

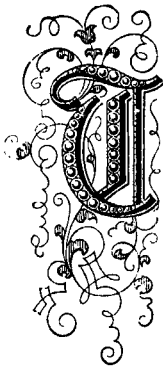
THE OWL.

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No. 10.

EARTH'S GLORY.



HE glory of the earth is but a vision,
The unsubstantial beauty of a dream,
A shadow from the light of things elysian,
A broken image in a troubled stream.
A moonlight 'tis, whose cold reflected gleam
Not warms, though it enlightens till that waking
When lidded souls, unto the living beam
Eye-opening, sigh—"At last the day is breaking!"
O Father God, I sicken for the morrow,
I yearn to see Thine Orient slay the night.
Yet would I not, meanwhile, this earth should borrow
One grace of mien, one feature of delight;
Lest, finding the reflection all too fair,
I should forget Thou art but mirrored there

FRANK WATERS.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



EGENDA Aurea, or the *Golden Legend* was originally written in Latin in the thirteenth century by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, and translated into English by William

Caxton, in the fifteenth century. This Legend is one of exquisite beauty. In substance, it is as follows: During the times of the early Crusaders, there lived a certain wealthy prince who became afflicted on a sudden, with what was apparently an incurable malady. He consulted all the learned doctors of the time, to no avail. A remedy indeed was prescribed, but it was of such a nature, that the poor prince had almost despaired of being cured. However, Lucifer, the arch-fiend, always intent on evil, contrived to bring about the acceptance of the remedy, which required that some young and virtuous girl should offer her own life's blood voluntarily, and the prince would live. A young girl, the daughter of one of the prince's tenants, scarcely more than a child in years, but really a woman in tenderness and devotion, resolved to sacrifice her life for the cure of the prince. The prince knew full well that his religion would not sanction such a deed, but Lucifer disguised as a monk ratified the deed and absolved him from all its consequences. The journey was made to the place of sacrifice. At the last moment, the prince's nobler-self prevailed; he determined rather to die than to purchase life so ignobly. He was cured afterwards in a miraculous manner by means of the relics of St. Matthew; and married the maiden who had so generously offered her life to save him.

Here was excellent material to work upon, provided that the artist who took it in hand, was possessed of the necessary talent and discrimination. Longfellow who has essayed the task, has moulded this legend of the Middle Ages into a drama, bearing the same name, which,

beyond doubt, contains passages vieing in beauty of sentiment and diction with those of any poet, although he has been justly censured for too closely imitating Goethe's *Faust*. He choose a sublime drama as a model; and in this he was correct. He entirely forgot to disguise his material; and in this he was at fault.

We always hear the inventive faculty of man lauded to the skies, as if originality were the only proofs of genius; and yet many of our greatest minds have stolen their plots from others. Virgil was a great imitator; Shakespeare and Scott in most cases simply reburnished old metals. We have to admit, however, that they had the art of disguising the original by the brilliancy of their polish. Who knows but some genius in the future will treat the world to a new *Hamlet*? The great American poet was deficient in this power. Hence his efforts—and they are of a high order—do not appear to a proper advantage. But this fault is outweighed by the other excellencies of the *Golden Legend*. In respect of melody, feeling, pathos and that simplicity of expression which is the criterion of a genuine poet, Longfellow need not shun comparison with anyone. He has in spite of violent opposition, chosen meters hitherto unused by English poets, and has proved of what wonderful flexibility our language is capable. On the appearance of *Evangeline*, several critics openly wished that it would be a failure; because in their opinion, the hexameter was completely foreign to our ears.

As in Homer of old we find mortals elevated by contact with the gods, so in the *Golden Legend*, we find a supernatural agent, not from on high, but from the depths below. His satanic majesty has much to do and say. With consummate skill has he been kept in his proper sphere, causing nothing but evil; and for this our poet is entitled to praise. To be planning and doing evil is essential to Lucifer; though in the hands of some masters, Milton for instance, he is represented as a

sort of victimized angel, who does evil against his will, and who wins our sympathy.

The opening scene of storm, with Lucifer and the Powers of Darkness attempting to throw down the Strasburg Cross is highly imaginative, and a striking instance of the scenes which Goethe loved to paint. Henry of Hoheneck is the name of the prince. His malady is described in these words addressed to the disguised physician :—

“A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapors to my head ;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains ;
I am accounted as one who is dead
And, indeed, I think I shall be soon.”

From this disease Lucifer promises to deliver him without fail, provided that he imbibes freely of the wonderful liquid called the elixir of perpetual youth. In his great misery the prince eagerly accepts the medicine ; but serious consequences follow. Just here Longfellow is a little obscure. This liquor, it seems, partook of the nature of strong wine ; and the prince for a few departures from the paths of sobriety, was, as we are informed by one of his servants, taken in charge by the monks, who compelled him to do penance in the Church of St. Rochus in several strange ways, and then excommunicated him. Such proceedings may be laughable, and give an interesting turn to the drama, but our poet is at fault in several places throughout the poem for scenes like this which are not narrated, but vividly pictured. Here the monks are extremely ascetic ; later on when a different occasion requires it, they are as lax as need be ; an inordinate love of the very same liquor being their greatest weakness. That there were gross abuses in some monasteries during the Middle Ages, we freely admit, but that such were the general rule, we emphatically deny, and the history of those times will amply bear out our claim. Now that artists should paint typical characters of the age which they intend to represent, is a rule admitted by all. Our reason for taking exception to those scenes in the *Golden Legend* which describe the shameful excesses in which some unfortunate religious delighted, is that the author,

against the rules of true art, draws his lessons from particular, and not from general sources. We are perfectly satisfied that our poet was actuated by no base motives. In all his works there is a deep and holy veneration for religion. Even here contrast the scene of Friar Pacificus transcribing and illuminating the Holy Bible above, with the scenes of lawlessness below. His words are :—

“It is growing dark ! yet one line more
And then my work for the day is o'er,
I come again to the name of the Lord !
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen,
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery !

What heavenly thoughts are put into the heart of Elsie when trying to discover the will of God as to whether or not she should die for the prince. We give the first and last stanzas :—

“My Redeemer and My Lord
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning
With my lamp well trimmed and burning.
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee
O my Savior I beseech Thee
Even as thou has died for me
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest
Die, if by dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live
And more nearly
Dying thus, resemble Thee.”

Not less beautiful are the words of the priest, walking up and down the church, while waiting for the prince. This is the second stanza :—

“The day is drawing to its close
And what good deeds since first it rose
Have I presented, Lord, to Thee
As offerings of my ministry ?
What wrong repressed, what right maintained
What struggle passed, what victory gained
What good attempted and attained ?
Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !
I see, but cannot reach the height
That lies forever in the light,
And yet forever and forever
When seeming just within my grasp
I feel my feeble hands unclasp
And sink discouraged into night !
For thine own purpose, thou has sent
The strife and discouragement !”

After the very severe treatment inflicted upon him by the monks, Prince Henry is

found residing on the farm of one of his tenants. It is here that Elsie, beyond doubt, as beautiful a conception as ever was formed in the mind of any poet, chooses her fate. This scene is by far the the most pathetic in the drama ; and it is in passages like these, that Longfellow's genius manifests itself ; because in them all is nature, and there is no indication of a model. Lucifer again appears ; taking the priest's place in the confessional he gives unholy advice to the prince, which strengthens him to accept Elsie's offer. This scene is rather repulsive ; being too forced ; though it is conducted with admirable skill. The prince being persuaded, he and Elsie set out for Salerno, where the sacrifice is to take place. By means of this journey, the poet makes good use of the dioramic method ; we are treated to scenes of crusaders, monks, pilgrims who pass before us, in varied succession. The student of literature, who wishes to know something about those old miracle plays so popular in the Middle Ages, will find an excellent one presented here, in the Cathedral of Strasburg. Our poet, while preserving the interest of the old mysteries, has added much by the beauty of his composition.

Salerno is reached. The opening scenes described here will be thoroughly enjoyed by those who have studied scholastic philosophy. Much humor is displayed by the poet in hitting off the extreme acerbity of those who went too far in their zeal for knowledge. He gives a laughable picture of the war long waged in the Middle Ages, between the Nominalists and Realists, on the question of universals, and a not less amusing one of the fury which at times possessed the souls of hostile grammarians.

An ambitious scholastic wished to know :

“ Whether angels in moving from place to place
Pass through the intermediate space.
Whether God himself is the author of evil
Or whether that is the work of the devil.
When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell
And whether he now is chained in hell.”

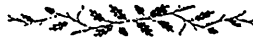
The following pages describe how Elsie's life was preserved, and the powers of Satan overthrown. The drama ends with the marriage of Prince Henry and Elsie.

Although the *Golden Legend* cannot be called a great work ; yet it exhibits many proofs of genius, accomplishments, power of expression and learning. It has been aptly compared to an ornament in which some gems of the purest lustre are set, side by side with fragments of colored glass, and even inferior substances. We must regret that the beautiful language and sentiments scattered through the drama, do not constitute part of a grand work which would make these passages more popular. Perhaps the story was too legendary to form the material of a good drama ; hence several critics claim that Longfellow's radical error could be traced to two things—the want of a life-like plot, and the introduction of supernatural machinery.

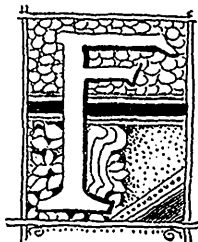
There is undoubtedly much in the manner of telling a story, but the matter of the story is obviously of greater consequence. Still, the *Legend* is highly pleasing, and instructive as a whole ; the beautiful scenes predominate ; virtue and vice are properly distinguished. Lucifer's digressions and liberties seem offensive at times ; but we can say with the *Angel of Evil Deeds* :—

It is Lucifer
The son of mystery ;
And since God suffers him to be
He, too, is God's minister,
And labors for some good,
By us not understood.”

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.



A PIONEER OF ENGLISH ORATORY.



EW men of any age, engaged in the same sphere of action, have won for themselves such a proud place in the appreciation of succeeding generations as that which has justly been accorded to Edmund Burke. Oratory was his field; and though in our language this department of intellectual labor, up to his time, had very little to present, to serve as a model, his grand and noble efforts were crowned with success. Our language, after his race was run, could no longer be said to be unfavorable to eloquence. In this department of the fine arts, the French had long previously excelled, particularly in that portion of it known as the eloquence of the pulpit. But that particular portion of oratory, which had to deal with public assemblies, had almost disappeared since the last days of the Roman Commonwealth.

The idea that oratory can flourish, only in democratic states, seems to find a powerful argument in this fact. Even when all the beneficent influences of Christianity had spread throughout Europe, oratory did not appear in such glorious apparel as it was formerly wont to do, until the French Revolution—the first vigorous revival of republican ideas in modern times. And Burke was one of the foremost men to unsheathe again this weapon, so effective for human liberty. Not at all do I mean to say that Burke adopted the revolutionary ideas of this period. Far from it, he fought to the last for the ancient institutions.

Like many others who have since displayed wonderful power, eloquence, and statesmanship, in that historic chamber, the British House of Commons, Edmund Burke was a native of Ireland. He was born in Dublin in 1730, and received his early education at Ballitore, Co. Kildare, from a Quaker named Abraham Shackleton. He always spoke of his old master as of a most highly esteemed friend. In

after days, when he enjoyed a world-wide reputation, he used to entertain a son of this old gentleman at his home as one of his most favored guests.

Burke's father was, in religion, a member of one of the Protestant denominations of that time, and was an attorney by profession; his mother, however, was a Catholic. Young Edmund was brought up in the faith of his father, but always proved to be a friend and benefactor of his mother's co-religionists. This difference of religious belief between his parents, instead of being a bane to him, is said by some, to have given rise in him, to those broad views which he ever held with regard to religious toleration. At the age of thirteen he entered Old Trinity, Dublin. Here he gained no particular distinction that might be said to have been indicative of his lofty flights in after life. He became a thorough master of neither Greek nor Latin, nor did he ever give much attention to critical niceties. We are told he read a great deal while he was yet a youthful student, and limited himself to no particular branch. He would devote himself to poetry for a while, and then suddenly turn his attention to history, mathematics or metaphysics. This peculiar feature of his early days may, to a great extent, account for the fact that he never exhibited more than ordinary abilities during his college career, but it had, no doubt, a good effect in preparing him for the great labors of later years. At the age of eighteen he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and left the university.

Two years later he went to London to take up the study of law at Middle Temple. This new course he soon found to be anything but congenial to his taste. He took time to make frequent visits to the House of Commons, to listen to the debates, and at last entirely abandoned his preparation for the legal profession. Then he set to work to write for periodicals. His health failed him while he was thus engaged, and his physician, Dr. Nugent, advised him to take rest. During the short interval of inactivity that followed, he became strongly

attached to his physician's daughter. His affection for her, we are told, was such as would be natural to expect of a great benefactor of mankind, and it ended in a most happy matrimonial union. Shortly after his marriage he resumed his literary labors.

Of his early productions, the first was his "*Vindication of Natural Society*," which appeared in 1756, and a little later came his "*Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*." The former is an ironical imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style, and was so perfect in its imitation that the majority of readers were led to believe it to be a genuine production of this famous infidel Lord. For this reason it failed to have the effect desired by its author. In his other work on the "*Sublime and Beautiful*," though he made some great errors, he was more successful than in the former. All the great critics of the day lauded this attempt, and even his father, who had been disappointed and displeased with him on account of his having abandoned the study of law, was so delighted with this work that he sent him a present of £100. A couple of years later we find our young aspirant to literary fame engaged in a new work—the "*Annual Register*." It was somewhat previous to this that he first manifested his great interest in colonial affairs, and gave proof of his deep study of American matters, by the publication of a work entitled "*Sketches of American History*." Thus early in this great man's life do we find traces of his friendship for America.

These productions attracted the attention of some of the leading public men of the time and opened for their author the way to the political arena. In 1761 he was sent to Ireland as private Secretary to "Single speech" Hamilton. This situation, though bringing in a handsome remuneration of £300 per annum, was soon abandoned on account of its being inconsistent with his personal independence. He returned to London and there made many new and influential friends; among them were the Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Verney. The former on becoming Prime Minister in 1765, appointed Burke his private Secretary. Lord Verney on the other hand, used his influence to secure for him a seat in parliament. The future great orator and statesman, first sat

in parliament as the representative for Wendover. He was not long a member of the House of Commons before he began to attract great attention. He came forward as a gallant defender of the oppressed, and his first speech, like his last, and all his efforts, was in behalf of those who were most in need of a friend. He on this occasion addressed parliament on American affairs, and this speech won from friends and foes alike most favorable comments. His influence was soon felt, and the Rockingham Ministry, acting on his advice, repealed the Stamp Act. But this ministry shortly afterwards resigned and was succeeded by that of Pitt. This gave occasion for his "*Short Account of a Late Short Administration*."

When the debate on the freedom of the press opened, he took a very prominent part, and rendered valuable assistance to those endeavoring to curtail the power of the crown. In 1774 he was chosen to represent Bristol. During this term he gave offence to many of his supporters by the stand he took on the Irish Trade Acts and other bills. This, in the end, proved a new source of glory rather than a detriment to the great man. It occasioned one of his greatest speeches, which made more manifest than ever to the world, his sterling qualities. He boldly, and for the first time in the history of England, asserted the independence of representatives in parliament and defined their duties. He spoke too on the repeal of the duty on tea in America. "This speech," says a critic, "was the greatest to which an assembly had ever listened, replete with philosophy and adorned with gorgeous diction." Burke was now by all acknowledged the first orator of the realm. The cause of the colonies again and again called forth the thunder of his eloquence, till the ruinous policy of the government ended in the overthrow of British authority in America, and rendered futile all further discourse on this subject.

In 1783 the Rockingham ministry was again returned to power, and Burke, under his old leader, received the office of paymaster-general, and occupied a seat at the council-board. As paymaster-general, we are told, he was most scrupulous in the performance of his duties, and would, no doubt, even in our own days, afford an

excellent example to be followed. In the same year Lord Rockingham's death caused a new coalition ministry to be formed under Fox and North. Burke was again made paymaster-general; and held this position to the time of the defeat of the administration on the India Bill. In the following year he commenced his famous attack on Warren Hastings. He had, for a long time previously, carefully studied the history of proceedings in India, and was consequently well prepared to deal with this question. Adding to this his eloquence, one may imagine what a wonderful effect his speeches produced. The great trial opened in February 1788, and lasted for six years. Great odds had Burke to contend against in this trial, and notwithstanding the justice of his cause and the powerful support he gave it, the great culprit, as too often happens in the case of political culprits when they belong to the party in power, was acquitted. In such vivid colors did Burke picture the sufferings of the poor Indians, in his description of the ruin wrought by Hastings, that women in the galleries shed tears, and men, friend and foe alike, found it difficult to restrain their feelings stirred by the powers of eloquence and truth.

The next great movement that called for his attention was the French Revolution. He vigorously opposed its principles by voice and pen. His first pamphlet on this question, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, brought forth many opposing views from the friends of the Revolutionists in England. In fact the stand he took on this question was destined to estrange him from many of his old and life-long friends. His other papers on the Revolution were: *A letter to a member of the National Assembly*, *An Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, and *Letters on a Rescinded Peace*.

His letter to Sir Hercules Lamgrish, on the "*Propriety of Admitting Catholics to the Elective Franchise*," shows how deeply interested this noble patriot was in the welfare of his Catholic countrymen. His endeavors in behalf of Catholics were indeed productive of much good. He fought manfully against all the bigotry of those days and made the accomplishment of greater reforms in after times a less difficult task. At last in 1794 he with-

drew from parliament, and was succeeded in the representations of Malton by his son Richard. This son, a very promising young man, died of consumption the same year. Burke never fully recovered from the shock. He retired to his old home at Beaconsfield to spend the remaining days of his life. The king in recognition of his many services to the country, conferred on the veteran orator and statesman a well-merited pension. The Duke of Bedford and Earl of Lauderdale opened on him a cowardly attack because of his accepting of this grant. The attack was resented in a manner worthy of the great Burke in his *Letter to a Noble Lord*. On the 8th of July, 1797, he peacefully passed away.

Though never Prime Minister, Burke probably did more to control the political tide of the times than any of his contemporaries. He excelled all of them as a writer and as an orator. Lord Brougham says of him: "In respect to argument we are reminded of Bacon's multifarious knowledge and the exuberance of his learned fancy, while the many lettered diction calls to mind the first English poet and his immortal verse rich with the spoils of all science and of all times." Fox had this to say: "More knowledge flowed to me from Burke than from any other source."

Though Burke spent most of his public life as a member of the British parliament, and as a representative of English constituencies, he never was forgetful of his native land. He fought well for his persecuted country whenever any opportunity presented itself, and succeeded in gaining for her a few temporary advantages. He championed her cause in England when it was considered almost criminal to call oneself her friend. Alas! the few small advantages, which his hard work won for her, were of short duration. Only a few years after his death, came the Act of Union or Act of Robbery by which England deprived Ireland of her national rights.

Burke was a true philanthropist. He was one of those great men who thought little of his own troubles but sorrowed much for the pains and sorrows of mankind. His stand on the French Revolution, to many, seems inconsistent with other

notable acts in his great political career. In fact, the part he took in this matter, has been severely commented upon by men who had nothing but admiration for all his other great struggles. We do not mean to say that all he said and did, in those stormy days, was beyond criticism, nor do we pretend to hold with him, that the ancient political institutions of Britain were so nearly perfect as he has told us they were. No indeed, he was not infallible, for he was but a man, and as such was liable to err, and did err. On the other hand we maintain that, on the whole, his stand on the French Revolution had most beneficial results for the land he lived in. That the body politic in England, as well as in all the other great nations of Europe, at that time, was diseased, and needed the medicine of reform, no close student of history will deny; the remedy, however, proposed by the revolutionists was altogether too violent, and though it might have cured some of the existing maladies, it would certainly have left wounds many-fold more dangerous than the former diseases. A century has passed since the French Revolution and now we may view that affair with less danger of being partial in our judgment than could men at that time. And are we to justify that reign of terror, that deluge of blood, that overturning of all order? When we succeed in justifying

this revolution let us then turn to justify Herod in his slaughter of the innocents! Ah no! popular madness is no remedy for monarchical tyranny.

Burke unquestionably did much to prevent the spread of revolutionary ideas in England. And if the revolution had passed over to Britain, and had succeeded there, where would it have stopped? If such had been the misfortune of England, Europe would surely have met a more formidable enemy than was the great Napoleon in the hour of his greatest martial glory. Burke stood like a fortress against the attacks of revolutionists. His eloquence, like a mighty engine of war, was directed against these real enemies of true liberty, and, like a deadly fire from a strong battery, wrought ruin among them, broke their ranks, thinned their numbers and helped to save the nation and the throne. Well might Schegel say "He corrected his age when it was at the height of its revolutionary frenzy." Such an honorable life as that of this great man deserves to be studied by all who aspire to high and responsible positions in their native land. He was a patriot as all true men should be.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to the world *This was a man.*"
—*Shakespeare.*

WALTER E. CAVANAGH, '93.





THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.



AMONG the large number of beautiful churches which merited for Ottawa from a late Governor-General the title of "The City of Steeples" none is grander or more

imposing than will be the Church of the Sacred Heart which is being constructed on the corner of Theodore and Cumberland Streets by the Oblate Fathers. This magnificent edifice, the cut of which we present in this number of the OWL, was begun in 1888 when the limited accommodation furnished by St. Joseph's Church necessitated a division of the parish. The French members of the congregation decided upon erecting a church of their own, and steps were immediately taken for the construction of the present structure. In the following year the basement was completed, in which divine service was held until the 24th of December, 1893, when the upper portion was used for the first time.

The church in its present condition is only partially completed as it lacks the front wall and tower, it being deemed advisable to wait until sufficient funds will be secured before proceeding further. The sacred edifice stands upon elevated ground, and presents exteriorly an imposing appearance. It is of the Romano-Byzantine style of architecture, and is constructed of Ottawa Valley limestone of grey and blue color. The extreme dimensions of the building are, 188 feet in length by 64 in breadth, with a transept of 124 feet in each end of which is a large circular window 15 feet in diameter. The pinnacle on the back wall is 102 feet high and the tower when completed will reach the height of 220 feet.

The richness and exquisite beauty of the interior is in keeping with the imposing magnificence of the exterior. Elaborate decoration has been made secondary to beauty of form, combining purity of style and harmony of coloring with unity and completeness of detail. The nave is 62 feet in height and is supported by ten large pillars and sixteen smaller ones, the upper parts of which are embellished by sculptured ornamenta-

tion of beautiful design. The windows are of plain frosted cathedral glass ornamented with anchor and cross. The floor is of birch, the pews of polished ash with black walnut trimming. The seating capacity is twelve hundred. The present altars are only temporary and will be replaced by three beautiful ones in harmony with the interior decoration.

In the organ loft is a grand electric instrument of great volume and sweetness of tone which is rendered most effective by the excellent acoustic properties of the sacred edifice. It was supplied by Messrs. Casavant Bros., of St. Hyacinthe, at a cost of \$5,300 and is so arranged that it can be connected, if so desired, with two smaller organs in the sanctuary.

The building is heated with hot water and lighted with incandescent lights. The total cost will be upwards of \$120,000.

The erection of this beautiful edifice is to a great extent due to the untiring energy of Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.I. under whose pastorate it was begun. In 1890 this zealous priest was called to a responsible position in the Oblate Order in Montreal; and Rev. Father Harnois, O.M.I., was appointed to carry on the work. A priest of wide experience, having been connected for a number of years with the large and important parish of Hull, Father Harnois proved himself admirably fitted for the task. Within the past year his arduous duties in connection with the Juniorate in which he takes such a deep interest, compelled him to resign his charge of the Sacred Heart parish. His successor, Rev. Father Valiquette, O.M.I., has already proved himself a wise administrator as well as a kind and prudent pastor, and under his careful supervision the successful completion of the work may be looked forward to. This magnificent building, with the Juniorate, St. Joseph's Church and the University on the opposite and diagonal corners, forms a square of stately edifices which greatly enhance the architectural beauty of the eastern portion of the city, and stand as a striking testimony to the ardent zeal of the Oblate Fathers in the sacred causes of religion and education.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.



HOW little we really appreciate the charms of nature! We welcome indeed the spring with its agreeable sunshine and balmy air; we are refreshed when the cooling showers of summer lower the temperature and settle the dust; the leafy shade and the velvety grass beneath we do not fail to appropriate to our own pleasure; but this much is regarded evidently with as much relish by the patient kine that graze upon the hill-sides.

The love of nature is certainly a habit to be cultivated. It is the handiwork of God that declares His love, His power, and His glory. To commune with nature is to approach nearer to nature's God. To cherish a love of nature it is not necessary to worship her, nor to subsist in such a state of sentimentality that the meanest flower gives thoughts too deep for tears; nor should one, above all, as Bryant advises, "when thoughts of the last bitter agony come like a blight over the spirit, go forth unto the open sky and list to Nature's teachings," as he would approach the altar of a deity for consolation, but let him in such mood "list to Nature's teachings" as to the teachings of an apostle of Him who lightens the burden of the distressed. There certainly can be no harm in a moderate dilection for our natural surroundings; it can only make us more content with our lot, more grateful for our blessings and more devoted to the Author of them all.

A keen perception of the beauties of nature is the endowment of the poet. It is by the poet that her charms have ever been extolled and so description of nature has ever been one of the chief subjects of the poet and, we might also add, the excellency of his description, the evidence of his inspiration from the Muse.

There are two rather indistinct divisions of poetic description — subjective and objective. In subjective description we behold the scene through the mind of the

poet; we perceive not the outward appearance of the subject, but the inward impression upon the poet's soul. The poet, for instance, to whom the meanest flower that blossoms can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears, is quite apt to present his pictures subjectively. To such poets the most common-place objects are sources of inspiration — a solitary stump, an insect, a tuft of grass is sufficient revelation. This is rather beyond description proper. Objective description presents the object to our vision in its natural colors, as we would see it with our own eyes. It lies we may say, midway between subjective and scientific description. Described scientifically we are apprised of form, shape, size, color, species; subjectively it is rather the impression made by the object than the object itself that is set forth; while between these two lies the objective, by which we are made to conceive the scene as it really is but with all the beauties exposed — not too minutely detailed nor too heavily veiled with sentiment. As subjective description approaches the lyrical in sentiment, we will not here attempt to follow it, but in our limited space endeavor to take a slight consideration of that which lies within or approximate to objective description.

The keynote to description is happy selection of circumstance, in which respect it is similar to painting. A true artist with deft hand will trace a few significant, well selected lines, and lo! you have a faithful reproduction of the landscape before you. You might take the pencil yourself, if you were not an artist, and distribute twice as much coloring matter and many times as much labor and pains, and be unable to recognize your subject after the operation. It is the same with description, it catches the distinguishing features, it gives the colors of life and reality, it places the object in such a light that a painter could copy it. It particularizes the object described and marks it strongly, as it is particulars that give a distinct idea. This is the chief excellency;

there are still two important limitations prescribing its perfection. Description should not be too elaborate. If too many features are added it loses the charm of simplicity. Yet neither should it be too meagre in its circumstances lest it be indistinct. There are, it is true, many restrictions to the art, but the greater is the merit when the work is well executed, and accordingly, description is the most characteristic equipment of the poet.

The most representative specimen of descriptive poetry in our literature is *The Seasons* of James Thompson. Description of nature is ordinarily not attempted in great lengths; it is usually employed as a background, a theatre for more interesting scenes of human action. But in the series of poems in question the author has undertaken to make nature itself the main subject. He paints the four seasons of the English climate, and paints them strongly and beautifully. He was enamoured of the beauties of nature himself, and while he described them properly he felt their impressions with strong sensibility. These impressions he transmitted to his verse, and it is impossible to read any one of them without recalling the feelings of that particular season.

Although Thompson is about the only poet who has attempted an extended work essentially descriptive, yet many others, in fact nearly all others, have given us elegant descriptions of nature. Among these William Cowper has attained some distinction. During his boyhood and early youth, he led a quiet life amusing himself with the flowers and landscape—just the life in fact for imbibing that instinctive love of nature which revealed itself later in his poems. *The Task*, a humorous, graceful reflective poem, includes some pictures of outdoor life that cannot be surpassed for truth and picturesqueness.

Goldsmith, although he was more a poet of tenderness and warm-heartedness, has, nevertheless, executed some excellent descriptions, and while literature lasts, readers will linger over his sketches of scenery, his descriptions of the natural peculiarities of various countries, and over the beauties of the picture *Sweet Auburn*. The last mentioned does indeed furnish some fine delineations of scenery, as :

“ The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seat beneath its shade.”

In these lines we cannot help noticing that his warm heart was too much absorbed with love for fellowmen to devote himself to nature. He describes the scene with reference only to its bearing on the people of whom he is speaking. Again he contrasts with this pacific scene the desolation wrought by the spoiler's hand :—

“ No more the glassy brook reflects the day
But choked with sedges works its weary way ;
Along the glades a solitary guest
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.”

John Keats was a man of peculiar temperament. His imagination was so luxuriant, his thoughts so subtle and rapid that it has been well said that his writings are adapted chiefly to those who are themselves of a poetical temperament. He was an admirer of nature, and with such an imagination could not fail to pay her some worthy tribute. In these few lines of his *Address to Autumn* he has grouped a pretty picture :

“ Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them : Thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light winds live or die ;
And full-grown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourn,
Hedge crickets sing ; and more, with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.”

There is not perhaps another English poet concerning whose merits there has been greater difference of estimation than William Wordsworth. Some regard him as our greatest lyric writer and describer of nature ; others decry him as cold and apathetic, with no heart for mankind at all. However this may be he is generally known to be a great devotee to nature—perhaps indeed he was too much absorbed in nature to care for his fellow-men. His devotion to external nature amounted to a passion ; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine, and his portrayures of landscapes and figures were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the mind almost as vividly and

deeply as the sight of them could have done. But those very characteristics gave rise to his faults. His landscapes are often too minute. He dwells too long on each insignificant object in detail, and by his over-intense appreciation of them he is led to aggrandize them and even sometimes to adopt a style bare and meagre. His description leans notably toward the subjective, but still many of his poems exhibit great powers of minute and faithful description. Many of the best of them are contained in his *Descriptive Sketches*, upon the appearance of which Coleridge wrote: "Seldom if ever was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." This work with his *Excursion* comprises the greater part of his descriptions.

No small part of the beauty of descriptive poetry is contrived by an appropriate application of epithets, and, moreover, it is epithets that are most frequently abused by poets, for, quite frequently it occurs that a verse wants a foot to complete the line or to make the rhyme, when the only expedient is to make up the deficiency in epithets. Every epithet should contribute a new idea to the word modified or else strengthen its known signification. It is in this feature that Milton particularly distinguished himself. The *Il Penseroso* and *P' Allegro* are the two richest and most remarkable poems of descriptive style in English. They belong rather to the

subjective class, also, as they represent the different impressions made upon the mind in different dispositions by the same surroundings; but while subjective as a whole they contain many perfect descriptions of outward objects. Here is the description of the wandering moon:

"Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleeting cloud."

It has not, of course, been the object in this brief compendium to give a comprehensive outline of all the exquisite descriptions of nature that occur in our literature; only a few characteristic instances have been mentioned with the purpose of attracting attention to this particular part of the poet's field. Neither has description as a whole been considered, for if we take description in the broad sense of the word we will be obliged to include all literature of every kind, for all expression is description of something, material or immaterial. We have confined ourselves to poetic description of nature as nearly as possible, for, as has been shown, there is no distinct line between description of outward beauty and description of inward sensibility of that beauty; and if the reader of this paper has gained any clearer conception of the importance of that department of poetry, this effort has accomplished its purpose.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.



UNSHED LIGHT.



E had millions,—but he spent not;
 Idle capital,—but lent not;
 He could travel,—but he went not,
 Though the world was broad and fair;
 He had genius,—never showed it;
 Had a brain with talent loaded,—
 Seed of knowledge,—never sowed it
 Anywhere.

He could make a speech,—but made not,
 He could write,—but he essayed not;
 Fit for commerce,—but would trade not,
 Though he knew 'twould profit bring;
 He could work,—and yet he wrought not;
 Skilled in teaching,—yet he taught not:
 So his life to mankind brought not
 Anything.

* * * * *
 Take his story as a warning:
 Form the purpose of adorning
 Your own time. All terror scorning,
 With faint-heartedness away!
 Seize the tools: shape an ideal!
 Strive to elevate the real
 Whether woe betide or weal,
 Day by day!

• Meagre strength or mighty, use it;
 Fear not mankind will refuse it;
 They're retarded should they lose it,
 You will never be again.
 Give your mite for future glory;
 Sing your song, or tell your story;
 Greater is a man the more he
 Does for men.

ALGONQUIN PARK.

By Very Rev. *Aucus McDonell Dawson, F.G., LL.D., Etc.*



It is highly desirable that there should be a public park. There is no other means by which the numerous game birds and animals that are so great a source of wealth to the country can be preserved. No Canadian, surely, would like to see our game animals consigned to the fate of the exterminated buffalo. In regard to this matter, the Government of the United States has set a great example in setting apart on the Yellowstone River, a very large piece of territory as a national park. But, have we not already such a park? viz: the Algonquin Park? True, there is such a park; but it is utterly useless. It certainly cannot serve its purpose of preserving game, if its forests and streams are done away with. And, the woods having been sold to the lumber merchants, these woods and everything connected with them, birds, animals, and streams, are on the highway to destruction. We had intimation in the Owl, some time ago, in an article on the Georgian Bay, that forest rangers were appointed to watch over the preservation of the woods in the Algonquin Park. They are not, however, very available; nor can they be. We learn from the Ottawa "*Evening Journal*," that all the pine on the reserve was sold, and that the owners are cutting it down in so reckless and indiscriminate a manner, as to greatly injure the park. These facts are gathered from the official report for 1893, of Mr. Peter Thomson, the chief ranger, and Mr. James Wilson, the Superintendent of Provincial Parks. The chief ranger says: "During the absence of myself and staff in October, the employees of Messrs. Gilmour & Co., who own the pine timber of this part of the park, built a lumber camp, (doubtless through some misunderstanding) immediately alongside, and

within ten or twelve feet of our headquarters. They also entered the grove and took out the pine, at the same time cutting down a great number of other trees, and marring the beauty of the place which I had hoped to preserve." So all kinds of trees follow the pines to destruction, and a land remarkably beautiful, is turned into a bare and barren wilderness. Superintendent Wilson shows how destructive the lumbermen's operations are: "One cannot proceed far upon park property without encountering some of the many evidences of the presence of the lumberman; and, certainly, at first sight the effect is depressing. All the lands embraced in the park limits are now covered with licenses to cut timber, . . . the south west corner has been under license but two years. . . In all probability 600 men may in the present time be at work lumbering in the park, and the total output, representing this winter's work, will certainly amount to many millions of feet. The felling of every pine tree means the maiming or destruction of several other trees; and the aggregate loss entailed by these operations in the forest wealth of the limits is very large."

Is there no remedy for so great an evil? Surely our lumber merchants who, for the most part, are large minded men, would not object to some arrangement by which the forests of the park could be preserved. Could there not be given to them in exchange for the park *limits*, other equally extensive timber grounds? or, if they preferred it, a money compensation? Failing all this, it would come to be the duty of Parliament to intervene and expropriate the forests of the park, granting adequate compensation. This would be no injustice any more than in the case of railways, in whose favour the recognized power of expropriation is every day exercised. It

was the intention of the government, no doubt, to give to the public, for all time, the park with all its wealth of forest, stream, and game. It was even understood that it was so given. On any other conditions it would be worthless. Is not the government, therefore, bound in justice, and to save its claim to consistency, to adopt some measure by which the park may be

made over, freely and fully, with all its natural treasures, as was intended when the gift was given to the public? It is, indeed, extraordinary that the government should have set apart the Algonquin Park burdened with conditions that would necessarily render it worthless. Let it now use its influence, its power if necessary, to remedy the unaccountable mistake.



THE CROCUS.

The crocus shows above the ground
Its glowing lump of yellow flame,
It seems a letter of the name
Which choirs of angels sound.

—*Maurice F. Egan.*



THE MIRACLE OF NAPLES.



THE recent recurrence of the first Sunday of May recalls to mind the great miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius—that wondrous phenomenon which, occurring as it does, year after year, within the walls of the great Cathedral of Naples, annually attracts thousands of curious tourists, puzzled scientists, and devout pilgrims to the brilliant Southern Capital.

St. Januarius, whom Heaven is pleased thus to honor by a miracle unique in the annals of the Church, was occupying the See of Beneventum, when, in the year 305, he was seized by the minions of the Emperor Diocletian, and with six companions cast into prison. All efforts to induce these heroic Christians to abjure their faith proving futile they were thrown to the wild beasts. But here a second disappointment awaited their persecutors, for these beasts, wild, ferocious, ravenous though they were, not only refused to harm the little party of Christians, but crouched and licked the feet of their intended victims. The enraged prefect, Timotheus, then ordered the captives to be beheaded, and the command was but too readily obeyed. The martyrs-elect were led to the summit of a neighboring hill which overlooked the magnificent bay so famed for its surpassing beauty, and the smiling vine-clad country encircling the fair and favored city of Puzzuoli.

The sword accomplished what the wild beasts refused to do: St. Januarius won the glorious crown of martyrdom. His body was secretly removed by the Christians to the southern shore of the Bay of Naples, and there interred between Mt. Vesuvius and the Sea, upon the farm of a Christian named Marcian. As was customary, a portion of the martyr's blood, enclosed in glass vials, was deposited with his body in the tomb.

The day of persecution at length passed away, and in 385, the remains of the Saint were removed to the "Church of San Genarro extra muros," situated, as its

name indicates, just outside the walls of Naples. Afterwards, the head and the vials of blood were removed within the city. The body of the martyr, however, still remained in the Church of San Genarro, but at a later period was transferred to Beneventum, afterwards to the celebrated monastery of Monte Virgine, and finally in 1487, was brought back to Naples where it was interred in the subterranean chapel beneath the Sanctuary of the Cathedral. To what church the head and the vials of blood were borne upon their translation within the city, is not known, but most probably, they were deposited in the Cathedral itself, since, as we know, eight hundred years ago they were there reverently and jealously guarded in the Tesoro or Treasury, as was called the vault-like chapel in which they were preserved. In 1646, was completed the new Tesoro, commenced by the city in 1608, in fulfillment of a vow. Here in separate recesses are now preserved the life-sized bust containing all that remain of the bones of the martyr's head, and the reliquary containing the vials of blood. Each of these recesses has two locks, the key of one of which is kept by the Archbishop of Naples, that of the other by the city authorities, so that, unless both parties or their representatives are present, the relics must remain untouched.

On the first Sunday of May, with its vigil and octave, is commemorated the translation of the Saint's body to Naples. But the 19th of September is the feast proper, the feast *par excellence* of St. Januarius, commemorating as it does, his saintly life and glorious martyrdom. Then it is that thousands of tourists and pilgrims from every clime gather within the walls of the venerable church. The hearts of all are stirred by varying emotions, all turn their eyes toward the Sanctuary, as slowly and solemnly, the relics of St. Januarius are borne in procession to the altar, and placed thereon, during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Mass ended, the crowd pushes eagerly forward into the sanctuary, encircles the altar and even mounts the steps,

leaving scarce standing room for the officiating clergymen and the representatives of the city authorities. The chaplain presents the reliquary to the view of all. Two *ampullae* or vials of glass, contained in this reliquary, and distinctly visible through its glass faces, are held to be the identical glass vials into which a portion of the blood of St. Januarius was poured at the time of his martyrdom. They are of the old Roman pattern and material. One of them is long and narrow like a modern vial, yet not so even and symmetrical.

The other *ampulla* or vial is of a different pattern. This *ampulla* contains a substance ordinarily hard and dark, with a reddish or purple hue and filling ordinarily three-fourths of the space within the vial. The substance is held to be a portion of the blood of St. Januarius, still retained in this vial in which it was originally placed on the 19th of September, A.D. 305.

The chaplain again turns towards the altar, recites some prayers and hymns. Now he wipes the glass faces of the reliquary, and examines the vials more closely. Now he presents the reliquary for the closer scrutiny of those immediately about him, or advances into the body of the Cathedral that the less fortunate persons without the Sanctuary may also have an opportunity of examining the reliquary and the enclosed vials; then, again he ascends the altar and prays. Thus continue alternately the presentation of the reliquary to the scrutiny of those present and the recitation of prayers and psalms and hymns, until the joyous cry of *Miracolo! Miracolo!* announces that once more the blood of St. Januarius, hardened and discolored by the lapse of fifteen centuries, has resumed its crimson hue and flows again as though fresh from the veins of the martyr. Simultaneously, the grand organ thunders forth, ten thousand voices catch up the strain and swell the sound, ten thousand throats give vent to one mighty outburst of praise and thanksgiving: *Te Demn laudamus, te Dominum Confitemur*. The Cathedral bells peal forth, and soon all the church bells of Naples blend their silvery voices to bear the glad tidings to the expectant peasantry of the surrounding hills and valleys.

When the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius first manifested itself is difficult to determine, but the most probable opinion points to the eleventh century. Previous to the year 1000, St. Januarius was ranked among the minor patrons of Naples, shortly afterwards we find him raised to the most elevated rank and considered as the chief patron of the city. Such change would not likely have taken place, had not some special cause arisen, and this cause, we may safely conclude in the light of later events, was no other than the fact that during this period the liquefaction became known. Writers of the 14th century, mention the liquefaction as an occurrence of already ancient origin. During the 15th century, notices of the miracle became more frequent until finally, after the invention of printing, a perfect flood of books and pamphlets treating of the liquefaction has been poured forth from the press in every language of Europe. Since 1659, an official diary, recording even to the minutest details, the varying phenomena of the liquefaction, has been kept in the Tesoro Chapel, while another of yet older date is to be found in the Archiepiscopal archives.

Of course so great an occurrence has not failed to provoke adverse criticism and ridicule, nay even the charge of fraud on the part of the clergy. Space does not permit us to enumerate, much less to examine the many "exposures and explanations," which have been committed to paper. Suffice it here to glance briefly at this side of the question: How is it done? Three solutions only are possible: Either it is the effect of some natural law or combination of laws, or the result of trickery on the part of the officiating clergyman, or finally it is a miracle.

Is it the effect of some natural law? Certainly not, since the liquefaction presents phenomena that defy all attempts to reconcile them with this theory. It is not a deliquescence, *i.e.*, an absorption of moisture from the surrounding atmosphere, for the process of deliquescence is a gradual one and invariably begins from the outside, while on the contrary, this liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, is frequently instantaneous, and even when gradual, is accompanied by phenomena entirely foreign to deliques-

cence. For example, sometimes the lower portion alone will liquefy, sometimes the upper portion alone; sometimes the middle portion liquefies while the upper and lower portions remain unchanged; and again the central portion has been known to liquefy while the outer crust next the sides of the vial, still remain firm and hard. No more is it the result of heat, though this is the explanation most frequently advanced. Some boldly charge the officiating chaplain with secretly applying heat to the vials, while others, though acknowledging the disinterestedness of the clergy, yet maintain that the liquefaction is due to the action of the heat arising from the forest of lighted tapers upon the altar and from the presence of a vast crowd of people. This theory, however, is as untenable as the former, since the liquefaction has frequently been delayed for hours during the season of greatest heat and when the crowd filled the entire Cathedral, while it has been known to take place almost instantaneously in presence of but a few persons, at a time when the atmosphere was quite cold. Again, it has occurred in open air processions when the reliquary, raised upon a frame above the heads of the people, was borne through the streets in the months of December and January. Scientific examinations prove too that the change of volume is not governed by the laws of heat.

Other writers have attributed the liquefaction to trickery of some kind or other on the part of the officiating chaplains:—a mere matter of jugglery, nothing more. The priest adroitly removes one set of vials and replaces it by another. To the adherents of such an opinion, it may be pointed out that the reliquary, being, as it is, 12 inches in length, 5 inches in breadth, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness, is rather large to admit of any slight-of-hand, performed hundreds of times before the eyes of an eagerly-watching multitude; that frequently the chaplains and canons in charge of the ceremonies, have been feeble, aged men, who could by no means be considered to possess the nimble dexterity of hands and fingers that forms the stock-in-trade of the successful juggler. Chemistry has also been called upon. The dark mass within the vial, it has been said, is but

a skillfully prepared compound, easily caused to liquefy at the proper moment. But at the very start, this theory has met with insurmountable obstacles in the significant phenomena of the changeability of volume of the liquid, and the entire independence of the liquefaction to the influence of heat. Moreover, if this be merely the work of chemical action, why can not modern chemists with all the boasted progress and perfection of the cherished science, with all the means at their command, reproduce the phenomena of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius? Surely it were humiliating to confess—not to say contradictory to admit—that “those ignorant monks of the Dark Ages” possessed a knowledge of chemistry surpassing that of the great scientists of this much vaunted “era of light,” and yet the modern laboratory has signally failed to reproduce the *Miracle of Naples*. True, remarkable results have been obtained by chemists in their endeavors to produce the same phenomena as this miraculous liquefaction, the most astonishing and successful being that of a German chemist, Gaspar Neumann (1734). In imitation of the ceremonies of Naples, Neumann placed before a select party of friends, a human skull, then displayed three vials of crystal or very clear glass, in each of which was contained a matter in a very small bulk, dry, black, and so hard as to produce a noise on the sides of the vial when shaken. The first vial was placed near the skull, and almost immediately the dark mass liquefied, increased in volume, and filled the vial with a deep-red fluid. The second vial, being similarly placed near the skull, changed but slightly, while the third remained entirely unchanged. These astonishing results were obtained by means of a compound of ether and suet, or fatty matter of some kind, the compound being so prepared as to be solid at ordinary temperatures, but could be liquefied by the mere natural heat of the hand. Of course the composition was first colored dark-red, and according to the results desired, a greater or less quantity of ether was employed, thus insuring at will, an entire, or partial liquefaction. Neumann’s experiment has proved to be the most successful attempt to demonstrate that the chemist can produce, at will, “the pre-

tended Miracle of Naples," but even this is far from being a reproduction of this extraordinary liquefaction. The success of Neumann's experiment depends upon the application of heat, whereas we have seen above, the liquefaction of Naples is entirely independent of temperature, and frequently liquefies at a lower temperature than that at which it remained solid, and *vice versa*.

There is yet another aspect of the question that shows the absurdity of the charge of fraud. Several hundred clergymen have had charge of the ceremonies of the exposition of the relics. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands would therefore have been cognizant of the fraud, if fraud there were. Among these have there been none who would think it their duty to expose the fraud? Have none of them been unreliable and avaricious men? How is it then, that no one through a sense of duty, through anger, hatred, or revenge, through avarice or greed, has revealed the secret? Again the city authorities of Naples, for the last two-and-a-half centuries have been joint guardians with the clergy, of the relics. These civil authorities keep one set of keys of the recesses, and consequently the relics can never be touched except in presence of their representative, who is sworn not to lose sight of the reliquary until it is safely put back. During these 250 years, Naples has been at different periods under the sway of rulers of every stamp and every shade of belief, sometimes professed infidels and openly avowed enemies of religion, who would gladly have seized an opportunity of bringing discredit and ridicule upon the Church, yet not one of them has ever discovered nor published any fraud, any deception, in regard to the liquefaction. How ecstatic, for example, would have been the joy of the French infidels in 1799, to have cast such a stigma upon the hated religion of Christ? How eagerly would not Garibaldi, Ratazzi, and their successors, have struck such a blow at Christianity, and have secured such a triumph over "clericalism."—they who have placed no limits to their calumnies, they who have never ceased to denounce the hypocrisy of the clergy, and the ignorance and superstition of the people? Yet, neither the one party nor the other has profited by

the occasion. And still, every year, this miraculous liquefaction continues to manifest itself before the public gaze, to defy all the attempts of the enemies of the Church to find any fraud or deception, to challenge the skill of our greatest scientists, to reproduce its remarkable phenomena, or to explain its cause. For two centuries it has withstood all attacks—no one has yet substantiated any charge of fraud, no one has succeeded in explaining it by scientific reasoning. Evidently, then, it is due neither to any natural law or combination of laws, nor to any trickery or deception on the part of the clergy.

Is it, then, a miracle? Many, indeed, refuse to admit this. Some form their judgment in advance; for them miracles are impossible in principle, therefore any particular occurrence of this character must be a delusion or a fraud. Others perhaps while pretending to examine the case with impartial mind, wilfully shut their eyes to the light, for the admission of a miracle in the liquefaction would be the admission of three centuries' protestation against truth. Scientists have witnessed it, have examined its phenomena in the light of science, and all have been forced to acknowledge their inability to explain the liquefaction by natural means. Some have stifled their feelings and have remained obstinate in their doubt even against the testimony of their reason. Others, like Sir Humphrey Davy, have acknowledged the deep impression the miracle produced upon their minds, and have openly admitted their belief in the miraculous nature of the liquefaction. As to Catholics, they are free to admit or deny its supernatural origin. The Church has not pronounced authoritatively upon it. But the candid reader, whatever be his religious leanings, who examines with unprejudiced mind the overwhelming weight of evidence in favor of the miraculous nature of the liquefaction, adduced in "The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius": an historical and critical examination of the miracle, published by the Catholic Publication society of New York—of which pamphlet the present article is but a feeble and incomplete *résumé*—will be obliged to conclude with the author: "*Vere digitus Dei est hic.*"

THE CECILIAN SOCIETY.



OUR University Band, in point of importance and excellence, compares very favorably with any other organization in our midst.

It is therefore a source of no little gratification to us to be able to present, in this issue, a short historical sketch of the Band and a portrait of its present members.

Our Musical Society, it seems, is the oldest student organization now existing in the University. It was already full-fledged before our present philosophical, scientific, literary, debating and athletic associations existed at all. About its early history, information could be had but from one man now in the University--the venerable Father Chaborel.

When we called upon Rev. Father Chaborel for information he, with his accustomed good nature, smiled and assured us that we had found the right man in the right place. "To tell the truth," he said, "we had no band properly so-called before 1865. In that year one was organized under the direction of Rev. Father Derbuel, assisted by myself, then Brother Chaborel. I played B flat bass; we had in all about ten members. We had not at first sufficient instruments, but a kind friend in Montreal purchased five for us at a cost of fifty dollars. Our instruments were not first-class. I remember there wasn't a student in the house with sufficient lung power to evoke a note from our massive B flat bass. However we soon made ourselves heard and, ours being the only band then in Ottawa, we, in a short time, gained an enviable reputation throughout the neighborhood. In 1866 the Irish people of Gloucester invited us to their town to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. We went out in a sleigh and, to be candid with you, we almost froze to death on the way there. The weather was cold indeed, but Irish hearts were as warm then as they are now, and once we got to Gloucester you may be sure we had a good time.

I acted as Director of the Band after Father Derbuel's departure and remained in charge of it until 1869 when Rev. Father Balland succeeded me."

Rev. Father Balland, as all of our readers who had the privilege of being acquainted with him well know, was a very energetic, practical man. From the time he took the Band in charge we have a history of its yearly doings. On the 4th of June 1873, the Band became a properly organized society, and took the name of the Cecilian Society. The officers were: Rev. F. Balland, Director; R. Gillie, Assistant-Director; E. Bauset, Secretary-Treasurer. It is interesting and a trifle amusing to read over the regulations which Rev. F. Balland drew up for the government of this organization. To mention one of these rules that is all our space will allow us:--"There shall be a fine imposed on any one who comes late for the practices. For the first offence, the fine shall not be less than two nor more than five cents. For all succeeding offences, it shall not be less than ten cents, nor more than one dollar." Such legislation was productive of abundant good fruit, and in a short time the Cecilian Society was far superior to any other musical organization in the Capital. In fact such was its success under its able Director, that it soon became well and favorably known throughout Quebec and Ontario. During the academic years from '73 to '77, Sig. Liberati, the now famous cornetist, was a member of the Cecilian Society. In the year '73-'74 the Band took part in the great musical contest held in Montreal, and was awarded second prize by the judges. The majority of the connoisseurs present, however, maintained that the Ottawa College musicians were entitled to first honors. This, too, was Rev. Father Balland's opinion, and he positively and persistently refused to accept the second prize, which was a handsome silver cup.

In 1880 the Cecilian Society was invited to Quebec to take part in the grand celebration of St. Jean Baptiste's



OTTAWA UNIVERSITY CECILIAN SOCIETY, 1893-94.

E. A. Tessier.	T. Morris.	A. Lajouresse, O.M.I.	J. H. Prénoveau.	T. H. Quigley.
			J. H. Mackie.	Geo. Olivier.
				O. Lambert, O.M.I.
				W. A. Herekenrath.
				W. G. Brophy.
				C. F. Kehoe.
				J. R. O'Brien.
				L. Charlebois.
				J. A. Donegan.
				J. A. Tessier.

day held in that city. Again all remarked its superiority over the many other bands there present. Shortly after this Rev. Father Balland, owing to the number of his other duties, was forced to give up the management of the Band. Rev. Father Chaborel was a second time appointed Director. Under his efficient direction the Cecilian Society maintained, until the year 1882, the high standing which it had hitherto attained. In that year its management was committed to the charge of Rev. Father P. Gladu. It was during his directorship that the old recreation hall was burnt. A part of the building had been used as a music room and in the conflagration a magnificent set of instruments was destroyed, besides a considerable collection of music, compiled during the preceding twenty years. Rev. Father Gladu set to work with energy, and having obtained the necessary funds, imported a new set of instruments from Paris, and began to arrange a new collection of music. The instruments he purchased are now those used in the Band with the exception of a few procured under the present administration. The Cecilian Society suffered greatly by the above mentioned conflagration and in fact has not, even up to the present day, been able to regain its erstwhile proud position. In this instance, as in many others, a single stroke of ill-luck destroyed the fruits of many a year of patient, persevering toil. In 1886, Rev. Father Balland, who, at the time, was at the head of an organization called the "Canadian Lyrical Society" composed almost entirely of students, was re-appointed Director of the Band by Rev. Father Prevost then Rector of the College. Rev. Father Balland united the two societies and, under his able guidance, the Band began to ascend again the ladder of fame. Rev. Father Balland directed the Band for the last time at the inauguration of the

University which took place on the 9th of October, 1889. Shortly after he was again forced to resign this position and upon his resignation the Cecilian Society disbanded.

On the 9th of November of the following year Rev. Father Gervais was called upon by Rev. Father McGuckin, Rector, to reorganize the Cecilian Society. Sixteen students gave in their names. Among these not more than two or three had belonged to the old Society. To put it in plain words Rev. Father Gervais found himself obliged to organize an altogether new band. Many were the difficulties which he had to encounter, for at this time there were upwards of a dozen societies of various kinds in the College and some members of the Band belonged to several of these societies. As a consequence they had but little time for practice. Despite the many difficulties it has had to overcome our Band under its present Director has made giant strides towards the goal of perfection. Did space allow us we would with great pleasure here insert some of the favorable comments passed upon it of late by the press of Ottawa, as well as of Renfrew and Arnprior.

Owing to unavoidable absence five of the actual members are not to be seen in the portrait presented. The portrait is the work of Mr. Jarvis, a gentleman who has more than once manifested in a telling manner his good-will towards our Alma Mater and her students. It were but just, here to thank Mr. Senecal, Morris and Benboe of the city, for their past and present services in the Band. In conclusion we heartily congratulate the present members and especially the present Director on the success already attained and we feel confident that this success is but the fore-runner of greater things to be realized in the future.

J. M., '94.



THE RETURN OF ELISEE.

By Harold Dijon.



THE sun burnished the moon-flower vines that clambered up and over the house, and reflected in the spade with which Anton dug in the black loam of the garden. Anton's foot shoved the spade into the soil, then the sleepy stillness of the September noon was broken by a clock in the distance, calling, over the stream that separated Anton's land from the village, the twelve hours. Immediately followed from the church spire a soft tinkle, repeated three times.

The last tinkle of the bell still floated on the wind when a voice called from the house:

"Come, Anton, the soup is ready!"

"Coming! Marie," responded Anton.

His wife, who called him to his dinner, and he, Anton, spoke in French, the "gumbo" of the little-learned Acadian of Louisiana. Unlike her husband, who was bent and showed the feebleness of age, she was erect as one of Anton's cypress trees, and as vigorous.

She stood thumbing a newspaper while Anton washed his face in a basin of water set on the board window-sill. She had something on her mind of which she would speak, but which she kept waiting till they were seated at the table.

"The journal says he is ill to death," she uttered, her voice tentative.

"Yes, yes," ejaculated Anton, not fretfully, but hopelessly, "what can we do?"

She looked out through the open window and said slowly, "it is thirty years since he left home."

"And twenty since he has been to see us, and nearly as many since he disowned me," said Anton reflectively.

"He may not have been at home—" began Marie.

"He was at home—a fine house and he has a finer one now," interrupted Anton, "but what of that! he had disowned

God before he disowned me, and through my fault—"

"No, no!" his wife broke in almost fiercely. "I as well as you wanted him to go to the University.

"And now he is dying," sighed Anton.

"Anton, God is good," said his wife.

He shook his head in assent.

"Anton," she went on, her eyes bent earnestly on her husband, "we must go to our son."

He looked up quickly.

"We must," she repeated.

"Marie," he cried, "it is what I was thinking."

An hour later the primitive ferry boat, worked by a paddle, carried to the village where they were to take the train for the city, an old man clad in course jeans, spotlessly clean, and an old woman, very erect, in a muslin hood of many frills.

Senator Landreau was dying. Everyone talked of his approaching death; hourly bulletins announced the progress of his disease that was concealed from the public to prevent a panic in the city.

No one spoke of the senator in connection with his approaching demise with the regret of love, not even of liking, though almost all spoke with awe of his immense possessions, and his political party gave him the credit of having always served it for its own and his advantage. The world of "society" mourned with selfish mourning the loss of a man still in his prime, handsome, unmarried and exceedingly wealthy.

The broad carriage-drive of granite blocks that swept in a curve before the senator's mansion was covered with straw to deaden the roll of the vehicles passing in an unending succession to the marble-pillared and domed entrance.

The air of the rotunda was heavy with the essences carried by the women in their robes, the perfumes from the great stacks of flowers in the vases set in the embrasures of the windows, and the fumes

of cigars and cigarettes proceeding from the library whose closed doors emitted through the silken portieres the smoke made by the colleagues of the senator, who were gathered together. There was, moreover, a dense stillness in the air.

There is no one in that luxurious rotunda who does not perceive the shadow of the monarch's approach, and it is a real relief when a noise at the entrance causes a forgetfulness of the august prince they dread.

The noise proceeded from the porter, blazing in metal buttons and gold cord, who was refusing entrance to an old couple pressing for admittance to the apartment of the master of the house.

"No, no, my good people, you cannot see the Senator."

"But I am his mother, and this is his father," cried the old woman."

Cynical and jaded eyes—here and there a pitying one—gazed upon them curiously: some raised lorgnettes, and, haughty or amused according to the whim of the moment, stared at the bent Anton in his spotless jeans, and at erect Marie in her cap and frills.

Seeing that they were stared at without speech, Marie opened her lips. "We have come to see our son," she said. "We have heard that he is ill; is it true or is this a reception he gives?"

"The Senator is very ill, madame: I doubt that you can see him," replied the man she addressed.

More erect than ever, Marie replied, "I am his mother, monsieur: I will see my son." She took the hand of Anton, and, followed by the still protesting porter, advanced to the broad stairway.

Half way up the stairs they were met by two gentlemen, one of whom wore a coat of clerical cut. To the other of the twain whom he addressed as "doctor," the porter appealed—"Could these people see the senator, was it not impossible? She says she is his mother, though," he added doubtfully.

"You are Senator Landreau's mother?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"Yes, monsieur," answered Marie: "and," giving a nod towards Anton, "he is his father."

The doctor looked troubled and turning to his companion he asked "I may

trust you not to make an outbreak, not to reveal to the people below what I have to make known to—madame;"

"You may certainly trust me doctor," said Mr. Kames.

"The truth is," the doctor said, addressing himself almost entirely to Marie, "the senator has for some days been moved to an out-building. No one knows but myself, the nurse, and the porter, who was only doing his duty in forbidding you entrance, what the disease is which afflicts your son, madame." He paused, hesitated, then bent low to whisper in her ear, "yellow fever."

"Yellow fever!" thundered the minister; "and you permitted me to enter the room where he has been?"

Yellow fever!

The name was caught by one in the crowd below, passed from mouth to mouth with little frantic cries and ejaculations, exclamations of disgust and horror; feet stampeded over the tessellated pavement; the hurried rustling of silk dresses swept to the rotunda's entrance; there were rapid muffled rollings of carriage wheels on the straw outside.

The doctor looked at the minister in scorn. Then he said, the tone of his voice quietly reproving, "See what you have done: you have spread terror through the city."

"But my wife, my children—you have exposed them," stammered the minister.

"You insisted on coming up stairs.

Marie, though her heart and mind were occupied with other things, understood the situation, and said, innocent of all sarcasm: "If madame the minister make you a tisane of orange leaves, monsieur—"

"Woman!" cried the minister, and ran down the stairs and out of the house, the way the others had gone.

The doctor laughed. "You were very hard on our friend the minister, madame," he said.

"Was I? I did not mean to be," replied Marie soberly: she continued, "And now you will take us to our son, monsieur: we have lost much time."

The doctor hesitated, but when Marie renewed her entreaties, he said: "According to your wish madame," and led the way.

They passed down the long corridor, where the polished floor reflected hangings of gilded bamboo, and the gleam of the cool surface of marble statuary, that appealed to Anton's latent aesthetic sense, while Marie, having no thought but for her son, passed these, to her strange splendours, without a glance. When they reached a narrow staircase that the doctor said would take them to the garden, through which they must pass to get to the out-building where lay the senator, she asked timidly, "He will know us, monsieur?"

"Yes," replied the doctor gravely. "he knows everything now, though he may lapse into delirium before the end."

Marie, who still preserved her coolness answered only—"we must make haste."

In the garden were faint odors of carbolic acid, that grew more and more perceptible as they advanced to a low wooden building, into which they were ushered by the doctor. The building contained but one large room. The floor of the room was waxed, and had been hastily strewn with costly rugs brought from the house. The centre of the room was occupied by a low bed, on which lay its owner, with gaunt, ochre-colored countenance, restless on the heated pillow, his thin yellow fingers nervously twitching at the fringe of the white coverlet.

The doctor had been endeavoring to make out the meaning of the sudden appearance of the old couple, of whom he had never heard; and now they were in the shadow of the sick room, he thought he understood the pathetic visit of these simple folk, who after having stood aloof from their son in his hours of triumph, now came to him when he was deserted and a prisoner of pain and death. Laying his finger on his lips to impose silence, he drew them back to the threshold.

"You would have him die a Christian? Do not be afraid to tell me, I too am a Catholic," he said, and added with a sigh, "but I fear it is too late."

The old man uttered a stifled sob, but Marie, her eyes tearless, her form erect, her voice firm, said, "Monsieur, God will listen to his mother."

Awed by this simple faith, the faith that removes mountains, the doctor bowed his head, and Marie advanced to the bedside

of the dying man and took the place of the wondering nurse.

The son looked up at the mother when she stood beside him, his eyes weary and unrecognizing, and she stretched out her arms and called, "Elisee," and then his childhood's name in the time of the Acadian farm on the river, "Eli, Eli, my little one, my poor little one!"

He groaned aloud, and remembering her he remembered his ingratitude, and said: "Mother?" and after a pause, during which she took his hand in hers, "It is well, now that all have left me."

"Not all," she pressed her lips to his brow; "the father is here," and she bade the old man come to his son.

"You too, father," the son faltered, "why, I drove you from me."

The old man in broken sobs blamed himself, not his son. Was it not he, the father, who had encouraged the son to pursue the path that led to forgetfulness of God? "And," he sobbed, "if you could forget God, how could you, a *grand monsieur*, remember one so ignorant as me?"

Anton troubled the dying man, who turned to Marie for comfort, looking up to find in her placid, motherly face, the repose it gave.

Calm as she appeared to be, Marie's soul wrestled in prayer for the soul of her son. "My Eli," she whispered, "you are going from me——" Her voice broke for a moment: then she continued, her strength renewed, "Eli, my son, you will make your peace with God?"

For years he had made it his boast that he was rid of the "worn-out creed of the Nazarine," feigning to believe that therein lay his strength. For years he had cast aside the restraints of that creed, which bind the ignoble part of man while freeing the heart and mind for flights that raise them far above the material world and all that "is of the earth, earthy," and fit him to minister to the highest interests of his fellow-man for the glory of God. In all these years he had put God aside, and God still had pursued him, and would not be entirely forgotten. He came to him when he took his oath of office, which, however perfunctorily performed, would not be stripped of all solemnity, and which did bring back to him a remorseful, fleet-

ing vision of the teaching he had received at his mother's knee. He came to him when baffled in some of his many schemes for self-aggrandizement, for wealth and worldly honor; but this was not often, for he had been very prosperous. There had been times even, when the names of the city's streets, names of heroes and heroines of God, recalled to him His omnipresence. And now his mother, whom he had treated, it appeared to him, with an ingratitude without a parallel, had come to claim him for God.

Not in a moment did she gain him.

"How can you bid me hope?" he moaned after one such unburdening of a heavy conscience.

"I am here," my son, she replied, "and you have not been kind to me: am I not less than God?"

At that he wept. Then, after a time he said, "O, mother, if I could go back to the farm with you and begin it all over again!"

When he had uttered this wish to be again a child, she gained with him. He would begin all over again, now, this instant.

A table covered with fair linen cloth, with tapers placed thereon ready for lighting, was set by the side of the bed, and they listened for the footsteps of the messenger of peace to the world weary and the penitent.

A murmur of prayers was heard in the room, and Anton and Marie prostrated themselves to meet the King, now come to give His pardon to the penitent who had so bruised His loving Heart.

It was drawing on to midnight when a gray shadow passed over the countenance of Elisee, and he gasped, "You are there, mother?"

She pressed his hand and whispered a prayer in his ear, which his lips strove to form.

The shadow deepened. And Marie felt the hand she held growing cold, and her prayers became more urgent.

Suddenly a strange light came into the eyes of Elisee, and raising himself up he cried, "Mother -I have come back!"

And sobbing, her voice triumphant, Marie cried, "My Lord God, I thank Thee--he came back, he came back!"

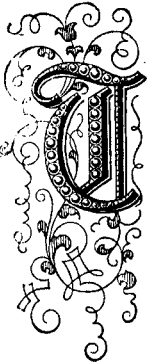


Bear not long
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

—SHAKESPEARE.



GENUINE GEMS.



THE field of combat fits
the young and bold,
The solemn council best
becomes the old.

—*Pope.*

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous con-
firmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

—*Shakespeare.*

How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thoughts can pierce be-
yond an hour.

—*Young.*

The love that survives the tomb is one
of the noblest tributes of the Soul.

—*W. Irving.*

For peace do not hope—to be just you
must break it ;
Still work for the minute and not for the
year ;

When honor comes to you be ready to
take it ;

But reach not to seize it before it is near.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might
win
By fearing to attempt.

Shakespeare.

Mental pleasures never cloy : unlike
those of the body, they are increased by
repetition, approved of by reflection, and
strengthened by enjoyment.

—*Colton.*

The drying a of single tear has more of
honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

—*Byron.*

In moral reflections there must be heat,
as well as dry reason, to inspire this cold
clod of clay which we carry about with us.

—*Barnet.*

Talk as you will of taste, my friend, you'll
find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

—*Pope.*

Though nature weigh our talents, and dis-
pense

To every man his modicum of sense ;
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil.

—*Cowper.*

Murmurs rise with mix'd applause
Just as they favor or dislike the cause.

—*Dryden.*

Weariness
Can snore upon a flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.

—*Shakespeare.*

What a piece of work is man ! how
noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties !
in form and moving, how express and
admirable ! in action, how like an angel !
in apprehension how like a god ! the
beauty of the world ! the paragon of
animals.

—*Shakespeare.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of
death,
To break the shock that nature cannot
shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further
shore.

—*Young*

The pathetic is the height of genius, for
the didactic is only a lesson, the epic
only a recital, polemics only reasoning,
and lyrics only enthusiasm, while the
pathetic is the heart itself.

—*Lamartine.*

Benevolence befits the wisest mind ;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a
rule,
Hurts whom he helps and proves himself
a fool.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

"SOME OTHER TIME."



OW often, 'mid the clouds of life,
Some fair resolve illumines the mind ;
From which, half-shamed, we veil our eyes
And weakly say—"Some other time !"

II.

"Some other time !" What broken hearts,
What ruined lives o'erstrew thy way —
Inglorious and despairing wrecks
Of what they *didn't* do or say !

III.

The youth, begining with high hopes
And dauntless heart life's hill to climb,
Oft loses both among the lures
Of thy retreats "Some other time."

IV.

Unspoken thoughts, unfinished aims,
Mark out each link in Mem'ry's chain ;
To paint Experience's course
Should we but have the chance again.

V.

"Some other time" will never come
To realize oft-spoken vows ;
Her mocking voice holds distant sway,
To which our languid spirit bows.

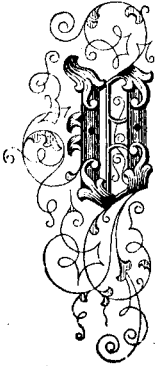
VI.

And so, when Love and Faith are dead,
And life itself we must resign ;
To friends, Adieu ! we bid, we hope
To meet them all—"Some other time."

HENRI B. SULLY.

TORONTO, May 25th, 1894.

FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN.



CATACOMBS.

OTHERWISE called ceme-teries, crypts, sand-pits, were subterraneous passages, running in all directions through the country round about Rome, under vineyards and fields. Those catacombs, dug for natural purposes, were of great service to the early Christians, who made them places of refuge to fly from persecutions. In those troublesome times, they used to meet there, baptize, celebrate Mass, communicate, sing the psalms, ordain priests, consecrate bishops, elect popes, and perform all the ceremonies of religion. *St. Jerome Com., Chap. xl.* When I was a boy at Rome, and engaged in the study of polite letters, it was my custom, with others of the same age and profession, to wander about among the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, on Sunday afternoons. I frequently entered the catacombs, which are dug into the bowels of the earth, and on each side, as you enter, contain the bodies of martyrs laid up in the walls. Such obscurity reigns on all sides, that the saying of the prophet seems fulfilled: "Let them descend alive into hell." A faint light admitted from above by a chink rather than a window, here and there softens the horrors of the darkness, and as you grope your way, step by step, enveloped in darkness deep as midnight, the verse of Virgil comes upon your memory: *Horror seizes the soul, the silence itself is terrible.* Truly a sacred horror comes upon the soul, and one feels as if intruding into the other world, where nothing living ought to be, where all is dark, silent, damp and cold. Hundreds of martyrs are there; sometimes their bodies are laid up in graves, dug into the sides of the walls, oftentimes you walk over their ashes, and you feel as if you were back among the noble heroes of those times, gathered underground to adore their God in safety,

while over their heads, above ground, the Roman soldiers are hurrying to and fro searching in vain for concealed martyrs— It was in one of those catacombs that the crucified bodies of S.S. Peter and Paul, were first piously interred, three miles from Rome, on the Appian Way in the Cemetery of St. Sebastian. Pope Damas I., in A.D. .366, fifteen centuries ago, wrote the following verse which he ordered to be inscribed on a marble pavement in that catacomb where the bodies of S.S. Peter and Paul lay :

Who'er thou art, inquiring stranger know,
Saint Peter with Paul dwelt once here below.

SOCIETY AND RETIREMENT.

The tendency of society is to destroy character, and produce uniformity, sameness and routine. In more retired life there is greater variety of custom and nature. There every family has a character peculiar to itself. There no one seeks to borrow fashions or failings from his neighbors; but virtues and vices grow up together on a native uncultivated soil. There too is greater variety of human countenance—no one wearing borrowed looks, but letting his features stand out as nature made them—no airs are seen in his face, but such as true feeling and passion spontaneously produce. No perfumes diffuse the same fragrance over the cottages, save those which exhale from the rose or honeysuckle at the door.

ST. PETER'S VATICAN CHURCH.

This Church, the wonder of the world, stands over the ashes of the Prince of the Apostles. At first it was but a small edifice, and rose to its present state of magnificence only three hundred years ago. St. Anacletus, the second Pope after St. Peter, first raised a small church on the Vatican Hill, not far from where St. Peter was crucified, and his relics have remained in the same spot since the year 250, and seem likely to continue there, till summoned thence by the trumpet of the resurrection.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.—MONTAIGNE.

42—A handsome little volume just issued by Unwin, of London, has for its title *The Revival of Irish Literature*, and for contents two lectures on matters appertaining to the Irish literary revival, delivered by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy before the Irish Literary Society of London, a carefully compiled abstract of the more practical one of which has already appeared among those notes; *Irish Literature*, the substance of a scholarly lecture by Dr. George Sigerson; and *The Necessity of De-Anglicising Ireland*, a most stimulating lecture by Dr. Douglas Hyde, which has also been truncated for these notes. A volume made up of masterly essays, such as those addresses are, on Irish literary themes, must prove a boon to every one who is anxious to behold Ireland make rapid intellectual progress. As a matter of fact, the lectures and addresses published in this important volume present a strong plea for Irish literature and a scathing condemnation of its enemies. These utterances, consequently, deserve careful attention. It is earnestly to be hoped that they will be studied and weighed by the Irish in America as well as by the Irish at home. I cannot refrain from saying that the Irish in America do not often achieve such marked successes in science and literature as their exceptionally good opportunities for acquiring good education and subsequent leisure, would lead one to suppose should be their portion. But the least said on this subject at present is the soonest mended. The published lectures, under review, prove that however it may be with poetry and literature, oratory is not dead in Ireland. The clash of controversy favors oratory. Therefore, it is to be expected that in a country like Ireland, where heated political discussion is always present among all classes of the people, oratory should flourish. If the remaining members of the Irish Literary Society are nearly so eloquent as the lecturers represented in

the volume, Ireland is still worthy of being the birth-land of a Grattan, a Burke, a Curran and an O'Connell.

It must be recollected that Irish intellect has, for a very long period, been constantly diverted from literature and centered in politics. Hitherto, the duty of the Irishman of parts was not to write romances and poems, but to speak and act for the liberty of his country. It is true very good Irish stories and meritorious poems have been produced by the Irish in Ireland even when agitation shook the land, but, in spite of those exceptional achievements, the best emanations of the Irish intellect in our time have been bestowed upon politics. I am far from regretting that it has been so. On the contrary, I cannot conceive how it could have been otherwise. But I believe the time has now arrived when Irish public affairs may be suffered to take care of themselves, and what is best and most promising in Irish intellect turned to literature and the arts: In so far as the Irish literary societies, which are being inaugurated all over the old land, tend towards producing this revolution in the public mind, they will bestow upon Ireland a veritable blessing.

The literary movement among the Irish, the Celtic renaissance as it has been called, may not prove so successful as the more sanguine of its promoters might wish, yet it is all but certain to do a large amount of lasting good, nor are the resources at its command nearly so scant as one would suppose when one remembers that the national mind of Ireland, as I have just stated, is, and has long been absorbed in politics. A definition of what is meant by the phrase, Celtic Renaissance, will tend to put misapprehension out of court. Let William Sharp supply the defining terms out of a recent issue of the *New York Independent*. "The rapt interwroughtness of nature and human life we find in Ossian," says Professor Sharp, "and, again and again, throughout later

literature down to our own day. But the paramount influence in the evolution of this return to nature, is the Celtic Renaissance. The day is long past when there could be room for a revival of Celtic literature, in the strict significance of the term. The language, whether of the Scottish Gael, the Irish or Welch Celt, is not to be learned as a living speech. Beautiful and profoundly intimate to those who have been familiar with it from childhood, it has peculiarities native to its soul and body, which make it as unsuitable for a regenerated common speech, as, say, Provençal Not even Mistral, or Felix Gras, or Aubanel, fixed stars of the Provençal firmament, would think of saying that Provençal could ever supplant French as a literary tongue, or even that it could greatly influence its powerful overload. Still less can Gaelic affect English literature No one reads Gaelic, Scottish, or Irish, save students, a few enthusiasts, and a small, scattered, and ever lessening rear guard. Nevertheless, the Celtic Renaissance is one of the most potent factors in the evolution of contemporary poetic literature. The body has perished, but the soul has a beautiful resurrection." So much, and no more, is meant here by the terms, Celtic Renaissance.

Literature is art. The successful pursuit of art requires leisure and tranquil thought. But in spite of the swirl and whirl and unceasing welter of Irish life in those times of agitation and combat for liberty the abiding genius of the Irish will assert itself, has asserted itself: and if its manifestations are not so frequent nor so brilliant as we who love Ireland desire, they, at any rate, demonstrate beyond the thinnest shade of doubt that in happier circumstances the gifted men and women of Irish blood would contribute a fair share to what is less perishable in the literature of the English tongue.

Without dwelling much on the lengthy roll of Irish authors, many names present themselves, almost spontaneously which, if they do not entirely belie their promise, will yet be inscribed high up in the Temple of Fame. There is, for example, the author of that interesting story *The Wearing of the Green*, "Basil," the well

known pen-name of Mr. Nash. Miss Tynan (Mrs. Higginson) sings well, and if at times she echoes Swinburne, is not the latter great poet an echoer of continental Celtic music? Miss Tynan, also, promises to sing better with a voice all her own. There is again Hesta Higginson, the delightful and wonderfully endowed "Moira O'Neill" of the leading British magazines, and of her one novel *An Eastern Vacation*, which, on its appearance scored a success almost unprecedented within many years. For a brilliant example of Hesta Higginson's ability I take the liberty of referring the reader to the charming article *The Power of Dante* in Blackwood's Magazine for March. The Honorable Miss Emily Lawless can present an Irish historical tale with unflinching vigor of diction, and if she is given to jewing the ancient monarchs and chieftans of Ireland from a standpoint other than the heroic, she will be readily forgiven in those days of democracy and republicanism. Fahey and Graves can write Irish songs replete with humor, and Aubrey De Vere can strike the higher keys in a manner which those who most justly appreciate that which will never die of dead Tennyson will be the first to declare is most masterly. The McCarthys, father and son, are at home in history. The expounders of Irish fairy legends and folk-lore are many and pains-taking. Those writers have made Irish fairy stories readable without explaining their flavor out of them, as Agnes Repplier insinuates such craftsmen are wont to do. The recent additions to Irish biography are numerous and valuable. I need only mention Dillon's *Life of John Mitchell*, to prove that my praise is discriminating. Thus even now, it is possible to name several new and talented contributors to almost every division of literature among the present generation of the Irish in Ireland in spite of the formidable distraction of politics.

I have an unshaken confidence in the genius of the Irish at home. I wish I could say as much for their kin in America. But I cannot. A survey of the Irish American literary world does not reveal many subjects in which one could take a reasonable pride, nor on which a bright expectation of the future might be

founded. Irish Americans, better situated and circumstanced than the Irish in the Old Land, better educated, and the heirs of freedom, wealth and its attendant leisure, do not take kindly to literature. It may be that I have inadvertently overrated the measure of their leisure. Perhaps the race for wealth and position is more exacting on them as the children of poor emigrants, than I have described it to be. A full and judicious consideration of their status in society, and an exhaustive classification of their limitations, would require more space and time than I can command. But I feel I am doing the Irish Americans no wrong, and only voicing a wholesome truth it behoves them to hear and to ponder, when I say that if they would give less of their thought to the worship of the American divinity, the "almighty dollar," and more of it to letters, it would be greatly better for themselves and their children. This is said, too, in the full knowledge that the Irish Americans can boast of several good prose writers, and of at least a trio of full voiced poets.

If the new Irish Literary movement did no more than merely draw the really deserving among the young poets and writers of Ireland into prominence, it would do well for the Irish, whether at home or abroad. That it will do so much, I have no doubt. It may do more. It may be mainly instrumental in the production of new works which will prove to the world that Irish genius is not dead. I hope it will do this, and still more. Yet, if it confined itself to producing new and perfect editions of the more worthy portion of the literary work performed by Irish writers in the English tongue, since the middle of the last century, it would be performing a much needed and most meritorious labor. Why talk of producing new books when the works of such writers

as Thomas Moore and Thomas Davis, of Mangan and Keegan, of Mitchell and Banim, to say nothing of many historical writers whose valuable contributions are out of print? While the works of such writers as I have just mentioned, and the priceless records of Irish history are left to the tender mercies of English editors and English publishers, I think the Irish Literary Societies have a broad field for beneficial, patriotic action almost completely outside of the province of original literary composition.

43 -I have frequently noticed that many young authors start with poetry. They have an idea it is magnificently paid for, and then it is so easy to write. They have heard that Lord Tennyson used to make thousands of pounds a year. Some vague rumors of a guinea a line have reached their ears. So they determine to be poets, every man and woman of them. They are very modest, these young people, in their estimates of what they will earn at first; and show wonderful knowledge of humanity in believing that Tennyson's genius is an every day affair. By all means let us have poets and also poetesses. But consider. If a thing is easily supplied its market price must tumble. Do not the two arguments jostle one another? Is it likely that anything which can be easily done should be magnificently paid for? What about our old friend, the Law of Supply and Demand? As a matter of fact, the poets who are able to live by their works are decidedly few; the rest, many of them exceedingly able men, do not earn bread and butter. Besides, there are other sorts of literature which are more needed than poems, and which may pay better. We want stories with plenty of life and character painting. Why not supply this want? Histories which are something better than dry bones of ill assorted fact and fiction are needed. Let us write histories.

BISHOP LAFLECHE.



HIS Lordship L. F. R. Lafleche, Bishop of Three Rivers, has lately celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This has been an occasion of great jubilation to the inhabitants of Lower Canada, as the venerable prelate is the oldest member of the episcopacy in the Dominion. The popularity of Bishop Lafleche and the unstinted admiration which he receives from members of every creed, are due to his eminent qualities as a true man, and as a man of God. As a true man, he has manifested his indefatigable zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, and contributed the energy of all his faculties to the advancement of letters and sciences by founding, erecting, and protecting most worthy institutions of learning. As a man of God, he has been possessed of that holy charity which makes one forget self and devote one's life to the welfare of humanity. Whether considered in his dignity of diocesan or in his amiable friendship for the poor, he will always be found to enjoy the esteem and confidence which are elicited by his affability, by his unselfishness, by his Christian charity and devotion, and by his refinement of character and true education.

In 1670, Pierre Richer, a paternal ancestor of His Lordship, left La Flèche, a town on the River Loire, which had been raised to the rank of a baronage in the fourteenth century. Among the lords of La Flèche may be mentioned Henry II. of England and Richard the lion-hearted. The unfortunate Henry IV. of France looked with great favor on this village of the Loire, and it was he who gave the first impetus to the Jesuit College which has turned out such men as Bishop François Laval de Montmotency, Bishop de Pontbriand, Descartes, the Talleyrands, and Eugene of Savoy, great-nephew of Cardinal Mazarin.

His Lordship, Bishop Lafleche, was born at Sainte Anne de la Pérade, on the 4th of September 1818. In 1831 he entered

the College of Nicolet, and on the 7th January, 1844, he received Holy Orders at the hands of Bishop Turgeon in the Basilica of Quebec. His first Mass was sung in the Church of St. Roch. He was appointed curate of St. Gregory, but his burning desire for the propagation of our holy faith led him to follow in the footprints of the missionary a few short months after his ordination. Twelve years were spent with the Indians about Lake Superior and the Red River. His co-laborer in this field was Archbishop Taché, who is now presiding over the diocese of St. Boniface. His devotedness and strong religious sentiments never failed him; and, whether it was in his clerical peregrinations, or in his confinement through sickness, he always remained the true apostle of Christ. Bishop Provencher could not overcome the humility of Father Lafleche by inducing him to accept the post of co-adjutor. Yet Heaven had reserved the pious young man for the episcopal dignity. He was called from the scenes of his missionary labors to fill the post of Vicar-General of the Bishop of Three Rivers, and lend his talents and learning to science as President of the College of Nicolet. In 1861 he was directly removed to the episcopal residence where he took charge of the finances of the diocese. In the fall of 1866, Pope Pius IX. invested him with the title of Bishop of Anthédon, *in partibus infidelium*, and co-adjutor of the Prelate of Three Rivers with the right of succession. His Lordship Bishop Baillargeon, conferred on him that dignity in the Cathedral of Three Rivers. In 1867, Bishop Cooke's health was so undermined that Bishop Lafleche became sole administrator of the diocese. In 1870, he attended the Vatican Council at Rome, and it was on this occasion that he was officially nominated Episcopal Prelate of Three Rivers, on the demise of his worthy predecessor. In 1892, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration was celebrated, and it made manifest the universal esteem and veneration which the sterling qualities of the good bishop had merited.

for him. The consideration of the holy Father, on this occasion, took the form of a nomination as assistant at the Pontifical Throne.

The real worth of the Bishop of Three Rivers does not depend merely upon his talents and upon his brilliancy. These qualities are never sufficient to make a man of prominence and distinction. These excellent attributes must be accompanied by indefatigable labor, and even plodding, so as to keep apace with the times. That Bishop Lafleche was an untiring and diligent student is clearly testified, not only by the position which he holds in the world as well as in the Catholic hierarchy, but also by the universality of his knowledge and attainments. These are most wonderfully manifested in his delightful conversation. The doctor, the lawyer, the scientist, the philosopher, and the theologian, can all derive something from the fund of knowledge possessed by the brilliant septuagenarian.

As an orator, the bishop is exceedingly eloquent, and the French Canadians seem to allot to him the meed of superiority. His style is delightfully smooth and flowing, and his figures are exquisite and drawn from nature. His contact with the Indians as well as the Indian blood transmitted to him by his mother's maternal grand-mother, are responsible for the simplicity of his language, while its refinement is due to his worthy ancestry and to

the noble qualities particularly infused by Heaven.

Bishop Lafleche may truly be considered as one of the bright lights of the land if we contemplate the effulgence which he sheds about him. By his own people he is surely glorified as a brilliant sun, as he has been a source of illumination not only in matters of science and religion, but also in his angelic functions of helper of the poor, consoler of afflicted souls, and adviser of the needy.

It would require a person intimately acquainted with the holy man to give a just appreciation of his intrinsic worth. The outside world can only know him by his outward deeds, and these only give a superficial knowledge. A great deal of exceeding merit is smothered by humility. The richest gems of his noble character must be concealed from vulgar gazing and reserved for the contemplation of the spirits of eternity, to be crowned with everlasting glory by the Omniscient and Omnipotent.

The OWL cordially extends its congratulations, and its best wishes to the noble toiler, who, for fifty years, has spent his labors in the chosen vineyard of the Lord. May Heaven still spare the Venerable Prelate for many years to his devoted people. To this prayer, all those who know him will heartily add *Amen*.

W. A. H., '88.



TO FRANCE.



FRANCE, first-born of the Church's daughters, hark !
 'Tis Leo speaks of thy Joan of Arc ;
 Gather the joyous message, martial Maid :
 Lo she, the Maryr'd One of Domremy,
 Who led thy legions on to Victory
 When Courage falter'd, Fortune look'd askance,
 And clanking Fetter mock'd Deliverance ;
 Thy Judith, whom no danger e'er efray'd,
 Thine Esther, rais'd to glory but to lay
 Both life and grandeur at her people's feet,
 Thy Captain, risen out a veil'd retreat
 To light thy chieftains up the gilded way,
 Thy Savior, who for Creed and Country bled,
 Whose flesh the fiendish brand at Rouen fed—
 Thy child, thy tower of strength in peril's hour
 Is rais'd by him to whom thy will should bow,
 Is set on Christ's own battlements, a tower ;
 The rarest gem that deck'd thy regal brow
 Emits new lustre from thy Mother's now ;
 Thy Virgin Martyr, pure as angel's breath,
 In whom the Scepter, Sword and Cross unite --
 And all that was, and is that's good and bright—
 In life thy strength, is made thy bond in death.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

Paris, April 22nd, 1894.

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A PARTING HOOT.

It is a peculiarity of college journalism that the editorial chairs are scarcely warmed by one group of scribes when they are vacated for new-comers. Year after year, as surely as September's advent, new names appear on the staff, strange faces throng the sanctum, and other fingers grasp the quills erstwhile wielded by poets and "prosateurs" whose term of usefulness is past. And as surely as the coming of June, the aforesaid geniuses are supposed to round off the period of their sway with

some sort of valedictory address. Agreeably to this custom, made sacred by the practice of our predecessors, we determined to wait upon the OWL in his own private den, and from his inspired beak get an idea of what he thought of Volume VII.

We do not remember having seen it anywhere chronicled that the OWL is a conceited bird; but we can with all due heed to our unblemished character for veracity aver that when we strayed softly into the sanctum with the intention of interviewing the particular representative of his species who makes his home within our college walls, we detected him in the act of strutting majestically up and down, with nine suspicious-looking periodicals bearing a marked outward semblance to one another in his claw, and gently murmuring to himself, "Am I not a bird?" When he had become aware of our presence by the very long shadow which always accompanies us stretching its unseemly length across his path, he turned, smiled as far as the gravity of his countenance would permit, and motioned us to an easy chair. Evidently he suspected the purport of our visit, and was loaded for us.

"Well my boy," said he, "another year has melted into the past. How time does fly!" Having delivered himself of this novel and striking remark, he dropped into his favorite lounging chair, and we, grasping the opportunity, hastened to inquire his opinion of us on this the eve of our departure. "Why," quoth he, "you have done admirably; and so have the others. I am proud of you, and sorry you are going away. Look here, couldn't I prevail upon you to stay right on, by a raise in salary, or a promotion, or something of that kind? You know that the Managing Editor, Rev. Father Murphy, is going to leave us. But we have replaced Managing Editors before. He has done his duty, and if he must go, why he must, that's all.

But I'm grateful to all you editors: to some more than others doubtless, (and if I had certain of them here I might be a trifle harsh with them), but in a greater or less degree, to all. I am thankful to my contributors also, students, alumni, and others; very thankful. Former students have remembered me better this year than perhaps in any other. The Faculty also have been exceedingly kind and generous. Tell them I said so; and all my friends you may happen to meet. Tell them if they drop around I will shake hands with them, will you?"

Taking up a couple of numbers, he cast his eye approvingly over them, and exclaimed, "By jove, my boy, this volume will eclipse them all. I've just been looking it over, and I'm delighted. I don't look old, do I? Do you know, I think I improve with age, like good wine: which, by the way, I haven't got about the place. And that reminds me—those subscribers, oh, those subscribers! Look here, can't you stir them up a little before you go? Now quietly, don't you think I'm a pretty nice looking bird?—pedigree unblemished, character unsullied. Now is there any reason why I should not be taken up by these people? And if they are not satisfied with me, why don't they say so? But there are some of them will receive my calls, and smile upon me, but they never even leave their cards at the office here—you know those cards with the figure "I" in monogram all round the edge—from one year's end to the other. Now I call this treating me shamefully, don't you? Say, stir them up a little, will you? Chase them in here if you run across any of them. Believe me, you will be doing me a great favor if you attend to this. Well I guess that's all I have to say to you to-day. Give my respects to your confrères, and tell those who are leaving that, I'll miss them

dreadfully, and that if I hadn't already survived the loss of much better men. I would be in despair. It will take half the vacation to collect such another bevy. Send them in here, and I will say good-bye to them; and now, good-bye yourself, and good luck to you."

And from the way His Owlship sank back among the cushions I concluded that any editorial intruders would meet with a silent reception for the next couple of hours at least. Nothing short of the dry rattle of a delinquent subscriber's card would rouse the Sage Bird. And so I left him.

OLD TIMERS' ADVICE.

During the last few days of the scholastic year it is interesting to listen to students as each one makes known to his fellows his plans for the coming vacation. These plans, as a rule, remain in the realms of the ideal, their progenitors never convert them into realities. And as a matter of fact it is often just as well that such is the case. After seven years of hard study the student knows but one thing well and that is how to study. In like manner it is only after spending six or seven vacations as best he knows how that the student becomes rightly acquainted with the proper means of making his vacations profitable and agreeable. The Owl, ever anxious to do his best for Ottawa University students, has consulted "old timers" and graduates on this subject and the following is the result of his painstaking.

1st. During the summer's recess let the student rest himself thoroughly. By rest is not meant lounging around the house playing cards or smoking an old pipe or cheap cigar or worse still an "anti-energy" cigarette. The best rest for a student is abundant out-door exercise. Participation

in baseball, lacrosse, boating, fishing, hunting, etc., should be his pastime. His body has undoubtedly suffered by over-confinement during the past ten months let it now have a chance to recuperate and develop its strength. 2nd. Let him who wishes to make a proper use of the summer holidays remember that night is the time for sleep, not for frolics. This may seem somewhat old-fashioned but it is a fact well worth noticing that old-fashioned people are often the healthiest, the happiest and the wisest. 3rd. Open air amusement cloy, if continued without interruption. It is therefore fitting that the college man should spend a part of his free-time in other ways. What has a better claim to a share of his attention than books? We would not advise you to continue studying Homer, Plato, Cicero, etc., all summer. You are tired of them and if they could have seen all your reproductions of their work it is just possible that they would now be tired of you. Light reading is the proper thing for vacation. It includes good novels, biographies, historical sketches, etc. The monthly magazines such as the *North American Review*, the *Century*, the *Forum*, etc., contain interesting and highly profitable reading matter. The perusal of these periodicals makes one acquainted with the great men and great doings of our own great century. And, if it is a good thing to know the master-minds and important events in the history of Greece and Rome, it is, in our opinion, a much better thing to know something about the leading men and important happenings of our own times. 4th. During vacation the student travels some or, at least, has much time for observing men and things in his own town or city. He sees how the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, the journalist, the merchant, etc., is engaged throughout the day. If he has

not yet decided what calling he is to follow in life surely now he has an excellent opportunity for comparing the different professions and callings and he should at once make his choice. 5th. Last but not least, no one should allow vacation and its pleasures to induce him to give up his course of studies. All the professions, all the higher callings are crowded but in each and every one of them there is plenty of room at the top for thorough men. We say without hesitation that a man is not thorough, cannot be thorough, unless he has made a complete course of studies. Disdain to be in an inferior place, be thorough men, be not in a hurry to study law, medicine, etc., before having completed your classical course.

CONTROL OF THE SENTIMENTS.

There is nothing more admirable in any individual than true education and refinement. Their accompaniment is invariably amiability, deference, and charity. A true gentleman is never selfish; he always considers those with whom he comes in contact: he studies his little peculiarities and eccentricities, and endeavors to avoid such of them as may become a source of annoyance to his fellowmen. An equable temperament is a most charming quality to possess, while a changeable one,—one which has every possible phase,—is a universal cause of discomfort. The man who knows how to moderate his expressions of exquisite joy and of unbounded sorrow, receives a meed of admiration which to many seems unaccountable. Some, under the influence of a weighty grief, become monotonous by their gloom and, perhaps, by their irritability. On the other hand, under the impression of a passing delight, they become tiresome by their excessive jollity. In our sorrow, we should remember that others may not, at

the time, have similar reasons to grieve ; on the contrary, they may be making extraordinary efforts to subdue the effervescence of some fond delight.

But there is yet a personal consideration which should make us smother our grief and moderate our gaiety. When we are sorrowful we should not forget that sometimes we are gay ; and when we dance with delight we should still bear in mind that oftentimes our hearts are overwhelmed with sadness. How can we reconcile the two extremes ? Excessive rapture in delight and uncontrolled dejection in distress, but give one the idea of a weak and fickle nature which yields most cowardly to outward circumstances. Much better were it to control our sentiments : our friends would then experience less vexation, and we would have possession of our hearts, and hold them subject to our Will and unto Reason.

Is there anything more intolerable than the giddiness which can not comprehend that there are times when incessant giggling should be checked ? Or is there anything so wretched as the continuous lamentation over one that now enjoys the raptures of eternity ? We should not do away with sentiment ; we should not utterly abolish the expression of our feelings ;—that would be stoicism—but we should certainly avoid excesses ; they are detestable, and only indicate a character over which the will has no control.

VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

On the 25th of May the students tendered a reception in the Academic Hall to His Grace, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, who was attending a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada recently held in Ottawa. Mr. Jas. Murphy, on behalf of the students, presented him with an address of welcome of which the following is a copy :—

*To His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop
of Halifax :*

My Lord Archbishop,

The students of the University of Ottawa, desire to assure you that it is with genuine pleasure that they welcome you here to-day as an honored visitor.

We deem the visit of any Prelate of Mother Church an honor to our Alma Mater, but doubly do we appreciate the presence of one whom we can regard as a model for all engaged in imparting or acquiring higher education.

Although present students have never had the privilege of seeing you here, we feel that you are no stranger to us ; the Maritime Provinces have long been represented in our midst, if not by great numbers, at least by students who have ever upheld the reputation of taking a foremost place in the higher walks of life, so justly enjoyed by Canadians from the Atlantic shores.

We have again and again heard, with satisfaction and with pride, of the success which has crowned Your Grace's efforts in the portion of the Lord's vineyard, over which you preside. Your works in prose and verse, have afforded many of us much pleasant and profitable reading. Most heartily do we thank Your Grace for the pleasing poetic lines which you have been kind enough to contribute from time to time, to our University journal, the OWL.

We are happy to have this opportunity of congratulating you on your promotion to the Royal Society of Canada. The high attainments which Your Grace brings to this elevated position, will, we are sure, enable you to do great honor to our Church and to our land. We look forward with pleasure to seeing you again whenever your duties bring you to the Capital.

Thanking Your Grace for this visit, we hope and pray that the great Giver and Ruler of all, will grant you health and continued success for many long years to come.

The Archbishop thanked the students for the hearty welcome they accorded him, and assured them that he always took the deepest interest in the University of Ottawa, and in all institutions in which

learning is imparted. He spoke of the importance of students cultivating a character of their own. Many were the failures and complete wrecks in life, of those whose talents and successful college career had inspired the brightest hopes, merely because of their negligence, when students, to form an independent character. He therefore exhorted each one to cultivate for himself a character, that of a true Christian gentleman, lest, when thrown upon the sea of life, and deprived of all assistance, he, too, may experience the same failure. His Grace advised every student to endeavor to profit by the advantages to be derived from contributing to the columns of the OWL. No one should be discouraged if his first article is rejected for failure at the commencement has been the lot of many writers for whom perseverance has won distinction in literature. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the college journal and recommended those contributing to it to choose especially subjects of recent interest.

TRINITY ORDINATIONS.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel held the annual Trinity Ordination service at the Basilica, on the 19th ult. It was the largest ordination in the history of Ottawa Seminary, there being upwards of sixty candidates for Orders.

The following is a list of our young Levites :

PRIESTHOOD.

A. Pelletier, O. Corbeil, Wm. T. McCauley O. Lambert, O.M.I., L. Gschwind, O.M.I., A. Siros, O.M.I., T. Campeau, O.M.I., A. Boyer, O.M.I., J. Lacroix, O.M.I.

DEACONSHIP.

L. H. Major, C. Leclout, O.M.I., S. Beaudry, O.M.I., C. Charlebois, O.M.I.

STUB-DEACONSHIP.

M. F. Fitzpatrick, A. Hénault, O.M.I., J. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., P. A. Bousquet, O.M.I., Z. Picotte, O.M.I., L. Beaupré, O.M.I., H. Giroux, Chas. Sloan, O.M.I.,

H. Delmas, O.M.I., P. Gagné, O.M.I., Arthur McGowan, O.M.I.

MINOR ORDERS.

John Duffy, O.M.I., A. Lemonde, P. Plamondon, O.M.I., E. Pepin, O.M.I., M. Hermitte, O.M.I., P. Lechesne, O.M.I., E. A. Faure, O.M.I., G. Brück, O.M.I., C. Kruse, O.M.I., A. Fletcher, O.M.I., B. Fletcher, O.M.I., Tighe, O.M.I., G. S. Villeneuve, O.M.I., D. Sullivan, O.M.I., A. Van Hecke, O.M.I., F. Blanchin, O.M.I.

TONSURE.

J. B. Bazinet, A. Newman, Leo Raymond, J. Magnan, O.M.I., C. Najotte, O.M.I., F. Euzé, O.M.I., J. Droussel, S.M., T. Ronsin, S.M., C. Grenot, S.M., A. Prezeau, S.M., J. M. Castex, S.M., R. Leclair, S.M., P. Vagué, S.M., P. Leblain, S.M.

In the list of those raised to priesthood, many of our readers will be glad to see the name of Father McCauley. In the palmy days of old, when the Ottawa College football team held the proud title of Champions of Canada, Father McCauley, was the man most dreaded by his opponents, most appreciated by his friends. He knew football as few who donned the garnet and grey ever knew it, and his advice when followed, contributed to bring victory. A member of the class of '90, he has by untiring diligence and perseverance won a high rank in his studies. Ever gentle, obliging and manly he leaves behind a host of friends and well-wishers among professors and students of Ottawa University. His field of labor will be in St. Patrick's Parish, Ottawa, for some time to come.

The list of those who received orders at the Trinity Ordination in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, contains the following names of old Ottawa students :

Deacons—P. C. O'Brien, Duncan R. McDonald.

Sub deacons—F. L. French, D.F.R. McMillan.

Tonsured—J. J. Meagher, I. A. French, H. J. Canning, H. Coyne.

At the Seminary of Troy, N.Y., John Higgins and Denis Moore, two old Ottawa students, were raised to the priesthood at Trinity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A late dispatch from Rome says: The Pope's coming Encyclical may be taken, to some extent, as a political testament. It will review the chief events of his Pontificate, including the German Kulturkampf, the Irish questions, the action of His Holiness in America with reference to the Knights of Labor, and the Satolli mission, and his action in France with reference to the Republic. The Encyclical will be translated and published simultaneously in all languages.

"The bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean," says Prof. Huxley, "is one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, a waggon might be driven all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about two hundred miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by seventeen hundred fathoms of sea water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet."

The first iron bridge ever erected in the world, and which is in constant use at the present time, spans a little river in the County of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778, and is exactly 96 feet in length; 378 tons of iron was used in its construction. Stephenson, the great engineer, writing concerning it said: "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."

The *Scientific American* of recent date, gives the following statistics of the cost of living, an Englishman spends, on an average, \$48, a year, for food; a Frenchman, \$47; a German, \$42; a Spaniard, \$33; an Italian, \$24; and a Russian, \$23. Of meat the Englishman consumes 108 pounds; the Frenchman 87; the

German, 64; the Italian, 26; and the Russian, 51. Of bread the Englishman consumes 380 pounds; the Frenchman, 540; the German, 560; the Spaniard, 480; the Italian, 400; and the Russian, 635.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

MEMOIRS OF RT. REV. EDMUND BURKE, by Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax

This is a book that can plead its own cause, and which should be carefully perused by everyone who desires to have a clear insight into the early history of the Catholic Church of English-speaking Canada. Those who have read that exquisite story, "After Weary Years," are fully aware of Archbishop O'Brien's scholarly attainments. If it were not presumptuous on our part we would apply to the learned Archbishop his own description of Bishop Burke: "his works are the spontaneous outpourings of a well-stored mind in the odd moments of relaxation from the worries and cares of a heavy charge." After a careful perusal of these timely pages of ecclesiastical history, even the most skeptical will be forced to admit that the Rt. Rev. Doctor has more than fulfilled the promise made in the introduction to his *Memoirs*: "The writer has set down naught in malice; historic truth has been sought, and when found it has been given regardless of its adaption to the views of friend or foe. Any other line of action would be unworthy of a scholar, and an insult to reason." Every statement made is proved from documents contained in the archives of Quebec, of Halifax, and of the Propaganda, Rome. The search-light of truth is brought to bear upon many so-called historical facts. We are astonished to read that in the early days of Nova Scotia, persons who were guilty of the heinous crime of harboring, relieving or concealing any popish priest, should be fined fifty pounds, and be set in the pillory. Yet the proof stares us in the face. A few sledge-hammer sentences, such as those in which the writer portrays, the sad lesson presented by the church of modern France, the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians, and the futility of

the efforts of those who endeavor to destroy *The Benign Mother of Nations*, would firmly establish any author's reputation as a master of English.

IN DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS:
By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph. D.

This elegant little volume of poems comes to us from the press of the Williamson Book Company, Toronto. Among the many melodious verses which it contains it would be a difficult task to particularize; yet, by us who preserve in our hearts a tender feeling for Alma Mater, "Profecturi Salutamus," "In Memoriam," and "Memori et Fidelis," will always be read with the greatest pleasure. Mr. O'Hagan possesses not a little of "the happy, heavenly vision men call Art." He is a true Canadian and has a warm place in his heart for old Erin, as the rippling verses of "The Maple and Shamrock" abundantly prove.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY,
DISCOVERED AND DECIPHERED BY DR.
OWEN.

Quite a sensation has been created in literary circles by the extraordinary light thrown upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by Dr. Owen, of Detroit, who claims to have discovered a hidden cipher in one of Bacon's works which unfolds the whole secret. According to this tell-tale scroll Bacon wrote not only all the works accredited to Shakespeare, but also almost everything else worth reading in the Elizabethan age. This cipher declares Bacon to be the lawful son of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, who were first married in the Tower, and afterwards re-married by Sir Nicholas Bacon in the presence of Anne Bacon and Sir John Puckering, whom Elizabeth afterward made Lord High Chancellor. Thus far Dr. Owen has published only two small volumes of his argumentation but promises to issue a third in June and then to disclose the secret cipher. Dr. Owen presents a pretty strong case, and seems to explain many passages of Shakespeare hitherto unintelligible. Shakespeare is now so firmly established in the hearts of lovers of everything noble in literature, that he who dares to ruthlessly tear him from his lofty pedestal must prove a clear

case ere he can hope to convince the reading public that "Shakespeare" is a mere cloak to conceal the master-hand of Bacon. We must, however, in all fairness, give Dr. Owen a fair hearing and decide in accordance with the cold facts that he promises to give us in his cipher.

MÉMORIAL DES NOCES D'OR DE SA
GRANDEUR MONSIEUR L.F. LAFLÈCHE,
EVEQUE DES TROIS-RIVIÈRES.

This neat memorial of Bishop Laflèche's Golden Jubilee is issued from the office of the "Tristuvien." The frontispiece of the memorial is an excellent engraving of the venerable prelate. The work throughout is characterized by its artistic finish and contains fine cuts of the Town of La Flèche, the Basilica of Quebec, the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, and a very realistic representation of a skirmish between two Indian tribes, in which the Bishop, then a missionary, played a very important part.

— — — ◆ — — —
EXCHANGES.

The following clipping will be of profit to all who read it:—"A celebrated writer, who was remarkable for delicacy and refinement of expression, when asked how he refrained, even in conversation, from the use of words in the least approaching coarseness, answered that he had made it a rule, when a boy, never to make use of language that he would be ashamed to repeat in the presence of his mother. At present when many men and even boys, are almost habitually profane and vulgar, clean speech is a jewel all the rarer from the contrast. Conversation comes nearer to reflecting the inner life of a man than even his familiar letters. It is the true index to a man's character; for in his letters he may be as artificial and as nice in his choice of words as he pleases; but when he is talking, the expression that he uses daily will come unbidden to his lips. If he thinks nobly he will speak nobly; if his thoughts are impure, they will, unnoticed by him, color his speech. Foul talkings, like the taste for tobacco and liquor, is an acquired habit, and the most disgusting one of the three."—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

The University of Michigan sends out a class of 731 this year, the largest ever graduated from an American College.—*Ex.*

The *Christian Review* contains a pointed editorial on college organizations. We heartily endorse the writer's statement when he says, "Criticism is a valuable check, yet to be of any use it must be intelligent, kindly and discriminating. This the majority of criticisms are not." As a rule officers of college societies are subjected to much harsh, unjust criticism.

For inebriety, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.—*Anon*

We read an interesting article in the *Phoenixian* entitled the "Millionaire's Money." Well does its author say, "There are many who forget that if riches tend to ennoble they likewise oblige."

The ex-man now bids his brother editors throughout the land a last farewell. For three years he has occupied the same position on the staff, and during that time he has learned much of college men and their ways. He has found them for the most part to be of mettle with the proper ring about it—men expert at the world's good old game of give and take. On leaving he congratulates college journalists on the success already achieved, and wishes them a long continuance of the same.

SPORTING NOTES.

The district baseball championship won last year by the University nine, is not likely to be transferred to other hands. The team has been on the diamond since the season opened, and finds itself in excellent trim. One or two games with picked nines clearly showed its strength. Batting and base-running are particularly the strong points, whilst fielding is acknowledged to be equal if not superior to anything yet seen here. Great interest has been manifested in the prospect of a couple of matches with the Ottawa team.

The hopes entertained by the enthusiasts of lacrosse, Canada's great game, have been fairly satisfied. A team was picked some time ago, and it was resolved to try conclusions with some of the four teams which had formed a junior city league, and are to play for a trophy. The outcome was four hotly contested matches in less than a month. Out of two of these which took place with the Crescents, the second, characterized by extremely fast, sometimes rough, play, was declared a draw. Another with the Pastimes went in favor of 'Varsity. The fourth with the young Capitals, afforded our team an easy victory. The 'Varsitytwelveshow from these results, that they would be no mean rivals next fall in the fight for the trophy. They hope, at least, to cross sticks with the winning team.

The following are the players :

T. Rouleau, Goal; A. Tobin, Point; E. Capbert, Coverpoint; J. Conolly, 1st Defence; J. Copping, 2nd Defence; C. Mc Gee, 3rd Defence; E. McDonald, Centre; J. Lacy, 1st Homefield; W. Murphy, 2nd Homefield; J. Dulin, 3rd Homefield; E. Gleason, Outside Home; W. Brophy, Inside Home.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

OUR ORIGINALITY IMPUGNED.

Our reporter informs us that a canard, alleged to have emanated from one formerly connected with this department to the effect that the substance of our reference of last month to the P.P.A. originated with him, is going the rounds of the "small yard." We confess that we are not at all surprised. Our knowledge of human nature, told us that the unprecedented success, which this department has lately attained, must necessarily produce envy in some bosoms. While we have every confidence in our accuser's purity of intention, we cannot but regret that his course of logic was not more sound. Our rival reasons thus :

I conceived an idea. (?)

The Junior Editor expressed a similar idea.

Therefore the Junior Editor expressed my idea.

We deny the conclusion and proceed to show the utter falsity of the reasoning. At the outset, however, we must concede a remarkable coincidence. Yet our accuser must be aware that this is not the first time in the history of human affairs that different persons have conceived similar ideas. He will remember that Newton and Leibnitz independently invented calculus about the same time, and that Adams in England and Leverrier in France, simultaneously deduced the formulas which led to the discovery of the planet Neptune. Many such instances might be quoted, but we think these two will suffice. Platonic realism might offer a hypothetical solution of the difficulty did not our humility force us to conclude that, an idea having once lodged in our rival's superior intellect, would hardly deign to enter such a diminutive one as ours. In view of our past record we believe that the foregoing defence is unnecessary. However the desire to render occult attacks on our editorial ability unpopular constrains us to use drastic measures.

On being taken to task for the paucity of news items this month, our Assistant Junior Editor paradoxically informed us that the extreme heat of the past few days had tended to cool the athletic ardor of the Juniors. This no doubt as well as the excitement which usually precedes the examinations, may, to a certain extent, explain the state of affairs of which we complain. However from the suspicious proximity to the veranda posts, in which, from our study window, we have frequently observed him of late, we are led to surmise that he is becoming a too active member of the P.P.A., the new organization to which we referred last month. When re-engaging the present Assistant Junior Editor last September, we laid down certain conditions, the faithful fulfilment of which, we deemed indispensable for the successful conducting of this department. If we remember rightly, the condition we most emphatically insisted upon, was that our assistant would keep himself entirely untrammelled as far as connection with any organization was concerned. We con-

sidered that by so doing he would be in a better position to assist us in dealing out even-handed justice to our patrons, and our readers, we are assured, will readily acknowledge the prudence and reasonableness of this demand. While sincerely regretting the necessity, in this, the last issue of the present scholastic year, of making these remarks which would seem to reflect upon the efficiency of our heretofore worthy assistant, we deem it advisable to do so in order that the aspirants for the position next year may be fully cognizant of what is expected of them.

The Junior Second base-ball team has made great progress since the beginning of the season. On May 23rd, after a very close contest, it defeated a city team by a score of 6 to 5. Hayes and Cowan on first and second bases, made some fine plays, as did also Gilbert and Morrison at short-stop and centre-field.

The Member for Texas, and J. Cincinnati Dempsey, the Minister of Agriculture, will return to the plow for the next two months.

Messrs. Claude Phaneuf and Sherman O'Neil, will attend the Summer School at Plattsburg.

"Donovan" intends giving swimming exhibitions as well as doing a little bridge jumping during the summer.

Freddy, will spend his leisure time during vacation, securing selections for his voluminous scrap-book.

W. P., will devote his entire attention to humorous poetry.

The rank in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of May is as follows :--

First Grade.	{	1. E. Pinard.
		2. O. Lemay.
		3. P. Auger.
Second Grade.	{	1. J. Coté.
		2. J. Tobin.
		3. W. Vernon.

Third Grade B. { 1. P. Turcotte.
2. H. Desrosiers.
3. H. Leclerc.

Third Grade A. { 1. J. Stuber.
2. J. Dempsey.
3. W. Harty.

Fourth Grade. { 1. E. Donegan.
2. J. Conlon.
3. W. Whissell.

He doesn't dance—he dotes on "form,"
Is languid as a beau;
But makes a wall-flower picturesque,
As all the ladies know.

'Tis hard to guess his aim in life,
Since things are so passé;
The merest trifle troubles him—
Though why no one can say.

His chief exertion is to dress,
To sleep at times, and eat,
To show himself admiringly,
To folks in town and street.

Each nation has its special due,
To certain features true;
But one may say—to steal a joke,
The Yankee dude'll do."—*Ex.*

—◆—
SUBRIDENDO.

Omne bene sine poena
Tempus est studendi
Venit hora absque mora
Libros deponendi.—*Ex.*

THE EXAMINATION.

With anguish wild my senses whirl,
My wits have from me fled.
I sit and stare in blank despair,
Recalling what I've read.
What gender's this—what case is that
Or why this useless word,
When sense is just as well without,
And with it is absurd?
The time is gone! Well, never mind—
I've written what is true;
And told to my sad cost, I fear,
How much I never knew.—*Ex.*

THE DUDE.

The dude is what the dandy was,
Raised to the nth degree:
As odd a human specimen
As mortal eyes can see.
His faultless collar towers high,
His patent gaiters glow,
He calls himself the cream of earth,
For what he doesn't know.
A monocle adorns his eye,
A cane rests in his hand;
Too idle is he, far, to work,
Or e'en to understand.

—◆—
ULULATUS.

"What color is your precipitate?
Did *Shortie* cover his man or did the man cover
him from sight?
I am English, you know, remarked *Herbie*.
Joe n-o-s-e how to shoot goals at sight.
Hold on there boys! Robbie and I are going
to *have* a game.
What was wrong with our home man during
last game, he appeared to be somewhat *lazy*.
"Eye's front," said the captain, "and don't
get *gay* there, get *ready*.
If Thaddeus would put less *brogue* on he would
pronounce the Greek better.
A practical joker persists in saying that the fair
is the best place in town to purchase *culinary*
articles.
Our city poet has produced a humorous ballad
entitled *Tic* on your sash.

A MATRICULANT'S PRAYER.

Oh *eagles* on your perch above
Fly down with cribs to me,
In darkness I am working now
O give me light to see.

"Patsy, you can tell him, I am in the robin's
nest again."

In order to get an idea of Shakespeare Joe used
Lamb's 'Tates. He pronounces Lamb to be guilty
of *probitity*, *cercumfuscon* and equivocation.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Matriculation is a fake
For I tell you in dead earnest
'Tis enough man's head to break.

On June 22nd at my wardrobe, number 2
dormitory, there will be an auction sale of unclaimed
goods, viz: suspenders, collars, ties and shoes.

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