

in the British sky is John Henry Newman, prince of the Church of Christ. His person, the words which he has spoken and written, the sanctified life which he has led, are the greatest moving forces in the moral and intellectual life of England, and in literature he has been pronounced by the ablest critics the most eminent writer of English prose. The movement which he has inaugurated, and in which he has been ably seconded by his equally eminent disciple and friend Cardinal Manning, the illustrious archbishop of Westminster, swept like an avalanche over the country, changing the face of the political and social life of the whole nation.

It is from this movement that all that is great and noble will soon borrow its inspiration. Why then should we not hope that through it English art likewise will be regenerated. Catholicity has already given to English literature a Pope and a Dryden, and, if we are to accept as final the decision of Carlyle, by no means an over zealous admirer of our church, it has given us a Shakespeare. It is, therefore, not with a faint heart, that I express the assurance that from the regenerated faith of England, many a Pope, many a Dryden, and many a Shakespeare is yet to spring.

D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.

A REMINISCENCE OF '87.



THE recent attempts of Balfour the Brave, on the life of the purest of patriots, William O'Brien, remind me of the exciting time when the latter visited Canada, May '87. The tactics of the Canadian loyalists at that time bear a striking resemblance to those of Balfour and his minions now. Cowardly, brutal and murderous as were the Canadian Lansdowneites, Balfour outdoes them in every particular. He is more despicable in his cowardice, more shameful in his brutalities, more deliberate and more fiendish in his murderous designs. But it was difficult to decide whether the creatures of Balfour or their friends in Canada are the quicker in taking a hint and acting on it.

When the papers first announced that O'Brien was coming to Canada to expose Lansdowne's inhuman treatment of his Luggacurran tenants, many of the students were of the opinion that his action was ill-advised. That, indeed, was the feeling throughout the country at the time, a feeling shared in by many earnest friends of Ireland. Why? Because as Governor General of Canada, Lansdowne had nothing to do with Luggacurran, and it was only as Governor General of Canada that

Canadians had anything to do with him. Moreover, keeping in mind the constitution of the Canadian population, many were sorry to think that O'Brien should *uselessly* stir up feelings which had better be left dormant. Among these was the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, a thorough-going Irish Canadian who held dearly the best interests both of his native and of his adopted country. In justice to the memory of the good Archbishop it is only right to tell those of our readers who may not have known him, that no trace of flunkeyism stained his character. For while opposing O'Brien's visit he at the same time publicly stated that we had a right to expect, in the appointment of a Governor General, a man whose past record would not bring disgrace on Canada. These out-spoken words put the stamp of sincerity on his action, and saved him from the nauseating praise he would otherwise have received from certain quarters. I say nothing of the correctness of the opinion of Archbishop Lynch and others at this time, but merely mention the facts as serving to show why such views found considerable favor among the students. That O'Brien would fail in his object was regarded as a foregone conclusion. Just here, those who predicted the failure of his mission received a stunning surprise. The mere