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May, 1900

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May is the month of Mary. The Catholic Church in her ecclesiastical year has her various and varied succession of feasts and fasts. At one time it is the Birth of the Saviour that claims her attention, at another his crucifixion, or some other event in the history of His life. But besides these particular festivals she also sets apart certain months of the year for special devotions. The month of May she devotes in an especial way to honoring the Queen of Heaven. During this month, millions the world over, animated with the same faith and filled with the same love, confidently invoke her assistance, thus giving outward expression to what the Church believes her powerful intercession is before the throne of Grace. The fear lest devotion to the Mother of God should be derogatory to His glory, is a bugbear so grotesque that it can find no other resting place than in the lap of blind prejudice. We need not be afraid of being too devout to her whom God has so highly honored.

The April issue of the Journal of Education has reached us. We find that, at length, some concession has been made in the interests of High School pupils who do not wish to travel the *narrow* way of the "imperatives." Hereafter, for a High School pass, pupils may take the optional subjects instead of an equal number of those marked imperative for prospective teachers; but should pupils taking such optionals afterwards wish to obtain teachers' licenses they must satisfactorily pass supplementary examinations in all imperative subjects omitted in any of the grades of the high school up to the grade applied for. This gives some elasticity to high school courses of study, and is a step in the right direction, as we think will be admitted by nearly every educationist in the province.

The standard of excellence in English Literature is, it appears, being raised. Tennyson's Princess which a few years ago was one of the prescribed texts in grade XII. is now in grade XI.; while Scott's Lady of the Lake, sometime in grade XI is now in grade IX. A note of warning is sounded that the *text* of prescribed authors is what must be studied and not the notes and explanations by editors and commentators; all passages too abstruse to be understood by the pupil or elucidated by the teacher are to be left over for future enjoyment when the beauty of the obscurity dawns upon the patient student! We imagine that candidates for provincial certificates will be thankful if examiners will leave over the asking of questions on such passages.

To whom it may concern :

We beg to remind such of our subscribers as have not yet paid up for EXCELSIOR that their subscriptions are now due, and that we expect from them the same generous support as in past years. Many of our subscribers are men whose business occupations allow very little time for attending to such small matters, consequently we attribute their delay to forgetfulness rather than to any other motive, so in their case a

gentle reminder will be sufficient to bring forth the ever welcome assistance of a year's subscription. There is a large number of persons on our mailing list who neither paid up nor intimated their wish not to be considered as subscribers. Now the least that can be expected of any one is that he return the paper, if not wanted. There yet remains to be published one more issue of EXCELSIOR for this scholastic year, and we trust that before the first of next month we may be able to send receipts to *all* our subscribers.

DEATH OF RICHARD O'DONOGHUE, B. A., LL. B.

It is with deepest feelings of sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. Richard O'Donoghue, barrister, Antigonish, which occurred at his father's home on Saturday, 5th inst. Under ordinary circumstances it is for us a sad duty to chronicle the death of an alumnus, but doubly so in this case when the call came so suddenly to a man in the prime of life, and on the threshold of what promised to be an exceptionally brilliant career. A few weeks ago Mr. O'Donoghue was quite well and attended to his office work as usual, but a severe cold suddenly developed into pneumonia, and after ten days' illness he was called from earthly honors so easily within the reach of his talents to the eternal reward of a life of virtue.

After a diligent course in the College of St. Francis Xavier, he graduated in 1894. While here he was a prime favorite among the boys; his frank and manly disposition won the good opinion of all, his fervid eloquence often held spell-bound the members of the Literary Club, while his zeal and application won him the esteem of his professors. Upon his graduation he took up the study of law, and in 1897 took the degree of LL. B. from Dalhousie Law School, where during his three years' course the same success attended his devotion to study as in the halls of his Alma Mater: year

after year he carried off most of the honors of his classes. Admitted to the bar in the fall of that year, he there showed a knowledge of the law, and a skill in grasping facts that excited the admiration of his brothers as much as his courteous demeanor secured their esteem; and in token of that esteem the barristers of Antigonish on his death resolved to wear mourning for a month in respectful memory of their departed brother.

Taken away from the prospect of all that makes life most dear, frustrated in his pure and noble ambitions, he willingly responded to the call of his Maker, and comforted by the consoling rites of the Church, he passed into life eternal. The sincere sympathy of the Faculty and students is extended to his bereaved father and relatives. *Lux perpetua luceat ei.*

There is a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

—Moore.

EXCHANGES.

The usual number of exchanges has reached us for the month of April, but as we are unable to give them the attendance and space they deserve just now, we defer comment on them until a later issue. We have glanced over the following and find them worthy of a more careful perusal: *The Xavier, University of Ottawa Review, Bee, Skylark, Acadia Athenaeum,* and *Argosy.*

WHERE WAS ST. PATRICK BORN?

(Continued.)

The earliest writer we have access to on the subject is St. Patrick himself in his "Confession," and again in his letter to *Corotic*. In each of these he says he was born in Britain—*Britanniae*, the plural form is his word in more than one place, Britannia the singular form in others—and we know *aliunde* that from the time of Julius Cesar, who died about 400 years before St. Patrick was born, until the time of the Saint's arrival in Ireland the singular and plural form were indiscriminately used to indicate just one and only one country, and that the one, namely, which is now called Great Britain. St. Patrick had been over 30 years actively engaged on the Irish mission before any author we know of had applied the singular form Britannia to any locality in Gaul; and he had died and gone to Heaven more than 100 years before any known author changed the singular form into the plural, and applied the latter to any place other than *Great Britain*. The word *Britanniae* as applicable to a portion of France cannot be proved to have been in use in St. Patrick's life time. It is almost certain that it was not; for otherwise it is exceedingly difficult to account for the fact that more than a century would pass without some accepted writer somewhere writing something about a French *Britanniae*. Even the word *Britannia* is not known to have been applied to any part of Gaul until about thirty years after St. Patrick had gone on his Irish mission. This does not say that the name in its singular form did not exist in France at an earlier period than its published date. It is probable that it did; but we can base no indisputable argument on a probability. We may, however, reasonably infer that, if the same exhaustive investigation had been made before or during Dr. Lanigan's time that has been since made into old authors, the learned doctor would not have introduced the name of Britain into his history, in the connection it now sustains in that valuable publication. Before a most minute search had been instituted into many MS. and volumes, some of them very

difficult of lection, it was impossible to declare that it was long subsequent to St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland that any author whatever spoke of a Britannia in France, and that it was still longer, over 130 years, before any author spoke of a Britanniae in that country. Yet that most minute search has in more recent years been fully carried out. It not being certain, or rather the contradictory being almost as certain as most historical facts are, that any part of Gaul was called Britannia, and particularly Britanniae when St. Patrick was writing that he was born in Britain, it follows that to call him a native of France is not a tenable position; and so Dr. Lanigan's first argument not only fails to convince, but is further proved to be essentially unsound.

2. *Tabernia*, says the Dr., means *Taravanna*—a far-fetched derivation, I should say—and *Taravanna* from its position may be considered a suburb of Boulogne Sur Mer, otherwise Bonaven. As a matter of fact, *Taravanna* is fifty miles distant from Boulogne Sur Mer—too distant to fill the close relation evidently expressed in St. Patrick's writings as existing between Bonaven and *Tabernia*. There is another place, however, only thirty miles away from Boulogne, which second place is called *Therouanne*; and apparently the learned Dr. has confused one with the other. But can one easily convince oneself that *Therouanne* really is a corrupted form of *Tabernia*? And even if one can do so, one would need still to consider that thirty miles is not too far from a considerable town to locate a suburb. Mr. Cashel Hoey (*Essays on Religion and Literature*, pp. 119-120, apud. I. F. Record, 1899, p. 536,) while professedly defending Dr. Lanigan on other points, says that in this reference to *Therouanne* the Dr.'s opinion is "altogether incorrect." I submit that, unless the translation—spring or well—from the original language which I have already adduced, be admitted, there is no way of knowing directly from the old authors who used the word, what *Tabernia* is, or where it was situated, any more than there is of deciding on the same grounds, what *Nempthur* is or where it was situated. The word as written occurs nowhere outside of the earliest Patrician records; the

Saint himself used it in intercourse with his friends, but it is not found in later authors, or in the works of any continental writer. It may have been, it almost certainly was, a well, or by connection, a house, a village, a small extent of country,—certain it is that St. Patrick was acquainted with it—whether in Scotland or France remains to be seen by investigation into outside circumstances, not by etymology. Whether, if a house or village, it perished by gradual decay, or perhaps was depopulated by the ravages of war, we are not informed by outside history. Even inside history of the time tells us nothing whatever directly about what it was before or after St. Patrick's birth, but merely connects it at first with that event. It is later annalists that point out its relation to Bonaven, leaving us to gather from a variety of facts whether it was a municipal division, or an appendage, or practically a synonyme of that city, understood it is easily inferred by the immediate acquaintances of the Saint's boyhood, imprisonment, and episcopacy, but unknown to the great outside world. Let me illustrate what I mean. Mr. Fraser, late president of the Orange Free State, is a native of this province. Writers in English publications, catering to the wants of their readers would think it sufficiently definite to call him a Canadian; Toronto journals would say that he is a Nova Scotian; Halifax newspapers would be more specific and style him a Pictonian; but a local weekly, he himself, or an intimate friend writing or speaking to a Pictou audience would say that he is a native of McLellan's Brook, and was born in such a house there. So in the case of St. Patrick. Continental chronicles and Breviaries called him a native of Britain. Irish annalists add the distinctions Nempthur and Tabernia; but an authority whose authenticity in historical details is acknowledged even by Protestants—the old Aberdeen Breviary—coming down through the ages a landmark in the mists of time, is more specific and adds the name (as I shall show later on) of Kilpatrick, Dunbarton, as his birth place, while the Tripartite life (quoted below) describes the well that exists there whose waters had baptized him, and the church that, in his honour, was built on the spot of his

birth. The name Kilpatrick or even Tabernia as a geographical position would be unintelligible on the Continent, just as McLellan's Brook is to Englishmen a mere word, a sound without an attached signification. Two hundred years hence it will probably have dropped out of all human view, except perhaps in the biography of some possible son who will become celebrated. Anyway, the word Tabernia can have no weight by way of support to Dr. Lanigan's theory; while it chimes without discord into the older belief. Lastly the distances of the modern Therovanne and of modern Taruanna—30 and 50 miles respectively—from Boulogne Sur Mer make it improbable, without express testimony to the contrary, that the former should stand in the relation of suburbs to the latter; and this, or a closer, is the relation that Tabernia and Nemthur must have occupied, in the minds of the old Irish writers, to the more generally known Alelinde and Bonaven.

3. The word "Bonaven" need detain us but one second: it is no doubt applicable to Boulogne Sur Mer; but it is just as applicable to Dumbarton, and for that matter to every village, town and city in the Roman Empire, that happened to be situated at the mouth of a river; for that is what the word means; but to which particular one of the number it must, in our case, be applied, can be determined by outside evidence alone. The literal meaning of the word has to be known, to indicate the geographical position in a very general way; that knowledge, however, is merely the first step, and not the whole, but a very small part indeed, of our investigation.

4. It is true that the word *Great* Britain is not used in reference to St. Patrick in very early MS.; but the reason is clear: *Great* Britain is never mentioned at all as the name of any place in very early history. Why should it? The one word Britain was sufficient for all purposes as long as there was but *one* known place named Britain in the world. When, however, two distinct districts in Gaul came in addition into public notice, each under the name of Britain, that moment it became desirable, and to some extent even necessary, that

the largest, best known, most important every way of the three should, when doubt might otherwise be engendered, have the epithet Great attached to it, to distinguish it from its two comparatively insignificant namesakes, namely, Armoric Britain, and Gallic Britain or Bretagne. Let us admit at once and for all time that the very oldest MS. and the very oldest breviaries do not mention St. Patrick as a native of *Great* Britain, but simply of Britain. What of that? Neither old MS. nor new, neither old breviaries nor modern—one solitary interpolation in very recent times excepted—ever by any accident mentioned either *Armoric* Britain or *Gallic* Britain as his birthplace; while many old—though not the oldest for reasons given—MS. and breviaries do expressly say that St. Patrick was born in *Great* Britain. The Roman Breviary has *in Britannia majore*. Dr. Lanigan's argument makes nothing for Dr. Lanigan's theory, so long as it cannot cite MS. or Breviaries (mentioning Bretagne or Armorica) that are equally ancient as those mentioning *Great* Britain; but it cannot cite them, since no such MS. or Breviaries exist or ever did exist. Even modern Breviaries do not contain the announcement; though an attempt was once made to introduce it surreptitiously into the Roman Breviary; but the interpolation was soon discovered and condemned as an unjustifiable innovation; which disposes of the learned Dr.'s fifth argument. It is strange, seemingly inexplicable—he must have forgotten for the moment the full history—that he referred at all to the Rouen incident, seeing that the exposure of the interpolation certainly made the older reading more conspicuous. Lastly, it is a suggestive circumstance that the gradual adoption into the Breviaries of the word *Great*, in addition to and in explanation of the word Britain should have taken place, as it did take place, in the Gallic dioceses at just as early a period, as anywhere else. This fact is more suggestive when one reflects that the people of France have long had, and especially during the middle ages, peculiar veneration for the Saint, principally because he was educated there, and because France is supposed by many to have been the birth-

place of his father. A black thorn was planted near the Loire to indicate the place where St. Patrick crossed that river when going on his mission; the exact spot is pointed out till this day. Could his native city, if it were in France, the birth-place of a man not undistinguished by family position while yet a layman, and celebrated over the whole world by his successful labors as a missionary, for St. Patrick lived to a great age, and his fame had penetrated to many places years and years before he was called to the better life, could, I say, his native city live through "the ages of Faith" without a memorial while so insignificant an event as his crossing a river was embalmed by a lasting and public testimony? I here bid farewell to Dr. Lanigan's theory. I have discussed it at some length, not because of its verisimilitude—it has none and is already dead in the minds of the learned—but because in the nature of things it will die "slow and hard" in the minds of the average public. It was the theory of a good and learned man, Lanigan; but it came twenty years ago under the criticism of another man equally good and learned, Moran, who had access to sources of testimony that were not disclosed to the former; and the result may be summed up in the somewhat harsh but incisive words of the Rev. Gerald Stack, the latest contributor to the discussion (Dublin Review, 1899 p. 541): "The French view is dead: it died of an incurable disease—congenital *asthenia*."

My task might end here. I have drawn back the besiegers who tried to seize the citadel; and jurists acknowledge that *melior est conditio possidentis*. The Scotch theory was in possession and as it has not been captured it is in possession still. It holds its grounds so far against all assailants. But the fortifications may perhaps be strengthened against future assault and I shall try to humbly assist in explaining some of the corroborating work.

1. The old Aberdeen Breviary, which voices Scotch belief, asserts as I have mentioned, that the Apostle of Ireland was born at Kilpatrick near Dumbarton on the Clyde. How could such a belief arise? It was as old as the faith itself in Scotland and came into the island of Iona with St. Columkil;

for there never was any other opinion in either Highlands or Lowlands. What reason can be shown that St. Patrick was, so to say, stolen by Scotch Hagiographers, and not St. Lupus or St. German, who labored in England, or St. Palladius or even St. Martin of Tours or any other foreign saint? Why did the Scotch faithful in very early times erect a church over what they esteemed the place on which he was born? Does the faith that builds churches rest on a shadowy tradition? Why did they erect an oratory over a well whose waters, they said, served at his baptism? Simply because they believed the facts; and they could not in their circumstances have believed unless they were told on unexceptionable authority. How, above all, could Irishmen for centuries make pilgrimages, as they did, to that well and that church, unless the same belief had been entertained without shadow of doubt in Ireland? How could the belief arise and become universal from the first, unless it were founded on the words of the Apostle or of his companions? The Irish people saw him come as a bishop and missionary from France; no doubt it would be natural if they had first considered him a Frenchman; however they *all* say for over a thousand years that he was only educated in France and that he was born in Scotland. Can we imagine that the people of P. E. Island should to-day, or at any near future time, claim Bishop Bourke or Bishop Fraser as a native of their seagirt country, and point out the very locality of his birth, and the well whose waters baptised him, and build a church on the spot? It would be only what the people of Scotland are supposed, by my opponents in argument, to have done in similar circumstances, i. e., if St. Patrick had really been a Frenchman by birth. If indeed two concurrent opinions had arisen in early times, one asserting France, the other asserting Scotland, we should still be bound to accept the latter; for we show reasons why the former might without a just foundation gain credence. The Saint actually was educated in France, and came from France to Ireland. This fact might easily give origin to a surmise that France was his birthplace, and that surmise might easily float down among the unverified traditions of

some at least of the people. But it lies not in human ingenuity to account for a belief among not a few, but *all* the early Christians of Ireland, that St. Patrick was born of Christian parents in Scotland—a country that had comparatively few Christian inhabitants—if that information had not come from himself and had not been circulated in his life time. Could he have permitted such a falsehood to gain currency and supplant a truth of which he was cognizant?
Credat Judæus.

(To be continued.)

CHAUCER.

In placing before my readers this imperfect sketch of the work of a great man, I can only pass over ground that has already been trodden many times. But the treasures of genius are like those of the deep sea, inexhaustible, and the productions of great minds are like gardens in which one finds at each repeated visit some bud or blossom hitherto overlooked.

Just as some people find a peculiar pleasure in Shakespearian works in an endless discussion and computation of dates, so have other critics spent their time and labor in fixing the date of Chaucer's birth. The consensus of opinion now places it at the year 1340, and his death at the close of the 14th century—a fitting close for the life of the man who has been honored with the title of "the true father of our literature." A short sketch of the English language, or rather of the English dialects up to his time will enable one to understand better his peculiar claim to that title. The few relics we now possess of early English show it to have been a highly inflected language, like Latin or Greek, but gradually the inflections were dropped so that to-day it is an uninflected language, the places of these inflections being supplied by prepositions and auxiliary words. Previous to and for some time after the Norman Conquest there existed several dialects, and of these the West Saxon was the predominant one; a large number of Latin words and a sprinkling of Norse were

being introduced into the language. After the Norman Conquest English ceased to be a cultured tongue although it continued to be spoken by the vast majority of the common people, who showed a determination to preserve their beloved language and habits at all hazards, notwithstanding that they were beset on every hand by Norman laws and customs, as well as the Norman tongue. The result was that the language was thrown into a state of confusion; each district having its own peculiar dialect, the northern dropping its inflections rapidly, the southern retaining them, and the midland pursuing an intermediate course. Bereft of the restraining influence of great masters, having little or no literature, and learned almost wholly by ear, it became subject to the many changes that may be brought about by a rude people. But gradually the Norman French began to drop from its high place as a literary language, and Norman England being cut off from the continent by the loss of possessions in France, the various classes of England united, and with their blending came that mingling of the languages. This was the state of the language at Chaucer's time: the learned used Latin, polite society Norman French, and the common people English; but gradually an amalgamation was effected between the three like the alkali betwixt oil and water, and the result was the English as it now exists.

Chaucer chose to use the English tongue because he wished to reach the English people; he chose midland dialect, probably as it was the simplest, and the one spoken at the court, thus called the King's English, and also because in its district were situated the two great centres of learning. Under his hand it attained the dignity of a national language and literature. He took what was a rude language of a rude people, a language of itself very unsettled in its grammatical forms, into which had already been engrafted many foreign words and at his time was being almost overwhelmed by a deluge of French words. He wrought this rude language into a delicate instrument for expressing the inmost thoughts of master minds, and at the same time wove it into so simple a fabric that even the rudest can enjoy it. He raised the English

language from the position of a patois to that of a proud literary language, and he did this so well that he became a standard of literary excellence, and is now regarded as "The father of English, the Homer of his country, and the well of English undefiled."

Chaucer has been styled the most cheerful, the most natural, and the most sympathetic of English poets. He is our greatest story-teller in verse. No one possessed in a greater degree than he the gift of describing character. In the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* he paints very vividly the different grades of English Society. Says Dryden: "I can see all the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the *Tabard* in *Southwark*." Those tales embrace the whole life of the middle ages, the legend of the Saint and the satirical lay, the adventures of the knight and the fabulous stories of the traveller, the coarse tale of common life and the tale of love; and those are told with such ease, sincerity and simplicity that any one can understand them.

He was a keen observer of nature, and his love for that nature was the only thing that could induce him to lay aside his books and give himself up to the enjoyment and solace of the morning air the woods and the singing of the little birds as he tells us in the *Legend of Good Women*

" whan that the mont of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farewel my book, and my devocioun!"

Again in the *Nonne Preestes Tale*, which is probably one of the best—the best because purest—he gives expression to his joyous feelings:

"Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they singe,
And see the fresshe floures how they springe,
Ful is myn hert of revel and solas."

His aim in the *Canterbury Tales* seems to have been, by bringing together so many diverse classes, to expose the corruptions of the church as well as those of the state. He saw

that pride and luxury like canker worms were cutting away at the root of religion. Many of the church officials were more attached to their king than to the Pope, to their Caesar than to their God. The pilgrimages of his time had degenerated into mere pic-nics, and in them he found material for jest. He does not seem to have been bent on reform, but he wrote simply because it pleased him, and it was the custom of his time to scoff at unworthy religious. But every field produces flowers as well as weeds, and we must not think that the church was all corrupt. We find in Chaucer's work a fine appreciation of that which was good and true in religion. His poor parson is such as we might find anywhere among our priests to-day :

“ A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a poure person of a toun ;
 But riche he was of holy thought and work,
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,
 That Christes gospel trewely would preche ;
 His parishens devoutly woude teche.
 This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
 That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taughte.”

Like Shakespeare's his religious principles have been the subject of much discussion, although he does not seem to have been, by any means, a fervent Christian, but rather one who had led a careless life. His later works breathe the spirit of repentance, and his regrets at his death for his obscene verses, together with his petitions for forgiveness lead us to believe that he was a Catholic not merely in name but at heart ; but a still stronger proof is to be found in his devotion to our Lady. In his “A. B. C.” :

“Glorious mayde and moder, which that never
 Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see,
 But ful of sweetness and of mercy ever,
 Help that my foder be not wroth with me !”

But Chaucer was far from perfect, he was often vulgar and oftener obscene, and although much may be forgiven him when we consider the manners and customs of his age, still there is no way to excuse him for some of his works. At

times he seems to delight in wallowing in the mire. The Wife of Bath's Tale has justly been censured, and even in the Nonne Preestes Tale we find lines that have to be expunged from our school books. He says himself in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales that he is going to repeat the tales just as they were told by the pilgrims, and offers as an excuse that they were not his words—a lame excuse. It is well known that people of his time were as much addicted to profane swearing as the people of to-day, but he leaves the profanity out of the tales and gives us the filth. Why could he not have left both out? and the tales would have been the better for it. He called a spade a spade; but because that spade was muddy was no reason why he should hold it up for close inspection. He might have railed at the abuses that existed—although not general—without portraying all the filthy details. He showed the false characters in an unenviable light, and was nothing loath to point out the scandals in both church and state. He may have overdrawn the picture somewhat, but had he only been a little more moral in his stories we should have much more reason to feel proud of him. His age was not entirely a vicious one, or else he would not have found it necessary to make the apology that he does at the end of his Prologue and elsewhere through the course of the Canterbury Tales.

To his labors more than those of any other we are indebted for the strong terse vehicle of communication which we use to-day. He devoted himself to building up his native tongue, to redeeming the language from the degradation in which it had lain so long. He did this so well that he became a worthy model for the writers who followed him, and his influence lasted for centuries. He gave to us a true picture of early English life, its manners and customs; and although the morality of his works is not all that can be desired, still by leaving out the bad we can find much that is really good.

TERRA NOVA.

Away to the northeast of the North American mainland close by where the mighty St. Lawrence greets mother ocean, reclining on the bosom of the great Atlantic, and fanned by its cool breezes is the stern and rugged island of Newfoundland. Its shores present but a dreary picture to the approaching mariner—immense jagged cliffs rising perpendicularly from the sea, rugged landwashes, an irregular coast line, darksome and inhospitable in appearance, fitted to repel the breakers, which beat with tremendous fury when the storm king rules the deep. But when the stranger enters one of the many land-locked indentures of the Island from the sea he finds an undulating country covered with stately forests and bedecked with nature's richest verdure.

Newfoundland, although the first born of England's colonies is nevertheless, instead of being the most prosperous, happy and populous, the most backward, unhappy and sparsely inhabited of all the provinces of the British Empire. Although the tenth largest island in the world it has the comparatively small population of 200,000, scattered chiefly along the sea-board in numerous hamlets.

The principal city and also the capital of the island is St. John's. Here is the island's emporium, the base of all its commerce. The city possesses all modern improvements, especially the eastern part, which has been remodelled since the fire of '92. A good water system, fire appliances, splendid public buildings, churches and colleges, legislation halls and government offices, a good revenue and a bad system of civic government, are the chief features of the metropolis.

The suburbs abound in beautiful scenery. Within ten miles of the city, situated on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Conception, is Topsail, the local Brighton, a famous watering place, health and pleasure resort. This village may be reached by train, but the carriage drive along either the St. Johns valley, the main line or the Black marsh road is interesting and enjoyable. The drives along other routes are equally interesting.

The staple industry of the island is the cod-fishery, the

greatest in the world, and an inexhaustible store of wealth. On its success depends the welfare of the country, just as in agricultural districts the welfare of the husbandman depends on successful crops. The great majority of the inhabitants ply their calling on the sea. Those brave and hardy men who year after year go down to the sea in ships and snatch their subsistence from the treasures of the deep have often to undergo great privations. The next important occupation and one of the greatest peril is the seal fishery. Agriculture has made, comparatively, but slight advancement. Outside of the peninsula of Avalon and the Codroy valley little or no farming has been done. However, with the construction of the railway across the island increased facilities have been given for the tilling of the soil and the transportation of its productions. The country is rich in mineral resources. The copper mines of Notre Dame Bay are world famed. The hematite formation on Bell Island is valued at millions. On the output of this mine must depend to a great extent the successful outcome of the gigantic enterprise of the Whitney Syndicate.

From the position that Newfoundland holds on the great highway of commerce its railway is destined to at no distant date become the road over which shall pass the bulk of traffic between England and America.

During the past year efforts have been made by the Governor and others to establish training stations for a naval reserve. This is but the resuscitation of an old institution. For centuries Newfoundland had been the cradle in which were rocked and nursed the men that filled Britain's warships. In times long since gone by, those daring, fearless sons of Western England who crossed the sea in cockle shells to fish in stormy waters and braved the perils of the deep and who there were trained to face unfeared the tempest's furious blast were the men who recruited to a large extent the ships whereby Britainia ruled the waves.

It is only during the past few years, largely through the efforts of Bishop Howley, Dr. Prowse and Rev. Dr. Harvey, that this country has received any attention from the outside

world. The prevalent idea in regard to the island was that it was a land of fog and fish, bog and brake. That idea is being fast dissipated. Capitalists see in the country a field for profitable investment. Here also the sportsman finds a field for gratifying his desires. Sporting facilities are abundant, especially in the interior, where an ideal camping life may be enjoyed. Caribou hunting and trout and salmon fishing are the chief attractions which the interior offers to sportsmen. The accommodations for tourists from the time they board the Str. Bruce at North Sydney until they reach St. John's, the railway terminus, cannot be excelled. The proprietors of the line, Messrs. Reid, leave nothing undone to cater to the wants of passengers. Hotels are being erected at intervals and a log cabin has been constructed near Bay of Islands, where the tourist may rest far removed from the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

The climate of Newfoundland is temperate. The spring is sometimes disagreeable on account of the tardiness of the ice king to retreat to other waters. The summer heat is tempered by the cool breezes from the ocean, whilst an insular position does much to modify the biting frosts and cold blasts of winter.

Newfoundland is self-governing and we opine badly governed colony. There is an assembly elected by popular suffrage every four years. The Governor and members of the Legislative Council are appointed by the Crown. Many efforts have been made by persons within as well as without the colony to induce the inhabitants to enroll their country as a province of the Dominion of Canada, but without avail. The natural ruggedness of the country, together with the traditions of a people, many of whom are the off-spring of the sons of the Emerald Isle, combine to cause a desire of liberty to burn strongly in their breasts, and make them loath to forego the boon that their forefathers fought for and entrusted to their care.

It has been said that the oldest of British colonies is at present most backward, but let us hope, now that a tendency towards colonial affiliation has set in, that Newfoundland shall receive the attention which is due her. Let us hope

that the dawn of better days has come and that the dark clouds, which for four centuries have enveloped the island with gloom and disaster, may be dissipated or at least show forth their silver lining in the shape of prosperity and advancement. Then shall it come to pass that Terra Nova shall be arrayed in a dress becoming the oldest child of such a mighty mother.

LOCALS.

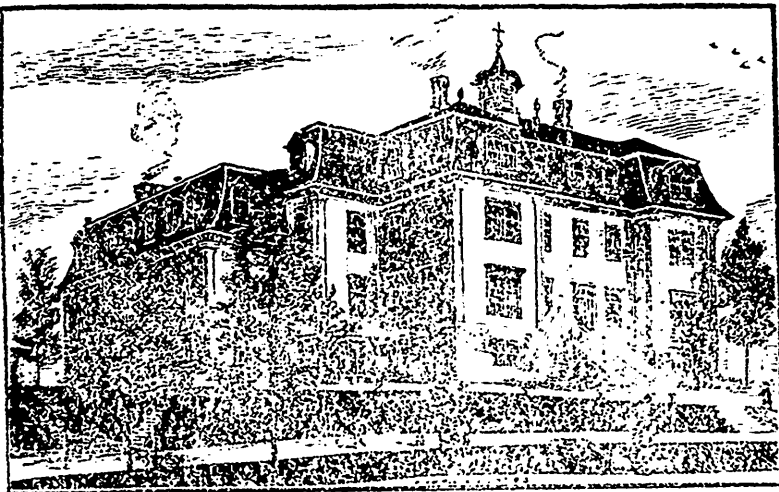
The annual retreat for the students was opened in the College chapel by Rev. Fr. Connolly, S. J., on Wednesday evening, May 2nd, and concluded on the following Sunday. The preacher is too well and favorably known to need any commendation at our hands. Needless to say his discourses were a source of edification and instruction to all.

Arbor day was observed by the students of the University and Colligate School on May 8th in the usual manner by the planting of trees and shrubs. The neighboring pastures were besieged by an eager crowd for the material to complete the hedge around the grounds as well as a large circle in front of St Marthia's convent. A row of rose bushes was set inside of the hedge, while clumps of lilac bushes were planted in the centres of the lawns. This custom was observed for the first time a few years ago and already the College grounds bear testimony of the good work that has been done.

The oldest, and decidedly one of the most interesting of our games is Base Ball. This season, as in past years, it is receiving its usual amount of attention and, if we may judge from the close scores, the good individual playing, everything promises a most successful season. The pleasant memories of last year's victories are still fresh in our minds and, no doubt, are proving a stimulus to the old, and to many new players. The first team has again many of its old players, who, with renewed vigor, will endeavor to sustain the reputation of former years.

The opera "Pinafore" is being rehearsed by some of the townspeople assisted by the College "Glee Club" with the intention of playing it on the College stage during closing week. The proceeds are to be given to the Indian Famine Fund.

STUDENTS: Observe Advertisements in our columns.



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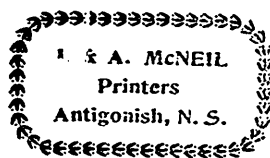
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