

DR. FORAN'S POEMS.

It is now sixteen years since the writer of this review and Dr. J. K. Foran, author of "Poems and Lyrics," and editor of the Montreal True Witness, became acquainted. The occasion was the Moore Centenary celebration, in May, 1879. Dr. Foran was then a student in the law department of Laval University, Quebec, and the present writer was a resident of Belleville, Ontario. An exchange of poems prepared for the Centenary celebration of Ireland's great lyric poet in Quebec and Belleville led up to a personal meeting and greeting shortly afterwards. I remember well how the strong Celtic note in Dr. Foran's poetry touched my heart as I read his fine "Moore Centenary Ode" and "Meagher of the Sword," and I said, here indeed is an inspired voice and a patriot heart. I am indebted to the publishers, Messrs. D. and J. Sadlier of Montreal, for a copy of "Poems and Lyrics," by J. K. Foran, LL. B., L. A. D., a volume of two hundred and forty four pages creditably and substantially bound and printed. Let me first say at the outset that Dr. Foran is essentially an Irish Canadian poet; as such he must be judged and weighed. He has drunk deeply of Irish poetry, particularly of the bards of the Nation, and when he seeks inspiration in the glorious and patriotic deeds of the men of the '48 movement, I think he is at his best. Three distinct elements dominate his poetry—the faith of Holy Church, love of Ireland and a trustful hope in the future greatness of this our own beloved land of the Maple Leaf. You need not look in the work of Dr. Foran for artistic excellence, nor measure the fire and melody of his swift-galloping lines by the wearisome exactness of Tennysonian imitators or weakly inspired young Brownings. His muse is Irish, with all its faults and its virtues, and when the "fit is on him" he sings like an Irish linnnet keyed to the joys and sorrows of that dear old harp of Erin. It seems to me that there is nothing that the poetry of our day is more sorely in need of than something of the wild breath and imagination, the kindling fire and melody, the directness and simplicity and the aura of true faith and hope and love, which are marked characteristics of Celtic poetry. To day the songsters in our groves have no wild notes of their own—they are simply catching up the echo of the dead and gone. Nice little *bizarres* stanzas full of crazy-quit picturesqueness is the fashion of the day, and whoever dares to launch a fresh, strong and individual volume of poems, such as Dr. Foran's "Poems and Lyrics," must needs provoke these delinquent idlers. When will writers learn that *technique* is not poetry—that truth through its flowering of beauty is the basis of all true poetry and that its voice becomes heavenly only in the temple of faith. All the Pre-Raphaelite poets and painters followed this canon of truth, dipping their pens and brushes in the sunlight of God. There is another class of poets in our day—so called subjective poets who go rambling around searching after the unattainable. You can read their poems backwards and the sense remains about the same. In thought they are much more obscure than Browning and in *technique* much more barbarous than the author of "Leaves of Grass." The truth is poetry reduced to its last form is soul power—humanizing, subtle, radiant of heaven, voicing the kingdom of God in the heart of man, full of tempests and shadows and gloom—joy and sorrow, sunshine and tears—a promontory lit up with divine rays from the ark of God's love and stretching far into the infinite. It was an unfortunate day for the life and growth of genuine American and Canadian poetry when so many altars were erected to the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, the late Lord Tennyson and Robert Browning. Browning imitators become philosophical fools, while disciples of Tennyson live in the hope of some day producing another "Idylls of the King." What we want in Canada is a native poetry, strong and indigenous. It may take any form it wishes—whether epic, lyric or ballad—but to win for its author a sure and enduring place in the great temple of Canadian literature, it must be in theme essentially Canadian. Who among us has yet touched with pen of inspiration and heart of love the story of the Canadian pioneers, the thrilling adventures of the first explorers, the romantic stories which cluster around the beginnings of all our great Canadian cities and the trials and triumphs of the Catholic missionary in the twilight days of the Cross? Here are truly mines untouched. Parkman built a monument in his luminous pages to the daring and patriotic achievements of New France. Who with Canadian heart and Canadian voice and Canadian love of country will sing the glorious deeds of our fathers in epic measure with lyric heart or dramatic fire? We have a Royal Society of one hundred good choice, souls who have been meeting annually for about fifteen years, praising the wealth of Canadian achievement in letters, congratulating each other on being one out of a hundred and socially enjoying a good time; but what has this society done to encourage practically Canadian poetry? Where is the struggling writer of merit such as the "Khan," of Toronto, whom they have aided in the publication of his work? What fine poem has the occasion of their meetings ever called out? Some of the one hundred choice souls have never written a book in their life, and as they are now ad-

vanced in years the public rest in the security that they will never attempt one. Dr. Foran's volume of poems is a worthy contribution to the literature of Canada and is of special interest to the Irish Catholic element in Canada which has had its share in the fashioning and unbuilding of this our country. But Dr. Foran's poetry is of interest to more than the constituency of his Irish Catholic fellow citizens. The common note of brotherhood which he strikes in his opening lyric is a key to the general character of his patriotic poems, and makes the fervor of his love for Ireland stronger because of his desire for a union of all hearts and hands in loyalty to our own beloved Canada. Here are the words of the "Canadian Song," which are set to the music of "The Shamrock": "Come fill a glass And let it pass; We'll drink to one another; Each soul we meet We'll kindly greet. Canst thou, Canadian brother; We all are one. The day is done, When discord swept around us, A holy band, Upon our heads, Fast each to each has bound us." Chorus: Oh! our fair land! Our dear Canadian rare land! No foreign host can ever least, Our dear Canadian rare land! Bath Scot and Frank, In equal rank, Withaxon, Celt and Stranger, United stand, A nation grand, When comes the coming danger: In love and peace, Our hopes increase— Our bond grows fast and faster; E'en to our name, May in the name— Nor have we slave or master. Then let us prize Canadian skies, Canadian hills and mountains, Canadian lakes, Canadian brakes, Canadian hills and fountains— Canst thou, Canadian brother; We all are one. Our land yet young in story; May in the name— And round her twice The wealth of brightest glory." In his memorial poems Dr. Foran pays graceful tributes to great and good men of every country. Within the circle of the departed whose memory is cherished and embalmed are the great Dominican preacher, Father Tom Burke, James Clarence Mangan, Thomas Davis, Henry W. Longfellow, Hon. Thomas White, Sir John A. Macdonald, John Boyle O'Reilly, Thomas Francis Meagher, "Laclede" (John Talon-Lesperance) John Keats, Fanny Parnell and Sir John Thompson. The Irish heart mourns easily—shall I say gracefully? It is tender and affectionate, weeping and praying with every accession of sky above. Looking over Dr. Foran's volume of poems carefully and sympathetically I am forced to adjudge his memorial and pathetic poems the best. They betray the deepest and fullest inspiration, and as a consequence the *technique* or mechanism of the verse being contained in the divine energy is also most perfect in those poems. We all remember well the great and gifted and patriotic Fanny Parnell, who died in the morning of her life. Dr. Foran's tribute to her memory is very beautiful. As you read it you feel you are treading the holy soil of Ireland consecrated by the sacred dust of patriot, priest and martyr. I will take the liberty of quoting it in full: "The grave of Fanny Parnell My spirit walk'd one evening In Avoca's hollow d'vale; The wind had set a humming, The moon was castly pale, And the Banshee's lonely wailing Came floating on the gale. My spirit walk'd where waters In peaceful flowings meet; And the Irish sky was o'er me, And the shamrock at my feet— And holy spirits hovered Around the elm retreat. And I heard the waters flowing In the moon's silver wave; I thought of thousands sleeping, The faithful, fond and brave. When I felt my footsteps falter— I was standing by a grave; And a harp o'er the grave was hanging, And shamrocks twined it round, And the boys from the distant hillside Raised a new the keening sound, And I felt my spirit thrilling— I was treading holy ground. And my spirit asked the spirit That chanted from the hill, To tell of the grave before me, For a moment all was still; Then came the song of the mourner Like the gush of an Irish rill. "The eyes were bright that slumber Under this holy sod; The feet of the fair that sleepeth The way of duty trod; The heart of the maid that resteth, Was a golden gift of God. "Her songs were bright for mother Erin, Were pure as you silver stream; Each song was a gem resplendent— Each line was a golden beam— Each word was a living hope star— Her life was a beautiful dream. "Her heart, with the love of Erin, Beat warm in every stroke— 'Twas filled with that love till twilight— It could hold no more; it broke, And she fell asleep in her loving, In eternal glory woke. My spirit left that valley, To wander again with men; But it must return to that valley— Yet it cannot tell me when— 'Twill return when Erin's fifters Are snapp'd—but not till then. Till then let her slumber calmly— Let the harp hang o'er her grave— Let the mocking tenor rave— Let her sleep till Ireland's freedom Is won by the fair and brave." I am sorry that space prevents me from quoting in full another form in the memorial group "Glorious Meagher of the Sword" which I think exemplifies excellently Dr. Foran's spirit and method of workmanship. This poem, too, is set to the author's favorite metre—a metre-form by the way which is very suitable for the picturesque activity of the following stanza from the poem referred to is a good illustration: "Crimson red the sun is rising On a gorgeous summer day, As a hundred thousand soldiers, Girt their harness for the fray; Near and nearer roll the legions, Like a sea of red and gold, Wave on wave above them gleaming, Hundred banners they unfurl, Brooms the cañon—clash the sabres, Roll the volumes o'er the vale.

Who is he that now receives them With a shower of iron hail? Who is he upon the rampart— Where a hundred cannons roar'd 'Tis the champion of a nation— Glorious Meagher of the sword!" In the group of patriotic poems one of the finest to my mind is Ireland's greeting to Queen Victoria in her jubilee year, 1857. It breathes a loyalty to our beloved Queen, reminding her Majesty, however, of her oppressed subjects in Ireland and calling upon her to extend to our kindred beyond the sea the grace of her jubilee year—the glorious freedom of Irish Home-Rule. I said at the beginning of this brief study of Dr. Foran's poems that he had the merits and imperfections of the Irish poets, from whom he has largely drawn his inspiration and according to whose poetic image he has in a measure fashioned the precious ore of his own mind. Now what are the characteristics of the Irish lyric and ballad singer? Fire, melody, fervor, swing and a command of language, not always exact, but rich in suggestiveness and color, copious, but not always clear. Take up Dr. Foran's volume and open it at any page and I warrant you will find some one of these characteristics standing out strongly. He has also the imperfections of the Irish balladist, for he sometimes flings down a line which is defective in metre, or a rhyme which to say the least is strained. This is the result of carelessness rather than any defect in his ear, for the Irish ear on the whole is very correct. I think, too, there is a great unevenness in the character of the more than one hundred poems which make up the volume. I would advise Dr. Foran, should he contemplate bringing out a second edition, to exclude a number that are not up to the standard. The publishers have done their work well—the proof-reading, which perhaps should be laid at the door of the author. These are slight blemishes, however, when you come to consider the excellence of the volume as an artistic whole, which is, indeed, a credit to both author and publisher. There are some who are so fond of sticking their critical pen through the most artistic work that it will be a sad day for the future and lasting fame of Michael Angelo if these hungry and envious critics ever rest their eye on his masterpieces in the Vatican. Some writer has said that the critical faculty is always strong where the creative faculty has gone out or where it never did exist. Dr. Foran, through this volume of "Poems and Lyrics," has made a genuine and valuable contribution to the literature of Canada and I hope the book will meet with such a financial reception as will give encouragement to both author and publisher. We talk a great deal about Canadian poetry—it is getting fashionable to do so—but how many purchase volumes of Canadian verse when issued and thus practically recognize the efforts which our young and gifted writers are making in the face of great odds to build up a native literature. If one Catholic in every ten who read this review in the CATHOLIC RECORD will but purchase a copy of the volume what I have received it will bring satisfactory cheer and encouragement alike to author and publisher, both of whom must have necessarily assumed a risk in the publication of such a book. What is the use of Catholic literary societies assuming to foster the study of Catholic authors if they fail to practically encourage the Catholic authors of our own time and place? Sing on Dr. Foran! Sing on! Your themes of faith fatherland and native land are noble ones! May God bless your efforts and may the sloping rays in the eventide of your life bring you that increase of wealth and fame which you so richly deserve! THOMAS O'HAGAN.

A SCHOLARLY CONVERT'S LUCK.

A Residence and the Income of \$100,000 Given to Henry A. Adams. This interesting story appeared in the New York Times, and we reproduce it for what it is worth: The endowing of churches and institutions is not such an uncommon occurrence as to cause surprise or comment, unless the sum be a large one. But it is out of the ordinary to have a large sum of money settled upon a man for the purpose of enabling him to devote his life to study unembarrassed by the necessity of supporting his family. The good fortune that some time ago befell Henry Austin Adams, formerly a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is as peculiar as it undoubtedly was unexpected to Mr. Adams. While a priest Mr. Adams was recognized as an erudite and eloquent preacher, with what was believed to be a great future before him. He rose rapidly in the Church, and was recognized for his talents and religious zeal. He made many friends of wealth and standing in the Church, and by his ability and their friendship early in his career became connected with Trinity Church, in this city. From there he went to Buffalo, and then came back to the Church of the Redeemer, at Park avenue and Eighty-second street, this city, his last charge as an Episcopal priest. Mr. Adams' paper on the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has appeared in the current number of a Catholic review, has been the first article from his pen to attract general and wide attention since he resigned from the Protestant Episcopal Church two years ago. As a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, his writings and sermons always disclosed great ability, and attracted much attention and some criticism. His writings to-day as a layman in the Roman Catholic Church are fully as incisive, and disclose as much thought as did those while in the Church of his first allegiance. While Mr. Adams was connected as a priest with Trinity Church he made many steadfast and wealthy friends who watched his career with a feeling of personal interest. As Mr. Adams' nature has always been an impressionable one from his earliest boyhood, when he fitted up altars in his father's house and played priest in a most devout manner, until his installation in the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he always had a strong liking for and belief in a splendid and impressive ritual. No surprise was, therefore, felt by those who knew him most intimately when he eventually forewore his allegiance to the Episcopal Church and embraced the tenets of the Roman Church, although, because of his marriage relations, he could not officiate as a priest in that Church. It was due directly to his ritualistic tendencies during the last few years of his connection with the Episcopal Church that he to-day occupies the happy position of being able to devote all of his time to study and scholastic research. Mr. Adams has received a house to live in and the income from \$100,000. THE INCOME IS TO BE HIS, so long as he shall live, and at his death the principal is to go to the members of his family. This appropriation of this money for his use was as unexpected to Mr. Adams and as great a surprise to him as a knowledge of his good fortune will be to his many friends and well-wishers. While Mr. Adams was an Episcopal priest, and when he had carried his ritualistic tendencies to such an extent that he said Mass at intervals daily and adopted the confessional as a part of the Church ritual, one of the wealthy friends that he had made while connected with Trinity parish wished to appropriate a large sum of money as a memorial for his son and to have Masses said for her soul daily. The subject was mentioned to Mr. Adams. He approved of it. The man who wished thus to commemorate his mother's memory built a chantry, or chapel, on the outskirts of Babylon, L. I., wherein Masses were to be said daily. Adjoining it he built a handsome residence for Mr. Adams, so the priest might live there and daily celebrate the Mass. That Mr. Adams might always be in a position to carry out his wishes and also devote his life to study, the donor settled upon Mr. Adams as sum sufficient to enable him to live at ease and maintain the memorial. THE GIFT RENEWED. The plan worked well while Mr. Adams was a priest and could celebrate the Masses, but when he resigned from the priesthood he felt that the money that had been given him should be returned to the donor, as he could no longer carry out the object for which it had been appropriated. He therefore conveyed the real estate and returned the entire property from which an income had been derived to his friend, who had so generously provided for him. He was without means of support, and he then determined to devote himself to study and writing in the faith that he had adopted. His actions were commented upon, and many solicitous inquiries were made as to his future. The Roman Church received him gladly, and many propositions from editors of the magazines and reviews were made to him. He was satisfied with his change and the sacrifice that he made. Before he had fairly settled down to his newly-chosen work, and while casting about as to the best manner in which to pursue it, his friend requested him to bring his wife to New York to take luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Adams came. At the

A SISTER'S BRAVERY.

held on to her Charge in the Face of a Revolver. A sensational attempt to take a child from St. Xavier's Academy, Chicago, ten days ago, was foiled only through the coolness and bravery of Sister Agatha. The child is the daughter of E. D. Stiles, of that city, who had recently been divorced, and she was placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy but a short time ago. Mrs. Stiles had all along been desirous of gaining possession of the child, and on Friday went to the convent, accompanied by Detective Feeney, determined to carry her off forcibly. Having gained admission to the building by a ruse, Mrs. Stiles, as soon as she saw her daughter, seized her and attempted to carry her off. Sister Agatha resisted, and at this juncture Detective Feeney rushed in, took the girl by the arm with one hand and with the other flourished his revolver. "I am an officer," he said, addressing the Sister, "and you must let us have the child." "You cannot have her as long as I am in this house, even though you are an officer," replied Sister Agatha. "If you don't do as we say, I'll shoot, and I'll shoot to kill, too," exclaimed Feeney. "Shoot, if you will," said the nun calmly, "but I say you cannot take this girl from this building." At the uproar the other nuns left their pupils and ran to protect Sister Agatha. "You do not know what arrangements we have made," explained Feeney, "and there will be no use in your refusing to do as we wish. I have six armed men outside the house and they are waiting for a signal from me to come to my assistance. Shall I give it, or will you submit quietly?" "Give your signal if you will," was the reply of the nun. Sister Agatha's coolness completely unnerved Feeney, and he finally gave up the attempt. "I wasn't frightened at all," said Sister Agatha, afterwards. "When Feeney told me he would shoot me unless I gave up the girl, I was resolved to confront him, revolver or no revolver. If he had shot and had not killed me, I should have fought with my last strength for the child. She was in my custody, and I could not violate my trust." To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmentier's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES ON RECORD have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases. HALF PRICE. As the "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," the work of Rev. G. R. Northgraves on evidences of Christianity, comprising the only complete answer to Col. Robert Ingersoll, is to be republished immediately, the author will sell the present edition, till exhausted, at 70 cents, cloth; 40 cents, paper; post paid. High recomended by the clergy and laity, and clergy and the Press, Catholic and Protestant. Address: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Windsor, Ontario, Canada. PRAYER BOOKS. We have now in stock a very large and beautiful assortment of prayer books, ranging in price from 25c. to \$1.00. There are amongst the lot some specially imported for Presentation purposes. Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. We will make a nice selection for any given sum that may be sent us, and if book is not received immediately, it may be re-mailed to us, and money will be refunded. Address: THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA. COOKS' FRIEND BAKING POWDER Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cream-Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, Cakes, Johnny Cakes, Fried Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McLaughlin's Cook's Friend. An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 6c. in stamps. By dozen, 4c. By hundred, 3c. Address: THOS. COFFEY, The Catholic Record, London, Ont. LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 418 Talbot street, London. Private funds to loan.

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