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A MESSAGE TO M.

AND when the gray-bird's song was done
I saw him fly across the snow,
While like a jewel all aglow
His wing shone in the setting sun
And made the world seem bright.
Still ever in my heart I heard
The song he sang ring word for word
Throughout the watches of the night.

Then when the morning came I said :
I have no greeting for my friend,
No costly gift that I may send,
So why not in its place instead
Send just the gray-bird's simple strain
Across the wintry world to her,
An echo as God's messenger
That through the snow he comes again.

So as I weave it take it dear,
This faulty rhyme all out of tune,
To bind together rose of June
And Christmas holly for the year,
Your summer time I may not know
My winter days you may not see,
But each is best for you and me,
Since One who loves us wills it so.

Odessa, N.Y., Xmas, 1900. H. B.

THE ACT OF UNION.

FROM the days of King John to the days of George III., Ireland was the dwelling-place of a parliament. This parliament was never an Irish parliament. Its members were chosen almost entirely from among the Anglo-Norman invaders, and its legislation was invariably prejudicial to the interests of the native population. With the advent of Protestantism and the accession to the English throne of William of Orange, the already limited representative body was reduced to still smaller dimensions by a law allowing Protestant members only to take their seat in the House. Hence, the last eight hundred years of Ireland's history are dotted by the landmarks of British tyranny—the Statutes of Kilkenny, the Penal Laws, the Act of Union. They all involved new civil relations for Ireland; they have all been sources of disasters for Ireland, and all point to England as their common originator. Let us see how this is verified in the Act of Union.

By the Act of Union Ireland lost the right to make her own laws. Henceforth she was to send her quota of representatives to swell the ranks of the British legislature, where Irish interests in common with English, Scotch, Welsh, and greater Imperial interests were to be discussed and legislated for. This measure was to be a panacea for the evils of Ireland; how then has it proved a source of disaster to her? Surely, if the vast bulk of the Irish people had no voice in their so-called legislature, could they reasonably regret its loss? Could they reasonably protest against the annexation of the parliament of Dublin with the parliament of London? What advantage would they derive from the maintenance of a legislature, the vast majority of whose members were the exclusive choice of a few landed proprietors? Should they not rather prefer a parliament in which their country would have, at least, the advantage of an adequate representation? No; bad as was her independent parliament, inadequately as she was represented therein, Ireland had reasons to cling tenaciously to her parliament. She construed the growing spirit of tolerance and reform that characterized the time, as a favorable prognostic

for the future of her parliament ; she looked forward to a day as certainly near when, the spirit of the people triumphing over the greediness of the boroughmongers, Ireland would enjoy the merited boon of a truly national parliament. The Irish people, moreover, understood too well that miserably as fared their interests in their own parliament, far less could they expect, when their affairs would be placed in the hands of a nation from whom they had received anything but sympathy.

That the apprehensions of the Irish were well founded, the history of the century just expired is conclusive proof. The facts are glaring. The Union itself was not consummated without confirming the worst fears of the people. For, not only were the Irish robbed of their parliamentary independence, but, horrible to relate ! theirs was the money that rewarded the miscreants who committed that frightful deed. From the Irish treasury, in fact, were drawn the sums that were spent on the hundred and twenty-six thousand soldiers that were maintained in the country to overawe the people ; thence Castlereagh drew the immense sums that persuaded the Irish Commons to support the Act of Union.

This however was but a prelude to the drama of injustice and iniquity that was about to begin. At the time of the Union, the national debt of Ireland, owing to the liberality of Castlereagh, was £21,000.000; while that of England was £446,000,000. By the terms of Union, England was to bear forever the burden of those four hundred and forty-six millions ; while Ireland was to stand responsible for her twenty one millions only. Have those terms of the Act been complied with ? No. To-day Ireland owes that stupendous sum. But how did this happen ? This way. The debts were to remain separate, but each nation was to contribute to the actual expenditure in a certain proportion, 2 from Ireland against 15 from England. As soon, however, as the respective debts should be brought to bear to each other the proportions of the contributions, that is to say 2 to 15, they were to be consolidated, and the two countries to be taxed indiscriminately by equal taxes. That the 2 to 15 proportion would exhaust and impoverish Ireland in a few years, no one, knowing the great poverty of Ireland at that time, could possibly deny. Many Irish lords knew the state of Ireland, and vainly protested against the 2 to 15 rate as exor-

bitant, prophesying that it would bring financial bankruptcy to the island. Never was prophecy more true. In sixteen years, Ireland's debt increased 230 per cent: whereas the debt of Great Britain increased only 66 per cent. The required proportion was reached; the debts were consolidated; and Ireland, contrary to all sense of justice, was loaded with the enormous burden of the pre-Union debt of England. Had Irishmen the independent right to look after their own interests, would such a transaction ever have been witnessed?

To the same iniquitous source is traced the frightful over-taxation of Ireland. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Ireland's wealth, absolute and relative, was far less than the wealth of England. So notorious, indeed, was this fact, that the promoters of the Union themselves gave it their unqualified recognition. That it was not to be ignored, in adjusting the proportion each country would have to bear of the burden of future taxation, the proportion 2 to 15 subsequently established, Castlereagh's distinct promise in the Irish House of Commons and the Act of Union itself amply prove. For, in fact, what else did the two to fifteen proportion profess to show, but the comparative fiscal abilities of the two countries? Does not the Act of Union expressly say that, at the end of the first twenty years during which time the above-mentioned ratio was to be law, "the future expenditure of the United Kingdom shall be defrayed in such proportion as Parliament shall deem just and reasonable" on comparison of the fiscal standings of both kingdoms? Lord Castlereagh stated that the measure "gave to Ireland the utmost possible security that she could not be taxed beyond the measure of her *comparative* ability; and the rates of her contribution must ever correspond with her *relative* wealth and prosperity." Have these promises been fulfilled? No, far from it. In the year 1790, the taxes, in Ireland, on commodities which strike the masses, were, per head, 4s.; in 1820, 11s.; in 1894, 22s.—they were doubled. In England they were in 1820, 48s; in 1894, 24s.—they were halved. Thus, the Irish taxes, which had been under one-fourth, have become almost equal; and this, notwithstanding the increasing relative poverty of the country. In fact, the Report of the Royal Commission on the Financial relations between Great Britain

and Ireland, in the year 1897, which was endorsed by eleven of the thirteen commissioners, found that—

"While the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us to exceed one twentieth."

Would a national legislature have sanctioned such wholesale robbery?

And the population. In 1801, the population of England was 11,000,000; to-day she counts 34,000,000, having increased 230 per cent. Ireland had, in 1801, a population of 5,000,000; at present, she has 4,500,000, implying a *decrease* of 10 per cent. Where then, are the eleven millions who, proportionately, should have been added to her numbers?

In the eighteen short years of legislative independence, which succeeded the Volunteer movement of 1781, Ireland's prosperity was such as to call forth the eulogiums of the most unwilling and competent witnesses. Commerce flourished, manufactures thrived, and the condition of the people was better. The Union with Great Britain was to continue and even to add to this happiness, or, as Pitt expressed it, the Union "must infuse a large portion of wealth into Ireland and supply its want of industry and capital." How this promise was realized, let statistics show. In 1812, Ireland's capital was estimated at £563,000,000, England's being about three times as great or £1,500,000,000. In 1895, England's capital was valued at £10,000,000,000 showing an *increase* of 1,000 per cent; at the same date, Ireland's capital amounted to £400,000,000, implying a decrease of 30 per cent.

Not less astounding is the falling off in manufactures. Between 1841 and 1891, while the population decreased 42 per cent, the manufacturing population decreased 61 per cent, and all this in striking contrast to the English manufactures, which have augmented at the same rate.

Ireland has no longer any commerce worthy of the name. She has no capital, no investments, and what income should be hers, is ignobly squandered away in France or in England by the absentee landlords and mortgagees.

Calculated, however, as is this view to stagger belief, it is far from being adequate. Poverty, penury, famines, evictions, com-

mercial stagnation are but one side of the picture. The terrible social misery and unhappiness, so prevalent in Ireland during the last hundred years, undeniably flow from the same fatal source. To what must we ascribe the rising of 1803, the insurrection of 1847-48, the Fenian organisation? Were they not the outburts of hearts which were breaking with grief at the heartrending state of their beloved Erin? Read the draconic enactments known as Coercion Acts, which, to the incredible number of fifty two, have been put in force in Ireland during the century which has just rolled away, and say, if possible, that Ireland has been happy. Consider the standing army of policemen and soldiers which, even to-day, England's enlightened rulers feel bound to maintain in the land of St. Patrick, to overawe and keep down a race, far superior in morals and in intelligence to the people of England, and say that Ireland can be happy. Why is Ireland not heeded when she clamors for a Catholic University? Such are the facts. To what conclusion do they point? Are they not evident proof that the Act of Union has been the ruin of Ireland.

Now opens a question still more momentous than either of the two just solved. Who is responsible for all the harm that the Act of 1801 bequeathed to Ireland? Is Ireland herself responsible? Is the Parliament of Ireland responsible? Or is Pitt responsible?

To become law, the Act of Union had *first* to be carried through the Irish legislature; it had *secondly*, to get the sanction of the British Parliament, and *lastly*, it had to receive the royal assent. This being the order to be followed, it stands to reason that the final issue depended more on the Irish Parliament than on the British or on the king. For, if the measure were lost in the Irish Houses it could never become law, whereas, if it were successful there, its final triumph might be more confidently awaited. Moreover, the almost unanimity with which the measure passed through the English legislature, as well as the readiness with which George III gave it his consent. warrant the conclusion that this great transaction depended entirely upon the action of the Irish Parliament.

The Irish Parliament of those days containcd two elements—the House of Lords composed of the Peers of the kingdom—the House of Commons professing to represent the people of the

country. Before a measure became law it had to past *first* through the Commons and *then* through the Lords. Hence the Irish Commons in regard to the Act of Union, stood in the same position as did the Irish Legislature to the legislature of Great Britain ; for, if they refused to admit the Act, the House of Lords would be powerless ; whereas, if they passed the measure, its final success might be more hopefully entertained. What confirms this reasoning is the shameful alacrity with which the Irish Lords adopted the proposal for Union, even the first time it was broached. The Irish House of Commons, therefore, is to all appearances responsible for the passage of the Act of Union.

But here three suppositions are possible. The Irish House of Commons acted in conformity with the wishes of Irish people ; or on their own private convictions, or again, by the persuasion of William Pitt.

Neither of the first two suppositions can be held. To assert that the Irish Commons were guided in their action by the prevailing sentiment of the Irish people, is to misread history. In the first place, no one can legally authorize himself to act for a second party ; he must have been appointed by the party he would represent. Now, the Irish legislature was not appointed by Ireland ; it represented only a portion of the Protestant minority ; it represent nothing, as to the vast majority of its members, except a few noble families and great borough-proprietors. Therefore, it had no right to speak for the Irish nation.

But, you ask, why then if Ireland did not agree to the Union, why did she not rise as one man and denounce it? Look at the state of the country. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended ; martial law was in force ; 126,000 soldiers swarmed over the country. Meetings called to discuss the question were dispersed by the military. Public opinion was not wanted. Menace and bribes were alike exhausted by the wily Castlereagh to keep the country from giving vent to its sentiments, in order that it would appear to the world as if Ireland gave her consent to the Union scheme.

Individuals indeed, were found, and Catholic Bishops and priests among the number, who did much to discourage resistance to the policy of Pitt, But did they act thus because they wanted

the Union? or did they conceive it their duty under the circumstances to take that course? The people were already exasperated against England on account of the outrages heaped upon them with impunity by the English soldiery, they fretted to find that they were not allowed to discuss freely the question of Union, would it not have been adding fuel to the flame to encourage them to protest against the federal scheme? Might not a new rebellion be the result, and who, then, but the Catholic Bishops and priests would be held responsible for the inevitable destruction of the whole race? Only one course lay open to them. And that one they took up all the more willingly seeing that the honor of Castlereagh, the honor of Pitt, and through him of the British nation was plighted that Catholic Emancipation would be the immediate consequence of Union.

However, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Castle to ward off all expression of public opinion prejudicial to the new measure, a few really remarkable cases are on record in which the spirit of the nation escaping the vigilance of the law, entered a vehement and unequivocal protest against this alliance with England. Four-fifths of the barristers, the most respectable and intelligent body of men outside of the clergy, declared against it. Immortal O'Connell speaking for the Catholics of Dublin (and may it not be added for the Catholics of all Ireland?) denounced in scathing terms Pitt's favorite policy and entered a solemn protest against it. "If our opposition," said he, "to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of Union were to draw upon us the revival of the penal laws, we would boldly meet a proscription and oppression, which would be the testimony of our virtue, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country." And that O'Connell's sentiments were those of the Irish people, the petition against the Act by 700,000 of his contrymen contrasted with the pro-union petition signed by scarcely 5,000 people, is the most convincing proof. Evidently then Ireland did not sigh for Union with Great Britain.

Not only, however, did the parliament of Dublin not speak the sentiments of the Green Isle, it did not speak its own convictions. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, shows that

the Castle did not want the members to speak their own mind on the question. On the contrary, it did everything to induce members to support the new Act. Castlereagh told the House of Commons to discuss the question with coolness, and then quietly dismissed from office those who had been bold enough to oppose his project. Handsome bribes were likewise resorted to as an effective means to quiet consciences or hasten conviction. So openly indeed were force and seduction used that Mr. G. Ponsonby, Sir Jonah Barrington and William Conyngham Plunkett openly accused Castlereagh of using these foul means to attain his end. The last mentioned especially was unsparing in denunciation and defied anyone in the House of Commons to deny the truth of the accusation.

Castlereagh declared that he would *compensate* all who lost patronage or interest by reason of the new Act. He officially announced, *firstly*, that every proprietor of boroughs would receive £15,000 ($75,000) for every member he returned; *secondly*, that every member who had purchased a seat in parliament would have his purchase money repaid to him out of the treasury of Ireland; *thirdly*, that all members who were losers by the Union would be fully recompensed for their losses, and that £1,500,000 ($7,500,000) would be devoted to this service. The price paid for Union votes alone amounted to £1,000,000 ($5,000,000). Then forty new peerages were created and conferred as bribes; ten Anglican bishoprics, thirty new county judgeships and various other lucrative offices were likewise liberally bestowed to help on the measure.

Thus £5,000,000 ($25,000,000) were spent by Castlereagh to pass the Act of Union. Evidently no question of conviction was involved. The national independence of the Irish people was bought and sold as so much merchandise, the people not having the power to stay the shameless proceeding, the sellers being a venal parliament composed, with a few honorable exceptions, of men the most base and sordid, the buyer being Pitt of England who took from the Irish treasury the money that wrought her ruin. The Irish people, then, are not responsible for the Act; the parliament which sat at Dublin is responsible, but its responsi-

bility is secondary when compared with the responsibility of Pitt, Prime Minister and Prime Agent.

Pitt was Prime Minister of England. He loved his country and longed to see her at the head of the world. London should dictate to the universe. But her prestige would be a myth as long as an independent parliament graced the rival city of Dublin. Perhaps he conceived it impossible that two such bodies could act in unison, and the Regency case confirmed his views. His intentions may have been honest. He hoped perhaps that both kingdoms would thrive under a common parliament. But howsoever upright and honest his intentions may be proved to be, no apology can wipe away the ignoble stains which attach to his memory in consequence of the unscrupulous means he took to carry the Union, nor in view of the facts here adduced can any reasoning remove from his shoulders the chief responsibility of the ruinous effects that flow directly from the nefarious Act of Union.

From the foregoing, therefore, we see how ill-founded are the claims of those who on the one hand maintain that the Act of Union was pregnant with vast benefits for Ireland had Irishmen co-operated to make the measure a success, and of those on the other hand who assert that, if the Act of Union has been fruitful of ruinous effects to poor Erin, Irishmen are themselves responsible.

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I., '01.

A SWEET SINGER.

POETS are not made, we are sure of that, but are nurtured. And what is the best nurture for poets? The child's soul breathed upon by certain influences will quicken the germs of poetic power, but what are those influences—apart the divine—as such; what breezes will soonest and most surely bring them to vigorous bloom? The answer to these queries cannot come to us from the practical, mechanical wise ones who are now boasting so loudly of the "triumph of reason." While waiting for that answer let us observe that poets come out of most unlikely places. The seed, chance-sown, springs up after its kind, and grows into mignonette or morning glory, though on a heap of refuse in a cramped and neglected corner. Perhaps it takes a deeper tint or a richer fragrance from the rank elements that nourish it. But we do not look for this. The words instinctively spoken here are: How does such a flower flourish in such a spot? It is to the plant rooted in genial soil, with room to grow, that we look for large and vivid bloom, and it is to the poet nurtured under happy influences that we look for the charm that gives rest, if not forgetfulness. Such among several of the poets of the nineteenth century is the sweet singer now thought of—*Celia Thaxter*. Reading one of her books is like being taken from the jostling turmoil of a city into a quiet, sunny meadow, fragrant with sweet-brier and cool with the breath of the sea, a whole hemisphere of blue above and the voices of birds and children mingling with the rustle of the wind-swept grass. The serenity of nature is in her work, a serenity born not alone of a happy temperament, or victory over self and sorrow, but of a childhood blessed with love and free to take to itself all that unstinted sunshine, far-reaching ocean and boundless sky could give, or the winds could bring to her from every corner of the earth.

Celia Laighton was born at Portsmouth, N.H., twenty-ninth of June, 1835. When she was very young her father went to keep the lighthouse on White Island, one of the "Isles of Shoals," nine miles from the coast. These islands were inhabited by fish-

ermen, with many a legend of haunting ghost and buried treasure, and many a tale of storm and shipwreck to tell. A strange spot this, it would seem, to bring young, joyous children, the baby girl Celia, grown to womanhood, thus describes it: "Swept by every wind and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable. The incessant influence of the winds and sun and rain, snow frost and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary with age, though in the summer time a gracious greeness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines and softens somewhat their rugged aspect; yet so forbidding are these shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them, mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea, when all the smiling sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land lies ready to win the voyager back, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents, that the wild wastes of the water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that *will* see and ears that *will* hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half-forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens full of colour and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid streams and fields and meadows are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place, the vast loneliness, for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices—nothing but sky, sea and rocks. But the very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes

"With sunset purple soothing all the waste,"

and he will find himself slowly yielding to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning, and it seems as if morning was made for the first time, for the world is like a new-blown rose and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless, perhaps a song sparrow pours out its bliss-

ful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy and so is the sky; the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious colour that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sail or gull's wing. Nothing takes colour so beautifully as the bleached granite, the shadows are delicate and the fine hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise; all things are speckless and spotless. There is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. "I well remember," she says, "my first sight of White Island, I was scarcely six years old. It was at sunset in Autumn that we were set ashore on the loneliest, lovely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant and filled me with fear and wonder. We entered the quaint little old cottage that was to be my home for six years. How curious it seemed, with its low whitewashed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we were to grow too well acquainted." A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. She says: "I do not think there could be three happier children than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as the whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, and with pennies, for which we had no other use, made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea." As the little girl grew older she was allowed to light the lamps. "That was indeed a pleasure," she says, "so little a creature might do that for the great world!" Full of charm as the lighthouse was, it had its tragedy. The rays that cheered the eyes of men were messengers of despair and destruction to the birds that flew straight toward their source to be dashed against the glass and fall dead at the foot of the tower. On many a May morning when the birds were flying northward did the child sorrowfully

gather her apronful of them. In one of her poems she tells us how

"We laid the sweet dead shapes together,
Soothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age,)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page,
We bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass was green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf all together
With many a flower between;
And looking up with wet eyes saw how brightly upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight; how the sails were shining
And small waves laughed in glee,
And somehow comfort grew to check our grieving,
As if in spite of death a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.
What should we fear? whispered the little children
There is nothing so small
But God will care for it on Earth or Heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall!"

In winter the family were shut in to their own companionship. If storms had beaten down their cottage no succor could have reached them. The children had their books and playthings, and in a window seat Celia had her flowers. From the windows they could see the ocean shining in the sun or grey beneath the grey sky, or awfully white under the scourge of the storm. After the storms, Celia says: "The sky sparkled with the frosty light of the stars and quivered with the blue, crimson and orange of the *Aurora Borealis*." Such a wise reader of the heavens as the child became! Such a loving watcher of the stars and the clouds and the waves! A thousand things, that in a busier world would have been unheeded, left their impression upon her sensitive soul and tuned her ear to the fine song of Nature, sweetest in silence. The family thus isolated could not consider themselves entirely cut off from human sympathy. When they sat at night in their storm-shaken cottage, with the sea thundering upon the rocks they must think of the sailor and feel thankful it was theirs to

keep his hope alight; and the beams shining so far at sea were the links in the chain of mutual help that encompasses the world. When Celia was twelve years old her poetic longings awoke "to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the birds' flight, the sea's murmur." "Ever," she tells us. "the wish grew, facing the July sunsets deep-red and golden through and through, or watching the Northern Lights, or when the fog-bow spanned the silver mist of morning, or the earth or sea lay shimmering in a golden haze of noon; in storm or calm, by day or night the manifold aspects of Nature held me, swayed all my thoughts until it was impossible to be silent any longer, and I was fain to mingle my voice with her myriad voices, only aspiring to be in accord with the infinite harmony, however feeble and broken my notes might be."

At the age of sixteen, Celia Laighton became the wife of Mr. Thaxter. Her home was changed to Appledove Island one of the largest of the Isles of Shoals. The impulse to speak the beauty around her, once yielded to, could not again be repressed. In 1872 she published her first volume. The brave, loving, trusting spirit that breathes through these poems has carried them to many homes. In 1873 a second volume came out: "*Among the Isles of Shoals;*" it is a fascinating description of the haunts of her girlhood. No one can fail to feel the charm of the sea itself, holding the Islands in its embrace.

Mrs. Thaxters other works are: *Drift Weed* 1879. A volume of exquisite *Poems for Children* in 1884, *The Cruise of the Mystic*, etc., 1887, *Idylls and Pastorals.* No more beautiful and harmless poetry for the young has ever been written. Her own childhood sheltered by family affection and open to the sweet influences of nature, full of loving interest in living things and sympathy with human life in peril has given her a power—not shared by everyone—to reach the hearts of children. It is, as if for her, the gates of childhood had never shut.

Mr. Parton, author of *Noted Women of America and Europe* and of *Poets' Homes*, says in reply to the question: How did she look? "Do you know how pleasant it is to look into a bright room full of pictures and books and flowers and colour and lovely furnishings quaint and surprising? With a constant fire upon the

hearth that sparkles, gleams, glows and illumines the whole? Just so it is to look into this face. It is one to inspire you with the belief that this is a glad glorious world. It is a face that draws children to itself." Celia Thaxter's poems may be called serene, because full of courage, faith and love; not because sorrow has never touched her but because she has conquered sorrow.

When storms raged about the lighthouse she learned to look for the bright calm to follow and this spirit of glad assurance became the temper of her life.

Now let my patient reader add to this, his and her notes on the morbid introspective tendency of many poets of the great brawling Nineteenth century, poets so much better known than this serene and cheering but humble, sweet singer. Let us all strike for more of *out door life*.

Jan. 1901. M.

AT ST. GALL, 850 A.D.

(WILLIAM CANTON, *in November Bookman.*)

WITHOUT a slip, without a blot,
The monk transcribed with loving care
What treasured text it matters not,
Of homily or prayer.

And as he toiled, with sudden thrill,
From bough of beech or spire of pine,
A blackbird with his golden bill
Fluted a strain divine.

The busy fingers ceased to write;
But while the blackbird sung,
The monk found rhymes for his delight
In Erin's witching tongue.

And penned them thus, with starry look,
And simple heart aglow,
Upon the margin of his book,
A thousand years ago.

"Great words and high do ring me round;
Now, from my pages closely lined,
A blackbird with angelic sound
Distracts my gladdened mind.

"Most sweet he sings upon the tree,
Concealed among the leaves of green;
May God take equal joy in me—
So love me, too, unseen!"

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

I—WINDS.

Lecture delivered before the Scientific Society by J. T. Warnock, '01.

IN the contemplation of nature we find that there is perhaps no part of it which gives such pleasure and is at the same time so beneficial to man as the study of physical phenomena, for these not only show what is truly grand and majestic in the world about us but lead us even to think of worlds other than our own.

The vastness of this subject however makes it impossible for us to treat of it fully in a brief paper such as the present, and hence we confine ourselves to a consideration of that portion of it which concerns the phenomena of the atmosphere or in other words to the meteorological phenomena.

As regards the history of the study of these phenomena very little need be said. The ancients had a very strange belief about these things; they ascribed them to causes which they held were far beyond the intellect of man and contented themselves with connecting their origin with something Mythological or imaginary. Nor were these notions easily dispelled for it was not until the eighteenth century that scientists gave us anything certain about the matter; since that time however, we have made great progress in this study and can now explain in a comparatively easy manner event hose phenomena which formerly seeemed most incomprehensible.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The third grand division of the globe is the atmosphere, a vast ocean which envelops land and sea, and which revolving around with the earth itself partakes of its general motions. It is an invisible elastic fluid composed of oxygen and nitrogen in the ratio by volume of nearly twenty-one of the former to seventy-nine of the latter, and though only a mechanical mixture, yet throughout all parts we find that these two substances are very intimately mixed and always in the air in that proportion. The properties of the atmosphere are not in any way dissimilar to those of other fluids, for it has a certain density of its own, though, on account of its elasticity, this is subject to change; and it is likewise capable

of exerting pressure to the extent of fifteen pounds to the square inch. It is also easily affected by heat, and it is this property of it which causes the winds, perhaps the most important of all the thermal phenomena.

Winds: Their Classification.

Wind itself is air in motion, and may arise from any cause which disturbs the repose of the atmosphere; nevertheless it is chiefly produced by changes in the temperature of the air. A simple expermiment proves this important fact. Place in a doorway between a warm and a cold room two lighted candles, one lower down than the other; the flame of the one at the top will be turned towards the cold room, while that of the one at the bottom will be bent in a contrary direction, showing that there are two currents passing through the opening, the lower one being the colder and heavier current. On the surface of the earth there are no two places which receive exactly the same amount of heat, and the air at one place becoming more heated than at another, expands and immediately rises, while the cold atmosphere from other regions rushes in to fill up the vacancy; thus it is that winds are formed.

But though all winds find their cause in this principle, yet they vary greatly in the length of their duration, and it is in keeping with this fact that they are divided into Constant, Periodical, and Variable.

Constant Winds.

The first class comprises all those winds which blow in a constant direction throughout the entire year. Of these the most important are the trade winds, whose cause can be traced to the fact that at the Equator the sun's rays are very hot, falling, as they do, almost perpendicularly upon the earth. Hence the atmosphere about the torrid zone, even as far north as the 30th degree of latitude, becoming intensely heated, expands and is forced to rise by the pressure which is exerted upon it by the cold air of the more northern parts. Thence it is driven in two upper currents towards the North and South Poles respectively, while from each of these places in turn come two colder currents in the direction of the Equator. We would, therefore, naturally con-

clude that the Trade Winds blow directly from the north and the south; however, such is not the case. The earth turns faster at the Equator than it does in the temperate and frigid zones; consequently a body of air moving from the northern hemisphere toward the south is constantly arriving at places which have a greater easterly velocity than itself, hence, in consequence of friction and of the sluggishness of the atmosphere, it tends to acquire a motion relatively westward. But since there is one force tending to make it go from north to south, and another striving to move it from east to west, its natural direction will be north-eastward. Similar forces in the Southern Hemisphere give rise to a south-easterly wind.

Between the 30th and the 8th degrees of North Latitude these winds blow constantly; they are also found between the 3rd degree of North and the 28th degree of South Latitude. There is, therefore, a zone between the 3rd and the 8th degree of north Latitude in which the climate is variable, but for the most part a calm prevails. Occasionally, although at very long intervals, this is broken by fierce and sudden gusts, accompanied by terrific storms of thunder and lightning.

We have thus far neglected to trace the course of the heated air, which was forced by the heavy drafts from the colder regions, to take an upward direction. Following it from the equator we will see that it becomes an upper south-westerly wind in the northern tropics and a north-westerly in the southern. But having advanced farther north these winds are again cooled, and seek the earth, becoming surface winds, which, though subject to many conflicting influences, regularly take a westerly direction.

Periodical Winds.

Another class of winds frequently met with in tropical regions, resemble the Trades in constancy, though unlike them they change their direction at different parts of the year, and hence receive the name Periodical winds. Of these the Monsoons, the land and sea breezes, the Etesian Winds and the Northers of Mexico are the most important.

The Monsoons, which derive their name from a Malay word meaning season, are found usually within the tropical regions,

They blow in the same direction for six months after which there generally follows a short interval of calm or variable winds, which ceasing the Monsoons spring up and move in a contrary direction for the rest of the year. In the Northern Hemisphere the North East monsoon prevails from October to April while during that time a northwestern wind blows continually in the south. During the remaining months we have a southwest wind north of the Equator and one from the southeast in the Southern Hemisphere. The origin of the Monsoons can easily be traced to the Trade Winds, from which they are really deflections, caused most likely by the proximity of highly heated regions during the summer. Maury declares "that the African Monsoons of the Atlantic, those of the Gulf of Mexico, and also those of Central America are for the most part formed of the Northeast Trades which are turned back to restore the equilibrium which the highly heated plains of Africa, Utah, Texas, and New Mexico have disturbed." Similar phenomena occurring in the eastern continent give rise to similar winds, which thus envelop the whole earth, blowing from the ocean to the continent in summer and in the opposite direction during winter. Though the Monsoon itself is not a violent wind, yet when it shifts there are usually terrific storms; these, however, are regulated in their course by local circumstances.

The land and sea breezes which are found in the tropics are in nowise different in their cause from those which we find in regions in which there are great lakes. Water, as you are all aware, will not receive so much heat as will the land, nor does it lose so quickly what little it has received. Thus it is that during the day the atmosphere above the land becomes highly heated and ascends from the pressure exerted upon it by the cooler air above the ocean and as a result we have the cool, refreshing breezes which are such luxuries on a sultry day. During the night, however, the very opposite takes place, for the land which was quick to absorb the heat, is now very ready to part with it, and the result is that a very cool wind blows toward the ocean, the air above that body being now comparatively warmer.

Of the Periodical winds there now remains but one class which deserve special mention, and these are the Etesian winds. All those winds which blew for more than six weeks during the

summer over the Mediterranean Sea and the regions bordering thereon, the ancients called by this name. Their cause is due to the fact that the Sahara; during this season, becomes intensely heated while the ocean near at hand remains relatively cool. The heavy atmosphere above the sea then keeps moving in on the continent, thus producing these winds. In winter the desert rapidly radiates its acquired heat, and becoming of a lower temperature than the waters of the Mediterranean a cold south wind in the direction of the sea results, though it is not nearly so strong as the summer breezes.

The Northers of Mexico are simply cold, bleak winds which blow over the plains of that country from October to March seldom lasting for more than four or five days. They are severest during December and January.

Variable Winds.

But the variable winds form another class which are more commonly met with in this part of the globe for, roughly speaking, there are none of the other two classes to be found in the Temperate or Frigid Zones. They are, as it were, the product of the constant winds for owing to a variety of secondary influences, such as mountains, unequal distribution of land and water, the nature of the soil, etc. the direction of these has been changed to such an extent that they never blow in the same direction for any length of time. Among their number can be found all kinds of winds from the gentle zephyr to the cyclone and tornado ; but of all, these latter are the only two to which we need give any consideration. The cyclone which derives its name from its rotary motion is one of the most dreaded winds and blows within the tropics or near the equatorial limits of the Trade Winds, though occasionally it extends beyond these regions. The most dreaded cyclones are felt within the tropics where they acquire immense power sweeping everything before them and sometimes carrying great waves of salt water over the land submerging it. Their great violence was too well proved to us within the past few months by the terrible disaster at Galveston. I need not here attempt to describe a situation with which you are all familiar, suffice it is to say that a flourishing city was almost totally annihilated.

Concerning the cause of the cyclone almost nothing certain is known, but with their nature, since the investigations of such eminent scientists as Redfield, Reid, Thom, and Padington we are more or less familiar. These men have laid down three laws which it would seem, govern all cyclones. The first is that the wind revolves around an axis, inclined or vertical, while the body of the storm has at the same time a progressive motion. The second, that in the Northern Hemisphere they rotate in a direction contrary to the apparent motion of the sun, while in the same direction in the Southern. The third, that in the Atlantic they begin near the West Indies between the parallels of 10° and 20° North Latitude having a course from southeast to northwest and that they occur between May and October.

Equally dangerous are the tornadoes, for though they are whirlwinds of limited extent and duration their violence is intense. Floods of rain, extraordinary electric phenomena, and torrents of hail often accompany these dreadful tempests, or, following immediately afterwards, complete their awful destruction. In the clouds strange phenomena are also noticed, for the storm is followed by a conical shaped cloud whose apex is pointing toward the earth. When passing over a body of water this point frequently extends lower and lower while the water beneath forming into a mighty column unites with the cloud to produce the water-spout. It was generally thought that the cloud in passing over the body of water drew it up into the sky however this seems doubtful since the water in these spouts is found to be fresh even when they are found at sea and hence it must have been produced like rain. As it sweeps over the desert similar phenomena are noticed for here it tosses aloft the light sands or forms them into whirling pillars which move with wonderful swiftness.

Though very destructive in their effects the cause of these whirlwinds is simple. The meeting of two currents of air which are blowing in contrary directions or even a strong breeze suddenly disturbing a portion of the atmosphere which was in repose will be sufficient to produce them. Great conflagrations are usually attended by them, for here the heavy cold winds which are flowing in to fill up the void left by the heated air arising,

often come in contrary directions. In such cases they bring more disaster than the fire itself.

Thus we are brought face to face with the motions of the atmosphere, and it is no longer a mystery to us, however strange its phenomena. Our knowledge of the winds we have turned to good account, for we are now able to take advantage of every favorable breeze and to avoid the storms. Our rich products we can also send fearlessly abroad and we are able with ease to join hands with our brethren "across the stream," to promote commercial enterprise or to aid in strengthening those social ties which spread even to the remotest corners of the earth our religion and our civilization.

Furthermore, to maintain a pure atmosphere the winds are equally essential, for by breaking up the dead calm they purge the air of these noxious exhalations emitted by decaying animal and vegetable matter, and make it a producer of perfect health. The severity of the colder climes they also lessen by bringing in the milder draughts which preserve that equality in climate which renders habitable almost the entire surface of the globe.

But though we recognise the importance and necessity of the motions of the Atmosphere it has still another property which we cannot let pass unnoticed; this is its moistness.

(To be continued.)

SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS TRILOGY OF POLISH NOVELS.

"QUO Vadis," the first of Sienkiewicz' novels translated into English, gave him a world wide reputation; his Polish trilogy "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael" confirmed and even increased it. These books are in sequel form, but are not as closely connected as sequels generally are, for though some few characters appear in all three, each book has its own hero whose adventures form the subject of the story. The great charm of the trilogy lies in the author's artistic portrayal of an absorbing drama of love and passion on a vast historic background. The interest in Polish history excited by the Author's stirring description of the eventful epoch dealt with, will doubtless urge many to become acquainted with the fascinating history of Poland and her sister Slav state, Russia.

Poland in 1647, the year in which the trilogy opens, was in the height of her power. Extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and containing the Polish, Cossack and the greater part of Russian races, she was the most powerful country in the world. But the semi-independent nobles and kinglets were also at the height of their power; and the sturdy Cossacks of the Ukrine, as well as the whole Russian race of Eastern Poland, needed but a leader to rise against the harsh religious and political persecution of the Poles. The leader was found; and Bogdan Hmelnetski at the head of the Cossack soldiers and a Russian mob invaded the Commonwealth, and would have been entirely successful, had it not been for Yeremi Vishzyevetski, the mighty lord of the Trans-Dneiper, the most powerful of Polish kinglets and the greatest of Polish warriors. Pan Yan Shsketuski, the hero of the story, was a Colonel under Yeremi, being the leader of the latter's famous Hussar regiment. He had fallen desperately in love with Helena, a Polish Princess, and was in turn beloved by her. But Bogun, the famous Cossack hero and a lover of Helena, seeing that he was unsuccessful, decided to carry her off in Tartar fashion. Rescued from Bogun by the great ingenuity of Zagloba,

she was safely placed in Bar, only to be again captured. Meanwhile Pan Yan, instead of rescuing Helena, whom he considered to be in Bogun's lands, was faithfully serving his country under Yeremi and participated in all his victories. He heard of her rescue by Zagloba only to hear of the capture of Bar and her second disappearance. Meanwhile the Commonwealth, fearing the now too great power of Hmelnetski, sent a large army against him. The soldiers demanded Yeremi for leader instead of the one appointed by the Crown. But this might have caused another civil war. The struggle which ensued between Yeremi's pride and worldly greatness on the one hand, and his patriotism and religion on the other, stands out in striking contrast to Radizivill's somewhat similar struggle in "The Deluge." In the one it was a victory of the crucified Jesus, in the other of Radizivill's god, his worldly self. Yeremi Vishnyevetski did not command the army, and the result was the disgraceful rout of the Poles at Pilavsti. The war, temporarily stopped by winter, was in the spring of 1649 renewed with great vigor by Hmelnetski, now allied with the Khan of the Crimea. The only obstacle was the army of Yeremi, some 15,000 men, which was preparing to defend itself at Zbaraj. At Zbaraj were also Pan Yan and his inseparable friend Pan Longin Podbipenta, Pan Michael Volodyovski and Zagloba. Pan Michael and Zagloba had again rescued Helena, who was now safe in Toporoff, but having been separated from her when attacked by the Tartars they knew not but that she was again captured, and consequently left Pan Yan altogether in ignorance of this new rescue. Pan Yan, during the cessation of hostilities in the winter, had searched in vain everywhere for traces of Helena, till misled by a false report he considered her dead. It was said this man would become a monk after the war, so little interest did he take in human affairs, except in the fighting, which he did as a stern duty. Things soon came to such straits with the besieged Poles in Zbaraj that notwithstanding their amazing defence they must perish if assistance came not. Our four friends, not without strong objections from Zagloba, decided to attempt this almost impossible feat, to break through the Tartar and Cossack lines and report the states of affairs to the King. Pan Longin, who went first, perished in the attempt, and the description of his death is one of

the finest pieces in Sienkiewicz. Pan Yan next attempted the deed, and after almost unbearable suffering, accomplished it. He reached Toporoff, where the court happened to be, barely able to give his message, and it is probable he might never have got over the effects of his terrible journey had he not heard that Helena, his affianced, was to be in town that day. The book ends with his marriage, the Treaty of Zborovo, which rescued Yeremi, being merely mentioned. The battle of Bereschetcho in 1651, in which the Cossacks were completely defeated, is described in the Epilogue.

The Cossacks, unsuccessful in the second rebellion on account of the desertion of the Khan, turned to Moscow and swore allegiance to the Czar, in 1654. The result was a Russian-Polish war and an invasion of Poland by the Russians and Cossacks. The great success of the invaders, for they captured half of Eastern Poland, induced the Swedes, in spite of a truce then existing, to imitate their example. On account of the treachery of Opalinski in Great Poland, and Yanush Radizivill in Lithuania, Poland passed to Karl Gustav, the Swedish King, almost without a battle. Yan Kazimir, the King of Poland, had to flee to Silicia. The Swedish success was now almost perfect, the only Polish army in the field being the small one of Sapyeha in Podylase. The Swedes, attracted by the richness of the Monastery of Yasna Gora, decided to seize it. Yasna Gora, which contained the shrine of Our Lady of Chenstohova, the Patroness of Poland, being forewarned by Pan Andrei Kmita, the hero of the story, prepared for defence. Pan Andrei was a wild young dare-devil reprobate of a Lithuanian noble, and his reformation, due to the combined influence of his love for his lady, his country and Our Lady of Chenstohova, is the chief incident of the story. Having fallen in love with Olenka Billeviche, he becomes estranged from her on account of the wild doings of himself and his companions. Upbraided by Olenka he decides to dismiss them, when, upon returning home, he finds them foully murdered. Then followed his revenge, then remorse and despair at his deed, till at last he desperately resolves to carry her off in Tartar fashion. Foiled in the deed by Pan Michael, he saw the evil of his ways and resolved to lead an honest life, and thus earn the love of Olenka. He received a commission as Colonel from Radizivill,

but the very same day Radizivill deserted to Karl Gustav, and having convinced Kmita that he was doing all for the best, prevailed upon him to remain with him. The misled Kmita, the only Pole who remained with Radizivill (he had many Scotch and German mercenaries), had now the stern duty, so he considered it, of cutting to pieces the patriotic Polish regiments. Soon after, being sent on a message to Prince Boguslav, the nephew of Yanush Radizivill, he accidentally discovered the true state of a affairs, and daringly carried off Boguslav from the very midst of his soldiers. But Boguslav having escaped, Kmita, now without anything to convince the Poles of his conversion, knew not what to do, till wandering about he accidentally heard of the intention of the Swedes to seize Yasna Gora, to which place he at once proceeded. Having instigated the defence of this place, he became one of its chief defenders, astonishing all by his acts of daring, which he at last climaxed by blowing up the Swedes' great seige gun, single-handed. Escaping from the Swedes, he went to Silicia, where he informed the King of the great religious and political rising of the Polish nation, caused by the sacrilegious attack and amazing defence at Yasna Gora. Having by great personal bravery saved the life of the King during his return journey, he disclosed to him his rightful name, which he had been unable to use on account of the evil fame it had acquired while he was serving Radizivill. All the nobles now joined Yan Kazimir, and an army under Charnyetski, the greatest living Polish general, took the field. Karl Gustav, seeing the tide turning against the Swedes, resolved to cross Poland and defeat Yan Kazimir before he became more powerful. But the Poles under Charnyetski, reinforced by Sapyeha's men, who in the meanwhile had completely defeated Radizivill, so harassed and injured Karl Gustav that he had to retreat to Prussia. Meanwhile Kmita, with a party of Tartars granted him by the King, was clearing Lithuania and electoral Prussia of the Swedes. He greatly aided Pan Sapyeha in his defeat of Boguslav at Yarov and accompanied him when he joined Charnyetski to fight Karl. Having taken part in the capture of Warsaw by the Poles, he again returned to Lithuania where, with Gosyevski, he defeated the Swedes under Douglas and Boguslav, taking the latter prisoner. Olenka, dur-

ing all this time, had been a prisoner of Boguslav, who, though he had succeeded in poisoning her mind against Kmita, could not capture her heart. Kmita having now heard of her whereabouts, was about to go to her when he received an order to join Sapyeha to fight a new Swedish invasion of the country. Pan Andrei's conquest of himself in this instance completed his reformation. Having served his country faithfully during the war, the desire of his heart was at last accomplished, and he married Olenka.

The Ukrine, after the war described in "The Deluge," continued the bone of contention between the Poles and the Russians, till finally, in 1666, the Cossacks, for their own preservation, declared it to be subject to the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan sent them the Khan, who cleared the Ukrine of Poles. Next year the Poles concluded a peace with the Russians, granting them all east of the Dneiper with the districts of Keiff and Smolensk on the West, in all 80,000 square miles. This remained the boundary between the two till the first partition of Poland, 1772, or for over a century. The abdication of Yan Kazimir, the King of Poland, in 1688, brings us to the time of the last book of the Trilogy, "Pan Michael." The first part of the book deals with the election of the King of Poland, and with Pan Michael's love story, or rather love stories. The result was that Michael Vishnyevetski, the effeminate son of the great Yeremi, was elected King, and Michael Volodyovski at length secured a wife! An interval of three years then elapses. We then see Pan Michael with Basia, his wife, and the redoubtable Zagloba in their home in Sokol, and later in Hreptyoff, on the edge of the wilderness. The Turkish war which had been threatening since 1666, now broke out. The Sultan led the troops, with Kara Mustafa, the "Rising Son of War," as chief general. His army consisted of countless Mohammedans of all races, from Europe, Asia and even Africa. The Commonwealth was wholly unprepared for this new invasion. The fortress-town of Kamenyets being the only obstacle to the Turks. Pan Michael took command of the fortress, and for three weeks defended it as only Zbaraj and Yasna Gora had been defended. But the weak and cowardly townsmen, caring more for their own personal welfare than for that of the Commonwealth, treacherously made terms with the Turks, and on August 26th, 1671, agreed to surrender Kamenyets,

Pan Michael, seeing that all was in vain, resolved the Turks should never own that fortress, and, sending out all his men, he blew it up. "Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyets, the first soldier in the Commonwealth." In the Epilogue is described the battle of Hotin, in which Yan Sobieski, then Hetman, but later King of Poland, so defeated the Turks that they lost all their Polish conquests, and never attempted to regain them.

One of the Trilogy's claims to excellence, if not its chief claim, is the great character portrayal and character grouping contained in it. Of the three heroes, Pan Yan is meditative and dignatorial, Kmita wild and daring, and Pan Michael lighthearted, and even frisky; of the three Kmita, though perhaps the greatest soldier, is as a man inferior to either Pan Yan or Pan Michael. The hero of "With Fire and Sword" Pan Yan Shsketuski, a Colonel of Yeremi, is a herculean young fellow who had already served in the Russian and Swedish wars of Vladislav the Fourth. In the course of the story he becomes more and more of the Roman type of soldier, one who puts his country's affairs before his own. His love of the heroine is of a most passionate kind, yet he places his love of his country before even this, and, when he has to choose between the need of his affianced wife and the need of his country, he chooses the latter. Pan Yan, though often referred to, appears but slightly in the other books of the trilogy. The heroine herself, like that of the following book, is remarkuable only for her great beauty and her strength of will. Basia, Pan Michael's wife and the heroine of the third book, affords a striking contrast to the above, being very much like Pan Michael himself.

Pan Longin Podbipenta is a truly magnificent character; with the stature and strength of a giant, he has the heart and mind of a child. He resembles MacCairthen in "Legends of St. Patrick," or Ursus in "Quo Vadis," but is greater and nobler than either. The magnificent, yet often amusing, combination of the body of a man and the soul of a child produces one of the noblest and greatest, and, let us say it, holiest, characters in literature.

Pan Andrei Kmita is essentially a man of passion; whatever he does, he does most passionately; hence when he turns his talents to the service of his country, he soon acquires a great reputation.

Pan Michael, the hero of the third book of the series, appears in the first as a brother colonel and bosom friend of Pan Yan. He is chiefly remarkable for his smallness of stature, great skill at fencing and his habit of continually falling in love with someone else, but with like result. In the last book only does the fineness and nobleness of his character fully appear.

Two of the villains, Bogun and Boguslav, deserve special notice. Bogun, though he is one of the villains, appeals more to our pity than to our scorn or hatred. His manly, sincere, yet unrequited love of the heroine really ennobles him, and the Cossack hero, except when under the influence of drink, is not at all a depraved character. Boguslav is a prince whose chief qualities are his bravery in war, his foppery out of war, and his ingenuity in both situations. He was the prince of courtiers and diplomats, and the most polished scoundrel in Europe. Of the three villains, Bogun we can but pity, Boguslav we may hate but cannot despise, while Azya, the villain of the last book, deserves both our hate and our scorn. The other more important characters are, the cunning and avaricious Jendzian, Pan Yan's servant, the big stupid Kovalski, Zagloba's adopted nephew, and the chivalrous Scot, Ketling, Pan Michael's bosom friend.

But the central figure of the whole trilogy is Zagloba. Zagloba is without doubt Sienkiewicz' greatest production ; in fact he is one of the great characters of literature. To describe him adequately is impossible. One of the best descriptions of him given is that he is a curious and fascinating combination of Falstaff and Ulysses. He has a wonderful knowledge of human nature and is as full of stratagems as he occasionally is of wine. Garrulous and boastful to a superlative degree, his tongue is ever ready to amuse his friends with his adventures, real or imaginary, to overwhelm his enemies with his satire, or to ridicule them with his jokes. In feast or in council, in a royal election or in Pan Michael's love affairs he is equally omnipresent and equally important. When he first appears to us he is a rather stout gray-haired noble of about sixty years. He is not a man who loves fighting for fighting's sake as does Pan Yan or Pan Michael and this may lead us in some cases to consider him even a coward. But though boastful he is not a coward as, for example, his leading the sally

to rescue Pan Michael and Pan Longin from the Cossacks, and later on his likewise leading the sally to procure Pan Longin's corpse, clearly show. We never tire of Zagloba and we are always finding something new in him though he appears in the trilogy from the beginning of the first book to the end of the last.

Having discussed these novels of Sienkiewicz we may now consider the author. As an historical novelist Sienkiewicz, with the probable exception of Scott, is supreme; as a Catholic novelist Sienkiewicz, with the possible exception of Manzoni, is likewise supreme. If the only duty of an historical novelist were to describe sieges, battles or skirmishes, Sienkiewicz would undoubtedly be above comparison. For no novelist has depicted such battles as Bereschetcho or Hotin, or such sieges as Zbaraj, Yasna Gora or Kamenyets. But the novelist, historical or otherwise, has likewise to be a master in plot, character, incident, passion and the like. It is true Sienkiewicz is a master in these, but in these there are masters greater than he, and it is upon this point that Scott holds the supremacy as an historical novelist. One great claim of Sienkiewicz' novels is their great historical truthfulness. Sienkiewicz always made the novel suit history, not history suit the novel, and his greatness lies in the fact that he accomplished this without injuring in the least degree his novels. In his books so many characters are historical we scarcely know which to consider as simply fictitious. A striking example of this is that Pan Andrei Kmita, the hero of "The Deluge," is an historical character. The descriptions of Cossack and Turkish life are almost equal to the unrivalled descriptions of Polish life.

Sienkiewicz is a Catholic novelist, not because he happens to be a Catholic, but because his books breathe forth a spirit of Catholicity. It is true they do not contain controversial theses, nor are they adorned with a few conversions of Protestants, such as we find in many of our Catholic novels. The author is treating of a Catholic nation and a Catholic people and he treats them simply as Catholic. A priest or monk, a confession or communion, a mass or funeral service is treated as if all the world were Catholic Those readers of "Quo Vadis" who object to that book, on account of the moral tone of a certain chapter, which Sienkiewicz

thought necessary, to show to what depth the depravity of the Romans had descended, will find nothing the least objectionable in these novels. Though Sienkiewicz' reputation does not depend upon these novels alone, the creator of Podbipenta, Pan Michael and Zagloba shall never be forgotten as long as novels are read. Let us conclude this essay on the trilogy with the author's concluding sentence: "Here ends this series of books written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil for the strengthening of hearts," and well might he have added, for the greater glory of my country, my religion and my God.

J. J. O'GORMAN, '04.

THE ANGELUS.

(Written after seeing Millet's picture.)

By Edwin Markham.

ITS refluent, three-fold, immemorial rhyme
Follows the fading sun, from clime to clime—
Ripples and lives a moment in the heart,
Wherever the dark hours come and the bright depart.
From land to fading land, the whole world round,
It airily runs, a rosary of sound—
Bursts silvery on sainted Palestine :
Lives for a moment on the memoried Rhine ;
Touches Manhattan ; hurries on to be
A murmur on Saint Francis by the sea.

But dreamily here the hours of evening go,
With tented haycocks in the rosy glow—
Gray heaps that Homer saw in ages gone,
Sweet smelling heaps that Abel rested on.
And two have heard the summons on the air,
And turned from labor, the embodied prayer ;
Bowed with the fine humility of trees,
Of bended grasses in the quiet breeze ;
As dutious as the never-failing Earth
That gives us bread of rest and bread of mirth ;
As patient as the rocks that have been still
Since put into their places on the hill ;
In league with Earth and all her quiet things,
Whose lives are wrapped in shade and whisperings ;
In league with Earth and all the things that live
To give their toil for others and forgive.

Pausing to let the hush of evening pass
Across the soul, as shadow over grass,
They cease their day-long sacrament of toil,
That living prayer, the tilling of the soil !
And richer are their two-fold worshippings
Than flare of pontiff or the pomp of kings.

For each true deed is worship: it is prayer,
And carries its own answer unaware.
Yes, they whose feet upon good errands run
Are fixed in God, like Michael of the sun;
Yes, each accomplished service of the day
Paves for the feet of God a lordlier way.
The souls that love and labor through all wrong,
They clasp his hand and make the circle strong;
They lay the deep foundation, stone by stone,
And build into Eternity God's throne.

He is more pleased by some sweet human use
Than by the learned book of the recluse;
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the seraphim;
More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home—
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS" ON BRITISH NOVELISTS.

IF the principle of "sending a thief to catch a thief" is a correct one, and the chances are in its favor, since Pinkerton approves of it, analogy should, one would suppose, sanction the criticism of great authors by great authors. By such an arrangement the judgment seat would probably be occupied by a Daniel once in a while, but by no means always, as the history of literature records innumerable instances of great authors who were very small critics, especially of their own works. It was Dickens who said that no fond father could form an unprejudiced opinion of his own family. The anomaly is only apparent, when we recollect that criticism is destructive, while authorship is constructive. Each of these methods requires a diametrically different mental equipment. Be this as it may, the estimates of the leading British novelists given by the famous author of "Quo Vadis" to his competent translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, and embodied by the latter in a most entertaining article on the great Polish novelist, contributed some time ago to *The Century*, demonstrate keen judgment and notable delicacy of discrimination, qualities that render criticism at once stimulating and attractive. The opinions are sane; therefore, sound. With the single exception that—much as I admire "Copperfield"—I venture to think he rates Dickens a trifle too high, Sienkiewicz,—it is really a relief to me not to be obliged to pronounce that appaling name, though Chambers's Biographical Dictionary assists me by stating it should be vocalized Syen-kyay-vitch, in which the y following the first letter in each of the former syllables sounds like a short e, and the accent falls on the middle syllable,—Sienkiewicz, I say, proves he possesses a knowledge of the best English fiction, that persons to the manor born, authors and readers alike, might well envy. Although his demonstration was merely conversational and not meant for publication, he judges of our fiction in a truly critical spirit. He understands our authors and their times, another way of saying he has read our literature as it should be

read, earnestly and comprehensively. Here is the criticism, in the words of Mr. Curtin :

" 'Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His "David Copperfield" seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described ; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters.

" 'In literature Shakespeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers.

" 'Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer.

" 'Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, and hence injured as an artist.

" 'Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial ; he was the poet not of humanity, but of a class, and, devotion to a class always enfeebles an author.

" 'Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In "Trilby," his description of Parisian artist life is fine ; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic; the end, especially, is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of but one novel, "She," which I read in Eastern Africa.

" 'Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of material creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe ; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times.' "

E. J. C.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS OF EVANGELINE.

IT has been said that Longfellow is a poet of the people In none of his works, we may add, is this better shown than in the rich melodious verses of his Evangeline.

Longfellow, although not a Catholic, has indeed paid a loving tribune to our holy Church in this his greatest poem. Everywhere throughout Evangeline when he treats of Catholic worship, Catholic practices, Catholic holiness, he handles these subjects with the deepest respect, aye with veneration, as something sacred, something divine.

The two principal characters of the poem are of course Gabriel Lajeunesse and Evangeline, the hero and the heroine. A perusal of the poem shows that the hero Gabriel, the son of Basil the Blacksmith, is comparatively little spoken of. He and Evangeline had been brought up together as brother and sister; they had learned from the self-same book; they had spent many an evening at the forge with Basil; they had sped down the hillside on their sled in winter; they had watched the birds in the rafters of the neighboring barns. In fact they had loved in their innocent childhood days to cultivate for each other in their hearts that love which caused them in after life to tread the paths of "unearthly yearning and unending patience." Gabriel was a valiant youth with face like the face of the morn. That he was valiant, and true, his long fidelity to Evangeline, even amid the greatest trials, amply proves. In another passage of the poem we learn that the noblest of all youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

After the banishment from Grand Pré, the life of the hero is not followed in detail. All we hear of him is by rumors. The author prefers to follow the wanderings of Evangeline. Towards the end of the poem, however, we catch another glimpse of Gabriel, now careworn, thoughtful, sad beyond his years—

> "At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn,
> Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
> Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written."

Gabriel's fidelity to his lost love is shown in the words of Basil to Evangeline:

" Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee (Evangeline) uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent. or speaking only of thee and his trouble,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes . . . . . "

The same fidelity is expressed in his final smile of recognition in the Philadelphia Almshouse.

Evangeline is the true type of a Catholic maiden. Longfellow, with all his genius, could not have painted a more lovely picture. We see her first at home in happy Acadia—

" Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers ;
Black were her eye. as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shades of her tresses,
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows."

How fair she appeared as she walked the streets of her peaceful native village with her beads in her hand !

" Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn . . . . . .
Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal."

And what an unearthly, spiritual beauty illumined her countenance as she returned from confession—

" But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her,
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We see her in the bitter trial of separation, ever displaying true Catholic fortitude. In sight of her burning home she swoons beside the dead body of her father on the shore of the moaning sea. Ever afterwards the sad, sad sea sounds in her ears as if to keep fresh that parting scene. Still hope and faith bear her onward through every trial.

We behold her in her wanderings, long and painful wanderings, ever faithful. The celestial fragrance of charity, meekness, love, hope, forgiveness, and patience were ever ascending as incense to her God.

All hope of ever meeting Gabriel on earth at length dies out, but

" Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his death—like silence and absence,
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed but transfigured,
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent."

And then Evangeline turns away from the world and devotes herself to a life of love, love for her Saviour in his poor friendless children. A Sister of Mercy! What nobler life.

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
And in her life of self-denial many years she spent frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."

Truly, Longfellow had the idea of what a real heroine should be. Some other authors of romantic bent of mind would have made the heroine commit suicide in despair or die of a broken heart. But not so with Evangeline. She became a humble, devoted religious, and thereby sacrificed her human heart and its affections on the altar of divine love. She who had known how to love was hereafter enabled to pacify the passionate throbbings of her craving heart and to enrich her soul which had so long wandered "in want and cheerless discomfort bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence." Gabriel and Evangeline are admirable types of exemplary Christian lovers.

In speaking of Evangeline we cannot separate from her life of wanderings and sorrows, the name of the faithful priest. For, after the hero and heroine, the most important character is, in our opinion, Father Felician. He is important because of his influence in the sphere he moved in. He it was who always spoke the word "patience" in the ear of Evangeline; from him the maiden ever regained courage.

Two priests of God are mentioned in the poem—Father Felician and the Jesuit Black Robe of the West. Both these characters are truly drawn; the delineation is excellent. They are illustrative of the Good Shepherd who gives his life for his afflicted sheep.

The Catholic priest is truly the father, the one who exerts the

greatest influence over his flock. Such Longfellow has painted him in words of melody. Reverend walked he among them in the days of prosperity :

> ....."and the children
> Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
> ....And up rose matrons and maidens
> Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome."

And when the hour of trial came. he was their restraint and comforter. Father Felician was both priest and schoolmaster. He taught Gabriel and Evangeline both secular and religious branches. Indeed, well might they be good Catholics, having had such a teacher.

The priest's magic influence over his people is well portrayed in the scene that took place in the church in which the peaceful Acadians learned of their unjust expulsion.

> " In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
> Lo ! the door of the chancel opened and Father Felician
> Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
> Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
> All that clamorous throng; and thus he spoke to his people.
> Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
> Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes :
> 'What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
> Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
> Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
> Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
> Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
> This is the house of the Prince of Peace and would you profane it
> Thus, with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
> Lo ! Where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you !
> See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
> Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them.'
> Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
> Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them !'
> Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
> Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ,
> And they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them !' "

No Catholic could have given a more beautiful picture of that scene of angry contention than has Longfellow.

Then on the seashore where wildest sorrow is everywhere evident, the priest is again among his beloved people, and is

present when Evangeline's father dies He accompanies Evangeline to the South as her protector. And the last we hear of Father Felician is at the home of Basil, the herdsman, when he bids farewell to Evangeline and Basil, who are going in search of Gabriel.

Another true picture of the Catholic priest and his devotedness is given in the person of the Black Robe kneeling with his children under a towering oak. He is the Catholic priest true to life. He preaches patience and points to the little compass flower as the token of faith in the human heart. And Evangeline gathers great courage from his words.

The above characters are worthy of our admiration. Their patience in suffering and their resignation to the dispositions of Divine Providence are truly heroic but in no way unique, for the religion which could instil such virtues has not passed away from the world. It still exercises its potent influence over human wills and hearts, transforming, elevating and sanctifying them.

C. McG. '99.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE:

PATRON SAINT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

[This poem appeared in our December number, but with the fifth verse mutilated in a manner that must have made the poetic muse weep. We can account for the shape in which it originally appeared only by supposing that our proof-reader's mind was pre-occupied with thoughts of vacation, and that his ears were too intently listening to the music of home, sweet home.]—EDITORIAL NOTE.

I HOLD him none the lesser for the dust
Of earthliness that clouded his high dreams,
If shining armour bear a trace of rust
It still the warrior's honoured use beseems.

From out the twelve, he Thomas seems to stand,
A figure full of love and full of zeal;
The lustrous eye, the tender, eager hand
Bespeak his ardent will to serve and heal.

A pathos clings about the gospel word
That paints of him the mistrust and the doubt,
As if the struggle in his heart one heard
And felt its sadness pulsing in and out.

"Unless I see." A groping through the mist
Of feeble earth-sight for the sight complete;
A love that would defiantly insist
In making realms of earth and heaven meet.

Within the precincts of our mortal sphere;
All this, the doubt and agony unfold
As cynics of our modern times, in fear
That belief might fail them, sneering unfaith hold.

Too much he sought, and yet I hold it dear
The cry of love, without demand or terms—
"My Lord and my God!" Heart and life are here
As offring made, and fullest faith affirms.

So in these days of ours that long and reach
For sweetness and for light beyond our ken,
May Thomas in his wisdom's fulness teach
The trustfulness that bringeth peace to men.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900. M L.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A RECENT number of the *London Daily Chronicle*, in its Review department has this to say of the "Great Tribune":

O'Connell, like Napoleon, is a never-failing subject of interest. But though many books have been written about him, no memoir worthy of the great Tribune has yet been penned. Mr. Lecky's sketch in the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," despite some shortcomings, holds the field as the best study of the man and of the time. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's "Peel and O'Connell" is a book which has never received the attention it deserves. For students of history it is preferable even to Mr. Lecky's brilliant essay, because a vast amount of information (which Mr. Lecky could not crush into his page) is collected, and set forth with that reference to authorities, and exactness of detail, always so gratifying to those who desire complete and accurate knowledge on any subject. We must mention Mr. Luby's unpretentious "Life of O'Connell," a pleasant, readable book, founded mainly on O'Neil Daunt's "Personal Recollections," and written with perfect fairness and in an excellent spirit. Mr. Dunlop has devoted much time to the study of Irish history. He has written an admirable little memoir of Grattan, and has contributed many articles on famous Irishmen to the "Dictionary of National Biography." His "Life of O'Connell" is what one might expect—a conscientious, painstaking work. He has an intense admiration for the great agitator, whom he regards as the finest popular leader that Ireland has produced since the Revolution. When Mr. Gladstone was asked what place he thought Parnell would hold in Irish history, he replied: "On the list of Irish patriots I place him with or next to O'Connell. He was a man, I think, of more masculine and stronger character than Grattan." Mr. Gladstone was right in taking O'Connell as the standard by which the bigness of any man in Irish politics—during the last 200 years at all events—is to be measured. The great agitator overtops all his predecessors and all his successors within that period. Even Parnell, that skilful and successful leader, falls short of O'Connell.

It is hard for us now to realise what O'Connell was, to understand the difficulties which confronted him, and to appreciate the power by which he overcame them. When he entered public life the Catholics—that is to say, the vast masses of the Irish people—were slaves. It was said contemptuously that you might know an Irish papist in the streets of Dublin by his look and walk. The marks of the penal code were still upon him. He seemed ashamed to appear in the light of open day. He crouched in the presence of the ruling caste. He acted like a man who lived only on sufferance. What the blacks on an American plantation were to the whites who lashed them into industry, so were the Irish Catholics to their Protestant and English masters. Catholic emancipation was not certainly a complete measure of freedom. It left the position of the tillers of the soil untouched. Worse still, the Government insisted in making the Relief Act a dead letter. After the accession of the Melbourne Ministry to office in 1835, the Catholics were excluded from all commanding positions as completely as if emancipation had never been granted. Nevertheless, O'Connell had struck a decisive blow at the Protestant oligarchy, and had undermined the "English garrison."

The present generation scarcely realizes that O'Connell was practically the creator of almost all the political movements which have sprung up in Ireland since his day. He was the source from which the Young Irelanders first drew their inspiration. As Young Ireland sprang from O'Connell, Fenianism sprang from Young Ireland. The doctrines of Young Ireland tended to separation; the Fenians put the doctrines into practice. On the collapse of Fenianism, Isaac Butt, politically the lineal descendant of O'Connell, brought the people back to constitutional agitation. Then came Parnell.

The spirit of O'Connell, plus the spirit of John Mitchell—extraordinary as the combination may seem—dominates Irish politics to-day. It has been reserved for a Tory Prime Minister, in our own time, to take almost the final step towards the completion of O'Connell's work. For the Irish local Government Act is nearly the full complement of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and the Irish people look to it for ultimate Home Rule in one form or another.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES.

It was not without trepidation that we began work on volume three of the REVIEW last September. The REVIEW had a reputation to be sustained, and we had many misgivings of our ability to perform that task. Looking back on our work of the last four months we think we have not wholly failed; our opinion is shared by others. Our exchanges have had their say on the contents of the present volume of the REVIEW, and to anyone acquainted with the critical (we had almost said hypercritical) character of the college press, their testimony will not be without weight.

The *Laurel* of December says: "The Ottawa REVIEW for September is graced in its opening pages by a well-written, and, we can also imagine, well-delivered speech by Mr. J. A. Meehan, B.A., Ph. B. This number, though rather devoid of articles from undergraduates, still shows a latent power which will show

forth later." Of the same issue the *Western University Courant* wrote: "The University of Ottawa REVIEW shows up very well, for the first issue of the school year. We will look for better and know we shall not be disappointed." Neither were you, friend. It took a self-conceited philosophical fossil within our own University to get into that condition. The "Letter from China," which appeared in our September number, was quoted by the *Casket* and the *Ave Maria*. two papers by which it is an honor to be noticed. The October number of the REVIEW came out, and soon afterwards the *Young Eagle* (more power to its shriek) came out thus: "The scholarly REVIEW from the University of Ottawa shows that vacation days are almost forgotten, and that earnest work has begun. 'The First Leo' is an interesting subject which is well set forth. The style and diction might be taken as models. In the article on 'The Crusades' we commend highly the remarks on good history."

It was our ambition to improve every number, and we partially succeeded, according to the testimony of the *Tamarac*. Says the ex-man of that paper with our November number before him: "It is no exaggeration to say that the most exacting reader will find sources of pleasure in the dainty pages of the Ottawa REVIEW, replete as they are with delightful bits of prose and verse that afford gratification to every taste. The initial article on the Oxford Poets gives evidence of wide reading. Its style is polished, and the illustrative matter brought in is always apposite. The essay on the Marquis of Bute is timely and interesting, but the author's treatment is somewhat too brief to do full justice to his subject. The 'Thousand Islands' is a clever piece of description." The *St. Mary's Chimes* bestows similar praise on "The Poets of the Oxford Movement, and adds what we know to be true, "the exchange column of the REVIEW is one of the best edited of all those in the journals."

For every witness we have adduced we might have adduced three, but modesty compelled us to be brief. We shall try to deserve the good opinions of our readers and exchanges, to both of whom we cordially wish a most Happy and Prosperous New Year."

A RETROSPECT: A PROSPECT.

On January 1st, 1801, went into force the Act which deprived Ireland of legislative independence and blotted out her name as a separate kingdom from the history of the nations. By what iniquitous means the Union was passed every one knows. Before the footpad robs his victim he plunges a knife into him. It was when Ireland lay hacked and mangled and torn, bleeding from every pore, that her independence was filched away. Against the crime the injured and aggrieved nation has never ceased to cry out. The abortive insurrections of 1803, 1847 and 1867 were frantic attempts, not of the whole nation but of men filled with the spirit of the nation, to recover the lost prerogative. The foremost object of every constitutional movement, which has sprung up in Ireland since the days of O'Connell, has been the recovery of the nation's right to make its own laws.

Little did the Repealers of O'Connell's time, little did Irishmen fourteen years ago, deem that the twentieth century should find Ireland in the inferior position of a province. The eventual repeal of the Union, however, is as certain to-day as it was in either of these periods and is just so many years nearer. It would be a great error to suppose that because the goal has not been reached, no progress has been made towards it. Ireland enjoys, especially since the passage of the County Councils' Bill, a certain measure of self-government; and as well may one expect that the growing plant or tree, enjoying every condition favorable for growth and development, will cease to grow and never arrive at maturity, as has the process of political evolution which is working out Ireland's independence, will suspend its operations halfway It is not man but divine Providence that has inaugurated the process ("for Freedom comes from God's right hand") and the same divine agency is watching over it.

"Erin! O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the brightest shall fade."

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The rage which exists at the present day to organize Debating Clubs in every town and city, is a fact which in itself is very signifi-

cant. Men of experience who either have enjoyed the advantages which such a society affords, or who perceived when launched into the world what they should have been proficient in and were not, are taking the lead in this work of organization. The ability to speak in public they deem to be absolutely necessary.

Colleges and universities have always recognized this truth, and have ever favored—nay, even, in some cases, made compulsory—the existence of the Debating Society. To those to whom was entrusted the education of young men it was quite evident, that unless their students possessed the power to impress, by speaking, their knowledge upon others, the object of their work would not be attained.

Hence it was that the Debating Society always received special encouragement from the Faculty of Ottawa University. Our Prefect of Studies has ever taken an active part in its management, and even was for several years its Director. The constant success of the society was truly admirable, and was certainly a credit to the University. Within the past year or so however, the students seemed to be more desirous of avoiding the debates altogether than of fostering the spirit of the good old days. True it is that in this matter the Faculty was not at all to blame, for it still gave the society generous assistance and even saved it from utter ruin. We are rather more inclined to blame the wish-to-do-nothing sort of spirit which existed among many of its members.

The new century has brought us great hopes nevertheless, and if the first meeting of the Club is to be a criterion of the work which it will this year perform, then our old-time success will surely have returned. The members have this year shown that they wish the society to be brought back to the old standard, and even if possible to rise far beyond it.

The possibility of an inter-collegiate debate should be an incentive for the students to do their very best, so that if this should take place, we might be able to prove to the other colleges that we are as dangerous opponents on the platform as we are on the foot-ball field.

A WELCOME AND A QUOTATION.

Although purely a college paper, THE REVIEW has on former occasions deemed it to be not out of place to take note of what passes in other fields of journalism. Therefore it is that we welcome to our table, and take this opportunity of introducing to the notice of our readers, the latest addition to Catholic and Canadian newspaperdom—*The Union*, an independent Catholic weekly published in this city. With a new year and a new century the *Union* starts well. The first number impresses one very favorably, and though its promoters and editors make no promise "of gilt-edged good things," we feel there is better coming—that which will need no gilt-edge to commend it, but which can win its way on its intrinsic merit. Glancing over the first page of the *Union* this paragraph met our eye:

"Both Toronto University and Queen's University are evidently preparing for a simultaneous, if not joint, raid on the treasury of the Province of Ontario. It is the patent duty of Catholics to protest against any portion of the public funds being devoted to these two institutions unless satisfactory provision is made at the same time for the proper endowment of Catholic University education in the Province. If further state aid is to go to universities, we want our share. Toronto and Queen's are not and never will be suitable centres for Catholic youth. All the theoretical arguments about broadmindedness and large national ideas is the veriest nonsense. It is by no means true that increased intellectual power and attainments necessarily destroy prejudice and injustice and bigotry. On March 13, 1828, the University of Oxford, by a vote of 63 to 32, rejected the petition for the removal of the civil disabilities of Catholics, though the House of Commons had three times passed a resolution favoring equal rights before the law. In February, 1829, the University of Oxford rejected, by a vote of 755 to 609, Sir Robert Peel who had long been its representative, because of his advocacy of Catholic rights. Thus, the representatives of the great mass of the people—the middle classes—spoke out for justice. but they were opposed on the one hand by the King, the Lords, the Established Church and the Universities, and on the other by the Brunswickers—the dregs of the population. So to-day there is no doubt that in any question dealing with the rights of Catholics, the bitterest and most unreasoning opposition would come from Toronto and Queen's Universities on the one hand and from the Orange Order on the other, representing the highest and the lowest forms of Protestant intelligence."

This is just what we might wish to have written ourselves. We heartily endorse this outspoken utterance of the *Union*, and commend the same to the consideration of our legislators.

THE NEWMAN CENTENARY.

There seems to be a very general opinion abroad that the one-hundredth anniversary of Cardinal Newman's birth should be made the occasion of a suitable celebration. This opinion finds favor with the REVIEW. Accordingly our February number will be a Newman number, wherein we shall do our little best to honor the great Cardinal's name.

OBITUARY.

The REVIEW sympathizes deeply with Mr. James H. Gookin '02, and Mr. Dorion Rhéaume, 3rd Form, both of whom suffered sad bereavments during the first week of vacation. Mr. Gookin in the loss of his father whose death occurred at his home in Tewkesbury, Mass., on December 27th, and Mr. Rhéaume by the death of his brother, Mr. Alexander Rhéaume of the commercial class of '66, at the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall. The remains of Mr. Rhéaume were brought to Ottawa for interment. R.I.P.

VARIOUS.

The Duke of Norfolk is one of nature's noblemen, fearless, straightforward, uncompromising, a man of high principle, and with the courage of his convictions ; above all he is a devout Catholic. He is reported to have recently set the political and religious circles of England all agog by an outspoken utterance on the Roman question, wherein he expressed the desire to see the Holy Father restored to a position of independence. This is no more than every Catholic desires ; and if those who move in the political and religious circles of England, imagined the Duke of Norfolk was less Catholic than the meanest Catholic in the world, they have been very stupid.

***

It having been stated that Mr. W. J. Bryan is to become the editor of a political weekly paper to be published at Lincoln,

Neb., the *Sacred Heart Review* remarks, that if this be true, the money question will henceforth trouble Mr. Bryan more than ever.

***

A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cooke, has been attending Catholic services in the churches of Boston, to see for himself what things are said and done therein. Through the *Transcript* he has informed the public that

"The Bible is read and expounded as faithfully in Catholic churches as in Protestant. The idea so many Protestants have that the Bible is ignored by Catholics, if ever true, certainly is not so at the present time in this country. Preaching is made as much of in Catholic as in Protestant churches. The sermons are shorter, more simple and direct; but they are not less effective. Evidently the priests are thoroughly trained in the art of forcible expression and effective discourse. They not only preach without manuscript, but they know how to deal with human nature, how to appeal to its hopes and its ideals. Few Protestant preachers are there who might not learn many a lesson in good preaching by attending Catholic churches. Somewhat to my surprise I learned that the Catholic preaching is thoroughly evangelical, using the word in the sense in which it is employed by the more orthodox of Protestant denominations. It is not the Church which the Catholic sets forth as the centre of his system, but Christ as the Saviour of the world. He regards the Church as Christ's present representative on earth, the guardian and conservator of His teaching; but it is Christ to Whom he looks for salvation. No Protestant can present this more clearly than it was done in the sermons I heard, or exemplify the evangelical spirit more sincerely. I am somewhat inclined to think that the most faithful evangelical preaching is now to be heard in Catholic churches."

If we might offer an advice to the Rev. M. Cooke, we should suggest that he continue to attend those churches where he has found that evangelical Christianity is preached.

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The twentieth century has come into a rich inheritance. Among other legacies bequeathed to it by its predecessor is the unsolved question of the birth-place of St. Patrick. A new book on this topic, by the Rev. S. Malone, P.P., M.R.I.A., has appeared from the press of Browne & Nolan, Dublin. The author contends that the patron saint of Ireland was a Welshman, born at Usktown, Monmouthshire, and musters a good array of learning in support of his contention.

At the Consistory of December 17th, His Holiness the Pope reiterated his protests against the usurpation of the papal territory by the Italian government. His Holiness said: "A source of grief in particular is it, that the same force which deprived the Pontiff of his just and legitimate temporal sovereignty, with which was bound up the freedom of his sacred office, still persecuting, continues to hold him subject to an alien power and an alien domination. Our sense of the bitterness of this injustice was recently renewed by what we saw taking place in the Italian State—that is, when the government of the city, which was wrongfully secured, was passed on from one to another as if it had been obtained by right." The Roman question is more acute to-day than it was twenty years ago. It will be settled for good only when the Pope is restored to complete independence.

Notices of Books.

CITHARA MEA: By Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

Marlier & Co., Boston, Mass.

The appearance of this volume of poems was looked for with an unusual degree of interest. That the author of "Cithara Mea," could woo the Muses, was evidenced not only by the verses which were contributed to American magazines on various occasions by his graceful pen, but particularly by the charming poetic spirit of his novels. But now we check our anticipations, and throw aside any pre-conceived notions to judge the work simply upon its merits. The noticeable departure from the choice simplicity of language characteristic of his fiction is attributable to the over-mastering influence of classic lore which has influenced both his diction and versification. Of his poems, "The Revealed" stands first in order of merit. It is remarkable for its sublimity of thought and majesty of conception, while "The Hidden," with all its dignity of form, has few lines that cling to the memory. In "Gachla, —the Druidess," he has ennobled one of the most beautiful legends of ante-Christian Ireland, which has all the delicacy and felicity of treatment of Aubrey de Vere. In his con-

struction of the sonnet, Father Sheehan has been successful, and his efforts in this difficult form of verse are creditable. The reader will easily discern that the chief note of his poetry is the attention to the spiritual, and while his conception of the higher life is filled with fervour and nobility, their expression is often so mystical and obscure that even the competent reader loses much of the joy expected from a perusal of these poems. His poetry reveals the purposes of his noble mission, which find expression in those words which Keble fittingly used in the dedication of his Oxford lectures on poetry, "Ut animos ad Sanctiora erigeret"—to raise our minds to holier things.

A Troubled Heart and How it was Comforted. By Charles Warren Stoddart.

Ave Maria Press. Notre Dame, Ind.

"A Troubled Heart," which originally appeared in the pages of the *Ave Maria*, is a work which we can unreservedly recommend to our readers. It is a generous outpouring of a noble soul once tossed between the Scylla and Charybdis of unbelief when seeking the truth, but now happily within the harbour of the Church. The booklet is written with that charm and grace of diction which particularly mark Mr. Stoddart's scholarly contributions to current literature. Its pages reveal the author's cravings and yearnings after the enlightenment of a true religion, even when a mere youth. His early prejudices against the Church. his poetic admiration for the externals of worship, particularly for the ceremonies, his search after the spirit and substance of religion, and finally his abandonment of the sinking vessel of Protestantism for the safe bark of Peter are all told with a charming simplicity, honesty, and nobleness of purpose. The work shows the enthusiasm yet fervency and devotion of a convert. It contains many tributes of loving gratitude to those who lightened the heavy-laden in his submission to the Church.

The English Sentence. By Lillian G. Kimball.

American Book Co., New York.

This is a text book which aims for a profitable continuation of grammar study in our high schools and Collegiate Institutes. The

marked feature of the work is the prominence given to examination of the structure of sentences in relation to the thought embodied, so that students will acquire a thorough knowledge of etymology and syntax. By following out this plan the student will have the best method of interpreting the thoughts of others, and of clearly communicating his own ideas. The author's compass of knowledge, on which the success of the treatment depends, is undoubtedly equal to the requirements of the work undertaken, while the manner of treatment, including the happy choice of sentences and author's own diction, stamp the work as one of culture and of merit. The appearance of such a work at the present time is most opportune, because of the persistent demands made by educators for the better teaching of this important subject. The acceptance, then, of this work by teachers will naturally result in more time being given to one of the most necessary subjects of the school curriculum.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MADAME THÉRÈSE. By Erckmann Chatrian.

THE STORY OF CYRUS. By Clarence W. Gleason.

SELECTED WORKS OF OVID. By F. Miller.

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH.

American Book Co., New York.

Among the Magazines.

The opening of the new century has not been marked by any appreciable change in the magazines that come to our *Sanctum*. However, to say that our Catholic exchanges maintain their usual standard is no slight commendation for them.

Among the contents of the *Catholic World* two articles, *St. Paul the Apostle and our Modern Life*, and *Dogma and Dogmatism*, are particularly worthy of note. In the former paper, St. Paul is depicted as the ideal of sanctity, most attractive to the instincts of the modern mind. As a reason of this attractiveness the writer states that he "is the type of religious teacher that is most will-

ingly listened to nowadays. It is not because our contemporaries lack generosity that they take to St. Paul as a model. No one would ever dream of expecting a compromise from him. Men go to him because they really want the meat and kernel of religious truth, because they seek its essence rather than its accompaniments, its soul and not its trappings." These words might offer matter for reflection to some of those sentimental devotionalists that disgust us with their mumblings and mummeries. The second named paper offers a fund of useful reading for both Catholics and Protestants. Although he strongly upholds the claims of divinely revealed dogma, the writer denounces in no mild terms the spirit of dogmatism which prevails so widely among many members of the church, who, as he says, "are ever trying to bring their own unauthorized views under the aegis of ecclesiastical infallibility and to impose them on others under pain of anathema," words by the way which are not wholly inapplicable to a certain element in this fair Dominion. The fiction of the present number is rather weak, "The Mother of John" being, to our mind, remarkable for little except the frequent interspersion of French terms and expressions.

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The Messenger of the Sacred Heart contains an excellent array of papers on live and pertinent topics. *An Epic of the XIX Century* is an epitomized sketch of the work of the Religious of Sacred Heart in the United States. *Missionaries and Martyrs in China*, and *The Problem of the Philippines* will enhance the interest in oriental affairs. *An Attic Madonna* is the first installment of what promises to be a story of absorbing interest.

Exchanges

The last issue of the *Red and Blue* is better than usual. It is essentially a college number, three out of the four papers contributed being stories of student life. These little incidents are quite ordinary, by no means strikingly novel or original, but they are related in a bright, easy style which makes them very readable.

The Dalhousie *Gazette* contains an exhaustive survey of the vexatious "French Shore Question in Newfoundland," which should be of considerable interest to all Canadians. The writer goes into the subject very thoroughly, giving the contentions of both sides in detail. He endeavors to show that the French claims have no foundation, but, since the question now seems as far off as ever from a satisfactory settlement, he concludes that "the entire extinguishment of these rights either by a money payment or exchange of territory is the only possible solution, and there should be no objection to such a proposal on the part of France."

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The *Laurel* appears only quarterly, but it publishes nevertheless as much in one issue as many other journals do in three. The contents of the last number comprise twelve articles, for the most part brief and fairly well written. A few which treat of commonplace, timeworn topics are decidedly uninteresting and might have been dispensed with very well. Essays on such subjects as "Friendship" and "Blessings of Adversity," etc., may have their place in class-work, but certainly they are rather trite to be found in the pages of a progressive magazine. "Ireland's History, Faith and Heroes," is chiefly remarkable as showing not only the author's thorough acquaintance with his subject, but his no less thorough ignorance of paragraphing. The exchange editor does his work conscientiously and earnestly. However, we would recommend him to take a little more care in his writing, as in a critic above all men sins against grammar, punctuation, and the first principles of style are altogether unpardonable.

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Not even the most critical of ex-men could find fault with *St. Mary's Chimes*, save perhaps to hint to the fair editors that a story or two would render their paper even more attractive. But if there is an absence of fiction in the January number there is no lack of clever essays and charming verse. The leading article, "The Psychology of Attention," is, as the title indicates, rather profound and heavy to be interesting to many, but the subject seems to have been well mastered. That recent, popular novel, "Alice

of Old Vincennes," is reviewed in a thoughtful and painstaking mood, all too rare among critics, which grasps the book with no uncertain hand and outlines clearly its defects as well as its strong points. "Nemesis in Shakespeare" is a very good article also, but in our opinion the author should not have neglected "Hamlet," for obvious reasons, in her study of Shakespearian "retribution in art."

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Another excellent convent publication claims our attention—the Niagara *Rainbow*. It also is a quarterly, and a good one. The only fault we can find with it is that the work of undergraduates is rather out of proportion to the size of the journal. The greater part of the *Rainbow* is taken up with articles, of undeniable merit however, from other pens. Among the work of the pupils the series of essays on Dante and his chief works is especially noteworthy. They are an evidence of a deep study and a genuine appreciation of the great Italian poet. But how does it come that there are no aspiring poets among the contributors to the *Rainbow?* Our convent exchanges as a rule seem to have a large number of verse-makers at command, and produce work of a first-class order. And, why the magnificent scenic beauties which lie so close to their convent home should be a never failing source of inspiration to the "mute, inglorious" Niagara poets! Not the least pleasing feature of this very enjoyable journal are its numerous illustrations, among which are some fine copies of well known religious paintings.

Of Local Interest.

The new century on its arrival has no doubt found us in the act of taking all sorts of good resolutions, though we won't vouchsafe that they will all be kept. Yet we may perhaps be excused, for it is certainly hard to settle down to real hard work after vacation. Since we must to business, however, let us begin by wishing all the compliments of the season.

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The great quantity of snow

which has recently fallen almost discouraged the shovelers. The snow-banks are probably the highest that have been seen here at this time of year. A change to good keen frosty weather is expected however, and will indeed be welcome to all, but especially to our hockey players.

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The members of the O. U. A. A. presented an athletic and musical entertainment on 18th Dec., to aid in filling the club's almost depleted treasury. The programme was both novel and interesting, the pupils of Prof. Morse calling for special praise. The music—both vocal and instrumental—was under the care of Rev. O. Lambert, and was rendered in a very pleasing style. A short two act comedy, entitled "Vaca tion," was added to the list, the cast being :

Mr. Pemberton,
Pres. of the Emplre Bank,
T. G. Morin.
Herbert Wells,
alias Jim Parr, formerly a cashier of the Emp. Bank ; at present, a guide,
H. Connolly.
Curtis Dunbar,
a truly good yonng man,
J. J. Macdonell.
G. Elliott Brayton,
a sweet member of N. Y. society,
J. E. Burke.
Old Obadiah Siggins,
'a farmer with an eye for business,
G. I. Nolan.
Young Obadiah,
his son,
J. R. O'Gorman.
Jack Ashton,
of the N. Y. "Daily Cyclone,"
C. P. McCormac.
Raggles, a tramp,
W. A. Callaghan.
Dick Percival,
a leading actor in the Bon Ton Theatre,
J. F. Hanley.
Dennis Clancy,
an all around man,
J. P. King.
Toots, a negro cook,
W. A. Martin.

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To Rev. T. Campeau, under whose direction the program was arranged and carried out, are due the thanks of every one. The little "spread" which he gave after the entertainment was highly appreciated by the boys who take this occasion to thank the Rev. Prefect. The entire success, both financial and otherwise which attended the efforts of the students was largely due to the fact that they joined heartily with the Director and aided him in every way possible.

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The opening debate of the season was a most interesting one. The question, "Resolved that thereshould be international

action in the suppression of anarchism," was thoroughly discussed, Messrs. Donnelly and Burke upholding the affirmative. Messrs. McGlade and Devlin supported the negative, but could not succed in obtaining the judges' favor. Rev. Father Walsh, of Boston, was present and addressed a few words of praise and encouragement to the members of the society.

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On February 13th Dr. J. J. Griffin M.A., of the University of Washington D.C. will lecture in the Academic Hall.

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The Philosopher's dancing class under the skilful direction of Prof. Cox is rapidly reaching perfection, "Bobbie," "Shad" and "Mac," never miss a lesson.

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Prof. (scanning poetry) "How do you divide marriage?"—Would-be-joker (from the back) "Divorce."

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Tommy (to F-l-y at 5.30 a.m.) "Say, Gee, I've got the chicken-pox sure."

F-l-y (frightened) "How 's that."

Tommy—"Why, look at all the feathers in my bed."

J. K-ng: — "Where's this *draft* from anyway?"

Cap.—"From the snow-*bank*."

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Bl-te (in his usual day-dream style). "We've got the nicest bishop living, but he's dead now."

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Be ever sure in future, Paddy, that your friends from L. P. C. have really promised to meet you.

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The Kingston contingent didn't arrive alone, did they, Dick?

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G-bl-n has firmly resolved to have on his "nice striped silk stockings" the next time his friends call.

***

"Are both my eye-brows the same shade?"

***

"Can you change a 5?"

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"I—I—I'm sorry, but I'm engaged."

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A morning songster — The *lark in* our study-hall.

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A new book—I'm All Alone, yes, All Alone, or Locked Out, by J. T. W-rn-ck.

Priorum Temporum Flores :

Among those raised to the priesthood at the Christmas ordination in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, we noticed the names of Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, Rev. John Ryan, '97, and Rev. M. J. McKenna, '97. The REVIEW extends most sincere good wishes to the young Levites.

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Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, '97, and Rev. Geo. E. Fitzgerald, '97, were ordained Deacons by Archbishop Duhamel at the Christmas ordinations at the Basilica.

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We are glad to congratulate Messrs. D. Jos. McDougal and Joseph U. Vincent, both of the class of '94, on their election to the City Council of Ottawa for the present year.

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Rev. J. J. Meagher, '93, has been appointed Dean of Regiopolis College.

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A very pleasing event took place at St. Joseph's Church at 8 a.m., January 16th, when Mr. Thomas F. Clancy, '98, was married to Miss Kathleen O'Leary, the youngest daughter of Mr. John O'Leary, the well-known contractor of this city. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. M. F. Fallon, '89, O.M.I., and was followed by a nuptial mass. The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful presents, including a silver tea service, with oak tray suitably inscribed from the O.U.A.A. After a charming wedding breakfast the young couple left on their honeymoon trip to New York. The REVIEW extends best wishes.

Junior Department.

Weighed down with the cumbrous weight of one hundred years, the old century has rolled into the mysterious past. The tide of time, however, has ushered in a new era in which we must still toil along the rugged road of success, or faltering, walk the path of utter failure.

Standing on the threshold of

the new-born century, the Junior Editor extends to his time-cherished friends the hand of friendship, and to his new-made college chums he offers the words of welcome. His earnest heart gives utterance to the sincere hope that the inhabitants of Liliput will receive from Infant Time abundant measure of years and success in their prospective careers in life.

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On January 15th the Holy Angels' Sodality held its annual meeting to elect officers for the present season. The following young boys have received offices:

President, Ludger Bourque.
Vice-President, George Verreault.
Secretary, Arthur Laberge.
Treasurer, George Leonard.
Chorister, Roderic McDougall.
Assistant Chorister, Joseph Coupal.
Sacristan, William Mulligan.
Assistant Sacristan, Horace Legault.

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On January 10th, the members of the Junior Athletic Association assembled in the study-hall and drew up for the hockey season the following schedule:

Jan. 13.—Dion vs. Girouard.
" 19.—McGee vs. Dion.
" 20.—Girouard vs. Bawlf.
" 23.—Dion vs. Bawlf.
" 26.—Girouard vs. McGee.
" 27.—Bawlf vs. Dion.
" 30.—McGee vs. Girouard.
Feb. 2.—Girouard vs Dion.
" 3.—Bawlf vs. McGee.
" 6.—Dion vs. McGee.
" 9. Bawlf vs. Girouard.
" 10.—McGee vs. Bawlf.

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The first match, which took place between Dion and Girouard, resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 5 to 3 goals.

Though the game was earnestly contested throughout both halves, yet it failed to offer to the spectators that interest which they are accustomed to feel when the Junior hockey-players contend. Girouard put up a great defense for his team at coverpoint, but he was unable to resist the continued rushes of Dion's forwards. In truth Dion has some very raw material on hand and if he intends to be among the victorious at the end of the season, he must practice faithfully during the half holidays. For Dion's team we can mete out no great amount of praise. We shall lavish our compliments on his efforts when we see on the part of the forwards and covers more combined team-work. If Dion won from Girouard Jan. 23rd, the victory was due to the weakness of the opposing team. We hope, boys, that you will all be faithful to daily practices.

You know well that there is always a large crowd of interested spectators at your games. Do not disappoint them therefore by displaying your ignorance of the hockey game. Give them their *money's* worth.

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The Juniors cherish the hope that in the course of time they will be able to pay a *friendly* visit to that fourth team of the senior department. When the seniors are sufficiently confident of their own prowess, and when in fine they feel able morally to meet us with our own kind of weapons—skates, hockeys, and a *puck*, they may send a delegate to headquarters to conclude all necessary agreements.

Headquarters—Dark Room.

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Prof. : What is a planet?

Stud : The flat summit of a mountain.

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Doctor: Well, Flem, what's the matter to-day.

Flem. (who snugly clings to his comfortable bed in the infirmary) : Oh, nothing. I'm just like the other fellows.

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T. S....ln will (if able), kindly keep his pedal extremities within the limited circuit allowed to all skaters.

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Says McCarthy—My face is Irish, my speak is French.

HONOR ROLL.

First Grade—1st, A. Fleming; 2nd, H. Casey ; 3rd, R. Bélanger ; 4th, W. Barrie.

Second Grade, Div. A.—1st, E. Poissant ; 2nd, S. Bourque ; 3rd, G. Kirwan ; 3rd, (ex-equo) P. T. Kirwan; 4th, M. Moreau.

Second Grade, Div. B.—1st, L. P. Levecque ; 2nd, Jno. Walsh ; 3rd, U. Boucher ; 4th, Jos. Casey.

Third Grade, Div. A.—1st, F. Donovan ; 2nd, Jos. Coupal ; 3rd, E. Langlois ; 4th, Fred. Gervais.

Third Grade, Div. B.—1st, B. Hudson ; 2nd, J. Morris ; 3rd, L. Legault ; 4th, Joseph Ranger.

Graduating Class.—1st, E. Seguin ; 2nd, James Healey ; 3rd, Nicholas Bawlf ; 4th, Jas. Donahue.

HONOR LIST—COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade—1st, A. Fleming ; 2nd, W. Barie ; 3rd, F. Hamel ; 4th, H. Casey.

Second Grade, Div. A.—1st, E. Poissant ; 2nd, L. Bourque ; 3rd, P. T. Kirwan ; 4th, A. Coté.

Second Grade, Div. B.—1st, L. P. Levesque ; 2nd, Joseph Casey ; 3rd, J. Walsh ; 4th, U. Boucher.

Third Grade, Div. A—1st, A. St. Pierre ; 2nd, F. Donovan ; 3rd, J. Coupal ; 4th E. Langlois.

Third Grade, Div. B—1st, B. Hodson ; 2nd, W. Traversy ; 3rd, J. Morris ; 4th, Jos. Ranger.

Graduating Class—1st, E. Séquin ; 2nd, R. Lapointe ; 3rd, James Healey ; 4th, W. Leonard.