render him subject to the insult and disrespect of even the lowest menial. Nay, deaf to his recollection of former benefits, to his appeals to their filial affection, to his entreaties on bended knees, they at length thrust him forth to the cruel mercy of a stormy night. Sad indeed is the condition to which they reduce him. The poor, abandoned King,

Contending with the fretful elements,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man t' outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain
This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonnetted he runs
 And bids what will take all.

Not less revolting than this filial ingratitude is the action of these profligate women, when, after the death of Cornwall, Regan's husband, but Goneril's husband still living, they become rivals for the affections of Edmund. We could scarcely have a worse picture of human depravity than is represented in their persons. It would be difficult for the virtue of Cordelia to avoid the envenomed teeth of their emulation.

A deep and long-standing rivalry in regard to their father's love and favor must have existed between Cordelia and her sister. Lear himself is forced to admit,

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.

And for this reason Cordelia must have had many previous proofs of their envy, but, as she has still the upper hand, her two rivals are under the necessity of practising a semblance of virtue until such a time as they can, without disparagement to their future prospects, display their real nature. Their opportunity comes when they obtain possession of the whole kingdom to the detriment of their sister. They can now act their part with perfect safety. Understanding their falseness from the first, Cordelia addresses them accordingly.

Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
 And like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Love well your father :
 To your professed bosoms I commit him ;
 But yet, alas stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So, farewell to you both.

Goneril immediately snaps out,
 Prescribe not to us our duties.
 And Regan adds,

Let your study
 Be to content your lord, who hath received you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scouted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

They plainly tell her, " mind your own business. You are

only a beggar without a single penny. You have disobeyed your father, and you have obtained what you deserve."

But as yet Goneril and Regan can make their sister feel their hatred only by words. They soon discover other means. No doubt one of the principle motives that led them to treat their aged father in the savage and unnatural manner that they did was to give pain to the sensitive heart of Cordelia. And surely they could not have struck upon a line of action better calculated to effect their purpose. Cordelia can bear with calmness and fortitude any amount of wrongs heaped upon herself, but to see one whom cherishes such a filial love, subjected to injury and outrage pierces her very soul. And the fact that her father is absent from what consolation she herself might give, serves to increase her grief. The following passage in which a Gentleman is speaking with Kent will give some idea of her distress on receiving the news of her father's misfortunes.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like
Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.....

.....Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of father
Panting forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What is the storm? is the night?
Let pity not be believed."

Thus well have the two pitiless sisters made their enemy feel the weight of their resentment. Their malice, however, does not end here. For when the news reaches them that Cordelia is on the way to rescue her poor parent from misery and madness, they are beside themselves with fury. They fly at the throats of all who would lend her any assistance in her heroic enterprise. Lord Gloster has been doing good offices to his ancient King and Master and he pays the penalty for his crime.

Cornwall.— * * Seek out the traitor Gloster.

Regan.—Hang him instantly.

Goneril.—Pluck out his eyes.

What a burden of fierceness and malignity is contained in these two short sentences! And what a savage spirit does Regan and her husband Cornwall afterwards display when they carry their cruel threat into execution!

Regan.—Ingrateful fox! tis he.

Corn.—Bind fast his corky arms.

Glos.—What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider,
You are my guests: do me no foul play friends.

Corn.—Bind him, I say. (*Servants bind him.*)

Regan.— Hard, hard—O filthy traitor!

Glos.—Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn.—To this chair bind him.—Villain thou shalt find—

(*Regan plucks his beard.*)

Glos.—By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck my beard.

Regan.—So white and such a traitor!

.....

Corn.—Where hast thou sent the King?

Glos.—To Dover.

Regan.—Wherefore to Dover?....

.....

Corn.—Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glos.—We that will think to live till he be old.

Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods.

Regan.—One side will mock another; th' other too.....

It is needless to quote any more of the tragic scene where Gloster loses his eyes. Regan and her husband know right well why the King was sent to Dover—because Cordelia was there—but they wish to taunt the helpless victim and prolong his agony and punishment.

It is quite evident that the mainspring of the actions of Goneril and Regan, continues to be the hatred of Cordelia and her adherents. The hatred grows deeper and the desire of vengeance becomes more insatiable according as the passions are less restrained.

The final act of this tragedy is yet to be played. Cordelia, it is true, succeeds in rescuing her father, but she restores him to an hour's love and happiness, only to break his heart by the great calamity that later befalls her. Both she and her father fall into the remorseless clutches of their enemies. Edmund who is the mutual lover and confidant of both Goneril and Regan whose wishes he undoubtedly accomplishes, sends an order for Cordelia's

execution. Before ending their own worthless lives by poison and suicide, Goneril and Regan have the satisfaction of knowing that Cordelia will die with the bitter thought that her poor father will again be left alone in the world without a child or a friend. The lamentations of Lear over the dead body of his beloved daughter form one of the most tragic scenes in the play,

Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of stone !
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever !
 I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
 She's dead as earth
Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never !

Alas ! his grief at Cordelia's death is too great for his aged frame to bear and the bonds of life are dissolved. "Lear passes away from our sight in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he has found to lose forever.

Thus is the maxim, "Virtue cannot live out of the teeth of emulation" verified in the play of "King Lear." The principle is far more strikingly and tragically illustrated here than in "Julius Cæsar". Cordelia presents a nobler example of suffering virtue than does Cæsar, and the two wicked sisters, Goneril and Regan, are creatures of greater depravity and stronger characters for evil than Cassius and his associates.

STEPHEN MURPHY '02.



TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O spirit guardian of my life,
Protector through this world of strife,
I thank thee for thy daily care
And to petition thee I dare.

Guide me through this vale of tears ;
Direct me in the coming years,
That I may ever seek the right,
And never, never duty slight.

Protect me from the devil's snares,
And lead me far from worldly cares ;
My faithful guardian, loving sage,
Be thou in youth, manhood and age.


Yes, make me ever seek thine aid
'Till in the grave I'm lowly laid ;
And when I rest beneath the sod
Bear thou my soul unto its God.

W. F. CAVANAGH,
Second Form.

MACBETH'S UNMANLINESS.

"I dare do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none."

—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII.*

N reply to the taunts of his lady, Macbeth lays down a standard of Manliness in presence of which he himself must stand condemned as most unmanly. "I dare do all," he says, "that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

But it becomes a man to reject evil as soon as perceived as evil; it becomes a man not to harbor even for an instant, the thought of crime and sin, not to dally with the temptation. For, as a writer has well said, "a man is one who never acts unless he first feels that he is right, but, once certain of being right, pursues unhesitatingly and undeviatingly the course marked out by his conscience. He never, even in most critical moments, compromises with evil or evil-doers." It becomes a man to be morally brave, to remain therefore calm and unexcited during temptation, and to pray for the assistance of heaven.

Did Macbeth "act according to the dictates of his conscience?" Certainly not. He did not obey the command of the Master: "Thou shalt not kill"; but murdered until he was "in blood stepped in so far, that returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Was he calm, unexcited during temptation? Did he ask for the help of God? He is not calm, since he says:

"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor:
If good why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

He is excited, because, according to Lady Macbeth, he lacked

"the season of all natures, sleep;" and he thus nervously and irresolutely soliloquizes :

" If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly : if th' assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject
 Strong both against the deed ; then as his host
 Who should against the murderer shut the door
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off."

And again just previous to the awful moment when at length he "bends up each corporal agent to this terrible feat":

" Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand ? Come let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?
 I see the yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still :
 * * * * * There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes."

He did not pray in the time of temptation. We do not find that even once he echoed the fervent prayer of good, manly Banquo :

" Merciful powers,
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose"

No, he never prays; and so when he had most need of blessing, he could not even say *Amen*, when the grooms did say *God bless us*. Thus it came to pass that the sides of his intent were all too deeply pierced by the spur of "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on th' other side."

Did he, in a word "do all that may become a man"? Unfortunately for himself and others, he did less and he did more. He did less, because he was too weak to reject at once his great temptation. He was too weak to resist the allurements of future greatness and the urgings of his lady. He did more: he murdered here and there until he filled the whole land with desolation and lamentation:—

" Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour."

So far, indeed, did he exceed the bounds of manliness that MacDuff is justified in saying,

" Not in the legions
Of horrid Hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth."

In short, Macbeth on one side did *not* "dare do all that may become a man" and on the other, he dared do more. Judged therefore by his own standard, he was no man.

J. B. JACQUES,
Third Form.



A COMMON LOT.

Well, 'tis nearly over, the fever and strife,
The constant fret, and the struggling race
To win for a moment a foremost place,
All—and the living that men call life.

Oh ! years of my springtime ! when my voice
Was gay as the lark's in the morning sky,
When we were young, my heart and I,
And could in the world and its joys rejoice.

Those years when I strove for a purpose high,
Only to fail at the bitter last,
And to find that humbler bliss had passed
Close to my side, and was now gone by.

When I staked my all, and lost, ah, me !
The coveted prize and the lowlier good,
And stood alone in my womanhood,
Viewing the dead past mournfully.

But a whisper falls, ever sweet and clear,
As a crystal brook's by a flowery sod,
"You have tried and failed ; leave the rest to God—
Make His way thine and have no fear."

MAGDALEN ROCK.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

We read the following in the Italian Review, *Palestra del Clero*, published in Rome under date, January 25th, 1900.

"We have just received a small pamphlet, *in octavo*, of elegant and polished design. It recounts in detail the cordial welcome extended to His Excellency, Mgr Diomède Falconio, titular Archbishop of Larissa, and Apostolic Delegate to Canada, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of November, 1899, by His Lordship, Bishop Moreau, the venerable Prelate of St. Hyacinth, as well as by the clergy and laity of that diocese.

In St Hyacinth, as in all other parts of that prosperous country, Canada, the representative of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, was received with a spirit of faith, love and profound joy characteristic of that Catholic nation. The pamphlet, moreover, contains a biographical sketch of Mgr. Falconio.

"His Excellency was born at Pesco Costanzo, diocese of Mount Casino, on September 20th, 1842. On September 2nd, 1860, he joined the Order of St Francis, of which, later on, he was named Procurator General. He was afterwards appointed Bishop of Lacedonia, but, in a short time, was transferred to the united archiepiscopal sees of Acerenza and Matera.

There, in the midst of his pastoral labors, the Sovereign Pontiff sought him out, and named him Apostolic Delegate to Canada;—a mission as honorable as it is important;—a mission in the fulfilment of which, the eminent Prelate, the pride of the Seraphic Order, is manifesting his splendid talents."

The little pamphlet then gives a detailed account of the brief sojourn of His Excellency at St. Hyacinth; it relates the many celebrations that were held in his honor, such as his arrival, his reception at the episcopal palace and at the Cathedral, and finally his departure thence.

It is to be regretted that want of space prevents our publishing complete details of the celebration. However, let it be said in conclusion that the few pages of this pamphlet, show how great and vivid is the Canadian people's devotedness to the Holy Father. They also show how useful and profitable it is to Catholic interests in those far-off countries, to have amongst them a Prelate both learned and zealous; a Prelate truly worthy to represent the august and immortal Leo XIII."

ROSARY BEADS' FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Recently we had the pleasure of seeing and handling perhaps the most unique pair of rosary beads in the world. They are composed of real Klondike nuggets, united by a solid gold chain, and having a gold cross attached. The entire weight of the beads is about twenty-five ounces, and their value is estimated at \$500.00. The accompanying engraving will give an idea of what the beads are like. The nuggets are very uneven, rough in fact, and there is imbedded in the gold, little pieces of rock that are hardly noticeable in the engraving.

The beads are a present from the Catholics of Dawson City, to their highly esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Gendreau. O. M. I. Father Gendreau is well known in Ottawa, as he was formerly bursar of the University, and afterwards Superior of the Oblate house in Mattawa. On their way to the Paris Exhibition, the beads were allowed to remain with us two or three days at the University, where they were examined and admired by all the students.

The following reference to these marvellous beads is taken from the *Klondike Nugget*, of December 9th, last :

FATHER GENDREAU'S ROSARY.

"The beautiful nugget rosary which the congregation of St. Mary's Church recently presented to Father Gendreau, will be started on its journey to the Paris Exposition in a few days. It will be sent first to Winnipeg, Ottawa and Montreal, where it will be placed upon exhibition before being forwarded to its final destination.

The rosary is one of the most beautiful and elaborate pieces of nugget work yet produced in Dawson. It consists of 53 small nuggets of various shapes and sizes and six large ones. Its value, including the work involved in its manufacture, is close upon five hundred dollars.

"A beautiful silk-lined casket has been prepared for the rosary. As the cover is lifted, the following inscription, printed in gold letters upon the silk is seen :

Presented to
REV. F. P. E. GENDREAU,
O. M. I., V.G.,
Pastor of St. Mary's Church
By the
Catholics of Dawson, Yukon Territory.
Feast of the Holy Rosary.
1899.

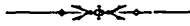
Mrs. Cahill, who personally secured the contributions towards the rosary, is to be congratulated upon her success. Through her untiring efforts, sufficient subscriptions were raised to make the rosary a most elegant affair. Father Gendreau feels extremely proud of this token of the congregation's esteem."



Why scowl and growl at all you find,
Nor heed hope's sweet beguiling?
Each frown will leave its mark behind,
A ragged scar upon the mind—
Try smiling.



University of Ottawa Review.



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CARD OF THANKS.

The Very Reverend Rector and members of the Faculty extend their sincere thanks to the students that contributed so generously towards the fund for Masses to be said in behalf of the soul of the late lamented Reverend Father Howe, O.M.I.

H. A. CONSTANTINEAU, O.M.I.,

Rector.

DEATH OF FATHER HOWE.

In the little Oblate cemetery, Ottawa East, there is a newly-made grave marked by a simple wooden cross, on which we read the words: "Rev. Father Howe, O.M.I. 1900." Pausing beside that snow-clad mound, we meditate upon the dread instability of life, and, having breathed a fervent prayer for the happy repose of him who there sleeps in waiting for the glorious resurrection, we drop a silent tear of sorrow. Most becoming indeed, on our part, is that token of grief, for was not Father Howe a friend to all of us?

The sorrow for Father Howe's early and almost sudden death has been as general as it has been intense, but nowhere has it been so keenly felt as at Ottawa University. By Father Howe's demise, the professors have lost a highly esteemed brother and a faithful companion of their daily labors, the students have lost the most sympathetic of friends, and THE REVIEW has lost the most enthusiastic of encouragers.

Although Father Howe's natural inclinations made the professorial chair less agreeable to him than was active missionary work, still, at the call of obedience, he devoted himself zealously for fully nine years to the work of teaching. Ever pleasant and ready to do one a favor, he was just the kind of man to succeed eminently in the community life of a religious order. He possessed in a striking degree, those peculiar qualities that endear one to everybody, irrespective of creed, class or nationality. Every person in the University, from the Very Reverend Rector, down to the last of the servants, has been thrown into profound grief by the sudden death of one whom all had learned to love.

A touching and, at the same time, a truly Christian proof of the high esteem in which Father Howe was held among our young men and boys, is furnished by the really magnificent offering the students have made towards defraying the expenses of masses to be said for the repose of his soul.

Two solemn requiem services have already been sung—one in the University Chapel, and the other in St. Joseph's

Church. Besides these, the student's tribute comprises thirty low masses. THE REVIEW unites with the Very Reverend Rector and Faculty in thanking the boys for this splendid example of eminently Catholic piety.



IS OTTAWA UNIVERSITY A NON-ENTITY?

In its account of the reception tendered to the Honorable Frank R. Latchford, M. P. P., Commissioner of Public Works, by the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in St. George's Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, February 8th, last, the secular press allowed itself, unwittingly, we hope, to fall into a rather peculiar error. It reported Mr. Latchford's words as containing the statement that the higher education of Catholics was unprovided for in the Province of Ontario.

Mr. Latchford's words, however, give us an entirely different view of the matter. The honorable speaker does not call attention to any lack of Catholic primary, or any lack of Catholic higher education, both of which, he claims, are well provided for in this province; but what he does regret and bring under our notice, is the want of an *intermediate* education, that is to say a joining link between the education furnished by the Separate Schools, and the University course.

The Honorable Mr. Latchford is himself a graduate of Ottawa University, to which, in the course of his address, he paid a noble tribute; but we suppose, in the estimation of the secular, (i. e. Protestant) press, Ottawa University is an unknown quantity, since said press undertook, on its own authority, to correct the honorable speaker's remarks. Here are Mr. Latchford's own words in reference to the matter in question, as reported by *The Canadian Freeman*, of February 14th:

"The public school system of the province, as a system, was perfect. From the entrance of the child into the kindergarten, to the graduation of the man from the university, there was no step in the course which might not be easily taken. Catholic education, on the other hand, had little system about

it except in the primary schools. HIS OLD UNIVERSITY HAD DONE AND WAS DOING WORK OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, but between the separate schools and that university there was a gulf in Catholic education which was not easily passed. He hoped more attention would be given to intermediate education so that the almost unanimous desire of Catholics for a complete Catholic education should be gratified, and a system established as well worked out in all its details, and as satisfactory in its operation as that which obtained in the public schools, high schools and provincial university."

The Honorable Mr. Latchford has written to the Very Reverend Rector of Ottawa University expressing profound regret for the flagrant misrepresentation of his words, contained in the secular press report.



LYING AND TRUTH-SPEAKING.

WE took exception to an article entitled "Truth-Speaking" that appeared some months ago in the *McMaster University Monthly*. Whether it was the prestige of the publication in whose columns we found it, or the fame of the writer from whose pen it came, that first drew our attention to it, is of little importance; but we found fault with it because we believed it misrepresented the teachings of the Catholic Church, and was written by a person who was totally ignorant of the doctrines he attempted to expound. Great was our surprise, therefore, when, through the columns of the same periodical, we were informed, by the very writer of the article, that the charge of lack of information on the subject of which he treated was an unjust one. The writer, we are told,

"is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions. Besides the great *Patrology* of Migne, he has access to Roman Catholic editions of the works of Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Occam, Nicolas de Clemangis, Bellarmin, Gerson, Liguori, Perrone; to the great work on Moral Theology by De Cardenas, Raynaudus, De Murcia, Becanus, Bucellus Venetianus, Tamburinus, and many others. The writer of our article has in his possession a set of early Jesuit works that in all probability could not be duplicated in Canada or in America, comprising "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1583); "Rules of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1616); etc., etc."

The writer terminates the article with the following startling conclusion.

"The writer of our article, though he has faults enough and to spare, has never before been accused of lack of information on the subjects on which he writes or of contenting himself with mere cheap, second-hand information.

The writer begs leave to submit the following proposition to the editors of *The University of Ottawa Review*: If the editors of the *Review* will agree to publish a certain number of pages (the more the better) of authentic extracts from Roman Catholic literature bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the writer undertakes to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations.

There are many other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Roman Catholic writers fall very far short of the Protestant standard, and which modern Catholics and Protestants alike would do well to inform themselves about more accurately. The materials are at hand in great abundance for the exposition of every phase of the subject of Moral Theology. The writer would be delighted at any time to exhibit his Roman Catholic literary treasures to any intelligent Roman Catholic that may be interested in such works. A. H. N."

Before we examine what is here said, we might remark that A. H. N. has forgotten to inform us whence 'ie derived the knowledge that led him to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon countries and Protestant Canada possess the virtue of truthfulness in a more marked degree than other nations. The morality of peoples is not available in very tangible form; hence the extreme difficulty of comparison in this respect. However, the sources of information that A. H. N. has at his command may be such as to warrant the conclusion he has drawn. We should be pleased to examine them, and we therefore ask the writer to let us know where they may be procured.

We are sorry to see A. H. N. add libel to libel. But before he treats of "the other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Catholics fall very far short of the Protestant standard," we would like him to justify the claim that Catholics are drilled in the art of lying. The absurdity of the statement appeals to the Catholic laity in a special manner. For did this elaborate system of casuistry exist in Catholic theology, it is strange that from the pulpits its mysteries have never been promulgated to the faithful. Catholics know, they have always been taught, both by confessors and preachers, that lying is absolutely con-

demned. They do not always live up to this teaching, it may be said; but Catholics themselves will not deny that. Human frailty does not admit of exact correspondence with all graces of religion.

Now concerning the proposition submitted to us by the writer in *McMaster University Monthly*, what shall we say? That writer most probably exulted in the confusion he would cause us by his ultimatum, and in the unfavorable light in which we would be placed before the eyes of readers, did we refuse to accept. But remark how we stand. A. H. N. informed us that the Catholic Church has developed a system of casuistry in which prevarication and even downright lying are justified. We dared in return to assert that such a statement was the utterance of a man who was absolutely incompetent to pass sentence on Catholic doctrines. Our opponent has retorted by telling us "that he is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions." He then submits a proposition inviting us to publish a number of pages of extracts from Roman Catholic writers bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth. Should we agree to this he will undertake "to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations." Now this is an ambiguous proposition. What extracts does he consent to furnish? From the proposition, we cannot make out his meaning. But perhaps ambiguity is one of the faults the writer has "to spare."

Still we would like our opponent to remember that, according to the etiquette of warfare, ours is the privilege of submitting propositions. A statement of his has been challenged, and no attempt has been made on his part to substantiate it. He tells us, it is true, that he has in his possession Catholic theological works in large numbers, and that he has access to many others. But that argues little. A person might possess all the works of Confucius, and yet be unable to expound his peculiar code of morality; the same person might have access to the complete works of Plato, and still be nowise qualified for the exposition of his theory of universal notions.

We do not like the attitude of A. H. N. in this matter. He should not shirk the responsibility which has fallen to his lot, of substantiating his assertions. We claim that, from the works he

has in his possession or to which he has access, he is unable to prove that the "Catholic Church has developed an elaborate system of causty in which prevarication and even downright lying are justified." We suggest that he undertake the task. And since, in the list of authors whose works he has consulted, the name of St. Thomas Aquinas appears first, we would ask him to commence with the writings of that doctor.



"ROMAN CATHOLIC AGGRESSIVENESS."

In the February number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*, appears a short article from the pen of Rev. Calvin E. Amaron, D. D., entitled "Roman Catholic Aggressiveness." The article was called forth by the mission to Protestants conducted by the Rev. Father Youman, in St. Patrick's church, Montreal, last month, and contains much with which we may readily agree, but, also, some statements to which exception must be taken. To assert that the Roman Catholic Church ever compelled men to enter her fold through persecution is to repeat one of the many calumnies that the church has had to contend with for centuries. It is true that the Catholic Church, when circumstances seemed to warrant it, punished heretics; but it is false, and basely false, to state that she ever compelled men to embrace her doctrines.

Father Youman, Dr. Amaron says, "was cautious, avoided denunciation, interwove passages of scripture in his addresses, which were of a character to attract and convince uninformed Protestants, unaccustomed to the subtleties of Roman controversy." Now from what we have always heard of Paulist missions, we are fearful that Dr. Amaron is somewhat mistaken in the preceding account of the mission in question. No doubt Father Youman may have been cautious—not a bad fault in any preacher—he may, too, have avoided denunciations, and been careful not to offend the feelings of his Protestant listeners by referring to them as "benighted followers of their beliefs," as Dr. Amaron calls the French Catholics of Canada. And then the subtleties of Roman controversy how often, oh, how often, has that fallacy pained the ears of our

Catholic brethren ! There are no subtleties in Catholic Doctrine for Catholics, and as such, they exist only in the minds of men that think as does Rev. Dr. Amaron. And the reverend writer expresses the fear that some sons and daughters of Protestant parents may, on account of Paulist missions, find their way into monasteries and convents, where, as he expresses it, they will be "buried alive," and that the true inwardness of "Romanism" will be understood. Would, indeed, that the true inwardness of the self-sacrificing priests and nuns of the Catholic church were properly understood and appreciated ; would that the spirit which prompts true Christian men and women to break the cherished ties of this earth and devote themselves to the care of God's poor and sick were better known ! Perchance then the motives which prompt Paulist missions would be better appreciated, and the command given to the priests of the Catholic Church by her Divine Founder,—"Go ye, therefore, into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—would be better understood.

If "Romanism," as Rev. Dr. Amaron says, is a dry and fruitless branch of the Church of Christ, it seems strange—passing strange—that the efforts of a humble Paulist missionary should cause such commotion in the reverend gentleman's mind. And if she is so fruitless, is it not a wonder that the sun never sets on the cross that marks the country chapel or the city cathedral, in which Catholics throughout the world, for the past nineteen centuries have been wont to gather for worship.

But enough. With whatever steps Dr. Amaron's church will take to counteract the good work of Father Youman, we are not concerned ; and if he will see that the meetings he speaks of are conducted in the same Christian manner, and with the same earnest desire of finding the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as were those of the Paulist Father, we have nothing to fear.



NOTICE.

Owing to circumstances entirely beyond our control, this issue of THE REVIEW is a month behind time. We humbly beg the kind indulgence of subscribers and exchanges.

Of Local Interest.

Preparations for the St. Patrick's Day banquet have already assumed definite form ; and all indications point to a most successful affair. It should be a matter of personal pride to each student to say that he has assisted in making the banquet a success. The best and most efficient aid that any student can offer will be the prompt payment of the prescribed fee. No student should be absent from the banquet hall on St. Patrick's Day.

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The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, under the directorship of Rev. Father Campeau, will have the following gentlemen as its executive staff for the present term. President, J. E. McGlade ; Vice-President, J. A. Meehan ; Treasurer, W. A. Martin ; Secretary, J. I. Warnock ; Prefects, Messrs Gookin and O'Gorman, Readers, Messrs Costello, Nolan, O'Connel and Talbot ; Sacristan, James Hanley.

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The Senior Debating Society has had several interesting discussions on various topics since our last issue. For some reason or other, the attendance has recently been very poor. The gentlemen that absent themselves do an injustice, not only to themselves, but also to the debaters. An improvement is to be expected as regards this matter.

On Jan. 27, the question discussed was the relative merits of boarding and of non-residence schools and colleges. Messrs Meehan and McCormac argued very ably for the boarding schools, while Messrs Breen and Hardiman defended the non-residence institutions. The decision of the judges was in favor of boarding schools.

Trusts and Monopolies, the question of the hour, were attacked and defended very ably and skillfully by Messrs Donnelly and Dowd, Galvin and Collins respectively. The debate was one of unusual interest, it is considered by many as the best debate of the season.

The English and Boer war formed the subject of the debate

on Sunday, February 18. T. S. Albin and Jos. Kearney presented the English cause most forcibly and clearly. The same may also be said of arguments brought forward by Messrs. Herwig and Golden for the Boers. A large number of speakers from the house showed very plainly the keen interest taken in the war. The decision of the judges favored the Boers.

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On February 10th a mock trial was held instead of the regular debate. Much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a prisoner, but finally a certain student was apprehended by Sheriff Devlin and Constables Cox and Cavanagh, and brought into court. His Lordship, Dr. Albin assigned counsel, and the case opened. A jury composed of the following good and true men was selected : Golden, McDonald, Maher, Morin, Harpell and Tierney. The learned attorneys for the defence were J. A. Meehan and H. Herwig ; for the prosecution M. A. Foley and J. R. O'Gorman. Among the witnesses were " King " Costello and another gentleman whose name could not be obtained. It is believed, however, that he was J. Gookin, disguised. The prisoner was found guilty, but the jury recommended mercy on account of his " youth and imbecility." His Lordship then pronounced the sentence, which consigned the malefactor to forty weeks in Castle Mark.

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The Scientific Society has held but one meeting during the present month. The subject was " Short Methods in Mathematics." Mr. Aurelian Belanger, B.A., '97, was the lecturer, but owing to illness he was unable to complete the lecture. The students were all very much grieved to hear of Mr. Belanger's illness, and hope it will be but temporary.

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The Scientific Society begins this term under a new management, for on the 9th instant the semi-annual elections were held and the following were selected to conduct its affairs : Director, R. F. Lajeunesse, O.M.I. ; President, M. E. Conway ; Vice-President, J. F. Breen ; Secretary, W. A. Martin ; Treasurer, M. A. Foley ; Reporter, D. McTighe ; Councillors, T. S. Albin, J. Warnock, G. Poupore, J. King.

At present the society is very prosperous, and the retiring committee are to be congratulated; but still the treasurer has complaints to make, and it would be well if every member would endeavour to be a paid-up member, as he will not only thus derive many personal advantages, but he will also encourage the Hon. Treasurer who is making untiring efforts to increase the funds in hand through the medium of "small loans."

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Our Orchestra has already won a great deal of praise from persons outside the University. For instance, the members were invited to play both, in Hull and Ottawa, at dramatic performances. We congratulate the Orchestra upon its success and feel very proud of our musicians.

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The French Debating Society has not been at all idle during the last month, but owing to lack of space, we have been unable to present a record of their work until this issue.

The first debate of the season was most interesting in itself, and moreover it was very well argued. The respective claims of Charlemagne and Napoleon upon the gratitude of the French people were presented by Messrs Langlois and Campeau, Valiquette and Richard. The house decided that Mr. Langlois and his colleague had carried the day.

"Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword" was next presented for discussion. Mr. Talbot presented the cause of the pen, while Mr. Legault argued the power of the sword. The pen was again victorious.

Another historical question furnished the topic for the third debate. Charles V and Francis I of France were compared. Messrs F. Coupal and Raoul Lapointe upheld the reign of Charles V, and Messrs G. Garand and N. Farribault performed a like office for Francis I. The majority favored Messrs Coupal and Lapointe.

Immigration into Canada, with its attendant advantages or disadvantages, was debated warmly on Feb. 10. Messrs Filliault and Cloutier showed the beneficial effects arising from immigration and were opposed by Messrs Pothier and Verrault. The voting resulted in favor of the negative.

We are pleased to welcome back to our midst both Rev. Fathers David and Cornell after their short respites from teaching. We regret to state however that neither of the Rev. Fathers has fully regained good health. We shall continue to hope for the best.



In the Library.

"The Best Foot Forward and Other Stories." By Francis J. Finn, S.J.
New York: Benziger Bros. Price 85c.

Following in the wake of his past successful works, comes another delightful story from Father Finn, which adds one more laurel to the distinction already achieved by this talented author. In his self-imposed mission, the writer aims simply to provide a literature adequate to the real wants of our boys and girls, and to contribute his share to a movement which will effectively counteract the evil of the cheap, offensive and nasty publications about us. Were we to question his ability for this duty, or his success, we have only to consider the eagerness and avidity with which each of his books have been received by all our young folks. There is in the "Best Foot Forward" a healthy moral tone, enthusiasm and vivacity so delightful to all readers, accurate knowledge of boy character and a formation of character in accordance with this knowledge. Here are portrayed a number of happy scenes, periods of joyous innocence both in college and in the outside bitter world, in which we find that the actors are boys of a class whom we may meet with every day of our lives. The boy hero is brought out clearly and fully, and without any intention of perpetrating a pious fraud upon the reading public by making him out of our reach, unexcelled and something over and above the accustomed "creatures of a non-descript nature that are subsequently to develop into men. In this novel, the inherent element of goodness ultimately triumphs over the accident of evil. The moral truth of the story is tersely crystallized in the title.

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Chronicles of "The Little Sisters" by Mary E. Mannix. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

Under the above title, Mrs. Mannix gives to the public a

delightful volume of short tales founded on incidents related to the author while visiting the Catholic Home for the aged. For obvious reasons the name of the place is withheld and the identities of the original characters are concealed by assumed names. Truth is evident in these narratives, yet the reader will discern that the facts related by garrulous inmates are taken as the bases around which were woven interesting tales, but the author does not impose on our credulity by asking us to accept each completed story as a Gospel verity. Mrs. Mannix has made an excellent use of incident, and her tender sympathy with God's poor has not misled her judgement in her various character studies. In a clear, terse style glistening here and there with a touch of tender pathos or a dash of Irish humor, the author relates tales of wrongs long-suffered, of sufferings mental and bodily, of sorrow and of noble generosity so often unrequited. Throughout the work there are many excellent tributes to the self-sacrificing work of the good Sisters of the Poor, whose devotion and charity in their ministrations cannot be better learned than by a perusal of this interesting volume. The price of the book is \$1.25, retail.



Among the Magazines.

The pantheistic tendency and its effects, which pervade much of our modern literature as exemplified in the works of Emerson, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold and others, receive a serious consideration by Rev. J. McSorley in the opening pages of the February *Catholic World*. The student thrilled with the poetic fervor, richness and matchless rhythm of a poet like Emerson, certainly has a high concept of nature, but his highest aspirations would remain unsatisfied, and disappointment would ever fill him when there is no recognition of a transcendent Divinity. Charming as this pantheistic poetry may be, it is particularly dangerous to minds unguided by Catholic philosophy. Rev. A. D. Malley, in his critical study of Walter Pater, which appears in this issue, tells us that the exquisite art of this great prose writer consists in his delicate selection of words. In excess, this intense devotion was an evil

for it made him the exponent of a philosophy which casts aside all morality and thus beauty or pleasure becomes the only criterion of action. The review of Pater's masterpiece "Marius the Epicurean" brings to light a wonderful welding together of Christian training, modern psychology and the ancient love of beauty. The Divorce question receives some careful consideration in this number. In an article on this important matter, Dr. Enright first traces the position and influence of the Catholic Church on the question of divorce; then he passes to its consideration by the American law courts, and by clever illustration shows the peculiar complications which arise by conflict of laws in the various states of the Union. Most spiritual and inspiring are the reflections of the Rev. H. E. O'Keeffe in his luminous article entitled "The Glory of the Human Body." Dr. Seton in "Divine Action in Natural Selection" shows that Natural Selection is not opposed to the idea of God's creative act but on the contrary, His wisdom is manifested in it. First he supports it from a purely scientific point of view and then lucidly explains what is meant by the struggle for existence. His statements on this matter may be accepted, yet the reader must guard himself against some tendencies which this article shows.

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The leading contribution to *Donahoes* for February is a comprehensive sketch of the most important events of the Pontificate of Leo XIII, which appears under the title of "Milestones in Pope Leo's Ninety Years." Particular attention is given to the ceremonies in St. Peter's during the last two years. In view of the recent rejection of Brigham H. Roberts from Congress, the article on "Salt Lake City and Its People," by Dr. O'Hagan is timely and doubtless will be interesting to all readers. This description includes an account of the founding of the city, its progress and the origin and character of the Mermons' belief. Andrew McAleavy contributes a most pleasing paper entitled "Doneraile, the Home of Rev. P. A. Sheehan." This includes a sketch of the author of "My New Curate" and short description of the parish of Doneraile. The best fiction of this issue is represented by the concluding chapters of two excellent stories. "The Plaything of Fate" and "The Transition," and another installment of the "Hand of the Crusader." The poetry of the issue is fair.

The February number of *The Gael* has an interesting array of illustrated articles, sketches and stories of a very high standard. The leading contribution to this issue is Charles O'Hanlon's sketch of John Philpot Curran. According to this writer, Curran's brilliant defence of the United Irishmen firmly established his fame. During that long unhappy period from 1792 to 1800, when these brave men were hounded down by British soldiers, Curran was ever the dauntless advocate standing beside the victim who had been so unfortunate as to fall within the clutches of the Castle minions, and pleaded for his people with undaunted courage and devotion. When perils beset the paths of the United Irishmen, when authority with its watchdogs of soldiers and bribed spies watched every movement, when tyranny and oppression bowed them down, these brave men found in John Philpot Curran a fearless champion and a lasting friend. This part of his life has been excellently treated. With rare tact, the writer touches upon that painful episode which resulted in the estrangement of Curran and Robert Emmet. "Celtic Psychology, if not a very profound article has at least the merits of exactness and truthfulness, and the writer's conclusions are in accordance with the accepted truths on this subject. In this issue appears a humorous story "Seamus Gow's Three Chances," which well illustrates the keen wit and humor of the Irish character.

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Through the inadvertence of some medium, *The Rosary* does not reach this office with the regularity which was formerly characteristic of its management. The January issue now at hand has an excellent table of contents. The opening pages are occupied with the latest authorized list of indulgences granted to the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. This is followed by Miss O'Hare's illustrated article entitled "At Lincoln's Home". From very simple materials, (a visit to Lincoln's old home in Springfield, Ill) the writer has woven an interesting sketch illustrative of the leading events of the public and private life of the great statesman. The concluding chapter of "The Preachers of Notre Dame" is reached in this issue. In these four contributions, are outlined the characteristics of the great preachers who have occupied the pulpit of the Paris Cathedral. What a

wealth of association clusters around the grand old basilica ! What memories of past glory achieved will revert to him who stands within its sacred portals, for there it seems are re-echoed the voice of a Lacordaire, of a De Ravignan, of a Monsabre and of a host of other champions of Catholic truth. The grandeur of the Eternal City seems to be an inexhaustible theme for our magazine writers. Here is another with the simple title "Rome," by Helen Grace Smith. The writer of this article touches on the points of historic interest in and about the city, and as the style of description is excellent, the paper deserves careful reading. The fiction offered comprises "A Question of Divorce" and "The Wizard of Siena Vale."

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Our Boys' and Girls' Own, for February has an artistic cover picture illustrative of the opening of the Holy Door at Rome. Fiction occupies the opening pages of the current issue, for here is placed the second installment of Father Finn's serial "His First and Last Appearance." This promises to be the best production that has yet come to us from the facile pen of this gifted writer. The remainder of the fiction is made up of two short stories of uncommon variety and excellence. Space is duly apportioned to instructive articles relative to "Compressed Air" "The Philippines" and "In the Transvaal." The magazine is neatly arranged, the matter, though generally of a light vein, is particularly suitable for those of tender years, yet so well chosen and garnered that it is quite acceptable to those who have long since abandoned the use of knicker-bockers.

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The leading feature of the *Sacred Heart Review* of the issue of February 10th, is the strong editorial on the Philippine Commissioner's report. Unqualified denial is given to the deftly-put statements of the clever gentlemen that compose this *honorable* body. A number of Protestant authorities are quoted to prove that in many instances, the findings of the Commissions have not even the vestige of truth and hence in view of so many mis-representations, this report should not be accepted by Congress. Rev. Mr. Starbuck contributes a scholarly criticism of the character of Melancthon. "My New Curate" is carefully reviewed by W. A.

Leahy, and doubtless the thorough analysis of this novel will be found interesting and instructive.

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The *Catholic University Bulletin* (January Quarter) contains many brilliant articles which require extended consideration. Rev. Dr. Pace occupies its opening pages with a luminous exposition of "The Concept of Immortality in the Philosophy of St. Thomas." In the same issue, Father Heneby traces the "Revival of the Gaelic Language" and writes a magnificent tribute to the late Rev. E. O'Growney whose efforts in stimulating a love for the literature of the Gael will always be gratefully remembered by Irishmen. "The Priesthood and the Social Movement," "The Poetry of Israel" and "The Works of Hippolytus" complete the table of contents of this excellent number.

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In the *Ave Maria* of the issue of February 3rd, Maurice Francis Egan, with artistic-like touch, shows out in relief the prose of Charles Warren Stoddard. We quote this as a tenor of the article: "He (Stoddard) in untrammelled prose, with lyrical cadences, not studied, not self-conscious, and yet, musically lying in wait in sentences that ripple with the waves, mourn with the winds, or smile with a humor which is neither in the waves nor winds but only in human beings." "The Passing of John Ruskin" is one of the best, albeit brief, appreciations of the great art critic that has yet appeared in our magazines. The quality of fiction of this issue is enhanced by the appearance of "Marcelline's House," by Anna T. Sadlier. It is written with considerable delicacy of touch and depth of feeling.



Exchanges.

Williams Literary Monthly is one of our best exchanges. The February number, however, contains perhaps too much fiction. While the short story is an excellent feature of a magazine, we consider that it should not be allowed to crowd out the essay. The single essay in this issue deals with "Racial Vigour in the

Jew," and it evinces much painstaking study. Two of the stories are more remarkable for mediocrity than anything else, but "A Means to An End" fully deserves the first prize which, we are informed, it received in a Prize Competition.

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Besides an interesting sketch of the career of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, the *St. John's College Magazine* contains a well-written article on "The Theatre of the Greeks." The information afforded by this latter effort will well repay perusal, and to the student of the Greek drama, will proved especially valuable. "Only a Sentinel" is a story built on the same old lines with which we are so familiar. Unrequited love sends a man to death, in this case, death from a Boer bullet on the far-off South African veldt.

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The series of "Letters to Living Writers" is still continued in the *Purple*, and our hope for something good from this unique department is never disappointed. The January issue's letters are two in number. That addressed to Henry Austin Adams joins in the praise which the well-known editor's lecture on Cardinal Newman has met at all hands. "Certain Young Writers of Fiction" are good-humoredly advised to do their work by rules, and to this end, reduce all kinds of novels to general formulas, which would prove a great advantage to the beginner. The writer of this clever skit takes the tone of a veteran author. "The Americanism of James Russell Lowell" is also a paper of considerable merit. But those "Ghost Stories"! How did they escape the waste-basket?

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Our expectations were hardly realized in the February number of the *Georgetown College Journal*. True, the two life-sketches—of Father Marquette and of the late Lieut. Ord, U.S.A.—are good, but outside these two brief articles it contains little of general interest. "A Daylight Episode" is as insipid a bit of fiction as we ever met with. It was also a source of considerable surprise to us that so little space should be devoted to literary matter, that is, in the nature of articles, almost two-thirds of the *Journal* being taken up with the editorial and other departments. In our

opinion such proportion of the contents of a college paper makes it local, and consequently uninteresting beyond the very narrow sphere of its immediate vicinity.

* *

The Stylus for January is decidedly attractive. From notes of a lecture on Cardinal Newman by Dr. Spaulding an instructive article on the literary labors of the great Oratorian has been compiled. The career of that wonderful and many-sided genius as a litterateur, perhaps the greatest of the century, is carefully and intelligently portrayed. The writer of "Winter and the Poets" shows by numerous quotations how different have been the impressions of the snowy seasons upon many of our greatest singers. Some it inspires with gloomy and mournful thoughts, while in others kindling feelings of joy and gladness. A volume of poems by Father Johnstone, an alumnus of Boston College, is brought to our notice in a thoughtful criticism.

* *

Ever welcome to our sanctum is the *Viatorian*. It contains this month two carefully prepared papers on "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Imaginative Power of Dante." But the pleasure we derived from the first pages was changed to a feeling of surprise, not unmingled with amusement, when we turned to the exchange column. The ex-man takes exception to the use of the term "praise-mongers" in an article in our December issue. He thinks it inaccurate, and gives us Webster's definition of "praise," further remarking that "the writer evidently means flattery or adulation, which are something very different." But why does not the author of this notice give us the definition of the whole term, and not merely of the first part of the compound? Did he look up the word "monger"? If he did, wherein did he find the least particle of difference in the meanings of "praise-monger," and "flatterer"? Both terms are applied to one who traffics in praise. Where, then, is the inaccuracy of which he speaks? Surely our friend must have been in an unusually hypercritical mood when he undertook to distinguish two synonymous words. We are at a loss to account for his "unprovoked fit of passion" if based merely on such a flimsy pretext. In the same issue he sees fit to administer a stinging rebuke to another ex-

change which finds fault with the *Victorian*, and he takes the opportunity to extoll the advantages of "honest, sensible criticism." We cordially agree with all said by the gentleman in this connection, and take especial pleasure in re-echoing his own words: "We are not quite prepared to accept the *ipse dixit* of every tyro whose boundless self-conceit leads him to believe that his taste is the ultimate criterion of literary worth." A word to the wise is sufficient.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rt. Rev. A. Dontenwill, O.M.I. '81, Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., was a guest at the University for a few days during the week. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was a Professor in Varsity after his graduation, so that his visits are always a renewal of old acquaintances. His Lordship is on his way to the Eternal City, for his visit 'ad limina.' We wish him a safe, happy and prosperous voyage.

* *

Mr. Charles Leamy, of New Westminster, is one of the old boys who is imbued with patriotism, for he has gone to South Africa with one of the Canadian Contingents. May Charlie win fame and glory on the far-off battlefields, is the wish of his College friends.

* *

Messrs. D'Arcy McGee, '97, and E. Gleason, '98, have successfully passed their second examinations in law. THE REVIEW extends its congratulations and wishes them continued success.

* *

Rev. Father Sexton of Boston, formerly professor of English Literature, was in the city last week.

* *

Mr. L. Tremblay, M. D., of Manchester, N. H., is in the city. The doctor was a student here in the 80's, and now enjoys a lucrative practice in his chosen profession. Success doctor, is the wish of your Alma Mater.

Mr. John Cunningham, commercial graduate of '91, called at the University recently to see his former professors and friends. John is now in the lumbering business and succeeding well. THE REVIEW wishes him success.

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The many friends of Mr. Marsh English, of New Westminster, will be pleased to hear of his appointment to a responsible position in his father's large canning factory. This is a profitable industry in the salmon district of the Coast, so the appointment is an enviable one, and we congratulate Marsh, hoping that he will make his mark in the mercantile world.

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The many friends of Mr. H. St. Denis, of Pointe Claire, P.Q., will be pleased to hear of his two successes lately achieved—the one in carrying off the first prize in an architectural contest in Montreal, and the other in leading to the altar the lady of his choice. THE REVIEW joins with his many friends in wishing him and his wife happiness and a brilliant future.

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From the Philippine Islands comes a letter to our *Sanctum* from Charles McMahon, a former student, whose friends will be glad to learn that he is well.

Charles is fighting for Uncle Sam: he is in Co. G. 18th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Jaro, Island of Panay.

His letter bears the date of Dec. 17th, 1899, just about the time when boys think of Christmas and the home fireside.

A few extracts from the letter will prove interesting. Mr. McMahon says that the campaign still continues unabatingly, that he has been in several battles and skirmishes, and that many of his comrades in arms have been killed and wounded.

To quote his own words, the letter reads:—*“The campaign in my estimation, is not going to be of such short duration as was thought, for the rebels since being driven from their strongholds, have divided up into bands with the intention of waging guerilla warfare. At that rate we are unable to check them, so we will be obliged to roam from one town to the other like a lion seeking its prey. The marching would not be so difficult a task, were it not for the tropical heat, which prostrates many an able bodied man. It is*

hard work to carry the men to the hospital, but such is the life of the American soldier in the Philippines. On Luzon Island, after nearly a year of hard fighting, the natives think that they have had enough of it; last Sunday eight hundred of them surrendered. They are beginning to realise what the American soldier is made of. May this submission only continue, for the sooner the war is over the better."

In other parts of his letter Charlie expresses the hope that he shall be home for his next Christmas dinner, so do his many friends here and at home.

Further on in his letter he gives the contents of the *Menu*, inviting some of his friends to lunch on *baked beans* and *hard tack*. "*The moss covered bucket which hung in the well has no comparison to our army hard tack, it is something fierce at times.*" The interesting missive concludes with the old familiar and friendly wishes to all.



Athletics.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY AND CONDOLENCE.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,

OTTAWA, Feb. 27, 1900.

At a meeting of the O. U. A. A., held on Wednesday, the 21st instant, the following resolution was adopted :

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from this world Mr. Roderick A. O'Meara, '99. an esteemed ex-president of the Ottawa University Athletic Association ;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the members of this association, have learned with profound sorrow of this untimely event, and respectfully tender to the members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this their hour of sorrow and affliction ;

FURTHER RESOLVED, That this resolution be inserted in the minutes of the association and that copies be sent to the bereaved family, and to THE REVIEW for publication.

T. G. MORIN, '01,
President O. U. A. A.

W. P. EGGLESON, '00,
Secretary O. U. A. A.

Junior Department.

The Junior Editor and all his young companions share in the gloomy sadness that has lately spread its darksome pall over the community. A devoted priest and professor has left our midst to receive his reward "in realms beyond." Feeling deeply the loss we have sustained by the death of kind Father Howe, we extend our warmest sympathies to the Faculty of the University. We assure them that we shall prove our love and esteem for the departed priest by constantly praying for his eternal rest.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Holy Angels Society, the following officers were elected :

Director—Rev. Father Henault, O.M.I.
 President—Master George Verreault.
 Vice-President—Master George Shields.
 Secretary—Master Olivier Dion.
 Treasurer—Master Vincent Meagher.
 Readers— { Master Paul Ducharme.
 { Master George Leonard.
 Sacristans— { Master James French.
 { Master H. Legault.

* * *

The night on which the January number of THE REVIEW was distributed to the knickerbocker tribe, was remarkable for its unusual occurrences. As the Junior Editor peeped through the key-hole of the recreation-hall door, he was surprised to discover an uncommonly peaceful and noiseless spirit in Lilliput. Upon further inquiry, he was informed that, at the time of his stolen visit to the hall of sport, all the Juniors were absorbed in the pages of their own department of the college magazine. It took several minutes to incite them to take exercise.

As soon as the youngsters had finished reading the contents of their

special columns, many grinned, others frowned, whilst others tore their hair, stamped their feet in rage and, with ire-glaring eyes, looked about to annihilate somebody.

The Editor-in-Chief, who at this moment, chanced to enter upon the scene of mingled joy and passion, was seized by the infuriated mob, led to the door and very gently ordered to retire. Upon his refusal, the national spirit of Lilliput, which always works in unison, was aroused to action. The Mulligan Guards, the Sloan Artillery, the Bawlfonian Infantry and the French Fusiliers were ordered to charge, and, after many assaults upon the enemy, succeeded in landing our unfortunate Editor into a neighboring corridor and thence into Gulliver's recreation hall. For reasons known to themselves, the inhabitants of this spacious room thought it best to allow Lilliput to apply its own punishment. After the affray, Denis washed his face and explained: "*O tempora! O mores!* How long, O Editors, will you tax our patience?" Denis was really indignant, for he immediately sat down and scribbled off a letter to some Indian chiefs of the north, asking their assistance after the next issue of THE REVIEW.

The following note appeared the next day on the bulletin board:—"We advise all editors to beware of Lilliput. If they are obliged to pass through our district, let them keep their eyes forward. They would, besides, do us an inestimable favor by heralding their visit, so that all may be quiet in Lilliput when they arrive."

* * *

At a special meeting of the J. A. A., it was decided that the short-panted Irish nudgets would follow old traditions and have a sumptuous banquet on St. Patrick's Day. The meeting was a lively one, as the vast majority of members were anxious to have their names on the committee. After a hard tussle, Smith was chosen President. As Lynch fulfilled the onerous position of toastmaster at the Christmas spread, the executive elected him to the same office for a second time. Provided the other officers discharge honorably their different duties, we shall publish their names in our next. I might as well take the trouble of mentioning that J. Campbell has been given charge of the musical programme. He insists that there will be none but Irish and Scotch melodies.

It was said not long ago, that the Junior Editor is always writing complaints. He answers that he feels it his duty to reprimand whenever his young friends are at fault. He assures his mates, however, that, not having learned the big book they call Philosophy, he consults weightier authority, whenever a question of right or wrong is at stake. He therefore feels obliged to remark that it would be to the interest of some juniors (the infirmatory loungers) if they would, after supper, put on the gloves, or indulge in recreative sports, instead of taking out their books to read. He would rather see them spend this half hour after supper in healthful exercise.

* *

During the past month, the members of the J. A. A. have kindly remodeled the pigeon table. They have also spent a goodly sum in buying a much needed pair of boxing gloves for the pugilistic aspirants. Sharkey drew first blood with the new gloves.

* *

AND STILL THEY COME.

Captain Moonlight, the one-eyed heavenly squinter into secret crevices, stole softly into my departments a few nights ago and entertained me with the recital of an incident that took place recently between the Lilliputians and the Gulliver giants. With one of those bursting grins, that often make our faithful captain seem ludicrous, the silvery night wanderer began: "The scene of action was within the closed walls of the Lilliputian garrison. Gulliver, who has not as yet recovered from his last defeat, sent out a troop of armed men to attack the strongholds of Lilliput. Not satisfied with firing twenty inch balls at the citadel, the *Costelhan* general attacked the very homes of the inhabitants. The invasion came like a thunderclap upon the midgits, for they had just finished a long three hours drill. No sooner had the roll call been given, announcing bed time, than reports from cannons and guns went whizzing through the air. "Lights out," voiced the private and all was darkness supreme.

"After a whispered consultation, the Lilliputian soldiers were told to steal away and return with ammunition. But the enemy had seized the magazines and arms. Lilliput's case seemed hope-

less and many a little heart trembled and many a little soul prayed as the enemy approached nearer and nearer. General Smith was absent. But the practical sense of his private, found an effective means out of the embarrassing situation. The Lilliputians at his command rushed off to the warerooms, obtained tin cans, buckets, hose and every instrument that could contain the flowing liquid of the water pipes. In an instant all had loaded their implements of war and make a charge upon the invading giants. The latter were abashed and ran off like a crowd of drowned rats; others overcome by hydrocephalelgy and hydropodalgia fell exhausted on the wayside. But one poor mortal remained in the garrison of Lilliput. Inexorable to this wasted opponents' cries of mercy, the Lilliputians seized him by the collar, tore off his coat and threw him head first into a large barrel of ice cold water. Here he received a much needed wash and a lesson that he will remember for years to come.

I know he must be wet.
For they hav'n't seen him yet."

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On Saturday, Feb. 4, came the much-talked-of and long-expected game of hockey between the Smith and Cloutier contingents. Owing to the rough exhibition which the Smith seven put up against the F-wlf seven three days previous, the whole region of Lilliput anticipated a scene similar to the one which lately occurred at Ladysmith. But the strict rulings of the referee prevented all unnecessary roughness, and the game was interesting in every respect. At 2.30 the referee's whistle blew to announce the beginning of the contest. At the same time, the admirers of both teams surrounded the rink to cheer their favorites on to victory. As usual, Smith distinguished himself by his brilliant play, and altogether played a very gentlemanly game. Pinard, of the Cloutier contingent, was the hero of the day, for after both teams had played over time for fifteen minutes, this great defence man shot the winning goal from the centre of the rink. After this phenomenal play, his friends rushed upon the ice, and having tendered him their warmest congratulations, carried him in their arms to the dressing room.

Dupuis gave the spectators a grand exhibition of puck stopping. In the goal he was a veritable stone wall.

Lack of space prevents me from making special mention of the other brilliant players who engaged in that contest.

When the whistle blew, the referee announced that Cloutier's team had won by the score of 4 to 3 goals.

* * *

Here is the Assistant Junior Editor's account of the two games played with Hull :

"On February 7th the Juniors went to Hull and played a hockey game with the contingent from the Brothers' School. All Hull was astir, and went to the game only to see their own men defeated. The Juniors *played with* them. At the end of the game the score read—Juniors, 2; Hull, 0. After the game the boys were treated rather roughly by the mob. Nobody, however, lost his life.

The captain of the Hull hockey team proposed to play the Juniors on their own grounds. The proposition was accepted by Captain Smith, and the game was dated for February 11th. When the appointed day had arrived, the young midgets from Ottawa College were surprised to behold on the rink men ranging from twenty-one to thirty years, and from five feet to six feet in height. The small boys really trembled. But as soon as the game had started, it was learned that hockey is not for big men any more than for small men.

On February 11th, the small yard crossed sticks with the "Cuban Giants" of Hull—the men with long beards and old age stamped upon their faces. The game resulted in a victory for the small yard by the score of 24 to 0. The game was a one-sided affair in scientific play. The only way in which the Hull men distinguished themselves was in their game of dirt. We characterize these old men as the refuse of Hull street corners and back alleys. Were the rudeness of these men known to the Prefect, he certainly would not have allowed the Juniors to play with them.

* * *

The following letter was recently found in our letter-box :

DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR,—

I am sorry to say that what you write about the small yard is

not always true. There are many times we do things and you do not put them in *THE REVIEW*. If I could catch you I would throw you down a flight of stairs, and then go and mark the spot where you fell. I would just like to catch you after supper, in the dark, around the handball alley for instance, then I would give you two beautiful dark blue ornaments to adorn the upper portion of your facial protuberance. I am not going to let you insult the small yard any longer. We poor fellows are afraid to move. Please put something in *THE REVIEW* about the big yard. You won't, because you're afraid of the big lads. I think your actions are a real insult to us. If I could catch you I would *hck* you.

Your enemy,

A. L. S. HIMMEL.

In answer to the above note, I challenge the writer of these remarks to a friendly visit to the handball alley on March 28th. Please do not bring any stones with you.—J. E.

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During the past few Sundays, we noticed that a few of the externs arrived late for High Mass. Since they do not rise at an early hour on Sunday morning, we would advise them to come directly to the University chapel and not to remain on the streets to talk to whomsoever they happen to meet.

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Generally speaking, we are edified at the manner in which the boys perform all the external rites of the Church. From close observation, however, we remark that two or three boys genuflect on the left knee, and one honorable "gentleman" has summed up enough vanity to comb his hair in the chapel.

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We would like to know who gave a certain Seguin charge of attending to the electric switch at the chapel door? He really shocks us. More than once he has left us poor mortals in the dark.

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*

Tremblay has been asked to act as travelling agent of the "Wild West Novel Firm." His first trip will be to the Paris Exposition. On his return we expect that he will write up a very imaginative account of his experiences abroad.

Sharkey and his dark-faced friend are not unacquainted with the advantages offered by the handball alley. After breakfast these two hinckerbockers are the first to rush to this not entirely *matchless* place of shelter and security. Now and then two little heads, encircled with a fumously scented atmosphere, pop out at the corner of the alley, in search of an approaching Prefect. Assured of no danger, the heads disappear and another volume of fume is blown out, until both have satisfied their craving appetites. At the word *Prefect* both indulge in a serious game of handball or begin to make congealed bullets which they hold in reserve for a passing Gulliver guardsman.

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Choquette intends to buy a pair of knee-pads.

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Time : 6:45 a.m.—*Place* : The Little Study Hall.

A certain "bright boy" has not his book-keeping exercise ready for the morning class.

Ding, dong ; cling, clang ! goes the bell for Mass.

Down pops "his nibs" behind a desk, so as not to be seen. All out, the study-hall is locked.

SEQUEL : The youth's exercise was ready for class, but the industrious youth himself went without Mass and breakfast. At dinner time there was *double entry* into his stomach.

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Campeau came back, for he couldn't stay away. Campeau came back.

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Who is that fellow who is always running about the corridors ?

Oh he's *French* ; don't mind him.

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Denn-is always taking the best looking snow-shoes for himself. When distributing the shin-pads and hockeys, he reserves the best *pro se*.

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We congratulate our industrious young companion, Master

Willie Patrick Mulligan on his recent enrollment amongst the members of the Ontario Philatelic Society.

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M.—Say that fellow is getting weak.

J.—How is that?

M.—He has but one *arm-strong*.

* *

Nothing like it !!!!!

* *

HONOR LIST, JANUARY '00.—COMMERCIAL COURSE.

1st Grade.—1st, Albert Mathieu ; 2nd, Philip Levesques ; 3rd Ludger Bourque.

2nd Grade, Division A.—1st, Emile Langlois ; 2nd, Lionel Léonard ; 3rd Emile Gagnon.

2nd Grade Div. B.—1st, Eugene Renaud ; 2nd, Louis Philip Brosseau ; 3rd, Eudore Thériault.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Wilfrid Leonard ; 2nd, Francis Taillon ; 3rd, James Parker.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Séguin ; 2nd, James Donahue ; 3rd, Albert Chamberland.

4th Grade, Graduating Class.—1st, Henry St. Jacques ; 2nd, Cyriac Dionne ; Paul Benoit.

