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# Assumption College Review

*Entered at the Post Office at Sandwich, Ont. as second-class matter*

The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

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VOL. III.

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NO. 2.

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## Washington.

O Washington, thy country's chief, who through  
The murky clouds of war, disorder's brood,  
By faith enforced and dauntless fortitude,  
For peace and right didst find an avenue;  
And who art as a star in heaven's blue  
Enthroned there by man's deep gratitude,  
While nation's might and battle fields imbrued,  
In fleeting time, thy glorious deeds renew;

Thy country needs thy steady guiding hand  
To save her from dark anarchy's demand,  
For greed and lust o'er hearts of men hold sway  
And justice droops beneath the laws delay,  
Oh send at least one truly loyal son—  
Thy second self—another Washington.

—*Cornelius Bates, '11.*

### The Mother of Washington.



THE world of men is ever ready to bow in admiration before some great character or benefactor. One whose great intellect or splendid genius has been the instrument in showering blessings upon his race or country, or who has improved the social, political or economic conditions under which his fellowmen must struggle in the fight for existence. But if all this love and admiration and gratitude and hero-worship is due the noble being himself, no less is a proportionate share due the mother whose careful training and good example have instilled into the boy the characteristics that fitted him to play a man's part—and mayhap a great man's part in the drama of life.

As the mother who moulded the character of the man whose genius was to lay the foundation of the great American republic, Mary Ball Washington deserves her mead of praise and gratitude of the people who received from her son an inheritance most precious—the inheritance of liberty.

She was

“ One,

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants ;

Interpreter between the Gods and men,  
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet  
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce  
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,  
And girdled her with music.”

Byron ascribes the greatness of Washington to the many qualities he inherited from his mother. Qualities that shaped the splendid character that was to embody the hero, statesman and sage of the New World. She infused into his tender but manly young heart those virtues that shone in her own.



“Happy he  
With such a mother! Faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and fall,  
He shall not bind his soul with clay.”

Woman is called the heart of humanity, and the mother, the being we all cherish in our heart of hearts, is the real fountain of all that is great and good. In this instance the characteristics of the mother are easy discernible in the life of the son.

It was late in the seventeenth century that Mary Ball's parents came over from England, cut away the underbrush and hewed the logs from the “forest primeval” to build a cabin in which to set up the family altar in this new land of hope. Early in 1706 their first child, Mary Ball, was born. And at night, as the mother busied herself at the spinning wheel or loom and the father rested after the fatiguing labors of the day, the children, gathering round the blazing logs of the yawning fireplace, studied from their meagre supply of books. They grew up strong mentally and physically. Uninfluenced by the false ideas now drawn from the modern stage and novel, whose tendency is to make life “a barren waste of human nature upon which the dews of heaven never fall to freshen the flowers of virtue,” they grew up with exalted ideals of manhood and womanhood, and thoroughly appreciated the responsibilities of life.

At twenty-four Mary Ball was led as the bride of Augustine Washington to a comfortable dwelling situated above the waters of the Potomac, and surrounded with acres of well-kept farm land, flower beds and shrubbery adorning the place. Here the first president of the United States first saw the light of day, February 22nd, 1732. We know little of his early life and it is to be regretted that no records exist. But from oral tradition we know that his boyhood was a healthy, happy one, crowded with out-door sports in the grand old forests that stretched far and wide in every direction. And although this was

enough to develop him physically, to his mother in no little degree, did he owe the inheritance of a fine physique.

Among most of the early settlers religion was something to be lived and acted, and not merely a means of enjoyment or of social intercourse. Like most mothers of great and earnest men, Mary Washington was a praying woman, and her own characteristics of deep religious thought and exacting obedience she bestowed on her son.

When George was old enough to be given the first lessons in the use of firearms, his mother, emulating the spirit of the old Spartan matrons, taught him to be courageous, and her own integrity and fearlessness is portrayed in his latter life.

And so she watched him grow to manhood, training him as best she could, and although he was dear to her, did not hesitate to send him to defend his country when it was in need.

During all the experience of the French and Indian War she watched with a sad but resolute heart. And when the fate of the country hung on the action of a man, then almost unknown, there was a fond mother kneeling before her Maker in the quiet home in Virginia, praying for peace and justice. During all the terrible ordeal of the war she never complained. She was a great and good woman and however severely we criticize we find no contradictions in her life. She was not possessed of personal ambition and her reserve prevented her being publicly or popularly known. In fact she rarely appeared in public life even with her son, and when so, always plainly attired and with charming reserve and dignity.

When she heard of Cornwallis' defeat her thoughts were not only of her son but also for her country, for she exclaimed, "Thank God! We will now have peace, independence and happiness."

Soon after, when the highest dignity capable of being granted by a free people, the presidency, was conferred on her son, her health began to fail. A cancer was slowly ending a life that had embodied so much that is



grand in a character of simple virtues and noble deeds. On the evening of August 25th, 1783, at the age of seventy-seven she died as she had lived, peacefully.

For many years her grave was unmarked, but in 1833, President Jackson,

"These bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,"

bearing the inscription,

MARY,  
THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

—how simple it is, yet all sufficient, and grandly eloquent in its very brevity.

—*Cornelius Bates*, '11.

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### Faith.

As a pillar of light  
In Ereban gloom,  
Ere guides ships aright  
Through impending doom ;

So men in dismay  
Of searching truth out,  
By Faith find a way  
Through soul-chilling doubt.

—*C. B.*, '11.

### The Theban Legion.



UCH has been written about the exploits, which soldiers have undertaken for their country. The child often will enthusiastically recount the stories of the national heroes, how courageous they were, how they fought and how they died for their native land. The adult in public life will deliver eloquent eulogies on great warriors. The old never tire of telling of the days of strife and the noble deeds then performed. In a word, patriotism has been lauded to the skies. Now if it is fitting to commemorate and honor those who have died for their country, how much more becoming is it to remember and venerate those who have died for their God."

In every age of the Church's history, in every clime whithersoever her saving doctrines have penetrated, there have been martyrs. In the early centuries of Christianity the several persecutions came from the most formidable of nations, Rome. At the time of which we are writing, the Roman populace was clamoring for the death of the Christians. The Emperors sat on such unstable thrones that they were fully occupied in putting down the numerous rebellions and conspiracies formed against them. In Diocletian, however, the people found a man who would cater to their wishes and butcher all who professed the new religion. Before ordering a persecution he wisely associated with himself in the government Maximian Hercules. In 286 A. D. the great Roman Empire was divided and Maximian received the western half. Once in power he began a wholesale slaughter of the Christians in nearly all his provinces. A prey to avarice, lust, cruelty and all the rest of the vices, and still devoted to the old pagan dieties, he determined to blot out the name of the true God. So persistently did he carry out his purpose that it seemed as if he was giving a rest to the barbarians on the confines of the Empire.



There was at that time a Gallic tribe called Bagaudes. Rumor had it that their leaders were Christians. Maximian set out against them and after successfully crossing the Alps he called a halt to rest his army. He encamped at Octodurus, now Martinach in the canton of Valois.

At this point he was joined by the Theban Legion, so called because it had been enrolled in the Thebiad or Upper Egypt. It had lately been sent from the East by Diocletian to aid his colleague in subduing the Bagaudes. The whole band with their officers Maurice, Exuperes and Candidus was Christian. They were all noble, virtuous soldiers "rendering to Caesar the things that were Caesar's and to God the things that were God's." On their arrival in Gaul they had pitched their camp at Agauna, a city about sixty miles from Geneva, near the head of Lake Lemman. The modern town of St. Maurice at the foot of the Great St. Bernard stands in the same place and is named in honor of the legion's commander.

While Maximian was resting at Octodurus, he gave orders that the army should hunt down and slay all the Christians that could be found. All obeyed the command but the Theban legion. They firmly refused, saying that they would never consent to such barbarity. Their answer was carried to the Emperor. When he heard it he became so infuriated that he immediately gave orders to kill every tenth soldier in the band. This, he vainly thought, would inspire the rest with fear and they would comply with his command. After the legion had been decimated before the eyes of all, they were once more asked to take part in the execution. They replied even more firmly than before that they would not. After a second decimation they again refused.

Maurice, Exuperes and Candidus went back and forth among their men urging and admonishing them to be constant and if necessary to die just as their fellow-soldiers, who had gone before them into heaven, had done. A holy desire for martyrdom seized upon them all. They drew up a declaration of their reasons for

refusal and sent it to the Emperor. St. Eucherius has left us an account of the declaration which runs thus :

"We are, Your Excellency, your soldiers ; but still, as we freely confess, the servants of God. We owe you the service of arms, Him the service of a clean heart ; from you we have received wages for our work, from Him we have received the very beginning of our life. We cannot follow Your Excellency in the denial of God, the Creator, who, just as much as He is our Creator, is yours also whether you admit it or not. If we are not driven to the base crime offending Him, we will be obedient to you just as we have been hitherto ; if not, then we will obey Him rather than you. We offer ourselves against any public enemy but we do not consider it right to empurple our hands with the blood of the innocent. These right hands know how to fight against the wicked and hostile ; but to slay the righteous and loyal they know not. We remember that it was in defense of the citizens rather than against them we have taken up arms. We have ever fought for justice, righteousness and the safety of the innocent : these have been the rewards of the risks we ran. We have fought out of loyalty and how are we going to preserve it towards you if we do not exhibit it towards Our God ? Our first oaths were promises to God, our second to our Emperor : and do you think we are bound by the second if we break the first ?

"You command us to seek out Christians for execution. Now you need not go elsewhere to find others. You find us here confessing God the Father, the Creator of all things, and His Son, Jesus Christ. We have beheld our comrades in hardship and danger butchered and their blood even spattered upon us ; and still we have not wept over the death of our fellow-soldiers nor have we grieved over the decease of our brethren. We have rather praised and congratulated them on being deemed worthy to suffer for the Lord, their God. And it is not the extreme danger in which our lives have been placed that has driven us into rebellion. It is not sheer desperation, which is so



powerful in times of peril, that has armed us against Your Excellency. Behold! we have weapons, and we do not resist; for we prefer being slain to slaying and we would rather die innocent than live guilty. Whatever your decisions for our past conduct are, whatever commands you impose on us for the future, whatever else you do, we are prepared to suffer the flames, the rack, or the flesh hooks. We confess that we are Christians, and Christians we cannot persecute."

When Maximian heard this declaration he ordered that the whole legion should be slain in the presence of the army. The angelic band marched out before their executioners and calmly bowed their heads to receive the fatal blow. Although they might in strict justice have defended their cause by force, they did not for a moment protest. When the slaughter was over the spot was completely covered by their corpses and the blood flowed in streams. Not one had apostatized but all had remained constant to the last, confessing the one true God and glorifying in being permitted to suffer for Him.

We know for certain the names of only four of the whole legion, the three already mentioned and another called Victor. Whatever may be the names of the rest matters not, for, though they are not inscribed in any earthly books, still they have long since been written in the book of life. Years later, it is said, the spot sanctified by their martyrdom was revealed to St. Theodore, Bishop of the place. A magnificent abbey dedicated to St. Maurice was erected and more than one miracle has been worked there,

It may be interesting to recount here the miserable fate of their persecutor. In 305 Maximian abdicated in favor of his son-in-law Constantine. After retiring into private life he made several attempts to resume the sovereign power. His treachery was discovered and after being taken prisoner at Marseilles he ended his life with his own hand.

Such was the martyrdom of the Theban Legion. Theirs was not a heroic deed done for their king or country, but it was more, it was the sacrifice of all they had to give for a higher and a holier cause, the glory of their Divine Master and His Church.

—*W. J. Flanagan, '12.*

### Catholic Social Work in Germany.



IN unity there is strength. This principle of action, valid in the physical order, and doubly so in the social, can no where be found more fully exemplified than in the work now being accomplished in Germany by the Catholic *Volksverein*. A brief history of this is found in a small volume by Charles D. Plater, S. J., M. A., entitled "Catholic Social Work in Germany," being a reprint of four articles contributed to the Dublin Review.

Essay I.—The Call to Arms—describes the important part played by Wilhelm Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz, in impressing on the Catholics of Germany the vital need of organization to meet the great social questions that were agitating the whole of German social life. So great was his success in ameliorating the status of the workingman that Leo XIII., deservedly styled the Workingman's Pope, did not hesitate to say: "Ketteler was my great precursor."

Essay II—tells how Ketteler's labors were perpetuated by the institution of annual Congresses. These are described as "general assemblies," in which "Politicians and peasants, noblemen and labourers, journalists and journeymen, university students, artists, priests and bishops, all meet together in unaffected *camaraderie* to work for the interests of the church and civilization." Each interest has its special organization and their assembling each year to discuss affairs was well named by Windthorst the "autumn manoeuvres" of the Catholic forces.

Essay III.—The Army in Action—gives a brief account of the work accomplished by these Congresses and the institution of the *Volksverein*, which serves to confederate all the Societies and promotes all the interests of each, making possible united action and mutual co-operation where necessary or useful.



Essay IV—The Lesson of German Tactics—aims at showing how far the method of social work in Germany might be adopted with good results in England.

That these Congresses have been eminently successful in their aims cannot be denied. From a scattered multitude of units, at the mercy of a hostile government, with little or no political representation, and despised by their powerful opponents, the Catholics of Germany have been welded together into an irresistible army which has attacked the very strongholds of bigotry and prejudice and forced capitulation on terms, which fifty years ago would have been considered by the enemy as utterly unreasonable and preposterous. To-day the Catholic Centre Party in the Reichstag can turn the vote in its own direction in almost every question where the interests of the Church are at stake. Not only is this true in governmental affairs, but it is true in a great measure of every kind of social work throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

To this desirable result no special or accidental combination of fortunate circumstances had contributed. It has been due first of all to the fearless energy of Baron von Ketteler, the apostle of Catholic social amelioration. After him, came a long line of prudent and zealous leaders, such as Dr. Hitze, Dollinger, Förster, Lenniz, Prince Löwenstein, who for twenty-five years directed the executive work of the Congresses, and the great Windthorst, the founder of the Volksverein. At all times the leaders had the entire sympathy of the Catholic hierarchy from which many of their ablest leaders were chosen. Pope Leo XIII. encouraged the work in every possible way. But no external aid could have advanced the movement a single step without the personal magnetism and enthusiasm of its leaders. Finally we must include the genius of the German for organization, or rather the national bent for method and system. The German loves order and has the patience and perseverance to wait and work amid conditions that would discourage almost every other

race. Difficult of conviction, but once convinced, stolid, determined, willing to be led, he marches steadily forward, with utmost caution, but always forward. "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" is his motto.

Fr. Plater advances the argument that English Catholics have much to learn from their German kin and co-religionists. Have the Catholics of America anything to learn from the German object lesson? Fr. Kelly, of Church Extension fame, and many others high in Church and state have rather severely criticised the apathy of Catholics towards missionary work, and not without reason. But is it not true that this apathy has extended to other interests equally near to the vitality of the Catholic religion in America, especially the social problems that affect every class in our church?

Even granting that hitherto the Church has done all that could reasonably be expected of her in guarding the social conditions of her adherents, we believe that present day conditions demand the expenditure of greater thought and stronger effort on the social question. The Church has from the very beginning relied on the inherent force of the truth of her doctrines to compel the mind and draw the heart to follow the divine law to ever higher planes of perfection. She has always relied on the principle "The truth will make you free." And in the past the efficiency of this doctrine has worked incalculable good to the race. This was in the days when men fought for a doctrine and gave their lives for an abstract principle. But since the German Pantheists, who followed Kant, the great reasoners of every nation have given up in despair the metaphysical problem and consigned it to the museum of curios. Failing to shake the philosophic strongholds of Aristotle and the Scholastics, and unable to decipher the ponderous abstractions of the German Pantheists, they have turned to physical science for a new start. In Ethics, Sociology, Law, and Religion they have called men's minds away from principles to practice and begun all over again on a more practicable



basis. To-day all interpretation is pragmatic. We must see or we will not believe. If it works in the practical things of life, it is true; if it does not work we shall not even consider it.

No where is this pragmatic standard so much in evidence as in Sociology. Religion itself is made to depend on it. That religion has the firmest grasp on eternal values and reality, which furthers the best interests of the greatest number. What may be its value as a philosophic principle it is too soon to come to any general agreement. But certainly it is not without promise. It seems likely to be applicable and useful in practical details, though as an ultimate court of appeal it can never avail. The Church must recognize its actual operative presence in the minds of men in our day. There can be no disguising the fact that men are turning to the religious and philanthropic societies which are laboring to uplift the moral tone of the poor and the vicious, in fact of society in general. All the eloquence of the Catholic clergy attracts less attention from those outside her walls than the long procession of men, women and children, which wend their way to church and fill the pews not once but many times on Sunday. They wonder how it is done. They are forced to admit her value because she works in and among her members.

But what of the vast multitude outside the Church? Are we drawing them to us as did the Apostles in the infancy of our holy religion? The mission to the whole people still remains as one of our highest responsibilities.

Now admitting it for the generally accepted view that men are to be won over to the true faith more by works than by doctrine, let us consider what we must do to fulfill the mission to evangelize the world. With men's minds so indifferent to doctrinal differences and controversies, what have we to show that appeals to all, and which the public cannot but see. As has been said we have the full pew. That is a real triumph, and it has done great good. But so far conversions have been com-

paratively few. Something more must be done and the conditions were never more opportune. Our energies must be directed along social lines.

There are to-day in many cities of America social institutions for the betterment of certain classes in particular districts, which are doing effective work and the story of their work sooner or later gets into the press which men read every day. They attract attention and secure the coöperation of all classes, and men believe in them. Men believe in them because they work, just as men believe in electricity because it works. Such faith is not divine but it is a kind of faith that draws. These works are generally charitable in character but there is always connected with them a certain amount of religious practice, just enough to satisfy those who do not know what are the essentials of religious worship nor understand the great deposit of faith which it was the mission of Christ to give. It is a kind of social religion.

Social work has been done by the Church in every age. Few of these modern charitable organizations have invented a single method which Saint Vincent de Paul had not made use of. But the fact to be recognized is that this social work is not done by the Church alone. Others are turning their energies on a work that will yield greater results than their false religious teachings had ever done, and where their religious doctrines had failed, nay, even had contributed to produce these morally unsanitary conditions, they are now beginning to produce results. Religion will gradually degenerate into a sociology. Some form of Naturalism will replace Supernaturalism and the gift of Christ to the human race will be lost to the multitude.

The evolution of the race is at a critical juncture. Human thought among the masses of Christians outside the Church is struggling for the light which the Reformation snuffed out. Men have about decided what direction they will take. They see dimly a flickering flame in social reform and they expect that the light will burn more brightly as the work progresses.



Here then is the opportunity of the Church to win back to the true fold the strayed sheep. In taking the lead in every kind of social reform she will once more convince men that in her is to be found the only safe refuge from human depravity, that in her is the sole hope of mankind. If the Church, which we know can better social conditions if given the opportunity, should succeed in reforming social evils, then men will turn to her as never before. She should have the power not merely by divine commission, but also in the actual exercise, and by it convince the world. German Catholics are doing a great deal to convince the rest of the Empire in this way. Can we do as much?

We must take the lead in all social questions. With the principles of all moral betterment in our minds, not in a vague, uncertain way, as when one is searching for the solution of a difficult problem, but firmly grasped and confidently held because it is in the teachings of Christ Himself, what can we not do? Moreover our efforts at reform will not be entirely tentative. We have precedent for so many conditions that we shall always have a guide. Thus, while we are the safest leaders we should be best able to take the lead.

Dr. Plater points to the need of standing at the head of reform movements, because one is not likely to attract attention when he is merely one of a mob. The Catholic Party in Germany have sought to be leaders. Not merely have they been content to advocate reforms in conjunction with some dominant party at the time, but they themselves have initiated reform movements, forced them upon the attention of the public, and carried them into effect in spite of the most vigorous and bigoted opposition by the excellence of their principles and the force of character of the advocates themselves. We must aim at nothing short of leadership.

There is nothing selfish in this aim, if rightly interpreted by us. It does not imply that we are to seek the leadership by taking into our hands offices, and by using

the Catholic cry to retain them. Such a method would be fatal to our cause and our plans. The leadership we should seek is that which comes of purity of principle, strength of character and solidarity in organization. It is not the superiority of numbers, but of character ; it is not the force of money, but of brains ; and finally it is not the dominance of partyism, but of democracy. Such is the object lesson given by German Catholics.





### Not Guilty.



I was while acting the role of book-keeper, business manager and paymaster, in a mining camp of the Upper Peninsula that I experienced an escapade, the memory of which, even yet, fills my mind with humorous recollections.

On the evening preceding the event of my story a miner had been brought in from the shaft in an unconscious and critical condition, the result of an accident in which his skull had been slightly fractured. As it was late in the evening when the accident occurred, the company surgeon ordered that we keep him over night, in camp, and remove him next morning to Riverdale, a village three miles distant, and thence by rail to Houghton where the nearest Hospital was located. Accidents are not of rare occurrence in a mining camp and accordingly we were prepared for such emergencies, having a little room set apart in camp, furnished with a neat cot, a few chairs and other necessities.

It would be well here to introduce the reader to a quaint old personage whose history seems to have originated and terminated in the Riverdale mining camp. Any one who had ever visited this camp was sure to make the acquaintance of Dennis McGinn, better known as "Dinner-pail Dinny," a name merited by his long service as dinner carrier for the miners at the shaft. In fact, few knew his proper name so identified had become the more expressive one with Dinny's person. Although Providence had not been over generous in the allowance of "grey matter" it did not fail to bestow on him a generous amount of wit.

At bed-time we cast lots to see who should remain on picket in the sick man's room, and Dinny's luck secured for him the weary task, which he reluctantly undertook, muttering to himself that his luck "allers had a

blind eye or a spavin." As I sat in my room about to retire for the night, a terrifying yell of "Murther! Murther!" rang through the camp and the next moment Dinny broke into my room with such violence that the rusty old door hinges threatened to give up the mission they had so long fulfilled. With every conceivable form of murder depicting itself on my aroused imagination I ventured to inquire "What's up Dinny?"

"O! Frank," he cried, "The ravin' maniac has me most dead already."

Further explanation was useless, for at that moment the sick miner appeared in the doorway and with the wild glare of a Gorgon made a rush for Dinny. Had the Irishman's nervous system been in a normal condition he could have given the frantic miner a hard fight, for even yet his bowed frame bespoke a youthful physique, befitting an Achilles or a Hector. I at once joined in to free Dinny from the clutch of the infuriated miner and he was soon in the bottom of the pile. By this time the whole camp had been aroused and, arrayed in various forms of night regalia and armed with shovels, shoes and pick-axes, were in hot pursuit of the murderer.

"By gorry," gasped Dinny, after a few of the miners who had come to our assistance had helped us get our man under control, "Shure the dippy cannibal has done me fer shure this toime," as he proceeded to make a hurried examination of the more vital portions of his anatomy, for he was certain that the miner had buried a knife in his heart. Finally with a few yards of rope that lay about the camp we succeeded in binding the man and replacing him in his room. The surgeon had already appeared on the scene and after a hurried investigation of the wound told me that part of the fractured skull having come in contact with the cerebrum had caused brain fever. Meanwhile Dinny having satisfied himself that his wounds were not fatal had followed us to the sick man's room halting at the door as though he expected to see the arch-fiend himself bolt out at some nearby crevice and claim him for his own.



"Well," said he, triumphantly, as he saw the man securely bound, "Now, be gorry, if ye can't talk, at laste make a soign so we'll know what kind of a devil ye're possessed of anyhow. Shure if it wasn't for that busted cranium o'-his, O'id put him where he'd be roit at home wid his divilish pranks."

"Well Dinny," I returned, "perhaps you'd like to continue your watch now." "Not on yer loife," broke in Dinny, "Oi've served many a year in this 'ere camp, but as sure as my name is Dennis McGinn, o'il quit me job this very noight if Oi'm to be caged up wid a rakin devil loike this." "Very well, Dinny," I said, "Go to your bunk and we'll watch till morning." By morning Dinny become more reconciled and was ready to assist the Doctor and myself in conveying our charge to the village. Once in the village we were not long in finding a temporary lodging for our invalid at the village tavern. Leaving Dinny on guard, the Doctor and I set out for the depot to learn the time the next passenger would leave for Houghton. We had not gone far when we heard something like a prairie stampede in our rear. Looking back we saw Dinny running towards us at full speed. "Well Dinny," said I, as he approached us, "What's up now? Has your man escaped?" "Yes Sor," gasped Dinny, "The cunnin divil begged o' me to loose the ropes, and shure me ould heart was weepin' at the soight o' him there as helpless as a fish out o' water. And on me word, he acted quite as sensible as Oi do mesilf." This last clause of Dinny's I was inclined to discredit. But as our present position demanded action rather than words I overlooked his blunder with a suggestion that we separate and scour the village for the fugitive. A posse was easily secured from among the loafers about the tavern and we were soon hurrying here and there through the village, more and more joining our ranks at every corner, till in the course of twenty minutes half of the villagers were out in hot pursuit of the missing man. Dinny, eager to rectify his wrong doing was soon searching every nook

and corner in the hope of securing the fugitive. As he was about to pass the entrance of a little one story building, an idea appealed to him that some information concerning the fugitive's whereabouts might be obtained within. Dinny's trips to the village, as I have already hinted, were very limited, and it was with a reluctant tread that he walked up the steps and through the door of a place, the interior of which he had never before seen. The first thing to arrest his attention was, as he later described it, "a koind o' coffin big enough for President Taft and a standin on end in the corner. Not the "coffin," as much as the solitary occupant, he saw through the glass door, caused Dinny to mutter to himself in an exultant tone, "Now I have ye and Oi'l teach ye to trifle wid the affections of an honest ould Irishman." Dinny's acquaintance with nineteenth century inventions was very limited; thus the "coffin" did not appeal to him as a pay station of the Bell Telephone System. For a moment he gazed at the figure within and, as if to verify his conjectures, the occupant resorted to a few frantic contortions caused by some jubilant message over the line. "By gorry," continued Dinny, "he seems purthy joyful over the way he foiled me, but Oi'll make him think he's got the Banshee on his thrail before I get thru wid him." Swinging open the door with one hand, Dinny disconnected the unsuspecting stranger with the other in less time than it takes to repeat it. "Take that," roared Dinny, as he planted his fist on the stranger's nose with such force that his victim sank in a heap on the floor.

"Och! Murder! Helup! Vy for a you threat an innocent man in soich a vay! Eh? I sveal I didnt done someting, en ef I did I sveal I'll nefer do it agin! I haf you arrested, by graciouss fer dese outragin act sir, en you go by the way to the police depot! Vat you tink my nose iss made uf eh! Rubber?"

"Close yer ould thrap," shouted Dinny, "O'r O'll pounce anudder on yer ould black head. Shure ye wouldn't spake in camp when we axed ye and now ye're



thryin to tell me ye're throubles when I dont want to hear 'em."

A few members of the posse happened to be hurrying past the building at this juncture when their attention was arrested by the elevated conversation within.

"I have 'im," yelled Dinny, at seeing them staring in through the open door. Taking his words for truth they hurried in and picked up bodily the suppliant son of Israel and escorted him to the tavern heedless of his execrations and entreaties, while Dinny went ahead to announce the news to the Doctor and myself.

We had found the miner in an old building behind the tavern and the Doctor and I sat in the room on guard with our prisoner when Dinney bolted in the door of our room, his face beaming like a sunflower. "I found him," he chuckled, "The ould divil was in a koind o' coffin down the strate here big enough for Bill Taft, and shure he was havin a foine toime in there a talkin to the wall." Having completed his little narration he turned for a chair when his eyes fell on our prisoner whom before, in his excitement he had not noticed. "Well is everybody in town gone crazy this very day! Shure if me ould eyes do not deceive me this is the very man wat's comin down the strate at this very minute."

The Doctor and I were now beginning to realize the nature of Dinny's blunders. I asked Dinny to explain himself more fully. "Well Sir," he replied, beginning to realize that there was some mistake, "Oi guess Oi've got the wrong man."

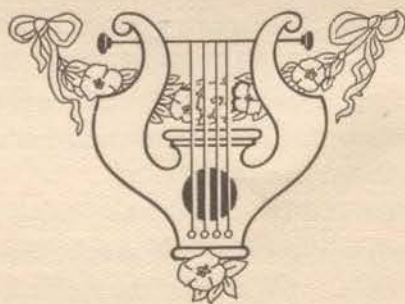
Our discourse was interrupted by a shuffling of feet at the door and the next moment a man wearing a beard that gave to his countenance the appearance of a shredded wheat biscuit, was unceremoniously ushered into a chair. One glance at him proved to me the cause of Dinny's blunder. His appearance was so similar to that of the miner that a keener eye than Dinny's might easily have been deceived. For some time the stranger sat looking about him in a bewildered manner, then he exclaimed;

"Now mebbe you'll tell me vy I come here in such a vay."

Well," exclaimed Dinney by way of an apology, "You see it's a way we had o' provin' that ye are the wrong man."

"Yes," I added in a conciliatory way, "Shake with him Dinny and acknowledge that it's another case of the 'Irishman and the Jew.'"

—*Leo Kennedy, '12.*







## Editorial.

### The Lenten Spirit.

The time is past when lent was classed among the Romish superstitions. Like many another religious practice in the church it has begun to be popular among those who see its practical utility. It was Prof. James, of Harvard, who recommended the practice of voluntary sacrifices, some work of supererogation, as a means of training the will to stronger effort. The recommendation has been made long before Prof. James saw the light of day, but it is interesting to note a mind of such calibre and from motives entirely utilitarian, urging on his readers the practice of voluntary privations—a spirit which coupled with religious motives produced the anchorites of the desert and the cloistered communities in the Church.

Are we really going to have a return to the rigid lent of former days among the masses of the people? That depends on the spirit in which the season is entered upon.

There are many men at this season have come to the conclusion that they will put a check upon themselves and refrain from indulgences which injure their health, because they will feel better and be better able to enjoy themselves afterward. They have no intention of offering these little sacrifices to God by way of atoning for past faults but solely to save themselves for the enjoyment of the post-lenten season. In their sacrifices there is no personal sanctification, no purpose of permanent amendment; and consequently no real personal improvement. Such motives do not arise from the consciousness of personal guilt which calls for atonement to be made to Divine Justice. They have entirely missed the real import of lent as it is understood among Catholics.

But we who should be familiar with the season and its spirit, must undertake the sacrifices imposed by the Church in the right spirit. We must guard against the feeling that the lenten regulations are merely a burthensome imposition which we must bear in order to fulfil an obligation we dare not disregard. The forty days in the desert was a severe penance, voluntarily undertaken, as a preliminary to still greater sacrifices, and made to God in expiation for sin. Our forty days of penance to be effective, must be spent in expiation of sin, not offered as a vicarious atonement, but for personal sinfulness.

This demands of each a personal consideration of his own case, in which we shall examine what need we have of self-discipline, wherein we are weak, what retrenchments of self-gratification will enable us to avoid sin in the future. We shall not only fulfil the regulations of the church, but we shall go a step farther and on our own account sacrifice, not that which looks difficult to give up, but that which, though it may seem to be trifling in itself, is, nevertheless, for us hard to forego. Should there be any whims or fancies of our own, which we know have been a stumbling block to the attainment of grace, or a scandal to the neighbor, we shall make these the first objects of the pruning knife. Such a course of action

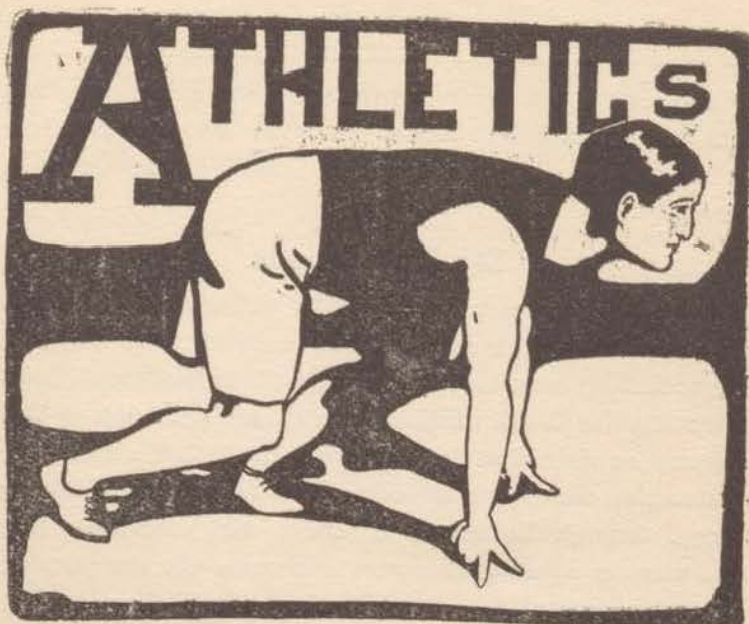


will be not a temporary expedient with a purely selfish aim, but a permanent moral elevation which will endure in the soul as long as the soul itself endures, that is, eternally.

### **The Paris Floods.**

While the recent floods which submerged the world renowned thoroughfares of Paris, were at their height, a vague feeling must have visited the breasts of most Catholics that the hand of God was to be detected in this destructive visitation. About a century before a still more destructive wave, not of water, but of suicidal anarchy surged through the streets of Paris, and men know that this was the opening of nature's cisterns for the purpose of washing away false social ideals. Much cleansing was effected, but the old conditions have returned and another cleansing is needed. Is Divine Providence again giving his aid by a special visitation of punishment in order to supplement the efforts of those who are on the side of religion and justice? No one is found bold enough to openly affirm it, but who can down the thought that the recent flood is more than a natural agency?





### Handball---Senior Alley.

Six teams compose the Stella Handball league this year; and though judging from the present standing one would conclude the fight for the top shelf to be between two or three couples, the battles have been exceedingly interesting and the scores very close. Although the Robinet-Brennan record is yet unblemished, they have no stable position and stand big chances of being knocked from their lofty perch in the present series. The schedule contains five series, and the second has not yet been played out. High spirit and enthusiasm keep the most unfortunate players in the game and forbid them to be despirited. Everyone is a sticker.

Fate has destined the Kennedy-Merkle party to bring up the rear in the first series. Kenady's side wheel—the mighty southpaw—has been under the weather lately and his strenuous endeavor to overpower its refusal to manipulate has yet done no more to his credit than give his combatants a run for their money. Still the mighty tussler never spelt victory for "Skenec and Dutch." The present standing follows :



## STELLA LEAGUE STANDING.

	WON.	LOST.	PERC.
C. Robinet, }			
G. Brennan, }	7	0	1000
G. Richardson, }			
J. Fillion, }	6	2	750
A. McIntyre, }			
A. Finn, }	3	5	375
F. McQuillan, }			
L. Roberge, }	2	4	333
F. Costello, }			
T. Moran, }	1	5	167
L. Kennedy, }			
C. Merkle, }	0	5	000

**Junior Alley.**

## BELVEDERE LEAGUE.

Eleven teams form the phalanx in the Belvedere sphere, and the interest displayed in this court draws many spectators from the senior alley. Of the three leagues this is perhaps the closest fight. The season will not permit of more than two series on the schedule and every battle is full of ginger. The Manning-Broughton company seem to be invulnerable, but they were given a hard tussle in the initial game of the schedule by Currier-Crane, the score being 21 to 20; and are now hard chased by O'Neil-Gottwald and Fitzmaurice-C. Dalton, who are tie for second place and only one game behind the leaders. It seems that in all three leagues there is one team with whom the gods are not propitious. On the Belvedere board it has fallen to the lot of Dillon-Conger. So far they have played five games, and have five times been let down with scores that are no disgrace but only show that they are battling with hard luck.

## BELVEDERE LEAGUE STANDING.

	WON.	LOST.	PERC.
Manning, }			
Broughton, }	4	0	1000
O'Neil, }			
Gottwald, }	3	1	750

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Fitzmaurice, }			
C. Dalton, }	3	1	750
Morand, }			
Bondy, }	2	1	667
Currier, }			
Crane, }	3	2	600
J. Dalton, }			
T. Murray, }	2	2	500
H. Thibbault, }			
V. Pope, }	2	2	500
Sharkey, }			
Pfeffer, }	1	2	333
Daniels, }			
Marentette, }	1	3	250
Gazella, }			
Harrigan, }	1	3	250
Dillon, }			
Conger, }	0	5	000

### Tai-Kun League.

It's a tough scrap between the youngsters for the banner. The highest mark is 667, and four 600's are fast on the leader's trail. The Sullivan-Humphrey pair started out at a break-neck speed, but a breeze of hard luck has blown their way and they have had a slump. A costly misfortune put Maurice-Sullivan on crutches for a few days and as yet he is unable to navigate with the same dexterity that won him fame in the same arena of '09. Moore and Murray carry the goose eggs in their circle. The Tai-Kun standing is thus :

#### TAI-KUN LEAGUE STANDING.

	WON.	LOST.	PERC.
Taylor, }			
Smith, }	4	2	667
Lareau, }			
Gignac, }	3	2	600
Dacey, }			
O'Brien, }	3	2	600
Foster, }			
Fisher, }	3	2	600



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Famularo, }			
Sanglier, }	3	2	600
Chambers, }			
Page, }	4	3	571
Martin, }			
Morand, }	2	3	400
Sullivan, }			
Humphrey, }	1	4	200
Moore, }			
Murray, }	0	2	000

*Jos. L. Fillion, '12.*

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### Chronicle.

Lent with its fast time has arrived once more.

Did anyone find a Thespian club?

Despite the elements, the Little Yard handball league continues to thrive, and all games are played according to the schedule.

Mr. James Hartnett, now attending the Columbus University, Columbus, Ohio, favored us with a visit during his vacation.

Three Seminarians, Mr. P. Jordan, of Baltimore, and Mr. Chapman and Mr. D. Ryan, of St. Paul, favored us with a call during the holidays.

Handball has been the popular sport since the holidays and its fickle fortunes have turned many an ambitious interest to a wreck of discouraged and dejected hopes, despite such inspiring words as, "Don't give up old man, you can't do worse than you've done."

The initial meeting of the Dramatic Society for the present term was called to order on the 25th ult. Under the direction of Father Howard, the members enjoyed a few minutes allotted to Physical Culture. The first speak-

er to entertain the members for the evening was Mr. G. Brennan with a very eloquent recitation entitled "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The following selection by Mr. J. Bell was no less entertaining, having for its topic the famous "Battle of Inkerman." The sad plea of a captive slave writhing in agony under the weight of the cruel irons that fettered and held him subservient to a fellowman, was very fitly told by Mr. W. Rottach in a recitation entitled "The African Chieftain." The above number having concluded the program of the evening, Mr. C. Bates was called upon to entertain the members. He surely did so with a scene from the play, "Henry VI." In this, the above mentioned impersonated two characters and delivered the scene in dialogue form. The meeting was concluded after a few short instructions by the President on the "Necessity of literary work in the field of education."

Who saw Kane's trousers? Nobody!

Among our visitors during the past month were the Reverends W. Marron, Detroit, D. O'Connor, Windsor, J. Raferty, Durand; T. Connel, Detroit; D. Brisson, Walkerville; P. Semande, Amherstburg; J. Nagle and J. Downey, Windsor.

A very interesting debate was begun by St. Dionysius' Literary Society at the last meeting on the 2nd inst. The resolution under debate is "The Navy is a better weapon in warfare than the Army." The affirmative side is upheld by Messrs. McGinnis, Gaffney and Richardson. The Armyites are Messrs. Roberge, O'Connor and McHugh. Probably no debate ever held in St. Dionysius' Society has stirred up the argumentative force of the members as much as this. The arguments were so evenly "matched" that after discussing the question for more than one hour the meeting was obliged to adjourn without giving any decision on the argument. However, at the next meeting the judges will again take up the matter and try to settle the discussion.

—L. W. Kennedy.



### Exchanges.

With what eagerness would we await the coming of the college paper, if all contained articles as varied and interesting as those in *Fordham Monthly*. "John Bannister Tabb, Poet-Priest," takes high rank among the many eulogies of the Southland singer which have appeared recently, and it shows that its author truly appreciates the influence of a beautiful life upon the poet's genius. Denis McCarthy, Daly, and a few other Celtic bards will find themselves in danger of losing their laurels if the author "Tad, '91" follows his evident bent. "Caffeine, the Unappreciated," will appeal to tea and coffee drinkers, being an enumeration of the medicinal properties of this common drug. Of the short stories, one at least, "The Interrupted Cremation," is above the ordinary.

From far-off California comes the *Collegian* breathing spring and baseball. The leading article is a description of a photographer's trip through Japan. Several fine views secured by the author prove the delights of such a journey, and there are many valuable hints for those who like to travel camera in hand. There are timely notes on the equal suffrage agitation, and learned dissertations on the human will, Chopin, and the authorship of the plays of Shakespeare. The *Collegian* Ex-man says he knows not the "kiss of frost-stiffened prairie grass"; but let him cease from complaining, for he has ample compensation for the loss of that pleasant sensation; the baseball season is now in full swing at St. Mary's, and the January *Collegian* publishes the score of the first game. Alas, the mercury is hobnobbing with the zero mark as we read the score, and through the window we espy a snow fort and some skaters. It seems that the only thing passing current for a joke out there is a poem; at least, so we infer from "Joshes." We admit that there are several ways in which some college poems are jokes; but the absence of prose gems from the funny column of the *Collegian* excites our suspicions—until we remember that the crop of spring

rhymesters is now due in the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers.

Of all the college papers which have entered our sanctum since the holidays, *The Dial*, from St. Mary's, Kansas, is the finest example of the printer's art. It has seldom been our good fortune to receive a magazine so neat, and withal so handsome. Neither is the matter far behind the form in merit; the poems, though short, are real poems; and it is easy to see why the stories were prize-winners. We remarked especially "Judge Not Lest, and "The Catholic Revival in England."

The January *Laurel* is largely taken up with an account of the festivities in connection with the golden jubilee of Reverend Mother Teresa, Superior of the Franciscan Sisterhood. It would tax the pen of a master to convey an adequate idea of the good accomplished during fifty years in the service of Christ; but the *Laurel* has done nobly, inspired, perhaps by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and the distinguished gathering which graced the occasion. The *Laurel* Ex-man is a man to our liking; his criticisms of "Alfred Monthly" is straight to the mark. Too many of our non-Catholic brethren still have difficulty in banishing those old bugaboos concerning the attitude of the Popes towards Democracy; and we consider it the duty of every fair-minded paper to nail such stories whenever and wherever they appear, and soon no paper of standing will dare print them.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of *Angelus*, *Augustinian*, *Beacon*, *Catholic Record*, *Catholic Register*, *Columbiad*, *Extension*, *Fleur de Lis*, *Niagara Index*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Patrician*, *S. M. I. Exponent*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Schoolman*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *University of Toronto Monthly*, *Viatorian*, *Western University Gazette*, *Xavier*.

—J. M. Kane, '13.



**Nova et Vetera.**

Fred. Costella says, "Plato Kant Locke Descartes."

Father Roach says, "Some of the philosophers are getting the 'hoof disease'."

Robinet, in the Library—"Has anybody seen 'Lorna Doone'?"

McGinnis—"Yes, I just met her outdoors walking with Fillion."

A.—"Kennedy says he's going to do literary work when he quits college. Write for money, you know."

Z.—"His father tells me that's all he does now."

Teacher in Christian Doctrine class—"You know we must all 'return to dust'."

Frank—"Does that mean that we'll all have to be 'mechanics'?"

Bell—"What's the matter, sick?"

Bates—"Well I wasn't very sick until I went up to see the nurse, but——"

Mr. Kane says he received good marks at the last seat of learning he attended, but we suspect that they are in a place where he can't show them.

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