

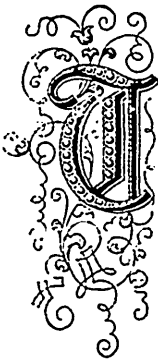
THE OWL.

VOL. IV.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MAY, 1891.

No. 9

A MAY CAROL.



HE gates of morn are opened wide,
The stars in dawn-flushed skies are dying,
Blushing and veiled, May, like a bride
Comes from the East, sweet perfumes sighing.

Mild charms in her features meet,
His power unto her Love delivers ;
Her, maid and youth, her, all things greet
Chaste meads, the tuneful groves and rivers.

She sends her messengers, the Hours,
From shore to shore her sway extending ;
Upon their path the awakened flowers
Their various fragrances are blending.

The vocal birds their tribute bring,
And when day's choir is hushed and slumbers,
The waft and hum of insect wing
Replace the more harmonious numbers.

Oh, mingled bloom of swamps and swards !
Oh, lush, green robe of vale and mountain !
May's priceless worth you speak in words
That laugh in leaf and flash in fountain.

Oh, sapphire depths of sun-lit sky !
Oh, stars which on Night's brow now burn !
Who, who, would say, while May flits by,
That blissful man was "made to mourn" ?

Like lilac buds, in every breast
Break hopes that all the future brighten,
And, like May's music, never rest
Joy's chimes that all earth's burdens lighten.

M.

AENEAS AND DIDO.



It was early morn in the yet unfinished city of Carthage. The thick mantle of mist with which the fierce storm-king had, during his recent passage, enveloped the plain in which it stood, was being slowly stripped off by the glorious god of day; the sea which but last evening had wildly lashed the shore with its white-capped breakers, now softly embraced it and murmured gentle apologies for its recent furious outburst; the sky lately over-cast with frowning clouds, now rivaled the azure hue of the Mediterranean rolling beneath it; every thing proclaimed that peace had once more wooed the wild forces of nature into submission to her soothing sway. Nor did its benign influence end here; deep in the heart of Queen Dido, she reigned as absolutely on this auspicious morn as she did in the realm of nature. That heart had likewise been tempest-tossed by sorrow and treachery. Her husband snatched from her by the hand of the remorseless reaper, ere yet the cup of nuptial bliss had been fairly tasted, her brother become her despoiler and sworn enemy bent upon her death, the Tyrian queen had had good reason to bemoan her cruel fate. But time, that universal healer, had dealt kindly with her, and had removed all but a half pleasing remembrance of her terrible trials. Thus it was that her spirit, untroubled by any dark portent of the future, accorded so thoroughly with that pervading nature. Poor Dido! could she but have foreseen what was to come as she walked through the streets on this beautiful morning, clad in her robes of majesty to the temple where she was to hold her solemn court, how different might have been her fate. But she went forth in blithesome mood to meet it just as we all go forth on some day of our lives, and ere night falls,

There comes a mist and a weeping,
And life is never the same again.

In that temple she meets the Trojan wanderer, Aeneas, driven thither by the storm, and from this meeting springs

the most pathetic love tale that ever was written.

Bitter experience has taught Dido that she who loves must suffer, and this coupled with her lingering affection for her deceased husband, has caused her to steel her heart against love's soft allurements and to refuse many brilliant matrimonial alliances. But, as Virgil makes one of his heavenly messengers inform Aeneas:

Woman is a various and a changeful thing.

In spite of all her resolutions, Dido falls deeply, madly in love with the Trojan hero. His terrible misfortune excites her pity, and pity is very much akin to love. In addition, his god-like appearance, and his wonderful deeds, of which she has often heard, might well prove irresistible charms to a youthful matron of a passionate disposition such as was Dido, even without the intervention of Divine powers, who, we are told, are also at work to make her succumb to them. When passion has entirely taken possession of her as it very soon does, she informs her sister of the matter, and adds naively enough that had she not so irrevocably determined to never, never marry again, she might be tempted into an alliance with the stranger. The sister, like a true courtier, proceeds to show her the utter folly of one so young and so situated adhering to such a resolution and, needless to add, succeeds perfectly. This is a happy stroke of the poet, as he here shows two very common traits of human character. The first, a rather curious one, is that which induces us to ask for and listen to our friends' advice as if it were to be the law of our actions, when we have already determined absolutely upon the line of conduct we intend to pursue. Dido, as her after conduct proves, would have married Aeneas did the will of all Carthage oppose the union, yet she humbly seeks the counsel of her sister and expresses her distrust of her own judgment. The other trait is equally common and reflects still less credit upon mankind. It is the servile adulation everywhere paid to the rich and powerful. Very many men, be it said to their shame, will change every

opinion, uproot every conviction — nay, forsake their very creed, all to please some potentate from whom they expect a favor. Our political life is a case in point, and so it was with Dido's sister. She had women's wit enough to see through the sham reluctance of the queen and sagacity, or if you wish, duplicity enough to flatter her real inclinations.

Vehemence is Dido's characteristic, and it is this which makes her the only real artistic delineation of human nature which Virgil has furnished; all his other *dramatis personae*, including his hero Aeneas, are mere shadows which flit across the stage without leaving any deep impression upon the mind. But, whilst this vehemence constitutes the one success of Virgil as a portrayer of character, it proves the ruin of poor Dido. Her passions are thereby rendered ungovernable, so that when love has entered her heart, her pride, her position, her honor, all are thrown to the winds, and she falls a willing victim to what in spite of all this, however, can only be characterized as reprehensible conduct on the part of Aeneas. It is creditable to Virgil that he condemns the deed itself, but he fails by placing all the blame upon the ill-fated queen. Strange, too, that despite the wonders Christianity has wrought for the elevation of woman and for the proper appreciation of her dignity as a fellow-creature with man, the world in similar circumstances still pursues the same line of conduct. To say that woman is the guardian of morality upon which all society rests and that, consequently, she must be severely punished when she proves false to her trust, will hardly clear the world from the charge of injustice. It is not claimed that the penalty she pays is too severe, but, since in the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, she is the weaker vessel, why, in all conscience, is not a like punishment meted out to her companion in guilt. In this regard, the world is as pagan as it was when it drove the unfortunate queen of Carthage to suicide, whilst it received back her faithless lover with open arms and rejoiced to recognize in him the founder of the greatest nation of antiquity.

Then too, as now, evil news spread fast, and the allegorical figure of scandal almost instantaneously growing from an insignificant pigmy to a giant whose fore-

head touches the skies, is one of the finest figures to be found in the *Aeneid*.

Little need is there to detail further Dido's fate. Human nature is ever the same, and in this tragic tale Virgil has but pointed out vagaries of which we have all heard, if we have not witnessed them. Yet, he has done so with wonderful skill. Aeneas attempts to escape unobserved, for he soon grows weary of his intrigue with the queen; but she quickly discovers his treachery, for "what arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?" The ensuing scenes are painted with the hand of a master. The queen's first wild outburst of anger; her subsequent pitiful appeal to her faithless lover; the fierce struggle between love and hate in her heart; her tragic despair and death; all these the poet has set before us in a manner so thrilling at times as to become positively painful. Especially does it seem so to us as we listen to the fearful invectives she utters whilst catching a last glimpse of the Trojan ships slipping beneath the western waves. Byron might well have had this scene in mind when he wrote:

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

But women have more to do with sentiment than with passion, and Virgil was too true an artist to allow the latter to be the predominant characteristic of his heroine in the death-scene. As she mounts the funeral pile, her glance falls upon the tokens of her short-lived happiness. A meteoric change comes over her; all her rage is calmed now; bitter tears of regret and shame well up to her eyes; with one last look at these tender pledges of her fatal love, she raises her hand and plunges the sword into her bosom. Dido is dead; another is added to the already long list of man's inhumanities towards woman.

Virgil contents himself with merely stating the fact of the suicide without making any comments upon the propriety of the act. Since, however, he utilizes it to disprove so important a personage as Dido, and one in whose fate his readers are naturally deeply interested, it may be safely concluded, especially when taken in conjunction with collateral evidence, that the Pagans looked upon self-destruction in a far more favorable light than do Christians.

It has been stated that Dido is the best drawn of all Virgil's characters, but it

must not be therefrom inferred that she is artistically perfect. She owes this pre-eminence not to her own superiority, but to the inferiority of the poet's other creations. They are but faint shades; she is at least strikingly real. But is she the type of womanhood a poet should set before us? True lovers of poetry declare that its office is not to charm the ear or tickle the fancy, but to set before man lofty ideas which are to serve as stepping-stones to raise him to a more perfect life. And history bears out their statement. The verdict of all ages has been unanimous in declaring the Iliad to be a master poem, and it was in great measure this very poem which engendered amongst the Greeks that wondrous civilization, from which all other civilizations have sprung.

Is Dido, then, in accordance with this standard, an ideal character? Is not that violence by which her actions are so strongly marked something foreign to true womanhood? Is not Andromache, busy about her household cares and cherishing an ardent love for her husband and child, a much more lovable woman and one better calculated to inspire us with reverence for the sex, than is Dido with all her tragic love-affairs? The Grecian nation exhibits that spirit which makes home the sweetest place on earth, and woman, God's greatest gift to man; the Carthaginian queen seems rather inspired with that which but too frequently turns this blessing into a curse.

But if Virgil's women are inferior to those of Homer, his men suffer still more by a like comparison. His hero, Æneas, is always cruelly selfish, and in his dealings with Dido shows himself in a most unenviable light. Of the first charge he is convicted out of his own mouth, for his account of the loss of his wife during the flight from the burning city of Troy proves that with him self was always the first consideration. He showed praiseworthy filial affection, it is true, by bearing his father Anchises forth from the ruins upon his shoulders, but he left his wife to follow as best she might, never turning to see if she still came on, and consequently never missing her until it was too late.

In his subsequent voyage to Carthage, and indeed throughout all his adventures, he displays very little courage. Whenever any difficulty confronts or danger

threatens him, he forthwith begins to whimper for his goddess mother's aid. Piety towards superior powers is indeed commendable, and the greatest heroes were at all times most religious men, but when total reliance is placed in supernatural aid by one who poses as a great leader, it does not tend to enhance our conception of his heroism. A man displays far more moral force by acting courageously upon the principle that "God helps those that help themselves" than he does by sinking upon his knees in the time of trial, and trusting entirely to heavenly intervention to bring him safely through the struggle.

But what most detracts from Æneas as a hero, is his conduct towards Dido. After basely taking advantage of her weakness, he, like many a similar wretch before and since, still more basely forsook her and left her to bear the brunt of her shame alone. Her prayers might have moved a heart of stone, but his remained untouched, for it was of adamant. It may be said that he was but obeying the command of the gods, and that, however willing he might have been to stay, fate had rendered such a course impossible. But his actions belie this. When he receives the message to depart he is in no way grieved, nay, he seems rather rejoiced, for he begins at once to make preparations to go without ever giving a thought to the unfortunate woman he is forsaking. No, as generally happens in such cases, he is tired of the alliance, now that the charm of novelty has worn away and is only too well pleased at the excuse afforded to depart. His conduct in Italy is not calculated to raise him in our esteem. Wherever he appears, he seems to bring sorrow and that to those who receive him kindly and treat him as a kinsman. Here he arrives just in time to break up a union between a young couple each of whom seems quite eager for its consummation. He prefers to have the girl for himself and, of course, she must be his at any cost. Her lover killed, she becomes his prize, and with this heroic act he disappears from the stage.

Even in the duel by which this termination is brought about, Virgil has managed to belittle his hero. The gods again are at work; they unman Turnus and paralyze his strength. Maddened with fear, he cowers at the feet of Æneas who

dispatches him without a struggle. How different is Achilles! He preys upon no weak defenceless women, nay, he acts towards the lowliest of them with all the chivalry of a noble nature, as is evidenced by the affection Briseis shows for him. He reverences the gods, but he relies much also upon his own trusty arm. In his final combat with Hector he is given no mean advantage. Hector is terrified, it is true, but not to such a degree as to be unable to defend himself. Granted that Achilles is guilty of some barbarity towards his enemy's body, theirs has been a feud of long standing, and one in which the passions of each had been raised to a white heat, a fact which in part atones for this, and it must not be forgotten that when his transport of rage is over, he returns the body at old Priam's request. If, then, we apply the standard laid down above for the estimation of the worth of poetic characters—that they should be such as to excite in us admiration and lofty aspirations, we shall find Æneas still more wanting than is Dido. Few of his actions are worthy of imitation, and many of them call for condemnation. Achilles, on the contrary, stands before us in massive strength, every inch a man. He has strong passions, it is true, but what *man* has not? That he is occasionally carried away by them is not surprising, for perfection is not of this world. Yet shall we be much the better for a study of his character and an attempt to copy many of its traits. Homer knew the human heart as an organist knows the keys of his instrument. Virgil only scanned its sentimental side, and unfortunately he seems to have considered sentiment unworthy of a hero. Hence, he has given us instead a cool, calculating schemer.

Defective as is the poem in point of characterization, however, it still is a great work, in some respects perhaps the greatest of all similar productions. The testing of ages—that best of all criterions has been to this effect. The chief points in its favor are its exquisite style, its oft-occurring pathos and its spirit of nationality. The polished execution of the whole work, but especially of that portion which had received the finishing touches, is too well known to every classical student to require

any comment. The frequently quoted verse

(Quadruple dante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum,

in reading which rapidly one seems almost to hear the clattering of the horse's feet, is but a sample of Virgil's command of imitative harmony and the general beauty of his style.

The exquisite delineation of sentiment in the poem has been justly regarded as its finest feature. Many critics, indeed, would place Virgil above all other poets as a portrayer of the pathetic. This is, perhaps, an extreme view as it would be hard to find any where in the Æneid, a bit of pathos more finely wrought out than that shown forth in the episode of Hector and Andromache. It must be admitted, however, that whilst this is the only jewel of the kind which adorns the handiwork of the Grecian artist, that of his Roman brother is bestudded with similar ones throughout. The fine sentimental touch to Dido's character has been already noted, but this is surpassed by that embellishing the story of Nisus and Euryalus. This latter episode has been at all times looked upon as one of the finest, if not the finest occurring in any literature.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Æneid would have been awarded the high niche it now occupies in the temple of poetic art, were it not so strongly characterized by a spirit of nationality. In the choice of his subject, at least, Virgil may well contend with any other poet for the palm of excellence. It embodies the whole national life and all the national pride of the Romans. To them, in consequence, it was the first of all epics. And so deeply is the spirit of nationality rooted in the human heart that even at the present day, though we be not Romans, not even Latin, we still feel a thrill of triumph as we read this wondrous tale of the foundation of imperial Rome. Virgil, though probably he knew it not, bespoke for his work the sympathies of not merely the Roman people, but of the whole human family when he wrote as indicative of his purpose in detailing so minutely the trials of Æneas, "So great a work it was to found the Roman race."

D. MURPHY, '92.

SAINI COLUMBA.



E are indebted to a well known illustrated journal for many beautiful pictures and sometimes for valuable information. But its claim to rank always as "a best possible public instructor," cannot always be admitted. It passes beyond

all conceivable newspaper blundering when speaking of Saint Columba. This will be shown after we have given a few words of the history of the illustrious Saint.

Columba was connected by birth with the Royal Families of Ireland. Being a devout Christian, he was anxious to possess a copy of the Book of Psalms, which was kept in the Church of an Abbot of the country. The Abbot refusing to favour him with a copy, he stealthily made one himself under night, light, as the legends affirm, being provided in a supernatural manner. The copy being completed, Columba claimed it as his own. The Abbot would not admit his claim, and so the matter was brought before the chief king of Ireland. His majesty gave his decision in the words: "To every cow her calf." This was hostile to Columba, and being sorely disappointed at losing the fruit of his labour, and having influence with one of the lesser kings through his near relationship, he raised an insurrection against the chief king. This was held by the Christian people to be a grievous sin. The holy men of the land—whom Columba consulted, pronounced that on account of raising civil war and causing bloodshed, severe penance must be undergone. Columba concurring in this opinion, resolved to go into perpetual exile. Abandoning, accordingly, the land which he loved so dearly he repaired to Scotland and settled in Iona, an island in the country of the Scoti who had long been a Christian people. On his arriving there, the journal would have us * believe that Columba in order to propitiate the Priests of Druidism, put to

death, as a sacrifice, a most dear companion and friend who had accompanied him from Ireland. This was going beyond Druidical practice, the Druids, as is now generally believed, sacrificing only criminals. Their superstition and their priesthood had ceased to exist in the country of the Scoti, long before the arrival of St. Columba. Who was there then to conciliate? Or, was it necessary that the apostolic man who was destined to be the Saviour of the Picts (Pechts), should shock the feelings of a Christian people by committing an atrocious murder?

The sacrifice was to the powers of evil too. Truly, Columba must have been strangely resolved to out-do the Druids, who sacrificed only to the Supreme Deity. The Christian Monk, no doubt, knew more about Satan than the Druids, and thought it as well to make alliance with him. It is of no consequence that we do not understand how this could be, his infernal majesty, having been known to aid powerfully in pulling down churches, and above all, for his unceasing hostility to the Church with which Columba was in communion.

There are no bounds to the extravagance and falsehood of some *traditions*, or, to the credulity of those who receive them. In the accepted histories of St. Columba, there is no mention of the absurdities which the writer in the illustrated journal ascribes to him. No history could be received as genuine which represents a consistently Christian man actually undergoing self-inflicted punishment for his sins, adding to his iniquities by becoming guilty of the most cruel criminal act that could possibly be committed by any human being.

From his chosen abode in Iona, Columba went forth in order to gain over to christianity the Pictish people, who occupied the north eastern parts of Scotland. We are inclined to believe that he commenced his labours by apostolic preaching, and not by miraculous violence. The King of the Picts at first refused to grant him an audience. Finally, however, he consented to receive Columba, and then, we cannot

but believe that it was by his eloquence and not by breaking the king's gate and overthrowing the Royal Towers, that he gained the good will of king Brudac and obtained his permission, not unaccompanied by his powerful protection, to preach everywhere throughout his dominions. His preaching was attended with wonderful success, and in due time, the Picts, like the neighbouring Scots became a Christian people.

Iona continued to flourish, a great centre of religion, till its sacred edifices were laid in ruins by the barbarous Scandinavian vikings. When their day was over, it was restored, and remained in pristine vigour till the overthrow of the ancient Church in Scotland. It then became a ruin once more. But the halo of sanctity which centuries of devotion had thrown around it, could not be effaced :

You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the odour of roses will hang round it still.

What interesting historical associations are there not in connection with Iona ! It was for ages the burying place of the Scottish monarchs, and for many a generation the kings of the Isles (not an inappropriate title considering the power they possessed), were laid at rest within its sacred aisles. It is still a place of pilgrim-

age. It is often visited by pious Christians who come to offer their adoration to our blessed Saviour and the One Supreme, beneath the broken arch and at the ruined shrine. Protestants and Catholics alike venerate the scene of so many Christian and patriotic events. Dr. Johnson speaks of Iona as stirring up the devout sentiments of Christians, even as the places, immortalized by the victories of ancient Greece, awaken patriotic feelings in the breasts of all right-thinking men. The great Master of language thus expressed his noble view : "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose devotion would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."

A CORRESPONDENT.

* Tradition relates that in laying the foundation of the chapel, no progress could be made until Columba agreed to offer one human sacrifice to the powers of evil which he was about to overcome —thus laying the foundation in blood, as the Druids were in the habit of doing. Oran, one of the Monks, generously offered himself for the sacrifice, and was accordingly buried alive, after which the work went prosperously on. Tradition further states that Columba, eager for a last look at his friend, had him disinterred after three days' burial, but that Oran gave utterance to such unorthodox statements as to the other world, that Columba had him hastily covered up again.—*Extract from the journal alluded to, April 11th, 1891.*

JOY FLIES.

On azure wings fair joy
Brilliant and swift flies by ;
We do not feel her ray
Because we gaze on clay.

A TRIP TO THE SHANTIES.



OR the last three years it has been my lot as a priest to accompany a brother priest on a missionary trip to the shanties, i. e., the lumber camps, of which there is such a great number along the Ottawa River and its many tributaries. Our voyage was up the Black River and the River Coulonge. If you look at a good map of the Dominion of Canada, you shall see that the Ottawa River has its sources towards the north-east, near those of the St. Maurice and the Gatineau. The Gatineau flows south, and at its mouth is no doubt surprised to meet with its old friend the Ottawa, with whom it parted at its very fountain-head. The St. Maurice takes a course which is also, on the whole, a southerly one, and empties into the St. Lawrence, at Three Rivers. But the noble Ottawa, in direct opposition, as it were, to its final destiny, proceeds from its sources in a direction which is, for a great distance, towards the West. Of course, it afterwards bends to the South; and when passing Pembroke and Ottawa its general direction is towards the East till it empties into the St. Lawrence, after taking in on its way the Gatineau and many other tributaries of its own; so, if you were leave the Ottawa flowing east at Pembroke or Ottawa and travel north, you should come again upon the Ottawa flowing west. It is not very far to the south of this northern stream of the Ottawa that the Black and Coulonge Rivers take their rise. Then, draining the country intervening, they flow nearly parallel to each other into the southern part of the Ottawa; the Black River at the foot of Allumette Lake, and the Coulonge, just above Coulonge Village, the present terminus of the P. P. J. Railroad of bonus fame.

Leaving the parish in which I am stationed, the Sunday after Epiphany, I reach that evening the hospitable home of the parish priest of G——, whose *compagnon de voyage* I am to be. We start the following morning. There are three of us—the Rev. *Curé* of G——,

myself, and our driver. The latter is a *habitant*, warmly clad in homespun. He is short and stout, not over prepossessing in looks, but a jolly, good, attentive man. On the back of the collar of his coat is a large *capuchon*, or hood, with which in a daintier form our snowshoe clubs are familiar; it is a very useful article of clothing for anyone that makes a trip to the woods in winter, as it admirably protects the head and face against the cold north or the cutting east wind that drives the snow and frost into the face of the traveller, especially on some of the big lakes over which the road runs. Our driver is himself an old *voyageur*, familiar with all the usages and customs of the shanty. When in a perfect labyrinth of roads, he can unfailingly detect the one that leads to the shanty. He can sing a song, crack a joke, smoke a pipe, or take a *couff*, with the best man in the land. Such is our guiding angel through the wilderness; and a very painstaking and attentive one he is. Of my comrade and myself, I must, of course, say nothing: the reader will take it for granted that "we are both honourable men."

So we jog along for five or six weeks, till our work is at last over; most of the time in good humour; going from one shanty to another; now crossing over from Black River to the Coulonge, and back again; now crossing and re-crossing each of those streams till we scarcely know on which side we are. A shanty is a rough cottage built of logs. The interstices in the walls are stuffed with moss to keep out the cold. The roof is made of *scoops*. Split a log exactly down the middle; *scoop* out the flat side of each piece, leaving a thickness of say two or three inches, so that both pieces will form two longitudinal sections of a hollow cylinder; there you have two scoops. These are placed longwise from the centre of the roof to the eaves, each scoop lapping over on its neighbour like a shingle, and all being laid with the convex side alternately up or down. Or, rather, it is better to say that first a row of scoops is laid with the concave side upward, and

covering the joints of the first row. Thus the rain is kept out in the fall and spring. For rain that falls on the roof will of course gather in the upturned concave sides of the scoops and thus be conducted to the eaves. As you enter the shanty, the first thing that strikes the eye is the fire, which is an immense oblong fireplace, called the *camboose*, in the centre of the shanty, and certainly taking up one-fifth of the space thereof, and sometimes more. The *camboose* is made with logs, and well filled with sand, on which the fire is made. At one end, a space about two feet wide is partitioned off, in which the cook may place and cover with the red-hot sand from the fire those pots and bake-kettles, from which come the white bread and the delicious baked beans, for which the shanties are famous. The smoke goes out through an immense aperture in the roof; and when it escapes well, there is nothing more cheerful than to see from twenty-five to sixty or eighty men seated around this immense blaze, eating, smoking, chatting, grinding axes. And again, when all are gone to bed there is something weird in the stillness of the camp, broken only by the cracking of the burning logs, or the long, heavy breathing of the sleepers.

After shaking hands with the cook, recognizing him, if possible, as one you met last year in such or such a shanty, or as a new acquaintance, you take off your overcoat and wraps, and look around. As your eyes get accustomed to the glare of the *camboose*, you notice that all around the sides of the shanty there are berths, arranged in an upper and a lower range like those of a Pullman sleeper, only that the upholstery is not so perfect. The mattress or ticking of these beds consists of an armful or two of balsam boughs; the pillows are folded overcoats, or bags stuffed with the scanty spare effects of the shanty-man. However, the woodman, after wielding the axe or teaming horses since daylight, or the missionary, who has been up early, out all day in a sleigh and up late in the evening, cares but little for the hardness of his couch, provided he have plenty of warm blankets.

Having made friends with the cook—a very important preliminary—we inform ourselves about the number of men in the shanty; how many of them are Catholics; how many French; how many Irish; how

far it is to the next shanty, which is the best way to go thither, etc. We get our supper before the men come in from the bush. As they come in, tired, and covered from head to foot with snow, their beards rigid with ice, we welcome each and every one of them with a hearty shake hands. The whole camp is then a scene of bustle. Damp mitts, and moccasins and socks are taken off and strung up before the *camboose* fire to dry, until the shanty looks like a second-hand clothing store. Then the men wash their hands and faces, and get supper. And don't they eat! From a bodily point of view, I can wish the readers of THE OWL nothing better than that they may always have a shanty man's appetite, and lots to satisfy it. After supper appear the pipe and tobacco, and soon the shanty is filled with the fumes and the odour of the delectable weed. The choppers are occupied, one grinding an axe, another turning the grindstone, another carving an axe-handle. Here a piler or a loader is tempering his cant-dog, or fitting a new handle to it; there a teamster is mending a whipple-tree, or repairing some article of harness. In the midst of the throng, the cook, most important man of all, both in his own esteem and in that of the others, who was a while ago busy dishing out meat, cutting bread, and otherwise attending to the eaters, is now bustling about washing up the knives (forks are rare), tin plates and tea-dishes, that form the table-service of the shanty.

The missionary is generally supposed to get up a little diversion before the mission begins. Songs are sung; if there be a fiddle and fiddler in the shanty their services are called for. My brother clergyman is an expert at white magic, especially at tricks with cards, and many an evening he keeps a whole shanty laughing at his amusing tricks, or in amazement at his wonderful feats of jugglery. At last, however, the teamsters have to go and feed their horses; and when they come back, the mission begins. Sermons are given, both in English and French, if necessary, on the great truths of Salvation. Medals, rosaries, and scapulars, catechisms and other good books are then distributed among the men; and after that, begin the confessions. These may last until from eleven till twelve o'clock or later; after which we

are glad to get to bed, especially as we shall have to rise at four, or even half-past three, next morning.

When the time comes to get up, the foreman, or cook, or sometimes the missionary rouses the whole camp by shouting *live, live*, which is the *Benedicamus Domino* of the shanty. As a general rule, when a mission is given, all have to rise earlier than usual, so that the mission may not interfere with the regular hour for beginning work. Mass is said and communion given by one of the missionaries, and a short instruction preached by the other. Nothing could be more impressive, in a way, than this Mass said in the dark winter's morning within the sombre unpretentious log-walls of the shanty. And though the proximate preparation and immediate thanksgiving are both necessarily short, I doubt very much if a more perfect picture of devotion can be found than the rough unkempt group of shanty men kneeling upon the hard uneven log floor, or approaching the humble altar to receive Holy Communion. Breakfast follows, and soon the shanty-man has to shoulder his axe, and after once more grasping the hand of the missionary, starts out for another hard day's work; but this time fortified by the consciousness of having done his duty, and by the Bread of Life which he has received that morning. Then, the missionaries breakfast, and soon it is their turn to start for another field of labour, where similar experiences are to be repeated.

As a general rule, all the Catholics in a shanty make it a point to come to confession and communion when the priests visit the shanty. If any one should neglect his duty, he is looked upon with distrust by his companions, and nobody would be surprised to see him taken off by a sudden death, before spring. I must say that several remarkable facts justify such presentments about the negligent Christian. The very first winter I was on Black River, every man in a certain shanty came to his duty, except one. Three days afterwards, this very man was killed by a fall on the ice. One of the shanty-man's failings is blasphemy, though, when one is a very bad blasphemer, he is held in horror by his comrades. One very bad blasphemer who would never go to confession, went so far in his madness as to defy Almighty God to drown him. This

was on the drive. Shortly afterwards, he was drowned in the very spot where he had uttered his blasphemy, and in which, that the hand of God might be more manifest, there was not, humanly speaking, such a depth of water as would ordinarily suffice to drown a person.

From the mingling of French and English speaking nationalities in the shanties, some remarkable interchange of words take place between the two. A French shanty-man will tell you that, last spring *la drive était stucké dans la creek*; that he would go home now, only *il n'est pas capable de settler avec la consarn*. Likewise, the English speaking woodman will talk to you of a *traverse*, which is the French term for long spars that form the frame work of a crib of square timber; he will tell you that where he was working to-day, a *matelot* fell and nearly struck him. You don't know what he means until somebody tells you that *matelot* (French for a sailor) is a term applied by the bushmen to a large limb which, though detached from the trunk, is caught in the high branches of a tree, whence there is always danger that the wind, or some other cause, may cast it down suddenly upon the head of an unsuspecting passer-by. Men have often been killed or maimed by a falling *matelot*. The crane by which a pot is suspended over the camboose-fire is always termed a *crémaillère*, even by an Irishman; a tin pail or pot becomes a *chaudière*, which is, however, pronounced something like *shō-yare*. This is a living lesson in philology; a practical example of the manner in which language was formed in ages gone by. The transformation of *beuf* into *beef*, of *mouton* into *mutton*, of *guerre* into *war*, of *garantir* into *warrant*, were not a whit more remarkable, or, perhaps, in their day less ridiculous than the changes I have mentioned.

The student of nature, whether from a poetical or a scientific standpoint, would find much to interest him in a trip to the shanties; that is, if he had nothing else to do than to study the beauties and wonders of Nature. On our journey, we were sometimes on the summits of hills, driving along the edge of precipices; again, in the depth of valleys; now gliding along the sinuous and frozen bosom of the Black River or the Coulonge, with rocky cliffs towering up on either side, or over some

lake bordered with green pines. By the way, the number and size of the lakes we meet is astonishing. Sometimes the road will pass over a whole chapelet of lakes with scarce three-quarters of a mile between them. But, when it is our lot to cross these lakes in a storm or a heavy frost, all the poetry and science leaves them, and we are very glad when we reach the shore, and the road runs once more in the shelter of the bush.

With regard to the vegetation, at times our route was bordered with gigantic pines, again, nothing but forests of tall spruces could be seen; at other times, as far as the eye could reach nothing met it but a vast expanse of white birch. We would pass over tracts where the pine has all been cut or destroyed by fire, and its place taken by crooked poplars, stunted cypresses, or withered mullein.

Geologically speaking, the locality that interested me most was "The Plains" above the *Haute Farm* of Mr. Booth, on the road which goes from the Black River to Moose Lake and the Coulonge. These plains are a vast plateau bordered on every side by high hills, and looking very much like the old bed of some prehistoric lake of oceanic proportions. Through these plains just above the *Haute Farm*, the Black River runs; and the land descends towards the river in a series of beautiful and geometrically cut terraces, perfectly marking what were, to all appearances, different beds of the river in former times, when it flowed in more extended channels and had much vaster proportions than at present.

To close this rather rambling account of my shanty trip, I must mention one little incident that affected me very much. In a very lonely part of the road, we came across a solitary grave, just a few yards from the roadside. On a stunted tree over the head of the grave there hung a rusty rosary. Any inquiries we made

merely elicited the fact that the rosary belonged to the occupant of the grave, that both the grave and the rosary had been there for years. But the name, or the nationality, or the native place, or the cause of death of the lonely tenant of this grave in the wilderness, no one could tell. Was it a mighty pine, a monarch of the forest that had crushed in its fall the puny creature who had dethroned it! Had some treacherous rapid engulfed him in a fatal eddy, and then cast his lifeless corpse upon the shore? Or did some dread disease lay its fell hand upon him in the wilderness, destroying his life and his earthly hopes, while his thoughts were wandering back far away to dear ones, for whose sake he had erstwhile left home full of life and strength to toil in the woods? All these questions are unanswered, and likely will remain so till the judgment day. Meanwhile, the departed shantyman takes his long rest in the damp earth by the banks of the Coulonge, far away from the little churchyard of his native village where rest the bones of his fathers. There is none to weep over him, though the wind sighs a dirge through the branches of the towering pines or the tall spruces: none to grieve, though the cypress hangs its branches as though in sorrow over his lonely grave. No tombstone tells his birth, his years, or his virtues. But no! here I am not quite right; whatever else is missing, there is yet the rusty rosary that hangs over his head, and says as plainly as letters chiselled in marble could record it: "Here lies a child of Mary." And as we moved off from that spot, I breathed as fervent a prayer as I could to the Queen of the Rosary for the repose of him whose bones rest in that unthought-of grave. Dear reader, do thou likewise.

What a fitting theme for a poet's pen, this grave in the lonely wilderness! Perhaps some one of THE OWL's poetical contributors will take it up.

P. T. R., '84.

CONTENT.

Canta la rana y no tiene pelo ni lama.

—*Spanish Proverb.*

The frog sings in his watery lair
Although he has nor wool nor hair.

C.

AT THE MAY SHRINE.

O tender and so pure--so womanly—
 Before thy flower-strewn shrine we bow the knee
 And hail thee, Mary mother of our God !
 Our griefs and troubles vanish utterly,
 None could be sad upon thy festal day,
 Thou solace of our life, loved Queen of May ;
 Albeit thou sighedst on this sin-racked sod
 And drank resigned its chalice'd misery.

The sun that lights the heavens his brightest sheen,
 Flings o'er the flowers set in the vernal green,
 To rob them in rare beauty for thy sake ;
 And bands of happy children may be seen
 Bearing the fragrant blossoms all day long
 Unto thine altar, where they join in song,
 Then, glad, their parting genuflexions make,
 They know a loving mother thou hast been.

And one who once a child is child no more,
 But bears his lightless life with pantings sore,
 Has hither come a suppliant to thy feet
 His soul out in his prayer to meekly pour.
 "Forgive them for they know not what they do,"
 Those words thou'st heard, beneath the cross of rue,
 In broken voice our dying Lord repeat,--
 Bethink thee now, nor let His justice lower.

Thou link between this woe-seared earth of ours
Had happier spheres where, throned in jasper bowers,
Chaired angels sing their peerless paens of praise,
Thou knowest that our strength wanes with our hours—
That, weak at best, we stumble though we creep
Afraid to walk, and oft repentant weep—
Thou knowst, too, the short mede of our days,
In our behalf exert a mother's powers.

As one who leaves the dark, tempestuous sea
To watch the joyant dawn, from self to thee
I turn, and drown my gloom in thy glad light.
Thy visioned glow hath changed my threnody
To peals of joy; once more a calm-browed child
I kneel before thy shrine, with aspect mild;
Thou shinest star-like o'er our mundane night,
To gaze up to thy face is Heaven to see.

W.



TWO HELLS.

"Ye realms yet unrevealed to human sight!
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night!
Ye gliding ghosts! permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state."



AMONG men of all nations and times speculation has ever been rife concerning existence in the spiritual world. Among the Pagans, the mode of life of the Olympian and Plutonian deities was the subject of various

theories; that of God and his angels, as also of the devil and the fallen host among True Believers; while both have eagerly sought for the true solution of the problem of the soul's whereabouts and condition after death. As innumerable are the theories which have been advanced concerning these various questions as there have been minds to conceive them: but those who have gloried most in their speculations, and have portrayed their ideas to the world in the most glowing colors are the greater poets of all ages. In the uncertain realms of the spiritual world, these photographers of speculative thought have had full scope for the exercise of their wildest fancies. For who had ever visited these realms and returned? None; therefore, could poets paint them as they would. Once without the pale of this most real world, their gigantic imaginations might expand to their utmost limits without fear of barrier or opposition. These realms they might fashion as they would, might build of what material, might compass with what elements they might think fit, and people with what beings they might choose.

And so, glancing back over the wide vista of human thought, we observe that the greatest poets that have ever ornamented our sphere, have spent themselves to the utmost in pairing in the most glowing colors, the particular ideals which they possessed of these unexplored domains. Homer and Virgil especially, among the ancients, have revelled in this spirit-world: whilst among the moderns,

our greatest master-minds, Dante, Goethe, Milton, have likewise found scope for their elastic imaginations only in these obscure realms. So wondrous and vast have been their conceptions, and so graphically painted withal, that we can scarce contemplate them without harboring a doubt as to the purely human composition of their authors. Homer's clammy draughts chill us to the quick; Virgil's hinted torments of the damned in the dread depths of Tartarus fill us with a fear more terrible perhaps than if he had described them, as dangers, which we would bravely face in the light of day, frighten us when shrouded in darkness; Dante's horrible portrayal of the Almighty's mode of vengeance is the limit of man's imaginative powers; Milton's building of Pandemonium awes us, causing us to reflect what mighty power God could bestow upon creatures, and yet be infinitely more powerful Himself; and Goethe's portrait of Mephistopheles is so clever, that after making his acquaintance, we look with suspicion upon every new friend, lest he should be the incarnate fiend himself rambling on our earth.

Although the conceptions of these writers cannot be accepted as the standard in every particular whereby to judge of the opinions on these subjects held by the different ages in which they lived, yet we can gain from them a general idea of what men thought in their respective times. To examine the ideas held of the spiritual world by all the above-named writers would imply a survey of a wide field of literature, and would be too comprehensive a subject for our present purpose; but a glance can be had here at the pictures of an after-life given to us by the two great epics of Pagan times, Homer and Virgil, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* and the sixth of the *Aeneid*, wherein are described the descents of the respective heroes of the two poems to the nether world. It will be interesting to note wherein they differ, in order to see

the advancement of ideas on these subjects from the age of Homer to Virgil's time.

The Homeric hell is Erebus, the house of Hades or Pluto, and is placed at an indefinite distance below the earth, in the far East. Below Erebus, as far as Erebus is below the earth, is Tartarus, where are punished the Titans and other offenders against Zeus. Homer makes no mention of the "Isles of the Blest" of Pindar, but speaks of the Elysian Plain in the far region of the sunset. "No snow is there, nor any rain, nor great storms, but always the River Ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on men." Here we shall find Rhadamanthus, son of Zeus, (whom, we shall notice, Virgil places in a very different locality), and thither shall pass Menelaus without dying, *because Helen, daughter of Zeus, is his wife*; mark you! not on account of any high moral qualifications of his own, but simply because he happened to become united to one of the royal family of Jove.

After a blood-offering we enter Erebus, and what first strikes us is its darkness, dreariness, chilliness. The air is full of gloomy feeling of the grave. The ghosts crouch here and there, or sit about singly, or go trooping by in crowds, but are all mere semblances (*eidola*), and only after drinking the sheep's blood, regain enough of the faculties of the living to be able to converse. Hell is not laid out so that we can understand it exactly. Homer would appear not to have had a very distinct idea of what he wished to describe as Erebus. Everything is indistinct, uncertain. On extensive plains of gloom we behold warrior-wraiths drive their chariots, and hurl their long spears; hunters pursue their game: in fact, the ghosts appear to have the same occupations in the nether world as the would above.

But those who come near us appear dissatisfied, unhappy. They seem to occupy themselves as they do merely to pass the time, not that they are given any pleasure by so doing. They move about, looking frigid, with acid countenance, as though their good warm bodies would be a comfort to them here. Their feeling on the subject of life in Erebus is well voiced by Great Achille's shade, who says:

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom;

Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.

Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead."

Such an after-life, then, as Homer painted could be anything but enticing, when so great a hero as Achilles met with such a miserable reward for all his magnanimity and self-sacrifice. Plato, in his third Republic, censures Homer severely for putting such words into the mouth of Achilles, remarking that "such a picture of after life was dangerous to morals, that it would prevent youths from doing great and noble deeds at the risk of their lives; that patriots would soon disappear, and men would become cowards and slaves." But there must have been traditions and opinions among his countrymen in Homer's time, upon which he founded his theories of after-life. He should scarcely be blamed. It merely goes to show what little hope there was after death for men in that day, according to the prevalent philosophy, and Homer could not be expected to conceive ideas which it required centuries of experience and progress towards the truth to implant in men's minds.

In the Homeric Hell, the only sins mentioned as meeting with special punishment are those against the gods. We read of Tityus having his bowels eternally torn out by a vulture, for having attempted to violate the goddess Latona; and perjurers are mentioned as undergoing terrible torments.

"Witness thou first, thou greatest power above,

.....
And ye fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare,
For perjured kings and all who falsely swear."

But no mention is made of any social sins being punished. With the exception of those who have sinned against Heaven, the shades mingle indiscriminately in their abode of gloom. But those whose bones lie unburied are forbidden to hold converse or communion with the other phantoms. Only two other punishments are described besides that of Tityus, those of Tantalus and Sisyphus, the former of whom forever vainly endeavours to sip the crystal brook, or taste the luscious fruit; while the latter eternally rolls a huge stone up a mountain, but no sooner

reaches the top than the stone rolls again to the bottom. And, yet, though social sins are not unpunished, and the penalty of sin in so few cases described, Minos is said to deal out justice in the most awful grandeur :—

“ High on a throne tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnished gold,
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand,
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band,
Still as he pleads, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.”

But nothing further is heard of them after their absolution or condemnation. Their punishment or reward is not even alluded to. They seem to fade away into the dark uncertainty and gloom which pervade all here.

In fact, in Homer's Hell everything is indistinct, the place itself, the occupants, their judgment, their punishment or award, all is cloudy, misty ; so much so, indeed, that we are inclined to accept Mr. Gladstone's view of this Hell, which is that the Greeks having lost to a great extent the true idea of after-life, which they had once possessed when they were one common people with the Chosen of God, retained of it only this misty, shadowy, indistinct notion represented to us by Homer.

We enter Virgil's Hell only after an oblation of brute blood, as in Homer, but the blood is offered, not for the purpose of vivifying the shades, but of invoking the gods below, Hecate, Proserpine and Pluto. Just as Homer has painted it, the shades of those whose bones yet bleach in the sun, are driven back from the ferry by that sordid old god, Charon, and are forbidden to mingle with the other shades ; on the other side of the Acheron, the shades hold spectral bouts and hunt the timid game, and Tityus, Sisyphus and Tantalus are yet in Tartarus with the Titans.

But immediately we enter Virgil's Hell, we perceive a vast difference from that of Homer. Hell is planned in such a manner that we can understand it, and its terrifying grandeur fills us with awe. From the very entrance he peoples it with hideous forms—

“ Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell,
And pale diseases, and repining age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage,
Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep

(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep ;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind ;
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;
The Furies' iron-beds ; and strife that shakes,
Her hidden tresses and unfolds her snakes.”

Then, having crossed the Acheron, Cerberus, the three-headed monster, threatens us, and can only be appeased by drugs. Now Virgil lays out his Hell, setting apart the Mournful Fields for lovers, vast other fields for warriors, and then divides the path into two, one leading to the terrible depths of Tartarus, the other to the abode of Pluto. The hissing Phlegethon rushes in its mad current round Tartarus, and a mighty tower ascending towards the skies forms the entrance, and upon it Tisiphone keeps guard to register the doomed souls who pass within. These are the horrid realms of unrelenting Fate, and over them rules awful Rhadamanthus. The locality assigned this worthy by Virgil is quite different from that wherein Homer places him, the latter, we remember, having placed him in the Elysian Plain. In this Hell also the crimes against one's fellow-man and those against one-self find their punishment as well as sins against the deity. After enumerating the most revolting social sins, the poet gives us an idea of these fearful depths :

“ Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspired with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.”

The realm of Pluto corresponds in some respects to our heaven. Here are the good rewarded ; this is the home of happy souls. All the delights imaginable are theirs ; they have their own blue sky and starry firmament ; their own waving fields ; their chariots, horses and arms, and all the pleasures which they had on earth. In this lovely realm is the Elysian Grove, bounded by the gliding Lethe, in whose waters the happiest souls taste oblivion of the past, and hope of another mortal life.

Virgil professed a peculiar philosophy. He taught that a common, universal soul animated all things : that the soul by contact with the body, and by sin, became polluted ; and that it required one thousand years' suffering in the nether world to wash out the stains of sin, when it was again fitted for another mortal body. What an empty philosophy ! The highest

idea of joy being re-union with the slime of the earth! What a testimony to the littleness of man's fancies when his mind is not lifted up by inspiration from on high! But it gave the poet an opportunity of reviewing all Rome's greatest men, the princes of the race to come.

—"The father-spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of
shades,
And takes a rising ground from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny."

Silvius, Numitor, Romulus, Cæsar, the Gracchi, and many more pass along as phantoms to "drink the deep Lethæan flood" previous to their advent on the earth, and as they pass we hear the recital

of their future deeds, and leave them to the working out of their destiny. But, instead of leaving Hell as we entered it, we shall make our exit through the ivory gate:

"Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn,
Of polished ivory this, that of transparent horn;
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polished ivory pass deluding lies.

.....
Then, through the gate of ivory he dismissed
His valiant offspring and devining guest."

Which signifies, perhaps, as an ingenious critic has remarked, that our after-life is shrouded in mystery, and that what we have seen and heard is but the play of fancy.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.



FORTUNE.

—
She either gives stomach and no food,
Such are the poor in health.—or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE MOON.

See yonder fire ! It is the moon
 Slow rising o'er the eastern hill,
 It glimmers on the forest tips,
 And through the dewy foliage drips
 In little rivulets of light,
 And makes the heart in love with night.

- Longfellow. *The Golden Legend.*



THE moon is the only heavenly body that seems to belong especially to ourselves, to be and to move entirely for our earth, and, on this account, many have been the strange beliefs concerning it, and the powers and influences attributed to it. To our forefathers it was alike an object of reverence and dread ; even yet among new peoples, and the more superstitious of our own nation, the pale and silent queen of night is looked upon as the ruler and cause of many of our everyday phenomena. On account of its apparent size—nearly equal to that of the sun — its strange motion and varying phases, it cannot fail to be an object of curious interest to every one. The little child ever loves to watch it, and see the old man with his bundle of sticks, whilst the greatest astronomers have, from the earliest times, endeavored to determine what these markings really are.

We have evidence that the motions and phases of the moon were made a study of in very early times. They must have been carefully watched by the Chaldeans to enable them to discover the *saros* or cycle of eclipses. We find Aratus, who lived about the year 230 B. C., speaking of the position of the moon's horns as a weather portent. The ancients must have thought the moon the only body which moved in the celestial vault, and that all the others were fixed. We may infer this also from the saying of Job, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon *walking* in brightness." In fact, it was the observation of the moon's motions that first gave rise to the study of astronomy.

There have been at different ages many and conflicting hypotheses as to the

character and physical constitution of the moon. The first recorded theory as to its condition is that of Thales (640 B. C.), who thought part of its light was inherent, being led to this conclusion by observing its illuminated face in the phenomenon popularly called "The old moon in the new moon's arms," when, at new moon, we see its whole surface faintly illuminated by light reflected from the earth, and also by the fact, due to the same cause, of its not being wholly obscured during a total eclipse. Pythagoras thought, as did also Aristotle, that the moon was unlike the earth, that it was a crystalline sphere, having the power of reflection like a mirror, and that the spots seen on its surface were but the reflection of terrestrial seas and mountains. But this we know to be impossible, as the moon's surface always appears the same, to us, and not as if it bore the reflection of the constantly changing outlines of our earth. We are told by Diogenes Laertius that Anaxagoras (B. C. 500) thought the moon inhabited, and that the markings on its surface were due to mountains and valleys. He believed, and was ridiculed for the belief, that the moon was as large as the Peloponnesus. Others thought it inhabited like the earth, and on account of its fifteen days' light, fancied its creatures fifteen times as large as those on the earth. Diogenes thought the moon self-luminous, with uneven surface, and considered the dark spots regions of shadow. The stoics believed it a mixture of fire, earth, and air, but round like the earth and sun. Plutarch concluded, from the irregular shadows, that its surface was mountainous.

Such were the opinions at different times put forth, and nothing more certain was known till, in the 16th century, Galileo astonished the world by his discovery of the telescope, the means of unveiling to men the mysteries of this celestial sphere, hitherto accessible but in imagination.

Prodigious was the excitement caused by this discovery and the serious advance of astronomical science, rapid though it was, was anticipated and eclipsed by the wild visions of impatient minds in their flights to the new celestial world. Encouraged, however, by the first revelations of the telescope, astronomers undertook a complete study of the lunar surface, and, as the new instrument reached a higher state of perfection, the aspect to the naked eye was transformed in its field, and more definite ideas were established as to the nature of our silent attendant.

On observing the motion of the moon, and its position on successive nights, we find that it changes its situation with respect to the stars, following a direction contrary to the diurnal motion, and completing its circuit of the heavens in about 27½ days. Hence we know that in that time the moon revolves around the earth, or rather they both revolve around their common centre of gravity, a point about 2,700 miles from the earth's centre. It describes an elliptic orbit of very little eccentricity; its motion, however, is subject to many complications, arising from different causes, such as the disturbing forces of the sun, Venus and the equatorial ring round the earth. Its mean distance from the earth, which we find by a simple calculation, knowing its horizontal parallax, and the length of the earth's radius, is about 237,000 miles, or thirty times the diameter of the earth. We may think this a great distance, but it is as nothing compared to the immense distance separating the planets from each other and from the fixed stars. We may have an idea of its comparative insignificance, when we consider that this distance is only about one-fourth of the diameter of the sun.

We find the moon's mass either from the proportion of the lunar to the solar tide, or from the phenomenon of nutation, due in great measure to its attraction, and in both ways it is found to be about one-seventy-fifth that of the earth. Its volume is about one forty-ninth that of the earth. Its diameter is about 2,160 miles, or more than one-fourth that of the earth, and its total surface is 14,568,000 square miles, or nearly one-thirteenth that of the earth, about the extent of North and South America. But the same side only is ever visible to the earth, owing to the fact that the moon rotates on its axis once

in its revolution round the earth, and thus always presents the same face to us.

In May, 1699, Galileo first used his newly invented telescope in directing it towards the moon, for, on account of the various conflicting opinions as to its nature, a great interest had been awakened concerning it, and this new means was immediately applied to explore its surface, and see if any more definite ideas might be had of its real constitution. At first, on account of the different coloured markings on its surface, it was thought to be diversified with land and sea, and it was not long before maps appeared showing the moon's surface covered with seas, lakes, mountains, &c., among which we still notice as most conspicuous such names as the Sea of Serenity, Lake of Dreams, Marsh of Fogs, Ocean of Tempests, &c. But later research has shown these portions thought to be water to be but plains more level than the rest, and sea, and fog, and tempest are unknown to the moon. Helvetius, who wrote his *Selenographia* in 1747, made the first chart of the moon, in which he gave the name of *Ætna* to the crater now called Copernicus. Maps by Riccioli and Cassini soon followed, and later the more reliable one of Tobias Meyer. In late years the chart constructed by Beer and Maedler is the most perfect and correct. In fact, the visible side of the lunar sphere was correctly mapped before the terrestrial map was complete, and even yet the map of the moon is more accurate and perfect than that of portions of our earth.

To the naked eye the moon is a beautiful object, its surface shaded with those darker and lighter markings, which have given rise to so many popular superstition; viewed through a powerful telescope these disappear, and give place to a multitude of smaller details, which under the moon the most beautiful of all telescopic objects, and afford an interesting subject for study. With the best telescopes objects less than a mile in diameter may, render favorable circumstances be distinguished. The great Lick telescope has brought the moon within one hundred miles for observation, in which case, though no signs of life might be distinguished, still forests, lakes, rivers, or large cities might be seen, if any such existed there.

The moon's surface does not resemble that of the earth, but is far more uneven

and broken. A few of the mountains are similar to ours, but are in general more rugged, and on an immensely greater scale. While no craters on the earth exceed seven miles in diameter, some of the lunar ones exceed one hundred miles, and thousands are from ten to twenty miles in diameter. These craters are circular in form, and are surrounded by a ring of mountains generally very high, ranging from 1,000 to 20,000 feet above the general surface; within the crater there is in some cases a deep hollow, and in others it is completely filled in, and in the centre is a group of high peaks, having also small craters at the summit. In many cases there is no elevation at all, but merely a great cavity in the open plain.

These mountains cast long shadows on the bright surface of the moon, and from observing the length of these, the heights of some of them have been computed to be from 25,000 to 30,000 feet. These summits often reflect the light, while the surrounding portions are in total darkness, and thus they present many strange appearances in the different phases. Another peculiar feature is seen in certain long, deep fissures or clefts, called by the Germans furrows or rills, which run in some cases for hundreds of miles, through mountain and plain alike, and also in long streaks of light which, near full moon, extend hundreds of miles, and form a very striking feature in the moon's appearance. The principal instance of the latter is that proceeding from the crater Tycho. Their cause has not yet been satisfactorily explained, but it is thought they are, as it were, cracks, filled with some substance of greater reflecting power than their surroundings.

The whole presents an indescribable chaos of mountains, depressions, and craters, of which no counterpart can be found in the roughest of terrestrial mountain-ranges, in some parts level, and in others honey-combed with cavities and hills, standing very thickly in places, and merging into one another in confused masses, where new ones have encroached upon the older, and partly obliterated them.

The resemblance of these lunar phenomena to volcanic formations on the earth's surface naturally leads us to attribute them to the same cause, but we cannot be certain about this, as no evidences of volcanic

activity can be perceived in the moon and, although it has been daily observed for hundreds of years, no perceptible change has been noticed on its surface; all is apparently in a state of absolute quiescence—silent as the grave.

A question very much discussed is whether the moon has an atmosphere. No positive evidence of the existence of any has been found, and if there be any, it must be at least hundreds of times rarer than that on the earth. Several lunar phenomena indicate the total absence of atmosphere. In its telescopic appearance we notice the jagged and sharp line between light and darkness, and the abrupt disappearance and re-appearance of stars when occulted by the moon, whereas, if any air were there, the passage from light to darkness would be gradual, as is the case in our twilight, and moreover, no storms, nor clouds, nor any effect of atmospheric pressure can be noticed. Another proof is the absence of refraction. Stars in their occultations should be seen after they really disappear, and before they reappear, from the refraction of their light-rays by the atmosphere, if there were any, but, though great numbers of these occultations have been observed, there is not the slightest sign of their being shortened in this way. Neither is there seen any distortion of the sun's light in a solar eclipse, such as occurs in the transits of Venus. Moreover, the moonlight, when examined with the spectroscope, appears the same as sunlight, with no trace of atmospheric influence.

If the moon were once part of the earth, as is supposed, it must have had an atmosphere, and there are many hypotheses to account for its disappearance. It has been surmised that there may be immense cavities in the moon's mass, caused by volcanic eruptions, and that the air has retired into these; and, again, that the rocks within the moon's surface have, in cooling, absorbed the air, for it is well known that, while a rock, becoming heated, expels all its absorbed gases, when it again cools slowly, it can re-absorb a very great quantity; and, in connection with this, it has been suggested that the interior of the earth which is now supposed to be intensely heated, if it continue to cool will, in time, by absorption, rob the surface of all its atmosphere.

When more careful observation had been

made of those portions of the lunar surface thought to be seas, it was found that, on account of their rough, uneven surface, they could not be liquid, but were merely plains more level than the rest. Hence arose doubts whether any water existed on the moon, and we are now convinced from the absence of atmosphere, that there can be none, for if there were any, it would be converted into vapour, which would take the place of air, and present like phenomena, and, moreover, the presence of water would give rise to changes in the lunar surface, of which none have been noticed, so that we may conclude that the moon is without water as well as air.

As to the light we receive from the moon, it is merely that of the sun reflected, and under the spectroscope shows no difference from sunlight. The strength of moon-light has been computed by Zollner, who found the light of the sun to be 618,000 times as bright as that received from the full moon, so that if the whole visible hemisphere were covered with full moons, they would afford us only about one-eighth of the light of the sun.

Many experiments have been made to find whether any heat is received from the moon; Lord Rosse has found that there is a very small quantity, scarcely perceptible. He estimated the whole amount of heat sent by the full moon to be about one-eighty thousandth part of that sent by the sun, and he also found that one-seventh of this amount was reflected, and six-sevenths radiated.

As to whether there exists any form of life on the moon, there has never been any evidence to show that there is, while every thing tends to prove the contrary. Without air and water, neither of which is to be found on the moon, it is impossible for even the lowest kinds of life to subsist, and, moreover, the extremes of heat and cold probably felt there,—for during fourteen days a burning sun beams down from a cloudless sky, while for the next fourteen days everthing is plunged in darkness and the most severe cold—would not allow of the existence of any kind of life with which we are acquainted.

If any human beings could for a time exist on the moon, their surroundings would be strange, indeed, compared with ours. All would be weird, ghastly stillness, no sound of life, no wind, no rustle of trees, nor ripple of water, no

clouds, but black sky lit up with a brilliant sun and studded with thousands of stars, for, without atmosphere, the sky would be perfectly black, not blue like ours, and the stars all visible. On the surface the eye would be greeted by a burning, steady glare, contrasted with deep shadows, environed with rugged hills and valleys, not green slopes, but rough, abrupt precipices, all white dazzle and deepest shade. Another strange feature would be the lightness of a person on the moon, for the force of gravity not being nearly so strong as on the earth, one would then be able to easily jump higher than our highest houses. Then, when the sun sinks below the horizon, all is cold, and still, and gloomy, save the thousands of bright stars that appear above, and the earth shining as a magnificent moon in the zenith, for next to the sun which would be seen in all its brilliancy, with its prominences, and spots, and faculae, the earth would seem the most beautiful object to the selenite observer. It would move as the moon does to it, except that it would continually shine on one side, showing successively its different seas and continents in the various phases of new earth, crescent, half earth, &c., though far more striking on account of its presenting fourteen times the extent of surface that the moon does to us.

Many remarkable phenomena result from the moon's proximity to our earth. First among these is that of eclipses, when, either by interposing its body between the earth and the sun is caused a solar eclipse, or by the earth being interposed between it and the sun is caused a lunar eclipse. These are quite frequent, though the former are not so often seen in any particular place, as the portion of the earth obscured by the moon's shadow is very small. The occurrence of an eclipse has always been a source of excitement and terror in former days, and is yet, to a certain degree, an interesting and curiously watched event. We find numerous examples in history of the fear caused by eclipses through ignorance and superstition. Hence it often happened that clever men, having learned the cycle of eclipses, took advantage of the popular terror inspired by them to gain their desires. Columbus, we are told, when he and his men were on the verge of starvation, declared that he was about to deprive the world of the moon's light, and so frighten-

ed were the Indians when the eclipse began, that they immediately supplied his wants. Drusus, and, according to Livy, Sulpitius Gallius appeased seditions in their armies by predicting eclipses.

Many strange causes have been assigned to eclipses by primitive people. Some supposed them the effect of divine wrath, punishing the sins of men by depriving them of light. Others fancied a dragon was devouring the sun, and whole nations united to frighten him away by their noise and clamour. Even to the present day, the Chinese practice on the occasion of an eclipse, the same rites and ceremonies as these prescribed and practiced 4,000 years ago. Biot, in his *Etudes sur L'Astronomie Indienne et Chinoise*, gives curious details of those rites. There, the Emperor is supposed to be the son of heaven, and his empire to be modelled on the same order as that which governs the celestial motions, and when the sun and moon cross each other's paths, and thus disturb the regularity of the heavenly courses, the government of the emperor is supposed to be, on account of its own disorders, the cause of this, and very curious ceremonies are performed to free the eclipsed body. The emperor and his grandees prepare themselves by fasting and dressing in the greatest simplicity, and on the day of the eclipse the mandarins attend with bows and arrows. When the eclipse commences the emperor gives the alarm on the drum, and they all go through a number of ceremonies, and let fly arrows at the sky to aid the eclipsed body. Eclipses, although no longer a terror to us, still cause a considerable impression, and not only do they affect men, but animals of all kinds. They are now predicted a long time beforehand, and all watch for them with curious interest.

A more frequent and immediate influence of the moon is the production of tides. As the earth revolves on its axis, different portions of its surface are successively presented to the moon, and the water under the moon, being more strongly attracted, is heaped up towards it, and thus a tide is carried round the earth, or rather two tides, for, on the side opposite, the earth is drawn away from the water, leaving it heaped up there also. Thus, at any particular place two tides occur in a day, or rather in a period of 24 hours 51 min. They are very useful in affording harbours for large ships, in places

which otherwise would not be navigable. They also, from their friction in shallow places, exert a slight action in decreasing the rate of rotation of the earth. This is the only influence of the moon of any importance, except perhaps, a slight disturbance on terrestrial magnetism, which it exercises at its perigee and apogee, or when it is nearest to, and furthest from, the earth.

There are many ways, however, in which the moon has been useful to peoples on the earth. It has been in times past, and is still to a certain degree, an invaluable guide to navigators in finding their position, and the direction of their course across the ocean. It has always, on account of its easy observation and regular motion, served as the base of a calendar for less developed peoples, for it is only by those well advanced in astronomy that the sun can be successfully used for this purpose. All the early calendars were based on the moon's motions. The Egyptians, Greeks and Jews all used a lunar year. The founders of Rome had a lunar year of ten months, or 304 days, and we have yet remaining from this system the twelfth month, called December, for it was then the tenth. The lunar calendar, though it was for a long time used, had the inconvenience that twelve lunar months only made 354 days, and so it did not agree with the solar motion, thus giving rise to inextricable confusion in the succession of the seasons, etc., so that this had to give place to a more regular system. The Turks and Jews, however, still keep up the old lunar year. The moon, not according to its real motion, but as it is found in the metonic cycle, is still used by the church in finding the time of Easter.

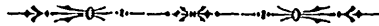
Owing doubtless to its proximity, the moon has at all ages enjoyed a greater reputation among men than any other heavenly body excepting the sun, and its influences were supposed to extend over the whole world, men, animals, plants and minerals. The old astrologers and geomancers had most singular ideas with regard to its influences. To them it was the ruler of the stars, the seasons, and the elements; it directed the growth of plants, governed shores and winds, was the giver of beauty and riches, had power over all diseases, and was the patroness of all whose business was connected with the night.

Though not quite such extravagant notions are held at the present day, still the influence of the moon in regulating such matters as the weather, the growth of crops, &c., is inseparable from the minds of the majority of people. Many natural phenomenas are attributed to its influence and it is a common belief that planting, cutting of timber, and several other ordinary operations should, in order to be successful, be done during the decline of the moon. Many are the proverbs and wise sayings popularly used with reference to the moon's influence on rain, and other changes at certain seasons, and we may easily understand the cause of this, for, as there is some change in the moon in about every seven days, no change in the weather can take place further than four days from one of them, and it is very easy for unthinking minds to connect the two, but an examination of meteorological records kept

in different countries for many years proves conclusively that these popular notions are not grounded on any observed facts, and are but the remnants of past superstitions.

But, though our silent companion in the voyage through space has no such power over the concerns of men, and its entire disappearance from our heavens would cause us little or no inconvenience, still, there is no reason to doubt that, following the wise laws of an all-ruling Providence, it will, as long as earth and matter exist, continue to gravitate around us like a faithful satellite, guiding the mariner on his way, and rendering less dismal, by the gladsome light reflected from its pale and withered face, the long hours when enveloped in the gloom of our own shadow, we lack the genial rays of the more distant and majestic luminary.

J. T. McNALLY, '92



OUR PRECEPTRESS.



AWAKE, ye slumb'ring founts, ye streams, awake !
 Ye silent woods, your solemn stillness break !
 Ye forests dark, with warblers' music, ring ;
 In loud refrain,
 Proclaim the reign
 Of Auster's florid king !

'Tis Spring !—no longer clouds of leaden hue
 Bedim the peerless canopy of blue,—
 Pierc'd by Apollo's shafts, they slit away,
 Whilst crystal streams
 Pursue his beams,
 Shot through the ranks of gray.

Young nature, clasp'd in Winter's chill embrace,
 Felt March's swollen breezes fan her face,
 Felt a re-animating current flow
 Through her young veins,
 Which burst her chains,
 Letting the captive go.

THE OWL.

Rob'd in her verdant vesture comes she forth,
 Regardless of the stern and threat'ning north,
 Strong in her youthful vigor, fresh and bright,
 As rosy morn
 That, newly born,
 Bounds from the arms of night.

Crown'd with an olive-wreath of brightest green,
 She issues forth, a bold, triumphant queen,
 Trips o'er the lifeless hills and vales along,
 Quick'ning the dead
 With magic tread,
 Chanting her fav'rite song :

Awake, ye slumb'ring founts, ye streams, awake !
 Ye silent woods, your solemn stillness break !
 Ye caves and forests dark, behold, I bring
 You life and light
 To end your night—
 Behold, I bring you Spring !

Enrich'd with life and strength, she gathers more,
 Increasing her already ample store,
 And treasures up her youth's exuberance,
 That rich fruits may,
 On harvest day,
 Her godlike charms enhance.

Thus should we, too, who glory in our youth,
 Acquire new virtues, richer grow in truth,
 Expand our minds, strive perseveringly,
 That life's ripe field,
 In death, may yield
 Rare fruits of immortality.

C. C. D., '91.

CATHOLIC READERS FOR ONTARIO.



EW countries can boast of a Separate School system more perfect than that of Ontario, and knowing that this perfection has been brought about by our own efforts, that it is due to the untiring zeal of the clergy, aided by the Catholic people, we are so elated with our success that we forget how much still remains to be done. We forget that a teacher, however well trained he may be, cannot attain great success without good text books; for, as a leading educator says, the skilled workman may succeed with bad tools, but the apprentice will surely fail. But why should even good teachers be compelled to use inferior books? If it is because they have no others, then there is the greatest necessity for a new series of good text-books, that failure from this cause may be out of the question.

Now, it is not the object of this paper to advocate a new series of text-books on all subjects, for the Public School books on such subjects as arithmetic and grammar are all that could be desired, and we are, therefore, glad to show our good will by adopting these. But, when it comes to the question of histories or readers, the case is different; we should have our own histories, our own readers, prepared by our own compilers. With regard to the Catholic histories now used, it may be said that they are at least as good as those used in the Public Schools; but this much cannot be said for our Catholic readers. And if these are inferior, how can the object of our Separate Schools be realized? for the influence of the readers in forming the taste and, therefore, in guiding the future reading of the boy is almost incalculable.

A certain writer once said: "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws"; with almost equal truth might some one now say to Catholics: "Let me make your readers, and you need not fear the growth of indifference

and the loss of faith and patriotism; let me thus form the literary taste of your youth, and they will not be carried away by the atheistic literature of the age." This would not be claiming too much, for the impressions received from the readers are far stronger, and their influence much greater, than we would at first imagine. How is it that the noted sayings of great men are so carefully considered by us? Is it not because they have been so often placed before us? How is it that certain famous proverbs are almost unconsciously written by us, and that we accept them without question? It is because we have repeatedly seen them in our school-books. Hence, the beneficial results arising from readers in which the matter has been well chosen. On the other hand, those readers of an opposite kind, whose authors boast that they are free from religious selections, from the very fact that in them religion is ignored, are a source of the greatest danger; they are a "silent conspiracy against the truth." I believe that were some spirit of wisdom asked how best to sink a nation into indifference and infidelity, the answer would be that this could be accomplished most speedily and surely by placing such books in the hands of the youth.

If, then, the influence of readers cannot be questioned, if our youth are so swayed by them, is it not important that they should be the best possible? And, especially in this province, where our youth are surrounded by so much anti-Catholic influence, would it not be well for Catholic educators to direct their attention to the readers used in our Separate Schools?

The object of our Separate Schools is to send out pupils imbued with a true spirit of Catholicity and a genuine patriotism. Of course the most powerful auxiliary in accomplishing this, is the religious instruction, but, next to this, and scarcely of less importance, come the readers. To state here what should be the nature of the latter might seem somewhat presumptuous, but if they are to accomplish what

has been claimed for them, it would seem necessary that they should have these our characteristics :—

(1). They should, to a great extent, be Catholic.

(2). They should give expression to Canadian sentiment.

(3). They should be composed of selections from the best authors.

(4). The grading of the lessons and the general plan should be the best possible.

I mention these four characteristics because it must be painfully evident to all who take an interest in our schools that any one of the series at present in use is sadly deficient in some of these marks, and that none of them combine the whole four. Of the Catholic readers now in the hands of our pupils none, perhaps, are lacking in Catholic sentiment, but most of them are devoid of that all-necessary national feeling, while in all of them the choice of subjects is bad, the arrangement still worse.

In some series, subjects relating to Canada are conspicuously absent, and in their place the reader is confronted with selections of a tendency decidedly foreign. Thus the young Catholic Canadian, forgetting his own fair land, learns to look up with something like reverential awe at everything foreign. Hearing little and reading nothing of Canada, he begins to think there is nothing worthy of note in his country, that it is a fit home for those who know no better; in a word, he becomes a foreign citizen in everything but name. He forgets that Canada has a history of its own wherein he may learn of the patriotism displayed by early settlers of all nationalities. He does not know that it is his duty to consider his own country first and others afterwards. In fact, he often regards the question of patriotism with indifference. And how could it be otherwise, since his interest in this direction has never been aroused?

But the Separate School is the child of the Church, and since religion and patriotism go hand in hand, it is the duty of Catholics to see that a healthy Canadian spirit is fostered in our schools—a spirit not anti-American, not anti-British, but Canadian—and as it cannot be denied that from the readers the pupil receives some of his strongest impressions with regard to patriotism, if our Catholic read-

ers are lacking in Canadian sentiment, they must be condemned on this head alone.

And this is not their only fault; as has been said, the matter is badly chosen and poorly arranged. Many of the selections are translations, some are from authors of little or no note, others are written in a style beyond the capacity of the young pupil. The compilers of these books seem to have entirely disregarded the grading of the lessons, for, while the teacher must prepare one lesson by the aid of Worcester's unabridged, and the next by the aid of a treatise on elocution, he may find the following lesson comparatively easy.

Many of our Catholic educators have, no doubt, recognized this two-fold defect in our Catholic readers, and some forgetting the object of our Separate Schools, have cast them aside, and, in their place, have introduced those of the Ontario Public Schools. But this is rushing to extremes; it is destroying the chief end of our schools; it is as the German saying goes, "throwing out the baby with the bath-water." Almost as well might they turn their Catholic schools into common schools and place therein their Catholic teacher. His influence for good would be scarcely less curtailed.

But some may say, and truly so, that there is no religion in the Ontario readers, or that they, at least, contain nothing antagonistic to Catholic doctrine, and are, therefore, harmless. With equal truth might it be claimed that since there is no religion in our Public Schools, we should, therefore, support them and do away with Separate Schools. But he who advocates the adoption of the Ontario readers in our Catholic schools must be short-sighted indeed, otherwise he would see that the very absence of Catholic sentiment is the surest way of creating disregard for the Church.

Besides, we Catholics are not satisfied that nothing be said against our Church; we want the truth to be openly and fearlessly spoken concerning our grand old religion, otherwise it must suffer. And where can the glories of our Church and the benefits rendered to society by her children be set forth to greater advantage than in the school readers? But, if in these readers, subjects relating to religion be ignored, is it not evident to all that the

pupil will not know, and, therefore, will not love and esteem that Church whose history is so grand, whose literature so rich? But it may be said that many of our best Catholics, and even clergy, have been educated in schools where religion was not only avoided in the readers, but was never mentioned on any occasion, and that they are none the less good Catholics. I answer that they are good Catholics because they had good fathers and mothers—they are good not on account of their education, but in spite of it. Those who go through the ordeal altogether unscathed, however, are the exception. Let any one who doubts this mingle with the young Catholic men of Ontario, and his opinion will be changed. No doubt, he will find the most of them professing to be Catholics. But he will find them very often either ignorant of, or despising the most pious customs of the Church, and, nearly always, knowing absolutely nothing of Catholic authors and their works. How could it be otherwise? If, as boys, they found these things ignored in their readers where they were supposed to get a glimpse of the world's great men and their works, is it any wonder that, as men, they despise them, since the great minds have apparently given them not even a passing notice?

And again, the boy making the acquaintance of none but Protestant or infidel authors, soon begins to think that Catholics have never produced anything worthy of note; and thus it is that just at a time when the pupil should be forming a taste for reading good Catholic authors, he is imbibing a most fatal prejudice against them, which neither time nor teacher can wholly efface. For, are we likely to admire authors whom we have never read? As well might it be asked, are we likely to love a man of whom we have never heard? Let Protestants and semi-Catholics say what they may, experience has shewn that indifferent reading makes indifferent boys, and indifference, not protestantism, is the great evil in America.

Of course, it is not claimed that good readers would banish all this evil, yet they would certainly be one of the most powerful means of doing so. But, even if there were no such results, is it not a shame that the Catholic Canadian youth should wade through every class of litera-

ture from the first to the fourth class, and hear nothing of that Church which has fostered learning since its foundation, and which satisfied the aspirations of the greatest minds, from St. Paul to St. Augustine, from St. Augustine to St. Thomas, and from St. Thomas to Cardinal Newman, the famous convert of modern times? Is it not a shame that he should be educated to believe that the Catholic Church and Catholic authors are beneath his notice, that they are a fit study only for priests and old women? This should not be so, and in order that it may not be so, Catholic educators of Ontario should lend a helping hand; they should take the most effective means of checking the growing tendency to undervalue everything Catholic, and this can be done only by presenting to the pupils, through the readers, a class of literature pervaded with Catholic sentiment, but, at the same time, not inferior in literary value to that read in the Public Schools.

Everything that could aid the progress of our schools has been granted; why, then, should we retard their advancement by laboring under disadvantages arising from our own apathy? The Ontario Catholic teachers have been long enough hampered by inferior text-books. Let the first reform be made by publishing a set of Ontario Separate School readers, that, at least in this respect, our Catholic teachers may be on an equal footing with those in the Public Schools. The task is not so prodigious. Enough literature might be obtained from Catholic authors in the three great English-speaking communities—the mother-country, our neighbors' and our own—to comprise at least one-third of each book, and the remainder might be completed by selections similar to those found in the Ontario readers.

But, the object of this paper is not to lay down a definite plan for new readers, neither does the writer consider himself competent to do so; it is only hoped that the interest of our Catholic educators may be awakened, and that at length a change in the right direction may be brought about. But, it should be remembered that this is a work for none but experienced teachers and competent literary men; for these books, besides breathing forth the spirit of Catholicity and patriotism, must, as has been said, be properly graded and arranged, while

no place should be given to any selection, however suitable from a Catholic standpoint, if it be lacking in literary value. Hence the necessity of having skilled and, at the same time, practical educators as compilers.

If these precautions be taken, we may expect to have a series as complete in plan and general make-up as the present

Ontario readers, a series having all the advantages of the latter and none of their disadvantages. And, when this much has been accomplished, other reforms in the same direction may be looked for; but, not until then may we hope to see the Separate Schools doing their proper work by turning out Catholic pupils imbued with thoroughly Catholic ideas:

HUGH J. CANNING, '93.



FORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM—FAYE.



At all times, amongst all nations, the origin of the earth and of the solar system has been, and is more particularly at present, a problem, the solution of which excites our deepest interest and evokes profound research. The greatest geniuses of every age have endeavoured to fathom this mystery, and have presented to us theories embodying their views upon the subject. But all of these, owing to the rapid strides with which science is ever advancing, have been in turn rejected. The theory that was long accepted as the most probable, is that of Laplace, upon which, however, recent discoveries have cast discredit. Laplace beheld all the planets and their satellites rotating and revolving in the same direction, and concluded that this was a general and absolute law. In this he was mistaken, for shortly after his death, it was established beyond all question, that the satellites of Uranus were retrograde, that is, their revolution around the central body was in a direction opposite to that of other planets and their satellites. At a subsequent period, when the existence of Neptune became known, it was found that his satellite also was retrograde. According to Laplace the solar system was formed from an immense mass turning in one body, and gradually casting off rings, from which the

planets would issue, the most distant first and the others in succession. As Laplace himself maintained and as his theory necessitates, all the planets would originate in the same manner, and all their movements must be in the same direction. Laplace based his theory upon the assumption that all the planets and their satellites possessed a similarity of motions. Since, then, we are aware that the moons of Uranus and Neptune, and, judging from present observations, these planets themselves, are exceptions to this law, Laplace's hypothesis must be admitted to be sadly deficient, if it is not to be rejected entirely. Laplace compared the primitive nebula to an enormous atmosphere adhering to a central body, the strata of which would press one upon the other, obeying their attraction towards the centre; now in concentric nebulous rings each stratum does not exercise any pressure upon the succeeding one, because in all revolutions, following the laws of Kepler, the centrifugal force exactly counterbalances the tendency towards the centre.

If, then, we have a nebulous ring turning round a central mass, the velocity of each molecule does not increase in the ratio of its distance from the centre, but, on the contrary, decreases "in the ratio of the square root of this same distance" owing to the attraction of the central mass. If we adopt the theory of Laplace, it follows, that the molecules of the interior of such a ring would be in advance of those at the ex-

terior, consequently when the breaking up of this ring would occur its impulsion into a sphere must be from the interior of the ring to the exterior, and the planet thus formed would be retrograde, all the planets and their satellites, then, should have a retrograde motion.

Laplace's theory is based upon a false principle, and has been most emphatically contradicted by facts made known only after it had been adduced. At length, in 1885, Faye, a celebrated French scientist, formulated a new theory for the formation of the solar system, he adopted Descartes' hypothesis concerning whirlwinds, and observations made at the present day bear him out in this, for, even after so long a lapse of centuries, there can be seen many striking examples of whirlwind movements in the heavens, that prove the correctness of his contention, such as the nebula of the Virgin, consisting of a series of spires diverging from a common centre, the nebulas of Pegasus and the Lion, in which the separation of the matter into rings is most apparent, and the nebula of Lyra where the separation of the spires of the whirlwind has become regular and transformed into concentric rings. Taking into consideration the solar system, we must explain how a whirlwind movement, more or less confused, would at length become regular and uniform, so as to give birth to the different planets and their satellites. If we suppose that the primitive nebulous mass, which God in His infinite wisdom had created and placed in space, was not subjected to any exterior force, was homogeneous throughout, and had the spherical form, this will not be a difficult task, for mechanics teaches us, that in such a body, the attraction of its molecules towards the centre varies in direct ratio to its distance from the centre, and that the particles composing this body of great rarity necessarily describe ellipses or circles round the centre in the same time, whatever may be their distance from it. The existence of a system of rings revolving as one whole, and with the same angular velocity, is the inevitable result of these laws.

The primitive chaos is now changed into a vast assemblage of rings turning in the same direction around the centre of gravity. In each of these the velocity of the molecules increases

from the interior to the exterior, this difference in speed causes a whirlwind; for we know that in the atmosphere, the least difference in velocity between the different strata, gives rise to a whirlwind; so, in the rings that have been produced whirlwinds occur, but as the molecules of the outer portion of each ring are in advance of those of the inner portion, the rotation of the whirlwind must be from the exterior to the interior, that is, in the direction of the generating ring. The most violent of these will attract to itself some of the matter of the ring and will at length form a spherical mass. Around these chaotic masses other rings collect and will in turn be converted into spheres, thus giving birth to the various satellites that attend the planets. But all the matter of the rings will not be englobed in these bodies, in fact, the greater amount of it will describe ellipses in falling towards the centre of gravity, and will gradually form a central mass the germ of the sun which is to come in the future.

Laplace left many points in obscurity; he treated the comets as an accident in the solar system, and declared that he could not account for their existence. Faye, on the contrary, offers a very ingenious explanation for these phenomena; he maintains that it is but natural to expect that there should remain some matter that would not be taken up in the formation of the sun and the planets; this matter would continue to move in elongated ellipses. As this matter has not been enrolled into the primary spheres, the bodies formed from it should move in every direction so as to reduce to zero the effect produced by all upon the whole solar system. Here again is Faye's theory borne out by observation, for the comets execute their movements in every imaginable direction. If we were not aware of the existence of either Uranus or Neptune, and their satellites, we would be led to different conclusions. With Newton we could assert that the regular movement of the planets and their moons could not be accounted for by any law of mechanics, for, whilst all these relate and revolve in the same direction around the sun, the comets do not possess such a similarity of movement, and any law would have compelled them to move in the same direction; or with Laplace, we could treat the comets as an exception in

the solar system, and hold that there should be some law that would impart to all a rotation and a revolution in the same direction. These two opinions as opposed to each other, as are the antipodes, cannot be based upon facts.

The stumbling-block for them was that they imagined they had in view the whole solar system; they did not foresee that the discovery of planets unknown to them would dispel their fond vision. But, as Faye states, if the planets from Mercury to Saturn inclusive rotate and revolve in the same direction, their enrolment into spheres must have taken place before the condensation of the central body was sufficiently advanced, to exert any influence upon the rings revolving around it. Now, when we say that the sun did not exercise any attraction upon these rings, we state in fact that the sun did not exist, consequently the sun is of a more recent date than our earth. We might mention *en passant* that this is surely a striking confirmation of that part of Genesis which places the formation of the sun after that of the earth. As has been stated, those planets and their satellites that rotate and revolve in the same direction round the sun must have been formed before the sun. Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn and their moons have replaced the primitive rings. But the greater part of the matter comprising the rings from which these have originated, has fallen to the centre of gravity, and has given rise to the sun, which is now beginning to exercise a preponderating influence upon the surrounding bodies, for its attraction was then as it is at present, proportional to the inverse of the square root of the distance.

The manner of revolution of a ring would undergo a sudden change, but not such as would imperil its existence, a statement which is proven from the fact that there are still rings around Saturn. Instead of turning in one body, with the same angular velocity, the particles of the interior of the ring or those nearer the attracting force would be in advance of those at the centre, and those at the centre would in turn be more accelerated than those at the exterior; as a consequence, when the rupture of the ring takes place, the impulsion for its formation into a sphere must be from the interior of the

ring to the exterior, that is, its rotation upon itself must be in a direction contrary to that of the other planets and their moons. The sphere thus formed will have a retrograde motion, and its satellites also will be retrograde. This is certainly a most satisfactory explanation of the retrograde movements in the solar system.

It is of the utmost importance that we should know that the formation of the solar system is connected with that of the whole universe. Let us suppose that the matter composing all the bodies in the universe is spread throughout space, in such a manner as to occupy every portion of it. The universe would then be an immense chaotic mass of an unimaginable rarity, cold, dark, and in absolute immobility owing to the inertia of matter. It must be admitted that God created this matter and imparted motion to it; that He had, as Faye states, agitated it as in a vase between the walls of infinity; there would, consequently, arise whirlwinds as explained before, and the mutual attraction of its molecules would produce one or more condensations in each of these whirlwinds. The mass, uniform at the beginning, would be subdivided into a great number of smaller masses, and it is one of these rounded into a sphere, that has given rise to the solar system. The others have produced the various systems that are to be found in the universe.

If Faye's theory went no further it would be incomplete, for it would not show how heat and light existed at first, and how the central body has become the brilliant sun. The sun, however, is but a mere unit among thousands of a similar nature, the stars that twinkle in the heavens are countless, all these must have been formed in an analogous manner. But how have these become luminous? The answer to this question is based upon Thermodynamics. When two bodies meet they undergo a shock; the force that brought them together takes a new form, viz. vibrations of the molecules of the two bodies, which is manifested by the production of heat. The Indians were wont to light their fires by rubbing two pieces of wood violently together. If a column of air is compressed in a tube, it becomes so highly heated as to ignite bodies that are easily inflammable. The incandescence of the shooting-stars when

they traverse the higher regions of the atmosphere, is caused by the sudden contact of these bodies of great velocity with the air. If the enormous mass of the sun be taken into consideration, and if we compare its actual density to that of the primitive nebula of which it is the issue, we can easily explain whence it has derived its heat and light.

The sun is calculated by astronomers to be represented by 330,800, the magnitude of the earth being taken as unity. The density of the sun is 1.4, that of water being taken as the standard; it would be 1,082,000 if the density of the air were taken as the standard or comparison. If we suppose that the solar mass is spread out into a sphere whose radius would be ten times the orbit of Neptune, the density of such a sphere would be 250,000,000 times more feeble than that of a globe wherein would remain but the one-thousandth part of the air originally contained in it. The sun has become two hundred and sixty-eight trillion times smaller than it would be at such a period. The prodigious quantity of "vis viva" that has been transformed into calorific, and consequently luminous vibrations, is reckoned to be fifteen million times greater than that which the sun radiates into space each year. If there were no other means of accounting for the undiminished heat of the sun than the warmth attendant upon its contraction, it would continue to shed its invigorating beams upon us for fifteen millions of years as brightly as it does to-day.

That which has happened with regard to the sun would have taken place in all the planets; all shone but only for a comparatively short time as small suns, precursors of the greater one, and they would not have ceased to shine before the sun itself was sufficiently advanced in its condensation to impart its

vivifying beams to nature. From the gaseous the planets passed to the liquid state; subsequently the molecules of the exterior would become solidified, a crust would enclose them, and they would no longer be stars. According to Faye's theory, the interior of the earth should be in a highly heated condition. After deep research the vast majority of scientists have arrived at the conclusion that this is really the case. As has been shown in a very able article that appeared in the last number of THE OWL, the only satisfactory manner of accounting for the existence of volcanoes is by admitting that the centre of the earth is a molten mass. Moreover, there are many other phenomena that cannot be otherwise explained. There may arise against this theory the objection that it favors Darwinism. Upon a careful examination, however, we see that they are separated by an immeasurable gulf; for, Darwin would have us believe that life is the result of a series of transmutations of matter from one form to another, and that this matter would eventually be endowed with a soul and an intelligence, that is, there would be a change from one nature to another entirely different. In Faye's theory, on the contrary, matter never changes its nature, but only alters the form under which it appears to us, a transition which is constantly taking place.

We see, therefore, that Faye's theory is sustained by the researches made by scientists; for as there are in the heavens bodies in the various degrees of development through which it supposes the earth to have passed, is it not reasonable to conclude that the earth has undergone the same changes? This theory contains nothing that is contrary to the principles laid down by science, and as it offers satisfactory explanations of phenomena hitherto unaccounted for, it is worthy of our careful consideration.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

Plants raised with tenderness are seldom strong,
 Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
 And without discipline, the favorite child,
 Like a neglected forester, runs wild.

—Cowper.

IN MEMORIAM

OF THE REVERED AND MUCH REGRETTED FATHER BENNETT, O. M. I., LATE
PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE.



'TIS gone, the good old man whose life
 Was one sweet incens'd sacrifice.
 He, as we gaze upon his dust,
 A saintly feeling fills the soul
 With venerable awe sublime.
 His was a goodly span; would mine
 Were shadowed even by its light
 So calm, so humble, and so good!
 And Death—so happy—but to breathe
 And find himself in Heaven his home.
 To breathe, and feel the burden fall
 From off his shoulders stooped with toil.
 To breathe, and see the face of God
 And joys the bravest dare not paint.
 To breathe, and free a weary soul
 From rankling chains that Adam forged.

No tear

Drops o'er the missionary's grave,
 No breaking heart sighs o'er his clay,
 But with a holy, calm respect,
 Kind friends and strangers' falling hands
 Commit the sacred dust to earth.
 There is a holy hush around,
 And but the snowflakes melt to tears
 Upon the pall that covers him
 We lov'd as Father and rever'd as Sage.
 P'rhaps from thy humble slab may rise
 The Angel Fame, to show the world
 What modest saints like thee achieve
 While plodding on unnoticed here
 The humble path that leads to Go.,
 And courts no praise from fickle men,
 But feels this life a pilgrimage
 And Heaven true immortality.

J. N. D.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

[Carefully selected from various sources and compiled specially for
THE OWL.]



OR those who desire to take a short, pleasant and practical course of private reading in English literature, I unhesitatingly recommend the following classification of authors and styles made some time since by the well-known grammarian, Mr. Hyde Clarke: 1. English, as of King Alfred, much of the Bible, De Foe and Cobbett. 2. French-English, as of Chaucer, Spencer, Dryden, Pope. 3. Latin-English, as of Ben Jonson, part of the New Testament, Milton, Johnson. 4. High Dutch-English, as of Carlyle. Shakespeare may be said to have used all the styles and should be studied as a universalist. It is well to remember, also, that in this day, the leaning is less to Latin and more to English.

We have it on good authority that an open confession is good for the soul. Well, I hasten to make an open confession. In my *Notes* for last month I spelled Mr. Rudyard Kipling's outlandish praenomen wrong. It was I who made the blunder, not the printer, and I hope the latter gentleman will give me credit for having lifted my sun from his over-burdened shoulders. There may be "nothing in a name" and "a rose may smell as sweet though called," say a Canadian thistle, but Mr. Rudyard Kipling is not a rose, although he blooms at the present moment.

When I read Mr. Goldwin Smith's new book on *Canada and the Canadian Question*, I felt as if I should like forthwith to bend the professor across my stout critical knee and administer to him a sound, old-time drubbing. But wiser counsel has since prevailed, and Mr. Goldwin Smith may now step down and out with the sole remark that he is a bad man cursed with good literary style. His chapter on Ontario is, perhaps, the best in the whole volume. His sketch of the beginning and growth of that Province is not without power, a remark that cannot justly be applied to other parts of the work.

It may be considered too late in the day to say anything about the notable book published some time since by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois. But, it must be remembered that the *Education and the Higher Life* of the bishop is "a thing of beauty" and therefore "a joy forever." Besides, my opportunities were restricted. This journal is not a weekly publication, nor is it a daily publication. In my case, if in no other, the proverb "it is better late than never" has great appositeness. Fortunately my business with this useful new work will be brief. I desire simply to give it unqualified praise and to bespeak for it a wide and careful reading from those most interested in those pages. The author erects high Christian standards for those pressing questions which youth will have to settle for itself. This is done in such a way as to charm the fancy while it informs the understanding. The scope of the work is broad, ranging as it does from consideration of culture and the spirit of the age to scientific counsel as to the construction of dwelling houses. A Protestant journalist is reported to have remarked: "How I wish this book had fallen into my hands when I was young." The present publication puts the work within the reach of all.

From an exceptionally able and liberal two-columned review of *The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*, which recently appeared in the *Toronto Mail*, I abstract the following estimate of that gifted Irishman: "O'Reilly was a man of an essentially poetic temperament, of a generous, sunny, Celtic disposition, united to a rich and glowing imagination. He liked to call himself 'a dreamer.' The natural man reveals himself in his correspondence more markedly even than in his poetry and speeches." A dreamer! Well, perhaps he was. But he could do what your hard, practical man of the world could not even essay. In his youth O'Reilly was a British soldier and a Fenian Ar-

rested on the latter charge, he was brought before a court-martial, where an informer falsely swore his liberty away, and blasted the bright hopes of his young life. Years after when the poet was winning fame and fortune in Boston, that vile wretch, then a starving outcast, met his former victim and threw himself upon his mercy. O'Reilly not only forgave him but actually supplied him with money to meet his immediate wants. Talk about poetry, that one act was the noblest poem the mind of man ever conceived.

Towards the end of the article the *Mail* allows itself to fall into a serious error as to the birthplace of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the biographer of O'Reilly, and like him a successful poet, author and journalist. It states that Mr. Roche was born in Prince Edward Island. As a matter of fact, the genial editor of the *Pilot* first saw the light in Queen's County, Ireland, May 31, 1847, but the family settled in Prince Edward Island the same year. His father is a distinguished educationist, an able mathematician, and still occupies the office of Provincial Librarian in his adopted Province. Young Roche was educated in St. Dunstan's College. Here, at the age of fifteen, he foreshadowed his subsequent vocation, by turning journalist, and produced the *College Weekly*, which title, he now says, should in this case be spelled with an *a*. In 1886, he came to Boston, and after spending some time in commerce, returned to his first love, becoming assistant editor of the *Pilot*, of which famous old newspaper he is now editor. Speaking of Mr. Roche's poetry, *Ave Maria* says: "Mr. James Jeffrey Roche is a poet of deep feeling, in whom there are many ripples of humor and satire. His book of poems is very popular, and when he has time to write poetry it is eagerly sought for by the editors of the best magazines. Mr. Roche is both modest and clever, and his reputation has grown naturally and by force of his talents." Mr. Roche is still a young man, but he has done enough of good work to earn a place in the realms of literature, and the honor of his birth should not be denied to poor Ireland.

Many of our critics fall into great errors when they speak of the language and style of poetry. Prose writers themselves, they know comparatively little about the

materials proper for versification. The sole difference between prose and verse is that, both being constructed of the same fundamental materials, in the former the words range themselves almost without method, whereas, in the other, they are arranged according to fixed rules of art. Prose is *prima facie* the more natural method of expression; but in all fine arts a something is assumed; and the thing assumed in poetry is the naturalness of verse; so that as regards nature, the two sorts of composition are placed, at starting, on par. Then, as to style, Thomas Gray writing to his friend, Mr. West, made those remarks: "The language of the age is never the language of poetry, except among the French, whose verse, where the thought does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself, to which almost every one that has written has added something. In truth Shakespeare's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention." The writer who has not beforehand fully digested many such facts as those should keep his sacrilegious critical hands off the works of the poets.

Among the healthier school of modern English novelists, George Meredith deserves a high place. The following is a list of his works:—*Diana of the Crossways*, *Evan*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, *Sandra Belloné*, *Vittoria*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *The Egotist*, *The Shaving of Shazpat* and *Farina*. All Mr. Meredith's writings are good, speaking, of course, from a novel-reading standpoint.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of *The Anglomaniacs*, and the successful novel of Southern life, *Flower de Hundred*, is a Virginian of an ancient lineage. Through both her father, Archibald Cary, and her mother, Monimia Fairfax, she came by inheritance to a love of literature and an early and ready use of the pen. Mrs. Harrison's style is finished, and of an admirable literary quality, her touch light and graceful, her English excellent. Her stories are characterized by dramatic effects, delightful conversation, entertain-

ing sketches of character and charming descriptions of nature. A sparkling wit animates everything she writes.

Bellamy's *Looking Backward* has reached its 350,000. It is hard to discover wherein the charm of this strange book hides itself away. It is not in its style; because that is crude enough in all conscience. Its plot, though uncommon and well wrought out, is not such a masterpiece of construction as should command a wide reading. To a last analysis which I make, I think its hold on the people may be accounted for in the fact that the work deals with, and it may be said panders to the almost universally accepted doctrine of unrest, which is one of the most portentous "signs" of our times.

The female writer is coming to the front with a rush. Mrs. Oliphant has produced seventy-three novels and six biographies, besides contributing largely to periodical literature; Miss Braddon has given us fifty-five novels, mostly naughty ones; Miss Yonge, fifty-three; Ouida, thirty-three, but the whole batch is not worthy one story by the charming Lady Fullerton; William Black wrote twenty-eight stories, with more to hear from; Walter Besant, twenty-six; and Rider Haggard, fourteen—that is to say he floated thirteen trashy productions while the "boom" produced by *She* continued. Mr. Haggard is a gentleman with an eye for business, if not for art.

Francis Parkman, the historian, when recently asked to name the five best books published during the past ten years, answered: "As it has not been possible for me to keep the run of the publications for the last ten years, I feel incompetent to make a choice of the best five books; I feel convinced, however, that the *History of the United States*, by Henry Adams, is entitled by its substantial value, to a place among them." This assertion is quite true as is the counter assertion, that the ideal history of the United States has yet to be written. I desire to extend this statement to Canada, notwithstanding the notable achievements of Mr. Parkman himself, and the rather drowsy efforts of his very recent co-laborers in the field of Canadian history.

For the last twenty years M. Barthelemy Saint Hilaire has been active in politics,

first as secretary of Thiers, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Senator, and subsequently in various other capacities. Over fifty-nine years ago he directed his attention to a translation of *Aristotle*, which work in thirty-five volumes, he is now drawing to a close.

The series called *The History of the Nations*, from different pens, and published by Fisher Unwin, of London, deserves some attention. I have read several of the volumes and find them all interesting and many liberal and fair in tone. The last book of the series in my possession was *The Story of Russia*, in fourteen chapters by W. R. Morfill, of Oxford. While falling far behind some of the others in arrangement and execution, the little book presents a good idea of the Russians and of Russia, a country which ever since the time of the elder Pitt has loomed large on the horizon of English foreign politics.

I have elsewhere in those notes spoken of the two De Vere, father and son, as among the best sonneteers of the century. I now desire to say a few words of Mr. Aubrey T. De Vere, the talented son of a talented father, Sir Aubrey De Vere, considered chiefly as a poet of the May. I do not know if many of my readers are familiar with a little volume called *May Carols*, published in 1857, from the pen of Mr. De Vere. I sincerely hope that very many of them possess and value this choicest of gifts to the Virgin, for such it is. There is devotional poetry, and devotional poetry. The *Carols* are the natural outpourings in song of a sincerely pious heart. Their language is that of the true poet kneeling before the May shrine. In both spirit and expression they form some of the very best reading for this month to be found anywhere. Aubrey Thomas De Vere was born in 1814 at the paternal mansion, Curragh Chase, County Limerick, Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His poetical works are very numerous and of extraordinary value. His status as a dramatist may be estimated by his *Alexander the Great*; and another work, *Protens and Amudens*, bespeaks him a perfect master of prose.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the famous literary organ of France, has an excellent article on *Spanish Literature* which I

should like to present to my readers in full, did my allotted space permit. Premising that the remark to the purport that the French are criminally ignorant of the vast stores of varied intellectual wealth locked up in the literature of Spain, is even more applicable to the English-speaking peoples, I venture to give a brief excerpt from this valuable essay.

Among the great literatures of modern Europe, says the *Revue*, there are unquestionably few which are richer and, above all, more original, than the Spanish literature, and yet there is none that is less known to us. In respect to Spanish it might be said that we Frenchmen (or Englishmen, as the case may be) have taken literally the observation of Montesquieu: "The only one of their books which is good is the one that has exhibited the frivolity of all the rest." And, in fact, let us add to the name of Cervantes the names of Calderon and Lope de Vega; let us add to Don Quixote the *Ballad of the Cid* and the *Lazarillo* of Tormes and the *Guzman* of Alfarache. It is about all that we know to-day of Spanish literature, and those pass almost for erudites who are acquainted with the name of Quevedo, for example, or that of George Montemayor. I do not know of one who has read their works. This difference, however, is of recent date, and our French forefathers have been far from sharing the apathy. Whatever, in fact, one may think of Spanish literature, of its defects and excellencies, one must know that by reason of neighborhood (to France) and politics, none other, not even the Italian, has reacted more frequently or more deeply upon our own, or has mingled with it more closely.

Twice, at least, has not the Spanish in-

fluence had for the time the direction of French literature: towards the middle of the sixteenth century, with its *Amadis*, and towards the middle of the seventeenth by the medium of the two Corneilles, Peter and Thomas, and of Scarron, without speaking of so many other writers? What shall we say in the succeeding age, of *Gil Blas* and of *Figaro*? And in our own epoch, further, in the bright days of Romanticism, of *Hernani* and *Kuy Blas*, of the *Perichole*, or of *Carmen*? Is that local color which Mérimée and Victor Hugo flattered themselves to have borrowed from Spain, only veneering and illuminating? But the question is not here, at least with reference to the present discussion, and all that we wish to say is that there is no foreign literature an acquaintance with which is of more importance to the history of our own French literature. We may epitomize our ideas in saying that French literature, and, indeed, European literature, owe two things to Spain—the sense of the chivalresque and the romanesque. So far we follow the *Revue*. English literature does not owe its chivalresque and romanesque features to Spanish, or any other literature whatever; because except Sir Walter Scott and some of the poets, it is almost entirely deficient in those commendable qualities. The important translations from Spanish into English are, like angels' vists, few and far between. The most valuable additions from a Spanish source to our language and literature which have come under my necessary restricted notice, were those made by the Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, and the excellent version of *Balmes* produced by Mr. Brownson of Detroit, the worthy descendant of the great American reviewer, Orestes A. Brownson.

To each his sufferings: all are men
 Condemned alike to groan:
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.

—Gray.

= The Owl. =

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

TERMS: one dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. 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 the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

F. L. FRENCH, '91.

J. P. COLLINS, '92.

C. D. GAUDET, '92.

D. MURPHY, '92.

J. P. SMITH, '93.

L. J. KEHOE, '94.

J. McDUGALL, '94.

Business Manager:

T. A. WHITE, '93.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA
UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1891. No. 9

Those of our subscribers who have kept a file of Vol. IX. of THE OWL, with a view to having it bound, may have the work done by transmitting the copies to us, accompanied by fifty cents. Should any intend purchasing from us bound volumes of this year's issue, they must order at once as the supply will be strictly limited to the demand. We have still on hand a few bound copies of Vols. I., II. and III., which we will dispose of to those desiring them.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

The Faculty of the University has recently decided to grant the students a vacation at Christmas. The action is doubtless a wise one, and also timely. Past opposition to a mid-year vacation

has been due to several causes, chiefly the presumed objection on the part of some parents, and the fear of the students not returning in proper time. There is no doubt that all parents are desirous of having their sons with them during the Christmas season, but not all can conveniently bear the additional expense of a long trip for one or two sons. It is to the credit of these parents that, amid difficulties not generally known, they make strenuous efforts to give their children the benefit of a sound Christian education. Under the new arrangement students living so far away, as in some of the States and distant parts of Canada, that a return home is inconvenient, may remain at the University without any additional expense. The other obstacle, prolonged absence, will be readily seen to be worthy of careful consideration, when it is remembered that the mid-winter examinations are held during the latter days of January, and that that month is devoted to the review of the half-year's work. The fears of the Faculty were not unfounded, for experiments had been made, as in 1883, and many of the students returned long after the appointed time. However, it seems a remedy might be found in holding the examinations immediately before the students' departure, and making it obligatory on them to be again in attendance on an appointed day, under penalty of losing the session's work. No doubt, since the Faculty has determined on the change in the regulations, an arrangement satisfactory to all will be made.

Whether or not such a vacation should be granted seems to have but an affirmative answer. There can be no serious objection raised other than those mentioned, and these difficulties should be solved here as elsewhere. A recess at Christmas must necessarily be productive of good both to the students and to the University. Ten unbroken months of close application to study are entirely too long, and the relaxation of a couple of

weeks will undoubtedly infuse new life and vigor into the second term's work. And as a matter of fact, the amount of study ever done during the holidays was very inconsiderable, and the only advantage was that the students were present in time for the review work. Consequent on this change will follow a reduction in the number of holidays granted during the year, so that an inconvenience formerly unavoidable will not recur in the future.

We believe the Faculty has acted wisely, and has consulted the best interests of the students, and we expect much good to come from the change. This action calls for the gratitude of the students, and accordingly we take it upon ourselves to express their thanks, and feel safe in assuring the Faculty that they will gladly comply with whatever conditions may be required. As the continuation of the extension of the favor will rest on their prompt compliance, it will be to their interest to use the privilege well, and not abuse it.

OUR READING BOOKS.

The earliest companion of almost every boy is a book, and he never entirely outlives the effects of his first reading. The importance, therefore, of making those early companions irreproachable in every respect needs no further demonstration. Yet it is a matter of loud and frequent complaint that those who have the guidance of Catholic education entrusted to them do not fully meet the requirements of the age and country. We refer especially to the compilers of books of literary selections for the use of pupils in Catholic schools. The result of their work is far from satisfactory, and fairly leaves us open to the charge that either we have no writers of pure and elegant English, or have not that correct taste requisite for a judicious selection. Compared with that excellent series known as the Ontario

Readers, our literary text-books are sorry specimens indeed. Because A. B. C. has written in a third-rate magazine some rhymes on the Blessed Virgin, and X. Y. Z. has narrated in barbarous language the labors and sufferings of some Catholic missionaries, and Anon. has published an impossible romance, in which the hero was born a saint and never sullied his original innocence by contact with the world of sin, lengthy extracts from their writings are gathered together in book form and presented to young students to be studied, criticized and admired as models of correct style. Little wonder if youthful enthusiasm for the beautiful in thought and expression is soon dampened, and all the anticipated poetry of bright school-days fades away into hueless, blank-est prose.

The idea that Catholics occupy any place in English Literature has, of course, no existence in the Public School system of this Province. The mere possibility of such an idea is effectually killed by the subtle poison of silence or the more effective weapon of contempt. But a true appreciation of Catholic writers should exist in our own schools at least, and exist to the exclusion of everything else. This does not mean that Protestant writers are to be decried or overlooked, but that it is of the highest importance for our students to be thoroughly and practically convinced that a literature represented by such poets as Dryden and Pope, as Moore and Aubrey de Vere, and by such prose writers as Lingard and Faber, as Allies and Newman, needs not the support of Protestant testimony, is not wanting in intrinsic merit and excellence of diction, is a worthy exponent of the great English tongue, and will amply repay serious, patient and systematic study. But of this supreme fact our make-book writers and make-money publishers seem at present to have no conception, and our book-buying public no concern. The

difficulty is that literature is looked upon as a trade to live by; true service to Catholic education is a secondary consideration; the interests of self blind to everything higher, and as a consequence the men of the future are left to satisfy their literary hunger on husks that would have been refused by the swine of ancient Rome and Athens.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

TREASURE UP.

By the practice of taking notes a treasure of information is accumulated such as can be obtained in no other way, and those habits of application and order are formed which are indispensable to success. "Our minds," says Pope, "are like our watches, none go just alike"; consequently, each one of us meets his own particular difficulties in the acquirement, for instance, of a science or language. The text books are written for students in general; hence, their explanations elucidate points perplexing to the many, but not unfrequently shed but little light upon those which puzzle the individual. To complete the work they have left undone, is the office of the Professor. His efforts to mould the individual mind will be vain, however, if that mind remain passive under them; to be effective, they require its active co-operation. This mental activity can be usefully employed only in recording the explanations given, for the mind is not sufficiently perfect to assimilate them at once. Such a record is invaluable to each student, because the information therein contained is suited to the peculiar mental wants of each. This is but a particular application of a general principle. In literature, likewise, each one encounters passages that to him seem especially beautiful. Why not note them down and study them over with a view to perfecting our literary taste? For this is to be done by cultivating and ennobling our natural likings, not by aping those of this or that great man. And so on to the end of the

chapter. The individual, inasmuch as he is an individual, requires to have always at hand a note-book stamped with the impress of his own individuality.

A further benefit is derived from the practice of taking notes in the habits of application and order thereby acquired. The constant routine of class is not to induce, at times, a lack of attention in even the most earnest student. A blank page lying before him will tend to keep him on the *qui vive* for something to enter thereon, if such a practice be habitual with him. Again, the constant taking of notes necessarily implies order in so doing; otherwise, they would be unintelligible and the attempt would be soon given over. Philosophy, the science upon which the whole of life is based, has been defined as the setting of things in order. Hence note-taking, inasmuch as it is conducive to habits of order, imparts a practical knowledge of this most necessary of sciences, which will be an invaluable aid to the student in mastering and applying its abstract principles. If, then, we would be individual and distinct, if we would have scientific knowledge, let us take notes.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A PRE-REQUISITE.

Grammar is the corner-stone upon which rests the whole educational structure, scientific or classical. If, then, this be not firmly laid down at the outset, no amount of care and labor can afterwards give stability to the edifice. "As well go stand upon the beach and bid the main flood 'bate his usual height" as attempt to master a language without a thorough knowledge of its grammar, for in this is embodied its genius, and it is by its genius, not by the different articulate sounds used to designate the same thing, that one tongue is rendered specifically distinct from another. Self-evident as is this truth, many students practically ignore it. When in the preparatory

schools, they either neglected grammar, or were perhaps too young to fully grasp its principles. Now that they have entered a University, they find a knowledge of them is in a great measure pre-supposed. Grammar does not enter directly into the class-work assigned, and, in consequence, receives none of their attention. They thus go on translating tongues with whose genius they are in great part unacquainted, and are surprised to find that as they advance, their tasks, instead of becoming easier, grow more difficult. After hours spent in thumbing a dictionary, they only succeed in making confusion worse confounded. For, such an earnest study of grammar is the only alternative to dismal failure.

Its importance is likewise paramount in scientific studies. The acquirement of sciences, natural or intellectual, requires a systematic mode of thinking; a man may, by the mere power of memory, store up in his mind a large number of isolated facts, but if these be not so ordered as to form a composite whole, he possesses no real science. To impart the power of thus classifying knowledge is the office of logic. But logic itself is based upon grammar: not indeed upon the specific grammar of any one tongue, but upon the fundamental principles which underlie all grammars. Let the student, then, thoroughly familiarize himself with these principles, if he would not have his quest for truth be vain, or, worse still, end in error. These form the first bough by which the tree of science is to be climbed; this lopped off, the others are beyond our reach, and we shall never be able to pluck the golden fruit of wisdom.

OBITUARY.

It is always a painful task to record the death of an old student; but it becomes doubly so when the deceased is in the spring-time of manhood with hopes of a bright future before him, and when he leaves behind him to mourn his loss rela-

tives so closely connected with the University and endeared to the students that their sorrow is alone sufficient to cast a gloom over the whole body. With intense pain, indeed, we chronicle the sad and premature death of Mr. John Kehoe, which occurred at his home in Ottawa last month, occasioning a profound regret which was widely participated in by both students and professors, and more especially by the latter, who remembered the deceased as a bright and intelligent young man, when twelve years ago he sat on the benches of St. Joseph's College. Since that time till a few weeks prior to his demise, he had been engaged in business pursuits in the City of Chicago, whence, owing to a sudden decline in health, he was brought home to Ottawa. Although not personally known to the present body of students, he was, nevertheless, no stranger to them, inasmuch as two of his brothers are still connected with the institution—one in the seminary, a promising young theologian, the other on the eve of entering upon his course in philosophy.

We sincerely sympathize with them in their bereavement, and extend our heartfelt condolence to their highly respectable and much esteemed family in their present affliction.

And while we deeply regret our young friend's departure from our midst, we have still every reason to be consoled by the thought that, surrounded by his best and dearest friends and fortified with the Sacraments of the Church, he passed away in a most Christian-like and edifying manner. *Requiescat in pace.*

EXCHANGES.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is one of the bulkiest and, at the same time, one of the best sustained of our exchanges. The present number is embellished with a fine cut of the late president of Swarthmore accompanied by a sketch of his life. A series of papers entitled "Views in the Papal States," descriptive of the Italy of to-day, has been running in the *Phoenix* for some time past, and has added much to the general interest of the paper. We are sorry to observe that the *Phoenix* looks not kindly upon the introduction of our Canadian national game into its College, for to our mind it seems one of the finest field sports.

We are much indebted to the *Sunbeam* for a profound psychological analysis of that which it considers, and, no doubt, the view is correct, the most interesting being under the sun—the modern girl. Much, in connection with this subject, that had been previously shrouded in deepest mystery, now appears illumined with all the brightness of the noon-day sun. Equally pleasing from another point of view, was the editorial dealing with the future of Canada. Its patriotic ring was music in our ears. The *Sunbeam* would like to see a stronger feeling of fellowship existing between college journals. THE OWL, like Barkis, is willin'.

A writer in the *Cadet*, from Maine, has solved the problem of the destiny of our planet. The elements of our air and water, he says, constitute a great part of the human body. A fixed amount of these elements exist in the earth and this supply is being constantly used in forming and sustaining human bodies. All these bodies will one day be resurrected with their requisite amount of these elements. A time will come when all the oxygen, hydrogen, etc., of the earth will have entered into created bodies, and will consequently be all required to make the resurrection possible. God knows this time and when it shall have come, he will order the archangel to sound his trumpet, all bodies will come forth from the grave and the earth thereby deprived of all its life giving elements, shall roll forward, a gloomy ruin like our moon. Next!

The *Brooklet* is the name of a neat little exchange from Oakland, Pa. It is edited by ladies, of course. Who else would be imaginative enough to christen a publication so poetically?

In the *Round Table* for March, the methods of education pursued in America are compared with those in vogue in Europe. The writer states truly that our American educational system partakes largely of the general tendency of our continent to rush forward at break-neck speed, and that, in consequence, a thorough education as it is understood in Europe, is not attainable here. The reason given is that energy is all that is needed to attain success here since all doors open to golden keys. In Europe, on the contrary, the lines of society are more distinctly drawn, and, in consequ-

ence, students are not in such feverish haste to enter the battle of life. All this is very true, and the present agitation for shortening the college course is but an outcome of the present state of things, and will, should it prove successful, lower still more the standard of American scholarship.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* publishes the first instalment of a most scholarly article on Wordsworth. A brief review is first given of all the greatest literary lights the world has known, and in a few lines the characteristics of each are set forth with what, from our own acquaintance with some of these writers, seems to be admirable judgment. The article is very severe on Pope, almost denying him the title of poet, because of his artificiality. And if with the best critical authority we consider true poetry to be the language of action, especially of human action and that idealized, we must admit there is foundation for the stand taken. We await with interest the second instalment which is to deal with Wordsworth proper, a poet whose works have been criticised in a more contradictory manner, perhaps, than those of any other writer. The *Gazette* is doing its part to inspire Canadians with a spirit of pride and confidence in their country.

The current issue of the *Haverfordian* contains two good articles, "Some Phases of Contemporary Poetry" and Thackeray's letters. According to the former, materialism has blighted the fair blossom of poetry in our time. "Poetry, to-day, is insignificant because our ideals are small and unworthy," says the writer, and we believe there is much truth in the statement.

The *Cambridge School Magazine* from Halifax is before us for the first time. It is neatly gotten up, but the present number is somewhat deficient in original matter. The editors intend, however, to remedy this in the near future.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

North American Review.—It cannot be gainsaid that this review invariably presents its readers with a series of articles of high interest and deep scholarship. The May number is no exception to the rule. The first three articles treat from different points of view the relations of

wealth to the prosperity and happiness of nations. Bishop Henry C. Potter heads his contribution "The Gospel for Wealth." Bishop Potter will excuse us for telling him that he writes more like a pagan economist than like a Christian Bishop. There is not a trace of the supernatural in his whole article. Give the poor classical music and art museums and botanical gardens. Elevate their tastes and feelings by selections from Beethoven and views of Raphael's paintings and Michael Angelo's sculpture; let them wear primrose buds and bouquets of peach blossoms every day in the week, and they will not be so vulgar as to cry for bread to satisfy the mere animal cravings. This, however pretty it may be, is not Christian doctrine on the question. Hon. E. J. Phelps has a very sensible article on "Irresponsible Wealth." Wealth, Mr. Phelps rightly contends, is markedly charitable in this country, but where it fails is in its relations with that class of citizens who are too proud to depend on charity, and yet whose labor is not sufficiently remunerative to provide for themselves and their families. Wealth must be satisfied with smaller profits for the employer, and must give higher wages to the employed.

Caradian affairs are exhaustively discussed in two lengthy and able articles. Sir Charles Tupper writes on some phases of the recent political struggle in Canada. The Marquis of Lorne shows that he still retains an active interest in the country of which he was for several years the universally esteemed Governor-General. In his paper, "Canada and the United States," the Marquis outlines what in his opinion should constitute the basis of intercourse between the two countries. His remarks are very just and practical.

The most interesting article of the number is "Napoleon's Views of Religion." It is bound to shake, perhaps shatter, some very generally accepted stories of an altogether contrary nature. If all Mr. Taine says be true (a point difficult to determine, for no authorities are cited), then, the First Consul must have been a consummate hypocrite. There are some valuable lessons to be learned from Mr. Taine's remarks—that the Concordat was (and is) an unmitigated nuisance, that nothing but evil comes of prelates acknowledging any power, even the most indirect, in temporal princes over

episcopal appointments, and that the union of church and state, though theoretically an unassailable proposition, is practically a distinguished failure.

In the "Notes and Comments," Mr. M. F. Egan discusses the reasons why Catholics want Catholic schools, their objections against purely secular education, what their ambition is for the Church in America, and what they hope never to see—one of the last things is the church in politics. Catholics are far prouder of Manning and Gibbons than of Richelieu and Wolsey. Prof. Egan's note should have been expanded into a leading article; we do not remember of ever having seen anything from his ready and graceful pen that pleased us so much.

How to GET ON, by Rev. Bernard Feeney: Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago:

"How to Get On" comes to us with the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, and a flattering introduction from the pen of the same prelate. This would be a sure passport to Catholic favor did the book need more than its own intrinsic merits to commend it. But it is a work that speaks for itself, that every young man should own and read if he wish to learn the true method of how to get on. Samuel Smiles has written a work entitled "Self Help" and Wm. Matthews another called "Getting On In the World," but both are only partial developments. Material success is the sole object; everything else must shape itself to suit this. There is no such deformity in Father Feeney's book. While admitting the powerful influence and justness of natural motives, he does not allow the supernatural to be hidden. To quote himself, "I have taken reason, self-interest, social happiness, even respectability each as a fulcrum by which I endeavor to raise the moral character toward the supernatural state. I know that nature has no power of its own to ascend to the level of grace, and I repeat this truth over and over in the course of the work; because it might seem from dwelling so much on natural efforts and motives that I implied their sufficiency to sanctify the soul. I guard the reader, also, against the error of supposing the will strong enough to practice virtue unaided by divine help. But still I certainly encourage him to cultivate natural strength and

firmness of character, in order that grace may have better material to work on and to co-operate with." Perhaps, the best chapters of the book are those headed, "Be Determined to Succeed," "Some Ways and Means of Success," "Love of Home," "Gold Worship," "Mental Culture," and "Loyalty to the Church." We endorse every line Archbishop Gross writes in his introduction; his last words we must quote: "Amid the Babel of voices which so often mislead our youth to prostituting its fresh energy to improper ways and unbecoming purposes, this book speaks the splendid words of truth. The author holds up to our people, and especially to our youth, the high goal which all can reach. He shows many of the dangers that beset the path to success in life; and he most candidly lays before the reader the means whereby life may be made a success. His principles are eminently correct. We should be pleased to see this valuable work in every family in the land."

The energy and ability which characterize the present management of the *Dominion Illustrated* are more and more apparent each succeeding week and month. Lumbering in Canada, the great Chignecto Ship Railway, the formal opening of the Dominion Parliament, are among the subjects that have been taken up recently and exhaustively illustrated. Both from the literary and artistic point of view this journal is a pronounced success, and in the fullest sense deserving of its steadily growing popularity. The great prize competition is still open to new subscribers. The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated* are the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The *Buffalo Union and Times*, in announcing the much-to-be-regretted demise of the Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, gives the following interesting sketch of this distinguished prelate's life:—

"Born in Glasgow, Scotland, September 28, 1824, the distinguished convert and future Bishop of Cleveland accompanied his parents to this country when little more than a mere child. At the age of eighteen, he renounced the Presbyterian faith, in which he had been reared; and, persuaded that God had favored him

with a vocation in the priesthood, he began his clerical studies in Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, where he was ordained priest in August, 1852. After his ordination, Father Gilmour labored zealously in several missions in Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia. In 1857 he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, and for eleven years discharged with signal fruit the onerous duties of that responsible charge. During the next two years, Father Gilmour was a member of the professorial corps of Mt. St. Mary's of the West. He subsequently discharged the duties of the ministry at Dayton, Ohio, where he remained until consecrated Bishop of Cleveland, April 14, 1872.

"The departed prelate was among the most learned of the American Bishops. He was a vigorous, fearless writer; never shrank from the frank avowal of his convictions; and his Scotch pluck seemed to fit him naturally for a chieftain of the Church Militant."

We clip the following from one of our contemporaries, as a vindication of the much-maligned monks:—

"Father Ignatius, bogus monk as he is, is still manly enough to assert the truth regarding the monks of Catholic times. At one of his recent meetings in New York he said this:

'I have no doubt that many of you believe, as I once did, that the monks were swept away from England because of their wickedness. But when I investigated the subject I was soon disabused of that idea. Professor Maitland, a learned Protestant historian, who gave much study to the matter, concluded that 'Whatever the monks may have been, they were always better than the people they lived among.' Henry VIII. drove the monks from England. He sent notorious men to visit their monasteries and get up vicious stories about them, in order that he might confiscate their property. They would not accept him as the head of the English Church, and he hated them. It is true that the monks held much of the English soil, but they held it in trust for the poor. When the monks were driven out, the poor were destroyed.'

There is a movement now on foot in this city to establish here a branch of the

Catholic Truth Society, which is doing so much good in the United States. His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, is strongly in favor of it, and has made a handsome donation for its establishment.

The following extract from the *Harvard Crimson* may be of some interest to Greek scholars:—

"It is rarely that a hitherto unknown classical work comes to light, and for many years none has appeared so important in every way as Aristotle's 'Treatise on the Constitution of Athens.' * * * The subject treated is the constitutional history of Athens, and it falls into two sections. The first gives an historical account of the development of the Athenian state, and is complete; the second is an exposition of the temporary machinery of the government. This latter part is only partially preserved, but we know most of it already through the quotations of the grammarian Pollux. On the contrary there is much that is new in the first part.

"All of Solon's reforms are explained in the new manuscript, and we find that his reduction of the coinage was much later than his abolition of debt, but that he did both. The nine archons were chosen by lot, as was not understood before, from forty men elected in tens by the four tribes; the division of the tribes equally into mountain, plain, and seashore is now first known.

"The period of Aristides' government is explained, and perhaps most important of all the flight of Themistocles from Athens, at which time the revolt of Naxos occurred which marks the first break in Athenian power, it is shown must have been as late as 462; the whole history of this period must now be read in a new light. The account is continued down to Aristotle's own time, but the most of the remaining statements are either already known or unimportant."

It is a gratifying piece of intelligence that the Prioress of Lanthony Abbey, which is the convent instituted by Father Ignatius, the Anglican "Benedictine" deacon monk who recently visited America, was recently received into the Catholic Church at St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook. She saw the folly of playing the part of mock Benedictine nun any longer,

and embraced the truth when she discovered it.—*Catholic Review*.

Another son of the late General Sherman has applied for admission into the Roman Catholic Church. It is understood that he recklessly omitted to ask the permission of Brother Fulton.—*Boston Herald*.

It is said that the Pope is to be appointed arbitrator in another international dispute, namely, that between Portugal and the Free Congo State, regarding the boundary line between their possessions in Africa. Certainly there is no one who could arbitrate more honestly and intelligently.

Archbishop Janssens writes in the New Orleans *Morning Star* that there have been a great many converts recently among the colored population in his diocese. During the past year three new schools for colored children have been established.

Major-General Whinates, of the English army, and his wife, have been received into the Church by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, Eng.

Two learned Jesuit Fathers, Rev. J. N. Strassmaier and J. Epping, have undertaken the laborious task of deciphering the three Babylonian tablets which were acquired a few years ago by the British Museum.

The Archbishop of Edinburgh intends erecting a church in honor of St. Margaret Queen, patroness of Scotland. It will be erected in Dunfermline, where the young Queen was crowned, and where she spent the greater part of her life in the practice of eminent virtues.

Statistics for the year 1890 show the great progress made by the Church in Scotland, giving the brightest hopes for the future. In the Archdiocese of Glasgow the faithful have increased in numbers, during the past year, by 10,000 and in the Diocese of Dunkeld by 4,000. The collection of dioceses presents a total of 348 priests, 338 churches, 318 schools, with a Catholic population of 352,749. Since 1866 there had been an increase of 149 in the number of priests, 137 in the number of chapels, and 210 in the number of schools.

The English Jesuits are preparing a complete commentary of Holy Scripture, which will be based on the most modern scientific discoveries which throw considerable light on it. This great work, it is expected, will be published in 1893.

The number of Christian Brothers in the world engaged in the work of education is 15,000. The mother-house of the Order is at Paris.

The Right Rev. Dr. Paul Durieu, O.M.I., in his first pastoral as Bishop of the newly made See of New Westminster, says: "Looking back to 1863, when Pius IX sent our illustrious predecessor (Bishop D'Herbomez, O. M. I.) to British Columbia, to sow the seed of the Divine Word, what do we see? This Province was then almost exclusively peopled by Indians, plunged in the darkness of paganism. But the mustard-seed has now grown into a magnificent tree, under which have found shelter more than 15,000 Indians, who astonish the world by their progress in civilization, their excellent morals, and their Christian spirit."

A plan is on foot to establish in New York city a National University on the European plan, with an endowment of \$20,000,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University, preached a very eloquent sermon on the occasion of the blessing of the new Irish Church at Bay's Water, Ottawa. The church will be known as St. Mary's, and is the fourth Irish Church within the limits of this city.

The Triduum prayers at the several convents of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa was carried on with especial solemnity. The students of the University sang a select Mass at the Mother House, on Water street. Among the celebrants on these three days were His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Duhamel, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lorrain, the Very Rev. Mgr. Routhier, Rev. Fr. Gaudet, O.M.I., Rev. Dr. Fillatre, O.M.I., and Rev. Fr. Langevin, O.M.I., were among the preachers who delivered sermons on this occasion.

Very Rev. Fr. Martinet, O.M.I., the Superior General's legate to the Oblate

Provinces of America, paid a short visit to the University last month. After visiting the various houses in Canada he intends returning to the University, where he will remain for some time. His return is expected towards the end of the present month.

His Grace, the Most Rev. William Smith, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, in a letter to his venerable old friend, the Rev. Dr. Dawson, makes mention of THE OWL, saying that he has read it with much pleasure.

The same kind reference is made by Mr. McDondell, of Morar, member of the County Council of Inverness, Scotland.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Lorrain, while on business at the capital, made a short stay at the University.

The closing exercises for the University of Ottawa take place on the evenings of the 16th and 17th June. As usual, the first evening will be devoted to the awarding of degrees, reading essays, valedictory, etc., and the second to the distribution of premiums to deserving students.

The Honors Exams. took place on the last three days of April. The Seniors many now breathe until June.

The base ball game between the Seniors and Juniors created no little excitement and interest among the spectators, and no less anxiety on the part of the beardless philosophers, until the fifth inning, when the score, owing to an unavoidable error, ran up in favor of the latter's nine. The class of '91, however, were just upon the point of retrieving their loss when time was called. The Seniors, nevertheless, feel confident of being able, with a little practice and a few alterations in the arrangement of their nine, to give their opponents, before the close of the year, an overwhelming defeat.

We notice, with pleasure, in the *Daily Express*, of San Antonio, Texas, that Rev. Father Smith, O.M.I., a former professor at Ottawa University, is steadily engaged in improving St. Mary's Church, of which he is at present the rector.

Last month, the solemn ceremony of blessing a new organ was performed by

Bishop Neraz, in presence of an unusually large congregation, after which the Rev. Pastor delivered a very eloquent, as well as instructive, sermon on the mission of sacred music in the Catholic Church.

We heartily congratulate Rev. Father Smith upon the good work he is daily accomplishing in San Antonio, and wish him every possible success in his future charitable undertakings.

In lieu of a gala day, the boys have decided upon taking a trip down the river towards the latter part of this month. It is to be hoped that no such accident as occurred six years ago upon a similar occasion may mar the pleasure of the day.

Capt. Landry, assisted by Sergeants French and Gaudet, has re-opened drill exercises among the University cadets. We hope that a few good companies will be sufficiently trained in the various movements to afford a creditable display on the 24th.

Student publications are becoming numerous of late. We anxiously await the appearance of a recently written novel, which, we are led to believe, emanates from a promising senior this time.

To see seniors and sophomores the constant companions of the great authors and scientists, and so fondly attached to the "master-minds of old," would impress an average observer with the conviction that there must be an impending exam.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Juniors have, by their strenuous endeavors, at last succeeded in clearing the campus of the winter's accumulation of snow and ice. On the annual holiday devoted to this purpose they worked desperately to complete this task before the Seniors, and as usual succeeded, but only by fifteen minutes. The Seniors claim that their defeat was greatly owing to the almost herculean efforts of Lucier, who, with pick and shovel, labored so hard, that he has been unable to do anything since, except try to regain his lost weight.

Scarcely was the yard dry, ere foot-balls, base balls, hand balls and lacrosse-sticks were called into requisition, and the various teams, which had been chosen before

Christmas, began their regular spring practice. Already two match games of baseball have been played, the boys showing that they have lost none of their old time skill. On April 23rd the Rebels, otherwise known as the *Invincibles*, and the second team, met for the first time this season, the former winning by a score of 17 to 13. The following is a list of the players with the respective positions:—

A. Malo.	Catcher.	D. Kearns.
P. Slattery.	Short-Stop.	A. Gault.
J. McCabe.	1st Base.	J. McCarthy.
C. Kavanagh.	Pitcher.	G. Larosse.
E. Lucier.	2nd Base.	H. Glassmacher.
A. Verrault.	3rd Base.	E. Tessier.
H. O'Connor.	Centre Field.	R. Valade.
W. O. McKay.	Right Field.	J. O'Neil.
J. Cunningham.	Left Field.	H. Constantine.

It is needless to say that the game was interesting and hotly contested throughout, and the prevailing opinion is that either team could beat the junior philosophers, whose exhibition of baseball a few days previous was anything but creditable to a class of such high intellectual and physical abilities. Many of the players, especially the junior members, appeared perfectly at home on the diamond. J. Cunningham, P. Slattery and A. Verrault played a good, steady game, while D. Kearns, H. Glassmacher and H. Constantine did not make a single error. The second team is anxious to secure another match, Henry claiming that the referee was totally ignorant of the first principles of baseball, and also that Tessier had not sufficiently recovered from a mathematical shock received on the previous day.

The second match was played on April 26th between the juniors' first team and a team from the Christian Brothers' school. The names of the players of the latter team have been mislaid, but the juniors were as follows:

R. Beaulieu, catcher; O. Allard, pitcher; H. Cameron, 1st base; M. Gibbon, short-stop; P. Connolly, 2nd base; H. Gibbons, 3rd base; W. Weir, centre field; A. Allard, left field; A. Beaulieu, right field. This team includes the best athletes in the Junior Association, and every man plays a faultless game in his position. Albie Allard is a whole team in himself, a sure batter, a safe catcher, and an excellent coacher. They issued a challenge some time ago to the best team

in any single class in the University, but none could be found hardy enough to oppose them till the Senior philosophers, deeming it their duty, though pressed by more important matters, to silence such vain boasting, accepted the challenge. Immediately the pitching of *Con*, the batting of *Dunc*, the fielding of *Tuck*, and the catching of *Stow*, flashed upon the Juniors, and without more delay, they decided to decline the match, rather than risk their reputation against players of such noted skill.

The lacrosse team, the dream of the long winter months, has been organized at last. Nothing could have created more excitement. Caucus followed caucus, when the relative merits of each individual player were thoroughly discussed. But success on the field depends largely on the Captain, and the best man must be chosen. But, alas! there were several best men. A captain should be this and that, and not something else, and Maloney penned his judicious arguments with examples from years gone by. By judicious wire-pulling, and it has been hinted, although we give little credence to such prejudicial ebullitions, that the election was not just what it should be. W. Brophy received a majority of votes for the position of captain. A committee was appointed to aid the newly elected captain, and after some mature deliberation, the following team was named:—P. Connolly, P. Slattery, O. Allard, W. Brophy (captain), W. Weir, H. Cameron, W. Murphy, T. Spencer, W. Kavanagh, J. McCabe, H. Gibbons, Jos. Copping, W. Slattery and W. McKee being spare men. Of Mr. W. Brophy's abilities to captain a lacrosse team it is not necessary to speak, his past experience and well-known skill entitling him to first place on the junior team. Several matches have been already arranged with city teams, and shortly the most likely lacrosse team the Juniors ever had, will have a chance to add fresh laurels to victories of previous years.

THE OWL has ever been willing to record the victories of the Juniors on the campus, but there are other victories still more important, which the sage old bird especially delights to proclaim abroad. Thus, at the end of this department, may be seen each month, a list of those, who

win first places in their respective classes. This is an honor of which any boy may justly feel proud, and it is worthy of note, that those boys who hold first places in their classes, are the same ones who take the most active interest in all out-door sports. The boy who engages in these games with proper zeal, but whose mind is not occupied with them during class, will succeed best in his studies, and will generally be the best man in after life.

The recent hand-ball contest, in which seven teams were engaged, was decided in favor of A. Allard and A. Verrault.

Hugh Bert, the well-known engineer, has undertaken to teach the "drop-kick" to all those desirous of learning. He is a professional kicker, and takes great pride in driving the leather from one end of the campus to the other, J-K-Earns smiles complacently, nods approval, but says nothing. The latter gentleman, in his anxiety to be left alone, has actually introduced a new game at cards, bearing the very appropriate name of *solitaire*.

Master Fortà claims to be the fastest runner among the juniors. Judging from appearances, however, he seems to be run *down*, and should invite P. S. Lattery, W. W—, and others, to a run up.

The order, which prevails among the juniors in leaving the yard, going and coming from class, is most gratifying. Rev. F. David is to be congratulated on the complete control he is able to exercise over so large a number of boys.

The new singing class, under the direction of Mr. J. Nevin Doyle, is improving rapidly. Already several of its members take an unusual interest in the work, and look forward to this class as one of the most profitably and agreeably spent hours of the week.

The following is the rank in class for the month of April:—1st Grade—1, H. Valin; 2, A. Verrault; 3, A. Allard. 2nd Grade—1, C. Brophy; 2, M. Gibbons; 3, L. Garneau. 3rd Grade, B—1, C. O'Neil; 2, S. Coulombe; 3, J. McDougal. 3rd Grade, A—1, P. Mellon; 2, J. Robert; 3, H. Christin. 4th Grade—1, W. Brophy; 2, W. Fagan; 3, W. Weir.

SOCIETIES.

RECEPTION OF NEW MEMBERS INTO THE SODALITY.

A very beautiful and solemn ceremony took place in the University chapel on Sunday evening, the 10th inst., when thirteen young men enrolled their names under the banner of Mary Immaculate, and were formally received into her sodality.

The altars were profusely adorned with rich decorations, and the statue of our Blessed Lady was ornamented with exquisite wreaths and garlands, and illuminated with brilliant jets and numerous tapers.

While the postulants took their places in front of the sanctuary rail, a hymn was chanted in honour of the Blessed Virgin.

Rev. Father Fillatre, O.M.I., then mounted the pulpit and addressed an earnest and eloquent discourse to the Society and to those who were so soon to become its members, dwelling particularly upon the purity that should adorn those who march beneath the standard of our Immaculate Queen, and proposing prayer as the only sure means of preserving that angelic purity.

After the sermon, Mr. Albert Chabot came forward, and, on behalf of his fellow-postulants, read the common formula of application and promise of fidelity to the rules of the Society, upon which Rev. Father Nolin, O.M.I., the Director of the Sodality, assisted by the Prefect Mr. C. C. Delany and the Sacristan, received the applicants into the congregation, giving each a certificate of admission.

The ceremony closed with Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On April 16th the members of this society assembled in the Science Lecture Hall, to hear a series of astronomical papers read by the Juniors. On the motion of Messrs. McMillan and Gaudet, J. P. Collins took the chair, and introduced John McNally, who read the first paper on "The Moon." The subject was ably treated and the paper well written. It embraced the whole history of man's astronomical observations of the "queen of

night," clearly explaining and rejecting all the opinions of the ancients concerning it. Mr. McNally commented on the inestimable service done for astronomy, and especially for the study of the moon by Galileo's discovery of the telescope in the sixteenth century. He clearly explained all the moon's motions and phenomena, and the theories concerning its origin and present state. He then concluded with an interesting account of the various popular superstitions concerning the moon, many of which are still common among the uneducated.

Before the meeting opened, the members spent considerable time admiring the many-colored drawings and paintings decorating the hitherto blank walls, and many flattering remarks were passed on the artists. They were all illustrations of the sun and its various parts, placed there to simplify the lecture on the sun. They were drawn by the civil engineers, who received a vote of thanks from the society for their kindness. D. Murphy lectured for forty-five minutes on the sun, and his essay proved interesting throughout. After a beautiful introduction, he explained all the theories of the ancients, and an interesting account of all that has been done for the study of the sun by the telescope and spectroscope and photographer's camera. Mr. Murphy almost exhausted his subject by explaining and describing the composition and appearance of the whole sun and its various parts, the central mass, photosphere, atmosphere, chromosphere and corona. Next followed a description of the sun's various phenomena, and an account of its spots and all the theories concerning them. The principal theories of its origin, Faye's, Sechi's and LaPlace's, were well explained. That the future of the sun is no longer a matter of uncertainty, Mr. Murphy clearly demonstrated. Before long we may expect to see heat, fuel and motive power obtained from its potent rays.

The Chairman next announced T. Troy, who gave a short history of astronomy, illustrating his remarks with the aid of stereopticon views, kindly furnished to the society by Rev. Fr. Gauvreau. After a few congratulatory remarks by Rev. Fr. Antoine, the Prefect of Studies, the meeting adjourned.

ATHLETICS.

It will be remembered that last winter, after considerable discussion concerning their relative athletic abilities, a game of hockey was arranged between the Senior and Junior Philosophers, which, to the chagrin of the Seniors, was won by the Juniors. The conquered vowed revenge. The means they chose to accomplish this was a game of baseball. The result was that instead of obtaining the aforesaid revenge, they are seeking other means of regaining their lost laurels. Scarcely had the snow disappeared before the challenge was sent and accepted, and the teams drew up as follows:—

Seniors.

Juniors.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| D. McDonald.....Catcher..... | A. Charron |
| C. Delany.....Pitcher..... | J. Dean |
| D. Ivers.....1st base..... | T. Troy |
| C. Charbonneau.....2nd base..... | J. Collins |
| M. Fitzpatrick.....3rd base..... | C. Gaudet |
| F. French.....Short Stop..... | J. Breheney |
| D. Masson.....Centre field..... | J. McNally |
| P. O'Brien.....Left field..... | J. Fleury |
| J. Landry.....Right field..... | C. McCarthy |

The Juniors won the toss and took their innings. Collins led off with a hit to centre but was cut out at the plate. However, those who followed him hit the ball well, and when they retired it was with six runs to their credit, while in the same innings they blanked their opponents. The result of the next innings was similar, the score being 11 to 0. In the third an error of the Juniors' short-stop gave two runs to their opponents, which so encouraged them that they immediately made another. It seems that this attempt exhausted all their energy, for during the rest of the game they did nothing but permit the Juniors to score five more runs. At the end of the fifth innings (the total being 16 to 5 against them) the Seniors decided to postpone the accomplishment of their longed-for revenge, and withdrawing from the field, went to have their photographs taken. The principal features of the game were the all-round excellence of the Juniors, and the utter want of skill in baseball displayed by their opponents. The Junior outfield played an errorless game, each man making a splendid catch. McNally caught a most difficult fly and throwing it to second made a double play, while McCarthy and Gaudet made another. The battery and first and third basemen also played an excellent game. For the Seniors the battery and centre fielders did the best work, while the second and third basemen made the most errors. However, all played "a good,

steady game." The Seniors are now proposing a lacrosse match, and if they fail in this intend to compete in football and cricket. The Juniors are not only willing but eager to meet them in any or all of these events, and even offer their opponents the use of their hockey sticks on the lacrosse field.

* *

Baseball now holds the foremost place in the line of athletics. In all parts of the campus can be seen embryo pitchers and catchers. The weather of late has been somewhat unfavorable for the game and the players have not had much practice. On May 3rd, a match was played between the Pastimes of Ottawa and a picked nine of Varsity. L. Foley and J. Redmond formed the Pastimes' battery, and for Varsity, Regis played behind the bat and McCusker filled the box for the first two innings. In Varsity's second inning, McCusker while at bat was struck by a pitched ball and Quinn pitched the remainder of the game. The game lasted two hours, and resulted in Varsity's favor by a score of 20 to 7. For the Pastimes, Bowes at short-stop made some splendid catches, and Redmond and Deslauriers did excellent work at bat. Of last year's Varsity team were Shea, Codd and Murphy, who with a little more practice will play as good a game as ever. Among the new players Regis and Quinn excelled at bat. Considering that it was the first match of the season, the College battery worked very well. Messrs. J. Breheney and J. Hickey officiated as umpires.

* *

Several challenges have been received from outside nines, but no definite arrangements with regard to dates have yet been made. We trust, however, that all aspirants for places on the nine will practice hard, so that Varsity's reputation on the diamond may be honorably sustained.

* *

The spirit of class rivalry in athletics, especially when it is that friendly rivalry that exists between the different classes in Ottawa, is a spirit that is to be commended. It is very often the means of bringing out athletes that otherwise would never have handled a bat or kicked a football. It makes the players earnest in their endeavors to win and creates considerable interest in their contests. During the last few weeks several such contests have taken place. The Second Form met and defeated the Third Form by a score of

15 to 7. Quinn and Brunelle formed the battery for the winning team, and McCusker and Perusse for the losers. The umpires were Coste and Regis.

A team from the Third and Fourth Grades crossed bats with a combination from the First Form. A most exciting match was played, but the noon bell brought the game to a close before either side could claim superiority. The umpire consequently declared the match a draw. For the Third and Fourth Grades, Regis and Allard formed the battery, and Brunelle and Larue did similar duty for the First Form.

* *

On May 6th, the nine of the class of '92 met the Divinity Hall nine. The latter team won by a score of 10 to 9, but the '92 men say that the victors owe much of their success to McDonald, '91, who caught for them.

* *

A handball tournament took place on May 1st. Five teams entered, and the competition resulted in E. Capbert and J. Dunigan winning first prize, and L. J. Kehoe and J. Dandurand second prize.

* *

The lacrosse manager is in receipt of a communication from the Junior Shamrocks of Montreal, who are desirous of arranging a match for the 25th of May. Owing, however, to the fact that our grounds were previously engaged for that date, the manager was obliged to decline the proposal.

* *

A letter has been received from the executive of the Ottawa Cricket Club suggesting the formation of a cricket club in the University. The Ottawa Club offers assistance in the way of coaching, and the writer of the letter goes on to say that if the students would go in for cricket with the same enthusiasm as they have in football, the University cricket eleven would soon be as successful as the football fifteen. Since the receipt of the letter a cricket bat, ball and wickets—a rare sight there—have been seen on our campus.

EXCHANGE HUMOUR.

The subscription price of this paper has not been increased by the McKinley Bill, but we want to disabuse the minds of some people of the idea that it has been put upon the free list.—*The News, Elizabethtown, Ky.*

Cheerfully Granted.—Breezy Whiskers—Boss, can't you help me?

Suave Stranger—Certainly; here is a card of the *Daily Trombone*. Our rates for "Help Wanted" are twenty cents a line.—*Puck*.

Returned with Thanks.—Spade—What are your returns from joke writing?

Liner—The jokes, chiefly.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

An English publisher announces a new work entitled, "He Always Pleases His Wife." It is fiction.—*Boston Post*.

"Look here," growled the advertiser to the country editor; "I ordered my advertisement placed next to reading matter, and you've put it among your editorials!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

New Reporter—That item about Colonel Bourbon being murdered, that we printed this morning, ain't true. He's alive and well.

Editor—And what do you mean coming here and telling me? The *Howler* has a character for veracity that must be maintained. Go right off and kill him.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Zola says that his novels have not been well translated in this country. He should remember Dr. Johnson's remark about a dog walking on his hind feet. "Sir," he said, "it is not done well, of course; but you are surprised that it is done at all."—*Boston Post*.

Mr. Hyde—Is there any money in writing poetry now?

Mr. Rondo—Well, there's more than there used to be.

Mr. Hyde—How so?

Mr. Rondo—There has been a cut of five cents a thousand in the price of envelopes.—*Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly*.

Rev. Plink Plunk on the Silk Stockings—"De man dat hez to have a plush cushion underneath him when he goes to church, deah breddern, will berry likely be put settin' on a coil ob steam pipes, in de sweet bime bye, wen de debble gits his duc."—*Ex.*

"We call the new boy who is distributing type 'Circumstances,'" said the compositor.
 "Why is that?"

"Because he alters cases."—*Ex.*

A Useful Member.—School Director—We have divided up the work of the board so that each of the members has a fair share to do. Higginson is secretary, I am treasurer and Proat is—

Friend—Why, Proat is so deaf that he can't hear thunder! What does he do?

Director—Oh, all the complaints are referred to him.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE FARMER'S TRIALS.

The farmer when he began to plough
 Hitched up his mule with his Alderney cough;
 But the mule displayed some grudge,

And declined at all to budge,
 While the cough ran off and kicked up a rough.
 —*N. Y. Herald.*

First Chappie—"I say, ole chappie, the doctah says I must-aw-take more exercise or I'll be sick, don't you know." Second Chappie—"Do as the doctah says, me boy." First Chappie—"Ya-as, I'm going to discharge me vally and tie me own necktie."

Mr. Foodsoul—For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses on.

Beggar—Yes sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job.—*Ex.*

A railroad engineer, saying that the usual life of a locomotive is only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking old thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

To Prove It Wasn't Veal.—Guest (restaurant)—"Waiter, there's a lot of feathers in this salad!" Waiter—"Yes, sir. We puts 'em in not ne'ssarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."—*Texas Siftings.*

Barber (to his victim)—Does this razor take hold well?"

Victim—"Yes, it takes hold well enough, but it doesn't let go worth a cent."

High-minded Father—Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother, just now, Henry?

Henry—Very likely, father, but surely you wouldn't wish me to use low language.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

I notice I am referred to in the papers again.
 How nice! What does it say about you!

It says there are one thousand six hundred and forty-five students at Yale. I am one of them.—*Ex.*

Johnny (reading his composition)—"Every rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Teacher—"What do you mean by anecdote?"

Johnny—"A short funny tail."—*Moore's Hill Collegian.*

Father—My son, how do you earn money enough to live?

Student—Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature.

Father—How so, my son?

Student—I have sold all my books.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Professor—"Who was Sidonius?"

Student—"There were several of that name."

Professor—"I mean the writer of history and of Elegies."

Student—"Oh, that was Sidonius Apollinaris. His second name was conferred upon him because he was a poet of the first water."—*Puck.*

Hostess—"Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests?"

Host—"I don't know, unless we leave the drawing room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us."

Mrs. Smith, in her new steel-blue silk, said to Mr. Smith, "How do I look in grosgrain?"

"Very agriculturally, madam," and he made a rye face.—*Ex.*

Goodbid—That new baby of Wilson's has not lived very long, poor thing!

Fineface—What! Dead?

Goodbid—No; only born last Tuesday. (Looks shocked.)

"We should never encourage our mustachios to be backward in coming forward."—*Woodstock College Monthly.*

"Your son ordered these pictures of me."

"Well, they certainly look like him. Has he paid you?"

"No, sir."

"That looks still more like him."

"We meet but to part," as the comb said to the brush.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

ULULATUS.

I'd sing of the spring
 If there were such a thing,
 In our Ottawa climate so rare ;
 But when Fifth of May
 Is a cold winter's day,
 I give up the thought in despair.

The latest definition of combustion :—A comical combination.

Who was the best shod lady of ancient times ?
 Penelope, for she had thirty souters at her feet.

When you invite a friend to tea, be sure you transfer your *t*, else he shall have nothing to eat.

We had Shamrocks for St. Patrick's day, will we have them for the 24th? The lacrosse men say so.

The accident during the recent base-ball game whereby our pitcher became a little *pale*, should *Mac-us-Kar* for the future.

Our genial lacrosse manager is actively engaged in getting into "condish" for the coming season by vaulting over the *spare rows* of beds in Dormitory No. 2, at the weird hour of midnight.

Our sporting editor, not satisfied with the sights at the Capital, hied him to the Metropolis in quest of new *spectacles*.

Owing to the prevalent opinion that the recent snow-storm was sent on by the weather-clerk as a protest against the retention of winter overcoats in May, there is talk of lynching the offenders. *Intelligenti pauca*, Jocque.

P. S.—A dictionary may be had by applying at the sanctum, Jock.

Was that a bird of Paradise that alighted on the roof the other morning ?

An ophiological arcanum.—Did you ever see a serpent? Where is the point?

Teacher :—"Why is the McKinley Bill beneficial to Canada?"

Student :—"Because it prevents eggs-portionation and favors home consumption."

A French greeting as tendered by a son of Erin:
 How do you do? 'voo port a veaux?

We hear with great satisfaction that Mr. Dick is about to publish a *parody* on the two well-known songs: "Peek-abo, go-lang from behind that chair," and "The Meeting of the Waters," which will be sung with great éclat at the next public entertainment by the students' own Jimmy.

Lally of old
 Was a hero bold,
 As he pranced on the open field ;
 But Lally the new,
 With his pants so blue,
 Has never been known to yield.

Could the young man on table No. 3 in the centre row *tell-us-for* what he would not join the Cadets?

A word of warning from an old Greek sage to young men of our days :

Tous bustakas me kataphronci.

A VIGNETTE.

'Twas midnight ! all was silent ; not a sound
 Disturbed the solemn hush that reigned around
 The classic beds in No. 1, save when
 A sleeper coughed, snored, sneezed an "ah-chew-hem,"

But all at once a sil'vry voice is heard,
 Sweeter than that of "Eden's garden *bird*,"
 Rise slowly first, which ere long proudly swells
 In liquid measures of "The Old Church Bells,"
 But ere it had completed the refrain,
 Its owner was in fairy-lands again.
 Thus "murderous sleep" a bad tale often tells
 On singers who're impressed by Old Church *Bells*!