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A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

The conqueror came home
On car of state by breathless crowds begirt,
Whose one thought was of him—his high record
Of victories illustrious—his rare merit;
Proud they had been to hail him Leader—Lord—
The while his bright sword flamed, and at his word
Fair Freedom smiled on Barbarism's gloom.

The conqueror came home.
The nation greeted him with gratitude
And love, no less that it was mute with awe,
And sad with tears: around him flowers were strewed
And banners waved; but sorrow was the law:
The ice of wintry natures broke in thaw
Of pity over that fair hero's doom.

The conqueror came home;
Peace in his breast and on his lips a smile;
For he had vanquished evil; he had fought
For good: high hymns saluted him the while
He passed beneath the arch for triumph wrought.
Fame's temple with his memory is graught.
His spirit dwells 'neath Glory's fairest dome.

CAMEO.

WAR AS NECESSARY AND BENEFICIAL.



WAR is a contest carried on by force of arms between two nations, or between members of the same nation. Let us consider if this contest is necessary, and if it is beneficial for a nation's prosperity.

War is a necessary evil. Almost from the creation of the world we have had wars. The greater part of the Old Testament treats of the wars of God's chosen people. And we will have wars to the end of the world, because it is prophesied that when that time comes nation shall be fighting against nation.

Is there any way to prevent this state of affairs? We have heard considerable talk and discussion during the last few years about peace conferences and the supplanting of war by arbitration. Let us see what they have accomplished in the matter of abolishing war. A few years ago an international conference summoned by the Czar of Russia was held at The Hague to discuss the possibility of disarmament. There were present delegates from all civilized nations, but their efforts to establish a state of perpetual peace were in vain. This was due to various reasons, one being through distrust of the sincerity of the Czar, the prime mover in the enterprise. But greater than this was the impossibility of the project. Governments cannot and will not abolish war, because armies and war are not accidental, but are, on the contrary, symptoms and essential parts of government, as it exists itself. No doubt, at this first conference a tribunal, or court of arbitration, was instituted, to which nations were requested to refer for the settlement of their international quarrels. Now, although England was one of the chief supporters of this movement, she was, in fact, the first nation to refuse to avail herself of the court of arbitration, when, during the South African war, the English ministers refused to accept the offers of the Boers. Hence, we see that the first conference did not accomplish anything in the line of abolishing warfare between nations. And nothing can be done, simply because nations cannot put faith in one another's promises. They are not able to agree to abolish their armaments, or even limit them.

Let us look to the possibility of a group of nations disarming themselves and living together in peace. Now, it is not to be supposed that the whole world would be simultaneously converted to

the belief that war is unnecessary. There are exceptions to everything. And let us consider that an unconverted nation, which maintained the old system of carrying on war, were to threaten the lives and happiness of the converted nation. Why, the horrors of war would be nothing compared with those which would result from unresisted invasion.

Therefore, it is evident that war is the only and the natural way of settling great international difficulties.

Let us now consider the benefits of war for a nation's prosperity. In dealing with this we must not look to the immediate effects, but rather to the lasting good obtained. We will take a few instances of the great wars from history, and see what their effects have been.

Did the great Roman empire become so extensive and prosperous by peaceful discovery? No! decidedly not. It was by many and great wars. What would have become of their nation if Pompey had not defeated the pirates and overcome Mithridates? If Cæsar had not, almost during his whole life, carried on war for its preservation and increase? Why, in a short time, it would have dwindled down, and her people at home and her allies abroad would have suffered oppression and want at the hands of her powerful enemies.

Why do the English-speaking nations to-day enjoy such beneficent forms of government? Are not their liberties founded on that great Magna Charta, obtained from King John by the English clergy and barons? In this great charter the rights and privileges of the people were clearly defined, and they have always clung to it as the warrant and basis of their liberties, and time and time again tyrannical kings have been forced to renew its provisions. Was this great measure obtained by peaceful means? No, it was forced from John at the point of the sword. And we have derived benefits from this civil war for eight centuries.

Let us take the Crusades—these great military expeditions undertaken by the Christian nations of Europe for the purpose of rescuing the holy places of Palestine from the Mohammedans. There is no doubt that a great amount of money was spent, and many lives were lost in those wars. But were the lasting effects not of greater benefit than the immediate results?

The Holy Wars were productive of much and lasting good

upon the political, the social, the intellectual, and the material progress and development of the European nations.

In regard to the political effects, the Crusades helped to break down the power of feudal aristocracy, and to give prominence to the kings and people.

Their effects upon the social life of the western nations were marked and important. Given opportunity for romantic adventure, they were one of the principal fostering influences of chivalry.

The benefits of the Crusades to the intellectual development can hardly be overestimated. The knowledge and science, and the learning of the east gained by these expeditions stimulated the Latin intellects and resulted in a great revival of learning.

Among the benefits of this war upon the material development of Europe must be mentioned the great spur they gave to trade and commerce. The east was opened up. Many arts and manufactures and inventions were introduced from Asia. Lastly, an incentive was given to geographical discovery, inspiring later on the voyages of Columbus and others.

Take Spain, for example. When was she a great and prosperous nation? When were her people happy and united? Was it not when her army and navy were carrying on war? And what is she to-day? She has not a great army—she is at peace with nations. But is there not internal dissensions, anarchy and revolt against lawful authority? Only the other day the world was shocked by the cruel assassination of the King and the Crown Prince of Portugal. This was in a country where war is practically unknown, at least to the present generation. What do we find there to-day? Strife, anarchy and commercial inactivity.

In the more recent wars, as the great civil war in the United States, the Rebellion of 1837 in Canada, etc., everybody knows that great and lasting benefits have resulted from them.

The very necessity of war makes it beneficial for the prosperity of a nation. It is true that peace would be the ideal, but is the ideal found anywhere beyond the kingdom of the skies?

W. P. BREEN.

THE MORAL MARK OF MAN.

III.

The Stamp of an Ideal Character.



CHARACTER buildeth life." Forceful, indeed, is that time-honored axiom, and no less respectable is its corollary: "The better the character the better the life."

Life is the object of our most serious aspirations; it is a treasure that should be guarded with jealous and parcimonious care. Man, then, should be anxious to enhance its value and utilize its power. Just and laudable that ambition, the highest ever born of man's heart, of giving one's life an ever increasing nobleness of purpose, an ever growing intensity and more and more fecundity.

But those aspirations to a better life, beautiful and elevating in themselves, bear the rigorous consequence of forging one's character on an anvil of steel, since character is the standard by which life is measured, and the instrument that gives it shape and form; for incompatible are the notions of lowness of character and grandeur of life, of weakness of character and fecundity of life.

A man desirous to live a real life must, first of all, turn his most persistent attention to his character; and before applying his energies to that all-important task, should set before his eyes a model, and draw up the plans of the ideal to be realized. What kind of character do you desire? In the answer to that momentous question lies the whole secret. In a man's character there are two most important parts: that resulting from nature and that coming from the moral being. Now, within the sacred precincts of nature do not dare tread, for there you hold no sway. That which you are by temperament you will always be. If steel-clad you are, steel is the material upon which you will apply your tools. If like the pliant reed growing by the side of a lazy pond, as willow will you have to twist your character into the desired shape. In other words, if born impetuous and ardent, nervous and fretful, phlegmatic and indolent, such you will remain radically. Yet, whatever may the nature of your moral constitution be, do not be alarmed, do not court discouragement, for there is no soil, however so arid, as not to yield,

by means of intelligent cultivation, an abundant harvest of sound and wholesome grain. There is, in fact, in character another factor: that of the moral being, or person, upon whom the will power has a controlling influence. Yours is the task and the capacity to mould at will your character into shape; so you can, in spite of your natural propensities, mark your character with the brand you have chosen.

One should have an ideal, a target at which all manly efforts should be aimed. That ideal, moreover, must bear four distinctive marks:

- 1.—Uprightness, or integrity of conscience; such will constitute honorability.
- 2.—Strength of will power; such will give your character inestimable value.
- 3.—Kindness of heart; such will clothe your personality with a garment of attractiveness and charm.
- 4.—Manly exterior bearing, which will add dignity.

Undoubtedly, those moral qualities are more than enough to constitute an ideal character, but they are independent of temperament in this sense, that they are the product of neither this nor that nature. Within the limits of all natures do they lie, though not accessible to a same degree. Whatever be your natural dispositions, bear well in mind that you will have to bring your native habits into subjection, so as to follow steadfastly the dictums of your conscience, so as never to recoil from duties requiring strenuous efforts; so as to keep the hearth of your heart aglow with benevolence; so that your exterior may always be full of dignity. And those acts, isolated and rare, fruit of a transitory moral violence exercised upon yourself, will never achieve for you that ideal character; it is the innermost of your soul that must be fertilized by repeated arrowing and generously sown with noble tendencies. Let us try, then, to throw more light on those distinctive marks of an ideal character.

Uprightness of Conscience.

If I speak of conscience first, it is that a man of conscience alone is worthy of some esteem. Instinctively do we despise a man who, without scruple, unbitten by remorse, tramples on his conscience. Not being able to rely upon him, to trust the sincerity of

his word, to gauge the genuineness of his acts, we simply ignore him as man and turn in disgust from him. Uprightness, in fact, is the very essence of honor, the first and only lien upon our confidence. Behold this man, he is one having will-power and even prepossessing manners, but he is deceitful, has a lying lip and a treacherous heart, he is ever ready to betray his conscience, and, an occasion presenting itself, he will even betray a bosom friend. Undoubtedly such man is a miserable character. However great may his other qualities of mind be, conscience being deficient in him, they are entombed in the gloom of his heart, for lacking conscience he lacks everything. But what is conscience, and what part does it play in a man's life? CONSCIENCE is an interior master, whose voice is never stilled; a sentinel on guard night and day, neither moved by fear, nor overcome by fatigue. Conscience is a supernatural instinct, a voice immortal and celestial, a never-erring guide of man, finite and ignorant, though intelligent and free; an infallible judge of good and evil drawing man nigh unto God. Conscience it is that gives excellence to man's nature and morality to his actions. The functions of conscience are three-fold: (a) A faithful admonitor. (b) A powerful curb. (c) An effectual incentive. A faithful admonitor it is, and, like a never-failing semaphore, it forestalls danger and indicates the right route to follow. A powerful curb it is: offering her strong arm to one treading on the brink of moral precipices, restraining the onrush of one's most ardent passions, thus warding off disastrous downfalls and irreparable ruins. An effectual incentive it is: waking man up from his torpidness, conscience wrests man from his instinct of apathy, sends vibrating through his heart an electrical spark that brings into play those reserves of energy always productive of great deeds. Conscience, moreover, galls the lazy and indolent, gives a vigorous pull at the rein of him who goes astray, and sets him on the right road; it gives spurs to him who flags, that he may spring onward with more alacrity. Some there are in whose breast conscience has been blunted, weakened, if not destroyed, because it has been stifled, ravished and trampled under foot. Such persons are despicable, not solely because high and noble sentiments have left their souls tenantless, but because that lamentable atrophy of conscience is the outcome of reiterated misgivings. On the other hand, thanks to heaven, men there are—few, alas!—whose conscience, fully alive and sound, have kept intact the refinement of feelings; such bear the primordial mark of an

ideal character. Men of conscience are distinguishable among the motley crowd by three principal signs: scrupulous in the accomplishment of duty, severe in their sincerity, rigidly honest and loyal in the management of affairs intrusted to them. Listen to the words of a man of conscience: "Let men approve me; it is desirable, but one thing alone suffices: the inner voice of my conscience that says: well done!" "This is clearly my duty; do it I must, promptly, joyfully, with all the anxious care of which I am capable." "No one will observe me, perhaps; no one will give credit for it; it matters not, I will do it!" "No one will either know the value of my actions, or appreciate my disinterested earnestness: it matters not, I will do it!"

Now, can one speak a language more noble? Surely those words are dictated by an upright conscience, which converts them into action. How different the voice of the unconscientious man! The love of duty for duty's sake is no longer his guide; it is fear that urges him onward. The Police Magistrate in this life, the perspective of hell in the next, are the forces that prop him up. Behold such man always on the alert to see if anyone watches him. As long as he feels the crushing weight of his master's glance he is adorning, but as soon as he finds himself alone with his conscience he crosses his arms akimbo and lets duty care for itself. To sacrifice one's whims and fancies to a task; even one's endearing family ties to duty, is the first index to an ideal character. Conscientious sincerity is a second. With regard to loyalty, conscience should be suprasensitive.

Among the attitudes that an ideal character reproves, in the name of sincerity and loyalty, as being degrading to character, is human respect. Human respect, that weakness of the soul, which, through fear of men, throws in the dark ideas just and far-reaching; sentiments noble and true, which makes one blush at the sight of virtue and paralyses the efforts of praiseworthy habits.

Dissembling is another—that cowardice of a disorderly soul that, like a house-breaker, avails himself of darkness to ply his nefarious trade, and throws into the gloom of silence avowals that should be brought to light.

Hypocrisy is still another—that mask of virtue worn on propitious occasions by diabolically pious persons, not only to hide their vices, but to gain favors, to attain a covert position in life. Such (too many, alas!) are hyenas wearing the garb of innocent lambs

their victims. Such are uninvited guests of Hades, that, having found Cerberus knocking on the threshold of the exit to Earth, are prowling about wearing the forsaken wings of fallen angels.

Still another is infidelity to one's word—the unholy stigma of a low character, who sets no value on his own word; who forswears civil law.

one's self for a trifle interest; whose only bound is the fetters of

There is duplicity also—the disease of souls who flatter and betray you in turn, applaud and exhalt you in your presence, drag you down and ruin your reputation as soon as your back is turned—odious vice, cursed by God, angels and men!

Is it necessary, now, to sing the praises of a man of character, of one entirely submissive to the voice of his upright conscience? Have we not said enough to show what will be the force and honor of a man of an ideal character? The most unquestionable sign of that force is that a man possessing an ideal character is self-sufficient in the accomplishment of his duties. His moral energies are not borrowed capital—they spring spontaneously from his heart.

Let the weak lie in wait before the act! Let either menace or praise be lavished, a man of conscience, an upright man, possesses within him a spring, self-acting and never-failing, that throws his best faculties into action when duty calls him. The judgments of men do not differ from the judgments of God. Infidelity of conscience is branded with an ignominious stigma, whilst honesty, integrity and loyalty are always crowned with glory by God and men. The entire social order rests upon mutual confidence. Peace, prosperity is possible in as far as one feels certain that his neighbor will not deceive him. But how can we depend upon our neighbor? What guaranty have we of his loyalty, of the truth of his words, of his respect for our rights? Upon his conscience must we rely. His conscience will constitute our tranquility. But if that neighbor lacks conscience, distrustful and uneasy shall we be.

Honor and respect, then, to those who do their duty, guided by an upright conscience, for they are in society an element of security and stability. Disgrace, on the contrary, be the lot of those who trample under foot their conscience, for they are in society a shame and a discredit.

Those considerations, though flowing from an untrimmed pen, should find an echo in every young man's heart. By all means strive hard to do your utmost to lay down this corner stone of your

character...a good and upright conscience. Life is a serious thing, and your future welfare and happiness, even in this life, depends upon your character. And remember, the inspiring words of a great poet and moralist :

“Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.”

“Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.”

“IGNOTUS.”

THE EYE.

IN the study of the eye and the optical nerves, the thought must inevitably occur to the student that it has, to a large extent, a most marvelous mechanism. No doubt many have never given much attention to this sight-giving organ; but, nevertheless, without it the beauties of this world would be completely shut out. Of course, many say: “Well, this is for the eye specialist to know, not for us.” But these people are entirely mistaken. What is the use of Latin, Greek, etc., if they know nothing of their bodies and how to treat any defects? If people would pay less attention to fashionable magazines, etc., and give a little more time to the study of certain parts of physiology, then would there be less doctors’ bills and less troubles. Especially is this true among different classes, who, having gained a little education, suppose themselves to be well fitted for the rest of their lives. Now, ignorance is the bane of all societies, so why do people not strive for a higher standard of knowledge than is usually striven for.

The eye is situated in a bony cavity called the orbit, and is held in position by the muscles, the nerves, the eyelids, etc. To facilitate the seeing of objects it is free to move to either corner of the cavity, downwards or upwards. This, then, enables man to see, to a certain extent, on either side of him. In the animal kingdom the eye

is fixed more or less to the side, but some have eyes as directly forward as man. Observation and deep research prove that there are some fish that have no eyes. Though this is not in accordance with nature, still it exists. This species is known as the subterranean fish. Being in perpetual darkness, they have no need of eyes; and, therefore, the eye is not developed, the cavity being covered over with a hard substance similar to the scales.

In all the animal kingdom there is nothing more essential than the eye, and there is no species which needs it more than the human race. It is composed of the cornea, the sclerotic, the iris, the pupil, the aqueous humour, the crystalline, the vitreous body, the hyaloid membrane, the choroid, the retina, and the optic nerve. To describe these fully would require pages, so I shall only deal lightly in each particular case.

Many think that the eye is composed of a white, solid ball, with a blue, grey, or brown circle on the outside, and a small black spot in the centre, which does the seeing. Not till one comes to study this organ does he recognize how different are the parts from what they seemed before. In the first place, the colored portion is not on the exterior of the eyeball, but in the interior. The front is covered with a thin layer of a transparent substance, which is called the cornea. That which covers the sides and back is the sclerotic. This latter, being a strong, tough tunic, preserves its inner parts from all pressure and injury.

Directly behind the cornea is what is known as the aqueous humour. This is also transparent, but a liquid. Like the cornea, it is not immediately discernible; but, after a close examination, it can be found between the outer coating and the colored part. Now we come to the colored part, or the iris, which is wrongly thought by some to be on the exterior of the eye. It is made up of two screenlike tissues, which are perforated by an aperture called the pupil, which in man is circular. This last named becomes very small when exposed to light, but very large in the dark. The contraction of it, in light, prevents the rays from an object from going through the edge of the lens, which constitutes the main part in the composition of the eye. In fact, without it man would have no sight, for it refracts the rays of light and concentrates them on the posterior of the eyeball, or the retina. These, then, make up that portion of the eye through which the impression of the object is first conveyed.

The aforesaid divisions take up but about one-sixth of the eye, most of the rest being occupied by a transparent gelatinous mass named the vitreous body, which is very like the white of an egg. Through this the rays pass before they strike the retina. Of course, this is but a fluid, and is kept in position by the sclerotic and the hyaloid membrane, which surround the back of the eye, to insure its safety from injuries. Now, the retina is a network of cords and tissues, on which the impression of the object falls. But there is one place in it called the macula lutea, or yellow spot, from which the object is distinctly seen, the sight from the other places of it being but hazy. The cords connected with this convey the impression of the object to the brain, and then we are able to distinguish. Between the retina and the sclerotic there is a strong membrane. It is highly vascular, and supplies the nourishment necessary for the chemical and physical processes concerned in vision.

These, then, are the main parts which constitute the eye. It is, indeed, hard to understand it from a book; but, if one were to call on some eye specialist and see his representation of it, he would then thoroughly understand it. Now, seeing what a grand mechanism the eye of man is, what must be that of the whole body? There must necessarily have been some great one, if, indeed, anyone denies God, to form man, the earth, and the contents of the earth, which accord in every detail. V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

"MY CRUCIFIX."

A little metal crucifix;
 As plain as it can be,
 But only God in heaven knows,
 How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me
 In every step I take,
 At evening when I slumber,
 At morning when I wake.

In bright or cloudy weather
 In sunshine or in rain
 In happiness or in sorrow,
 In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles
It reproves me when I sin,
Its look of gentle patience
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish
The greatest help I knew
Was to hold that little crucifix
Until I calmer grew.

And looking on that figure
Which hung in patience there
I saw the dreadful torture
Which He in love did bear.

His feet are nailed together
His loving arms outspread,
And blood is dropping slowly
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how could I then murmur,
Or bitterly complain,
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain.

So when the time approaches
That I will have to die,
I hope that little crucifix
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy Name of Jesus
May be the best I say;
And kissing that dear crucifix
My soul may pass away.

H. F. L.

A POET'S PRAYER.

Now, therefore, thou who bring'st the year to birth,
Who guid'st the bare and dabbled feet of Mary;
Sweet stem to that Rose CHRIST, who from the earth
Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to Him;
Be aidant, tender Lady, to my lay!...

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

TEAMHAIR NA RIOGH.



HE hero-haumed, history-consecrated high places of the romance of the Gael. In Aileach's Grianan, close to the hill-summits to-day, loom large in the legend and Irish kings, where ruined fortresses crown the desolate walls of Derry, "the black wind from the north" goes sighing mournfully through the deserted corridors of the palace where Conall Gulban, lord of the northwest, knelt at the feet of Patrick to receive the Christian faith. Silence broods in the courts whence Niall Glun-Dubh went proudly forth to muster the Ulster clans for the rescue of the beautiful Gormlai--

The war-pipes blow and with joy I go
 From Aileach's hall to the hosting-field;
 I have roused my men from each Ulster glen
 With the rustless glimmer of spear and shield!

Here, far in the depths of the hill, so the tradition tells, he wrapped in enchanted slumber the hosts of Hugh O'Neill—the strong, sure-handed champions of the Dark Rosaleen that smote such telling blows for her sake to the armies of Queen Elizabeth. In their war-gear sleep the clansmen, just as they did on the night before the battle of the Yellow Ford, helmets on heads, breastplates locked over tunics of saffron, hands ready to grip the broadswords, mantles covering all. And there they lie, their eyes bound in slumber, waiting the word of command and the pibroch, to fling themselves into the saddle once more, and break the battle on the Gall--

...The tale of a spell-stricken band,
 All entranced with their bridles and broadswords in hand
 Who wait but the word to give Erin her own--

Aileach, the palace-fort of the kings of Ulster, was levelled to the ground by a raid of the Munstermen, during the civil wars which preceded the English invasions. The King of Thomond, who commanded the burning, to further humiliate the northerners, ordered his men to carry the stones of Aileach to Kincora, and, as the clans of Munster marched south in triumph, each rider bore in a sack on his saddle a stone from the ruins of the Grianan. They were used for the rebuilding of Kincora, which the Ulstermen themselves had destroyed in raiding Thomond some time before.

On the rapids of the Shannon, near Killaloe, few vestiges remain of Kincora, where the kings of the Dalcassians had their seats of power. Here it was, in the great hall of the royal fort, that Mahon and Brian, princes of North Munster, gave defiance to the envoys from Danish Limerick. Here were organized the hostings that routed the Danes, with slaughter, at Solloghead, driving them from Limerick and Iniscathy. Here Brian thought and schemed and worked for the good of Eire. Here he called the muster of the clans of Connaught and Munster, with Gaels from the west of Scotland, and Christianized Norsemen from the Isle of Man, which swept the great host of the pagan Danes into the sea at Clontarf, on the memorable Good Friday of the year 1014.

As, on the day before Clontarf, Donnchadh, son of Brian, passed south from Kilmairnham with a battalion of the Dalcassians to ravage traitorous Leinster, which had leagued with the Danes, he must have seen far off in the Meath distance the abandoned fort of the kings of Ireland on Tara. Chiefs of the Fir Bholg or Tuatha Dé Danann races builded that fort centuries ere Christ was born. From out its gateways rode the high kings and the hosts of the high kings on their way to force the tribute from recalcitrant provinces, or spread the terror of the Irish name throughout the close-lying Roman dominions of Britain and Gaul. In one of its walls, after he had fallen in battle against Leinster, clansmen placed the body of the High King Laoghaire, he that saw Patrick light the fire of the faith in Eire. In his war-gear he died, and in his war-gear they left him, helmeted and sworded, standing erect in his walled tomb, facing to the south, fronting Leinster, unseeing, implacable eyes turned in death on the foe.

Ireland's first Christian king was also the greatest of those who preceded Malachy and Brian. He was Dermot MacCarroll, who reigned in Tara in the sixth century. Long before the time of Brian he conceived the idea of a strong central government, which should consolidate the warring clans as one nation. It was a magnificent and statesmanlike idea, and he strove manfully to carry it into effect. But at every turn his schemes were thwarted by those who should have been his natural auxiliaries. The sub-kings brooked exceedingly ill, if at all, his attempts to curtail their excess of authority, which encroached on the rights of the central power and the laws of the state. Ecclesiastics also came in collision with the high king in his efforts to strengthen the nation. He rendered a

judgment unfavorable to St. Colmcille, and Colmcille mustered the northern clans against Tara. The King of Connaught's son had, in a moment of passion, slain one of the royal stewards during a quarrel in Tara. The high king had condemned the slayer to death. The King of Connaught lent his aid to the Ulster rebels, and Dermot's army was routed, with terrible slaughter, at Cooldrevney, near Sligo. St. Colmcille, in bitter remorse for what he had done, exiled himself from Ireland forever.

A state official, abroad on the high king's business, was murdered by Guary, King of Connaught. The offender fled for sanctuary to St. Ruadhan of Lorrha, who twice gave him shelter in his monastery. But Dermot discovered his hiding-place, dragged him thence and put him to death. St. Ruadhan and his monks thereupon cursed Tara and all within it with a deep and abiding curse, so that thereafter the seat of kingship was deserted. It was a fatal and a terrible error. The central authority lost its prestige with the abandonment of Tara, and Dermot's noble dream of nation-making came to naught. He himself stayed with Tara to the last. His enemies made headway, however, and, striving to rally the loyal chiefs to his cause, he was assassinated, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, at Moylinny, in Ulster.

There is a spot on Tara Hill which the country folk call the "Croppies' Grave." It marks the scene of one of those disastrous episodes which abound in the history of the Rebellion of 1798. There, one day early in the insurrection year, four hundred of the Meath United Men were shot down by yeomanry. There they died, back to back, pike and fowling-piece their weapons, facing the artillery, fighting to the bitter end. After the battle was over the slain patriots were buried where they fell. The bodies of the rebel-martyrs of '98 could find no nobler, no more fitting resting-place than the spot where they lie, enshrined by glorious relics of Eire's mighty past—mound, pillarstone, altar of the Druids—on Teamhair na Riogh—Tara of the Kings.

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

THE HOME OF THE HINDU.



HE sun on the wing of morning, gliding up from the east, until he smiles above the lofty ice-capped Himalayas, beams joyously down upon India, the home of the Hindu, the richest jewel in our imperial diadem; an empire with a wonderful diversity of people and of climate.

This country extends south from the Himalayas to the island of Ceylon, and east from Baluchistan to China. The northern mountain chain forms two walls, the southernmost rising perpendicularly to the plain 20,000 feet, contains Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world. In the lap of these mountains the mammoth rivers Indus and Brahmaputra wend their opposite courses some thousands of miles. The sun sees his reflection in these rivers, and in the historical Ganges. The 150 millions of people on the smiling plains, and the inhabitants of the irregular tableland of the south, and of mountainous Burma, in the west, are likewise cheered by his rays.

Rich, indeed, and voluminous is the history of this peninsula, that was old and matured when Alexander the Great invaded it, in 327 B.C.

The Indian people comprise three races: non-Aryans, the earliest inhabitants; the Aryan race, who came from Central Asia, and the Scythians, or Tartars, who first came in prehistoric times, and in great hordes, between 126 B.C. and 400 A.D. The Muhammedans entered the country in the 7th and 8th centuries. In the 12th century the Prince of Ghor subjugated the north. The Slav dynasty still ruling at Delhi, continued to be harassed, and fell, eventually, to Barbar and the Mughals. Through the usurpation of members of the imperial line after Shah Jahan, 1628-1658, and through the invasions of the Persians and Afghans, this most opulent empire the world has ever known, retained naught but its name, its energies having been exhausted. Eager to regain their ancient sway, the Hindus rebelled, backed by an enormous army. A crisis was inevitable. It came and passed, and neither of the Oriental races was victor. The spoils fell to an alien nation.

Vasco de Gama had discovered a waterway to India in 1498. The English obtained a foothold on the soil after defeating the Dutch, who enjoyed the monopoly of Oriental trade. Later the British drove the French from the Karnatic. The advantage thus

gained was augmented by the purchase of land, and the protection of territory. In this manner the way was paved for Clive's great success. The English supported Muhammad Ali in the crisis. Through their interference the empire was snatched from the Hindus. The Mughal emperor still retained his title, but, in sooth, India became an arm of the British empire.

It was some time before the victors understood, in a degree, this fanatical people, the mainspring of whose actions is caste: a social organization, including calling and religion; a brotherhood that makes each man a formalist. This is instanced by a Hindu being born to his caste, whether it be one of the four fundamental divisions: the Priestly, the Warrior, the Trading, or the Laboring; or one of the thousand into which these are subdivided. Wealth cannot effect a change of caste. The higher class considers the lower unclean. The outcast from one division forms a caste, in turn ostracizing his erring brother. Imagine the degradation of the lowest! Yet, caste holds and binds throughout it all. The 20,000,000 Priests, or Brahmins, occupy the highest position. Their inferiors attribute all they possess to Brahmin benevolence. These dignified men are the reasoners and lawyers. They bless, curse, teach, and govern. Hinduism, a union of their old Vedic faith with Buddhism, and, on the other hand, the old rites of the non-Aryan peoples, is their religion, and that of 207,000,000 out of a population of 294,000,000. Since the Pax Britannica the warrior is unemployed. Agriculture has no charms for him, and it is not without degrading the traditions of his caste that he must needs take to it. In general, the traders are usurers; each man a Shylock. One finds the majority of the laboring class on the plains and on the hillsides. This class exhibits the greatest unprogression. The men are strong, temperate and conservative, using the tools of their ancestors, and employing the same crude methods.

To drink intoxicating liquors is a religious crime, but to smoke is to be a Hindu. The pipe is passed from mouth to mouth. Seated tailor-fashion, the Indians dine off the floor, and, in compliance with their religion, they dine without shoes. There is a class of unclean things, the mention of which arouses the deepest indignation of a Hindu. To the majority, the eating of meat is as terrible as cannibalism is to us. Report went through India in 1857, a year of great ferment, that the cartridges distributed to the native troops were greased with the fat of pigs, animals alike unclean to the Hindu and

Muhammedan; the Sepoy mutiny followed. Education seems to have existed always in the country; still, at the present time, not one man in ten can read, and not one woman in a hundred and fifty. Though the embracing of Christianity leads to exclusion from caste, cuts off former friendships, and hinders marriage between a Christian, or his children, and a Hindu, there are over two millions of Christians, and more than one million Roman Catholics, in India. Over 90 per cent. of the Christians are natives.

Progress in British India reflects credit on our mother country. The recent works of irrigation have lessened the danger of drouth. The famine relief funds insure those in unirrigated districts. Railways and telegraphs cover the land. Nevertheless, India remains the home of the Hindu, ever luring to the foreigner who has an eye for architecture, and is interested in quaint manners and customs. Her future will be second to none. Consolidation increases with every year, and, as time recedes, the Hindu will drop his prejudices of caste, and emerge as great in empire-building as he has proved himself a man and soldier.

W. GRACE, '11.

VAS INSIGNE DEVOTIONIS.

Who love thee prosper! As a breeze
Thou waft'st them o'er the ways divine;
Strange heights they reach with magic ease
Through music-moulded discipline.

"If I but touch His vesture's hem,
I shall be healed and strong and free"—
Thou wert His vesture, Mary!—them
His virtue heals that reach to thee.

AUBREY DE VERE.

all that is going on at the Professor's platform. Such students may get into a lazy habit of stopping at and noting things that strike or startle them; they may be satisfied with what amuses, pleases, attracts them, and they may think it is all right, and that nothing more is necessary. Yet they are using only their fancy, developing a side of their mind, in perhaps the least perfect way they can. To them the trashy newspaper, the pretentious magazine, and the light novel become the source of knowledge and inspiration. Things are different with the student who uses his judgment. He makes it his first and capital duty, in sporting parlance, to tackle the subjects marked in the curriculum for his form. He tackles them all, and he tackles them low; that is, he goes beneath the surface ideas. He observes carefully, examines actively, compares judiciously, verifies strictly. He renders no verdict till he has thoroughly mastered the chosen subject by means of steady and concentrated thought. Students of this class are, unhappily, rare, but they need little surveillance and little urging. Their progress towards the beacon of true learning, at first sure, by and by becomes rapid. Not only are such students to be found at the head of their classes, but they are to be seen lending valuable services to the Scientific Society, to the Debating Club, and on the editorial staff of THE REVIEW.

"CANADA" AT THE WASHINGTON BANQUET.

I desire to tender to your Club, on behalf of your fellow Canadian students, their sincerest thanks for the honour you have done them, in placing the name of Canada upon the toast list of your annual banquet. And I desire, moreover, to convey to you their best wishes for the prosperity of your club, and to give you assurance that they heartily join with you in honouring the name of that great statesman and general, George Washington, to whom they are as much indebted as you for the free institutions that the American continent enjoys.

You all know that Canada is a different country from what it was thought to be some score of years ago. It is no longer pictured as a barren land, or a land of continual ice and snow. That idea has completely vanished. Canada to-day is what your land was a century ago—a land of great promise. And while we are possessed of natural resources, at least as rich as yours, we enjoy the additional

advantage of having 100 years of your history to guide and direct us along the path of greatness in the attainment of our Canadian ideal—an ideal practically the same as yours.

The population of Canada is well nigh 7,000,000 of people, a very small fraction of the multitudes for whom she can provide happy and prosperous homes. Immigration will come to us, I suppose, from the same sources as have come the various elements from which your country has succeeded in building up the greatest democracy that the world has ever seen. And it would seem that, as in years gone by, Canada has given you valuable assistance in the development of your country, by sending you $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions of her subjects, you are now about to repay us, by aiding us, in a similar manner, in the operation of our mineral wealth, and particularly in the colonization of four new provinces. Already 300,000 native born Americans have come to our land. They have proved themselves, with their experience, money, and sympathy for our Canadian institutions, to be by far the most desirable element of immigration that we are receiving, and therefore we welcome them.

There is one word in our language, which, although we are two different nations, is seldom used, when Americans refer to Canadians, or Canadians to Americans, that is the word foreign. I hope we will never consider one another but as parts of a divided family, as it were. And I feel safe in saying had England listened to the wise counsels of Edmund Burke and governed itself accordingly the greatest republic of to-day, together with ourselves, would be honoured the world over as New England.

Why, then, gentlemen, if we Americans and Canadians, who, for the most part, are from a common stock, with a common language and a common destiny, alike in ideals and aspirations, why should we not foster a feeling of the most friendly relationship. This is being aimed at by the leading men and clubs of both countries; and the success with which their efforts are being attended is exceedingly gratifying.

That Canada is to become a great nation is not to be doubted for a moment. But must our greatness consist in our wheat fields, our streams, forests, mountains and manufactures alone? Never. Our greatness must consist in our ideals. And let us hope that our ideals will always be the loftiest. Let our government maintain its wise laws, and let it use that judgment which it has already shown in expending the public moneys on railway and canal systems, that will develop our limitless natural resources. Let it do its utmost to

make the Canadian people a nation deeply religious, and highly educated, and the land of the Maple Leaf will take its place beside that of the Stars and Stripes, with the greatest nations in history.

In centuries to come rivalry in many respects there must be between us. Our close proximity makes occasional difficulties between us an absolute necessity. But may our rivalry always be such as will in no wise interfere with the strong bond of friendship that should unite us. And in the midst of our difficulties may there ever exist a peace so firm that nothing will be able to disturb it. May the friendly feeling uniting together the two great peoples of North America render war between them an absolute impossibility. May it make them a strong element in the preservation of the peace of the world, and in the betterment of the condition of the human race.

NICHOLAS BAWLF, '09.

Exchanges.

We warmly greet the *Assumption College Review*, the latest venture in the field of college journalism. This "initial number" is altogether neat and trim, launched in the proper magazine style. It is not intended for a money-making scheme, whereat the editors show wisdom; "no more mercenary or personal motive prompts them in the undertaking than the desire that the college succeed as it deserves, and its work be known far and wide." It seems the usual difficulties and delays attended the inception of this promising work. The first printer, or publisher, was of his tricks, and doubtless the other firm will, in the course of time, unload a few about which the impatient reader will hear little. In spite of the very modest, unassertive mein of the opening number, we predict a glorious career for the *Assumption College Review*. It has our best wishes for success.

The *Xaverian* of November alluded to the appeal of the laity that was to be made in favor of St. Francis Xavier College. His Lordship the Chancellor of the University was appealing for a contribution of \$100,000. The response of the laity was, indeed, magnanimous. The sum called for was more than realized, and now St. François Xavier College will have an opportunity to increase its usefulness to society, and win laurels in its generous rivalry with its sister institutions as the year roll by. It will now have a full equip-

ment, its endowments, exhibitions and bursaries, well cared for libraries, reading rooms, and gymnasia, like the rest.

The February *Geneva Cabinet* is a "scientific number." Modern science is chiefly dealt with, though the conquests of natural or physical science in past centuries is duly noted. In this respect "The Modern Scientific Spirit" is an interesting review of scientific discovery from the sixteenth century. "Wireless Telegraphy" is the title of an illuminating article dealing with origins of this present-day invention. "Comets" is the subject of a senior astronomy thesis, and is very exhaustively treated. We sympathize with the college over the drowning accident, which prematurely extinguished two bright lives.

Book Review.

Old Dr. Harkness, with whose Grammar the students of Ottawa University had to become familiar, died last June, and scarcely a note was made of the fact. We are grateful, therefore, to the *Intermountain Catholic*, which we make our own. Though belated, it will serve as an acknowledgment of the respect and confidence we have for the old professor whom we have never seen, and also as a tribute of gratitude for the help his work has given us.

"Dr. Alfred Harkness, professor emeritus of languages, Brown University, is dead.

This notice will be of no particular interest to the boys and girls of tender years, but to the boys and girls whose hair is turning gray and whose eyesight is such that spectacles are a help, it will appeal with great power after they have thought a bit. It may be some little time ere they can recall just who Dr. Alfred Harkness was.

Well, just travel back thirty years on the car of memory, and sit again on the scarred bench in the village "high school." Now reach into the desk in frost of you and pull out a brownish book with cloth sides and a leather back. Look at the title:

'Harkness' Latin Grammar.'

O, now you remember! 'Hic, haec, hoc!'

Let's see—our Latin is almighty rusty these days—wasn't it 'amo' that caused us to steal a surreptitious glance at the sunny-haired girl just across the aisle and get a rich reward in the shape of a rosy blush as she bent a little closer to her book?

We didn't think so awfully much of 'Old Harkness' in those days. No indeed! We used to think things about him that wouldn't look good in print, and if there is anything in the old saying the Harkness ears must have kept up a perpetual burning that would make a western prairie fire look like a cigar store lighter. But as we grew older and schoolday joys grew in the retrospect, we learned to appreciate Dr. Harkness at something like his real worth, and now, after a lapse of years—long and often weary years—his name is recalled by the notice of his death, and immediately memory gets busy."

The fourth volume of the "Round the World" series has appeared. This volume contains a fund of valuable and interesting information, ranging from the Esquimaux, in their ice fields, to the residents of sunny California. The chapter on "Curious Farming" is worthy of special mention. Benziger Bros., price 80c.

"Sheer Pluck" and other stories of the bright ages, from the prolific pen of the Rev. Bernard Bearne, S.J., is an interesting book for boys and girls. It is bright, witty and entertaining, placing in a most pleasing way the events in Church history and the noble deeds of pious and heroic personages that will live forever. Benziger Bros., 80c.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, passed some days at the College during the past month.

Rev. J. H. McDonald, '03, was a recent visitor to College Halls.

Rev. J. V. Meagher, '04, has been appointed to the professional staff of Regiopolis College, Kingston.

Rev. R. Halligan, '04, is now engaged in parochial work at Kinkora, Ont., in the diocese of London.

The recent Knights of Columbus initiation brought a number of our "old boys" to Ottawa. Among them were Revs. J. Breen, '01, and T. French.

Rev. O. McQuade, O.M.I., now stationed at Strathcona, Alberta, paid us a visit of a few days while on his way back to the West after a visit to his old home in Lowell, Mass.

Rev. J. A. Carriere, for some time stationed at Chelsea, and latterly at the Basilica, Ottawa, has been placed in charge of the parish of the Most Holy Redeemer, Hull, Que.

Rev. Fr. Brunet, secretary to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, is recovering from a severe illness.

Among the Magazines.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* begins its fourteenth volume by becoming a monthly, and by changing its appearance considerably. The opening article, entitled "The Encyclical Pascendi Dominici Gregis," is by the editor, Dr. Thomas E. Shields, who, besides several book notices, contributes valuable "Notes on Education." "The Wages Contract and Strict Justice" is a readable article by Rev. John A. Ryan, who has become an authority on economical questions.

The *Messenger* has removed its offices from busy New York to Forham University, its new address. It maintains its uniform literary excellence and its wide and comprehensive treatment of topics. "Facts and Fiction Concerning Queen Mary Tudor" is an instructive review of facts. The "Chronicle" is replete with information and views of present-day happenings and tendencies.

We welcome the February and March *Extension* to our sanctum. This publication is devoted to religious and social aims under the able editorship of Rev. Jos. T. Roche, LL.D., Chicago, Ill. The reader is treated to views on religion, literature, philosophy, education and travel. There is also some choice poetry and fiction.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Preparations for the annual 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 this function a success, and the best and most efficient aid he can offer will be the prompt payment of the prescribed fee. The committee in charge of the proceedings are:

Director—Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.
 Chairman—M. Doyle, '08.

Secretary—F. McDonald, '08.

Treasurer—G. S. Costello, '09.

Chairman of Toast Committee—F. McDonald, '08.

Chairman of Menu Committee—E. H. McCarthy, '09.

Chairman of Reception Committee—E. Byrnes, '09.

Chairman of Decoration Committee—A. Stanton, '09.

Chairman of Music Committee—O. Linke.

Oriental Immigration, the question of the hour, was discussed on January 26th. Messrs. E. Ginna and F. Corkery argued for its prohibition, while Messrs. N. Bawlf and C. Gauthier championed the negative. The musical selections rendered by the orchestra between the speeches were highly appreciated. On the following Sunday Messrs. J. R. Corkery and W. P. Breen contended that: "War is necessary for a nation's growth," against Messrs. M. J. Smith and T. O'Neill. The debate was very evenly contested, and showed that these gentlemen had carefully studied their subject. The vote of the judges favored the affirmative.

The Debating and Literary Society has had some 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 to the debaters as well. An improvement is to be expected as regards this matter.

The bowling alley is now being freely patronized, and many of the devoted adherents have established reputations for individual play.

Mr. V. H. Veilleux, '07, who is now a banner student at Queen's University, spent a few days here recently. He looks well.

A large number of the Laval students, while attending their banquet here, paid us a visit.

At the earnest solicitation of friends who believed it to be an obstruction to commerce, Mr. Wh-l-n departed with his mustache.

Prof.—Were you talking?

J-r-n.—No, I was only whispering.

Prof. of English.—Where is your essay?

Gr-v-ll.—I left it in my what-you-call-it.

Good-night, R-g-n, tempus fugit

The annual concert, under the supervision of the Debating Society, which was to be held in St. Patrick's Hall on February 28th, has been postponed until Easter week.

The French Debating Society can point with pride to this season's work. The members are filled with enthusiasm, so that the results are truly remarkable. The executive, encouraged by the universal desire of the members to co-operate with and help amateurs, has prepared an unusually interesting programme. During the month four debates has been disposed of, while an evening was devoted to stump speeches, in which Messrs. A. St. Jacques, E. Courtois, E. Desjardins and C. Coupal were conspicuous. The first regular debate between M. Lachaine and T. Coté, a real literary treat, was decided in favor of Mr. Lachaine. The question: "Was Riel guilty?" was argued with much warmth between Messrs. Gouvreau and O. Julien, affirmative, and E. Desjardins and S. Coupal, negative. The judges awarded the palm to the negative. The next debate was of more practical character: "Resolved, that it is preferable to urge our people towards agriculture than towards industry." The affirmative was successfully sustained by Messrs. R. Guindon and J. Labelle; though Messrs. O. Sauve and Belisle, delivered able speeches. Though not so exciting, the last debate was, perhaps, more interesting than the previous efforts, the oratory reaching, at times, a high grade, as was expected of Messrs. N. Theriault and A. Couillard. The question at issue was: "Has the Confederation been a benefit to the Province of Quebec?"

The Very Rev. N. Dozois, O.M.I., recently appointed Provincial of the Canadian Oblates, honored this séance with his presence. Evidently a born orator himself, his appreciation of our humble efforts was particularly gratifying. After congratulating those who were most prominent in the evening's proceedings, he went to show the importance of being trained to speak in public; while doing so he showed, in his own person, what a public speaker should be. He remarked that most people, and boys in particular, lacked confidence, that confidence in himself was three-fourths of the man. We hardly realize how much Father Dozois managed to say in a few words. He promised to visit us again. Mr. Courtois, the chairman, on behalf of the Debating Society, expressed sentiments of welcome to the distinguished visitor, and of thanks for his kind advice.