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VERY REV. JOHN-BAPTIST LOUIS SOULLIER O.M.I.

“Lo! this is he at God’s command
who spurned
The earth, and heaven’s high lore
through suffering learned.
Fortune, that, queen-like, glittered at
his side,
He fled, and Poverty embraced—his
Bride.
Good Deeds his chi’dren were ; Wisdom
his crown ;
His sceptre this, to rule one heart—
his own.”

ON Sunday, the third of the present month, there was flashed far and wide across many a sea and land, a message that brought surprise and grief and mourning to the toiling members of a widely scattered family. It was an utterly unlooked-for word which, on that occasion, was carried so fast by the speeding electric fluid through heaving waters and over far extending plains and mighty mountains. It was a word that touched with acutest pain the hearts of those for whom it was intended. It was a keen, cruel word that conveyed to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in every clime, the sad intelligence that their father and venerable chief was dead.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,” sings the Royal Songster of Israel. What a world of consolation these words convey to a bereaved heart that mourns in withering silence beside a hallowed tomb! The just man’s departure hence is but his entrance upon a happier life where his “sun shall go down no more,” and where his “moon shall not decrease.” It were a mark of selfishness then rather than a token of filial piety to grieve excessively over our present loss. The whole life of the illustrious missionary, whose eulogy we are trying to put in words, was one of unremitting labor and heroic sacrifice in the cause of justice; a veiling joy should hide from view our sorrow since, after so many years of tireless toil, he has entered upon a well merited and unending rest.

Although Father Soullier was well advanced in years, having passed his seventy-first birthday, still the news of his death came with a stunning suddenness. No one was expecting it; all his acquaintances in this country and especially his subjects, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, were momentarily dazed

by its overwhelming import. Only those who knew Father Soullier best can properly realize the mighty vacancy his death has wrought. Amongst the readers of THE OWL there are some who had the privilege of greeting him three years ago during his short visit to Ottawa. Little did they then imagine that his career of usefulness was so near its close. But who of us can raise the mystery-hiding curtain of obscurity and peep into that dark unknown? Who of us will dare gainsay the sovereign wisdom of the Most High? The Supreme Master calls to his eternal holiday his faithful servants when He sees their work is done, and then places upon their toil-stained brows the unfading laurels of a blessed immortality.

Concerning the minor details of Father Soullier's life we know but little. They are, in great part, hidden by that child-like simplicity and profound humility which were the salient characteristics of his great career. But, as on a bright calm day we may distinctly see, mirrored in the tranquil depths of some neighboring lake, even the loftiest mountain summit, so by the clear, steady light of faith, we are able to trace in this beloved missionary's humble spirit, and unyielding fidelity to the obligations of his vocation the heaven-pointing magnitude of an heroic mind. Many a time there were laid at his feet honors that would have brought him forth into the brilliant light of worldly fame, honors that would have given him, amongst his compatriots, an enviable celebrity, but as a true religious, as a man who loved retirement, he rejected them. Providence however held him other and scarcely less onerous dignities in store; dignities that were more in harmony with the

spirit of his vocation; dignities that were to be conferred upon him, not by strangers, but by the confidential unanimity of his brother Oblates.

Very Rev. John-Baptist Louis Soullier, third Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, was born at Meymac, diocese of Tulle, France, on the twenty-sixth of March, 1826. At an early age he resolved to embrace the clerical state, and, with that intention, entered the seminary of his native diocese. A few years later, having almost completed his theological studies, he yielded to the dictates of a sweet interior voice that allured to a nobler and more arduous calling. The secular priesthood offered him a splendid sphere for the free play of his remarkable abilities; for him it was a sure road to preferment and renown; but the zealous seminarian, humble from the beginning, and thoroughly imbued with filial reverence for even the slightest indication of God's holy will, preferred that tranquil retirement and sweet security which are found only behind the strong old battlements of the religious life. At the age of twenty-two he turned away his eyes and heart from all the gairish prospects that were spread out so enticingly before him and entered the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers. One year later, on the seventeenth of February, 1849, by the perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and perseverance, he consecrated himself entirely and irrevocably to the service of a kind and ever generous Master. He was then sent to the Oblate scholasticate in Marseilles in order that he might make his final preparation for the holiest and sublimest of all dignities, God's sacred priesthood. Whilst at this quiet retreat of learning Rev. Brother Soullier reckoned among his

companions two distinguished Oblates very well known to many readers of THE OWL. These venerable priests are Rev. Father Paillier, O.M.I. of the University, and Rev. Father Tortel, O. M. I. of Lowell, Massachusetts. At the scholasticate, Rev. Brother Soullier's practical and deeply rooted piety, joined with talents the most brilliant, soon won him the love and confidence of his superiors. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1850, he was promoted to the priesthood, a favor for which his zealous heart had long and ardently yearned.

Having now reached the goal of his holy ambition, it was not long before Father Soullier gained renown in his new sphere of action. His remarkable administrative abilities marked him out as well suited for even the most difficult positions of trust in his Congregation. It is greatly owing to his Superior tact, prudence and unflinching firmness at this period that Lorraine can boast its magnificent sanctuary called Our Lady of Sion. About the time of Father Soullier's ordination this holy shrine was administered by three unworthy priests who had become infected with a pernicious heresy. Allured by the specious covering given to the new doctrine, nearly the whole neighboring population had blindly followed their unsubmissive pastors on the way of error. This lamentable state of affairs grieved very sorely the holy Bishop of Nancy, in whose diocese the violated sanctuary was situated. He requested the Superior General of the Oblates to send him some zealous missionaries, suited to take charge of the Shrine, and capable of leading back again to the true fold the wandering members of his flock. His Lordship's desire

was soon acceded to, and Rev. Father Soullier was chosen to accompany Rev. Father Conrard on that difficult and even dangerous mission. Upon arriving at the scene of action, the two Fathers soon discovered that they had to contend with overwhelming difficulties. They had to hire a small house in the neighborhood, because the heretical priests had possession of the presbytery. Such open hostility was encountered on every side that the food necessary for their sustenance could hardly be procured. For some time two scanty meals a day was all the indulgence they could afford. They persevered courageously however, and finally succeeded in triumphing over the combined forces of error and obstinacy. The shrine of Our Lady of Sion, which is still in charge of the Oblates, is now the glory of Lorraine and one of the most popular sanctuaries in Catholic France.

Rev. Father Soullier was also, for some time, Superior of the Oblate house in Nancy, and, during many years, Pro-director of the Holy Family Nuns. This latter charge was one of considerable importance, and Father Soullier performed with undeniable ability the onerous duties it imposed. Under his able direction the Sisterhood of the Holy Family advanced rapidly in prosperity.

In the year 1867, Father Soullier was raised by election to the dignity of Assistant General, and for twenty six years afterward, was first Counselor and most active helper of Very Rev. Father Fabre in the general administration of the Oblate Order. In this important position there rested upon his shoulders a vast responsibility, especially during Father Fabre's long and painful illness.

The year 1880, brought Father Soullier a new opportunity for the exercise of his multiform powers. In the month of March of that year the French government issued a decree by which an iniquitous law, that had remained a dead-letter since the memorable "Reign of Terror," was called to life anew. This thrice unjust enactment was, at first, directed mainly against the Jesuits whose expulsion at three months notice it proclaimed. Later on however the same decree was extended to all other religious bodies that were found to be in sympathy with the persecuted sons of St. Ignatius. In this latter category the Oblates of Mary Immaculate were comprised, and consequently they were marked out for banishment as enemies of the Republic. In the first week of November all the Oblates houses in France were violently invaded by the armed representatives of a pulsillanimous power. The never-offending inmates, those untiring missionaries who had so long labored with vice-conquering zeal for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, were driven forth from their prayer-sanctified homes, and forced to seek a refuge in other more hospitable lands. During those days of trial Father Soullier was the able defender of justice, and the undaunted denouncer of cowardice and oppression. Amongst the regular clergy of France he was recognized as a champion, who, with crucifix in hand, strove courageously against the inroads of heartless and irreligious men. When the unholy decree was being carried out in Paris Father Soullier was stopping at the Oblate house, *Rue St. Petersbourg*. On the fifth of November, an armed band of ruffans appeared before the house and demanded admission in the name of the law. On being

refused an entry, those shameless dupes of a vacillating government smashed in the doors with their axes and crowbars, and then led out the Fathers one by one. Father Soullier was the last to leave that quiet home. The following is a translation of his spirited protest against such a barefaced violation of the rights of citizenship. The French text was published in the *Univers* of Paris, November the seventh, 1880.

"Undoubtedly you expect, on my part, an energetic protestation. Yes, I protest against the violent and arbitrary act by which you make this encroachment upon my liberty, and upon my rights as a property-owner and a French citizen.

"You are writing a page of history in which you yourselves play a very sorry part. What an inheritance you are getting ready for your children! I pity them. Will they not have to blush for shame because of the share you are taking in this crying injustice?

"What wrong have we done you? What crime have we committed to justify this display of armed men and this churlish invasion of our home? Ask the inhabitants of our neighborhood. They will all tell you that we help the poor, that we visit the sick, that we exercise a ministry of public utility, that we are the most peace-loving and inoffensive of men, that we are always eagerly ready for every work of charity and devotedness. I take as my witness these gentlemen who are doing me a great honor by being present with their sympathies on this sorrowful occasion. I will be grateful to them as long as life shall last.

"Is our respect for the freedom of all men the reason why you deprive us of our liberty?

"If I were an agent of sedition, an incendiary or an assassin you would offer me an amnesty. If I were arrived from Noumea you would escort me in triumph, or you would, at least, shield me with your protection. I have done no evil to anyone: on the contrary I have not ceased so serve my country, and still you treat me as an outlaw. You drag me from my home and cast me into the street.

"I protest against this criminal application of so-called existing laws, the reality of which is disputed by the French magistracy.

"I protest against this odious persecution to which the Church is being submitted; a persecution of which the authors, whoever they may be, fall, *ipso facto*, under the ban of major excommunication.

"In conclusion, I protest against an outrage that violates in my person the indispensable liberties of all citizens; an outrage which, because it shakes the foundation of our social condition and of the public peace, is applauded only by the rabble, whilst it is looked upon with indignation by every, Christian and by all honest people both in France and throughout the entire world.

"I will not budge from here until compelled by violence."

Very shortly afterwards, probably owing, in great measure, to Father Soullier's prudent exertions, the Oblates and other exiled members of religious bodies were readmitted into France and allowed to resume possession of their former homes.

As Assistant-General, Father Soullier labored unsparingly for the spiritual and temporal advancement of his Order. Through his able advocacy in 1883, the Oblates were intrusted with the important archdiocese of Columbo, in the island of

Ceylon. On several occasions he was sent as Visitor to provinces of the Order in different parts of the world. In that capacity he travelled through Canada, the United States, Africa and Ceylon, as well as the various countries of Europe. He came to Canada as Visitor in 1876 and again in 1884.

In the month of October, 1892, Very Rev. Joseph Fabre, second Superior General of the Oblates, passed away from earth to the possession of a well merited crown, and Rev. Father Soullier became Vicar General. On the eleventh of the following May his brethren in religion, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, gave him the most convincing proof of their confidence and esteem. They placed him at the helm of their ship, which since then has been piloted with a skill that proves undeniably the heaven-inspired wisdom of their choice.

The time of Father Soullier's administration as Superior General was comparatively short, still, throughout its four year's duration, one could easily notice that a more than ordinarily steady hand was guiding the destinies of the Oblate Congregation. Within that brief period there was established in Germany a new province of the Order, which, on the fair banks of the Rhine, promises to surpass even the rapid strides it has made in other lands. Within the same space of time the Order has taken a firm footing upon the only continent where it had not previously been established. Australia, the isolated land of the southern cross, has lately received with joy a band of Irish Oblates, and upon its western coast, has assigned them a field of labor.

Not alone amongst the members of his own Order were Father Soul-

lier's administrative abilities clearly recognized and honorably acknowledged. On more than one occasion the French Government, conscious of his worth, urged his acceptance of the episcopal dignity. He was offered the very important See of Rennes and afterwards that of Nantes, but his accustomed humility and love of religious retirement interposed and induced him to refuse the proffered honours. He even persuaded Cardinal Guibert to intercede for him with the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome, that he might not be forced to enter upon a career which would permanently disturb the tranquillity and regularity of his religious life.

As we have already seen, Father Soullier was by no means a stranger either in Canada or in the United States. There is, however, one of his visits which deserves a special mention in our article. It is the trip he made to this country one year after his elevation to the dignity of Superior General. He has the honor, for it is indeed an honor, of being the first Oblate Superior General that ever set foot in the New World. The object of his visit was to obtain a personal acquaintance with his subjects in this country, and to impart to them whatever consolation his kind and fatherly presence could bestow. Widespread and enthusiastic was the welcome he received. His tour through the country was like the triumphal march of some great hero. Everywhere, from the populous East to the sparsely settled West, his presence was hailed with grand rejoicing. Whole towns and villages raised aloft their flags to bid him welcome, and tastefully decorated their houses in his honor. Bands played their merriest airs, and ad-

dresses, worded in different tongues, but all expressive of the same cordial greeting, were presented. Many readers of *THE OWL* must well remember the magnificent reception he was given at the University during his short stay in Canada's prosperous Capital. That the illustrious visitor was deeply touched by the enthusiastic welcome which greeted him on all sides, is evidenced by the following brief extract from a circular addressed by him to the members of the Oblate Order, shortly after his return to Europe.

"What am I to say of the grand manifestations that have everywhere marked the passage of your Superior General? It would seem as if the people whom I visited had awaited that occasion in order to give free scope to their admiration of and their thankfulness towards our humble Institute, to which they acknowledge themselves indebted for the double benefit of religious and secular education."

Since his elevation to the responsible position of Superior General, Father Soullier addressed two very important circulars to the members of the Order over which he had charge. One of them gives very practical advice on the art of preaching, the other is a learned and comprehensive treatise on the studies of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. In the latter valuable work, which was issued less than a year ago, the author lays very clearly before the members of his Order, the great necessity of keeping pace with the times by a thorough study of sacred science. He recommends very strongly the works of Saint Thomas and Saint Liguori, as well as the writings of the ancient Fathers. This little gem of

learning, set in plain but eloquent wording, is, in reality, a book rather than a circular. It cannot fail to be of great utility to the Oblate student as well as to any other cleric who may chance to read its concise yet exhaustive pages. It will long remain as a last memorial of Father Soullier's unflagging solicitude for the advancement of his Congregation.

Last spring Father Soullier's health took a decided change for the worse. Prayers were asked that his recovery might be hastened; still his children throughout the world never thought that his malady was "unto death." Such however, it finally proved to be. On Sunday morning, the third of October, feast of the Most Holy Rosary, at his quiet Oblate home, *Rue St. Petersbourg*, Paris, he breathed forth his heroic soul into the hands of its Creator. Surrounded by his Oblate brethren whom he loved so well, the great man fled from this world to a happier life in order to continue in heaven the ecstatic contemplation of those vital truths he had cherished so lovingly on earth; the fifteen mysteries of the Most Sacred Rosary.

"Come, O Creator Spirit! come,
Take Thine elect unto his home,

Thy chosen one, sweet Dove!

'Come to thy rest, he hears Thee say;
He waits not—he hath passed away
In mortal trance of love."

On Tuesday, October the fifth, Father Soullier's funeral service was conducted in the Oblate chapel attached to the house, where he had laboured so long and died so happy. The requiem mass was celebrated by the First Assistant General, Rev. Father Antoine, who was formerly Provincial of the Order in Canada. A large number of sympathizers,

including representatives of all the religious orders in Paris, were present. The chief mourners were a nephew of the deceased, a brother who is Vicar General in the Diocese of Tulle, and a sister who is a nun well known in Paris as Directress of the famous school of Mirieil. His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, having pronounced the final absolution, the body of Father Soullier was slowly borne to the Cemetery of Montmartre, where, in shadow of the great national Basilica of The Sacred Heart, it awaits the glorious resurrection call.

Very Rev. Father Soullier was a man whose presence inspired respect and confidence and love and veneration. As he was tall, straight and crowned with a wealth of snowy hair, his decided military bearing made him a man well suited to command attention. Fatherly in his solicitude and motherly in his tenderness, he was a dignitary in whose presence one felt thoroughly at home. The endearing eloquence of his simplicity, the comprehensiveness of his wisdom, joined with the firmness and prudence of his judgment, distinguished him amongst religious, gave him superiority amongst the clergy and made him remarkable amongst men. That he was a man endowed with a more than ordinary share of endurance is amply and undoubtedly demonstrated. No one who met him three years ago during his visit to this country, would imagine from his outward appearance that he was then suffering from a painful disease. Such however, was indeed the case; the malady that cost him his life was, even at that time, in progress. One who knew Father Soullier well has remarked that his existence during the past few years must have been one continual purgatory. What a

strong interior effort that last tour through America must have cost him, although exteriorly it seemed so full of smiles! But Father Soullier was just the man to claim a martyr's palm, were death for the Faith the order of the times. Throughout all his qualities of mind and heart there was one grand unifying principle; it was his strong attachment to the Holy See. Love for the successor of St. Peter is strongly inculcated in all his writings; his every official act proclaimed an all-conquering reverence for Rome. On that, for him, blessed Sunday morning, as he rested, for

the last time, his weary head upon the pillow, he could look back with satisfaction upon a long life well spent in the service of an all-rewarding God; he could look forward with confidence into the angel-canopied realms of a thrice happy eternity; and he could hear with an indescribable throb of joy, the musical voices of unseen beings whispering words like these:

“Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.”

B. J. MCKENNA, O.M.I., '96.



Oh! tis sweet when life is failing
Back to look on labors blest,—
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest.

—*Wiseman*



USE AND ABUSE OF THE NOVEL.

II.

Prose fiction is of comparatively recent origin in English literature ; it may be said to date from 1814 when *Waverly* made its appearance above the literary horizon of England. Its growth has been marvellous, and at present each day witnesses the appearance of several novels, besides divers translations from the other languages, notably French and German. Our grandfathers could easily have named all the authors whose works had till their time been given to the world ; but now it requires volumes to record even the list of those whose writings almost exhaust the English language. If the future student of literature were to be obliged to learn the names of this army of writers, and make a study of even one principal work of each of them, we might thank heaven that we were not born a hundred years hence. Luckily however for him, the most of these millions of books will live but for a day, and none but the antiquarians of future ages will know that the "enlightened people" of the nineteenth century ever amused themselves with this vapid and frivolous literature. The Shakespeares will have been separated from the Beaumonts and the Fletchers : the masters only shall live.

The writing of novels has become a profession, and the reading of good novels has been recognized as a means of culture and enjoyment. To many the world of fiction is greater than the world of reality. Their "intellectual attitude is . . .

highly complex ; they "delight . . . to read what they do not believe, and know they are not intended to believe, and yet they are not contented if it is incredible." The details of a narrative are more eagerly followed by these readers than is the study of the social and political problems that daily present themselves for solution, and that, soon or late, must become subjects for the serious consideration of the citizen and patriot.

Whatever may be the praise lavished upon a novel, it can in no wise raise its standard, any more than would the mixing of sugar with strychnine make the latter less a poison. Thus, to whatever height we may laud a trashy novel, it nevertheless still remains trash. It is a fact to be deplored that many newspapers sell favorable criticisms of novels. Men are paid to mislead the public as to the merits of these books. What can we say, for instance, of the London critic who received books to criticize, but always with the injunction of the publishers that he was not to *cut the leaves*? In this particular instance Gerald Griffin was partly justified by the extreme necessity in which he found himself, but how many are there who regularly criticize favorably for a monetary consideration. They are paid, and the author and the publishers reap a harvest.

Censure is very rarely administered to a novel. It is not as in the time of the great Jeffry when a work had to possess real value in order to

escape a premature death from the onslaught of this inexorable critic. To praise is certainly more agreeable than to blame: but the newspaper which is supposed to safeguard the interests of the public upon which it lives, should rather warn against bad books than be a party to this gigantic swindle. The criticism of literature is as important as that of architecture, painting, the drama and music; and when we consider the results, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is of vastly greater importance than any of the latter separately, or than all of them combined.

The following counsel of Seneca deserves the deepest attention of every reader: "Dost thou desire that literature should leave on thy mind lasting impressions? Limit thyself to the perusal of some authors full of true genius, sustain thy mind with their treasures. Being everywhere is like being in no particular place. A life spent in travelling makes us acquainted with many strangers, and but few friends. And such is the case with those hurried readers who devour an infinite number of books, without a decided preference for any."

We should, indeed, be most careful in the choice of a novel. If ever a person may be fastidious this is surely one of the occasions. "All the wrong that I have ever done or sung" wrote Byron to Moore, "has come from that confounded book of yours." What an intellectual and moral wreck was Moore's book responsible for! What might we not have expected of Byron had he not been thus influenced to evil?

Novels cast a spell over us so strong as to make us accept their philosophy and even their prejudices; hence the great necessity for a careful choice of the authors whom

we read, as great in reality as the companions with whom we associate. Fielding wrote: "We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions." How inconsistent in us to refuse to associate with vulgar companions, and at the same time have the most intimate relations with, be the constant pupil of, an unknown and perhaps worthless person who possesses the power to express his thoughts, and spread his principles broadcast through the instrumentality of the novel! This individual charms us: we lose our sleep, neglect our duties to lock ourselves up with him. We quote him; we obtrude him on our companions. Should he be attacked we defend him. We imitate him, and are more apt to copy his defects than his good qualities.

The choice of a novel therefore, is of no small importance. We cannot read all those that are printed, and, if we could, there is a great class that cannot be read by a person with a moral standing worthy of the name, with any taste, literary or artistic. Moreover the novel that will delight the youth may have no interest for the young man, and that which will charm the latter may be regarded by a man of mature age as unworthy of perusal. The reader who searches for the exciting details of the novel of incident will find no interest in the novel of character. But since the latter is vastly the more beneficial he should form a taste for it, and courageously pursue that line of reading, though by this proceeding he may not be able to discourse so freely on the latest production as the variety-theatre artist is to warble the latest *fin de siècle* song of the day. A person may nearly always be excused for not having read the latest sensational novel, but

the masters, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Scott, Dickens, never.

The mood in which a person finds himself forms another criterion by which he will be guided in the choice of a book. If instruction be required he will carefully avoid all works whose aim is amusement; and, if tired by labor, he seeks relaxation, he will not take up a book the intelligent reading of which requires close mental exertion. Again, a traveller may open a book which at any other time he would deem too frivolous to read. We should, as has been said before, be fastidious in our choice of an author, and choose one whom we are not ashamed to introduce to our friends. No one, for instance, who has any self-respect, would care to admit that he is the reader, and therefore the confidant of Zola whose writings indicate a mind wallowing in the mire of sensualism, and whose reputation is so unsavory that although he has presented himself more than two score times for entrance to the French Academy he has as many times been denied membership in that illustrious body.

For the same reason that we choose as a friend one whose character is unimpeachable, let us choose an author whose principles are sound, and the moral standard of whose writings is above reproach. Let us not be beguiled by a catchy title. An author worthy of the name knows that he has a reputation to sustain, and he will be careful that the works that leave his hands are up to the required standard. Lacordaire in his "Letters to Young Men," gives this sage advice with which we shall close on the choice of books :

"Unless it be for the purpose of reference with a useful end, we

must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names ; we have not time enough for the rest.

"We have consequently still less for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversations of lost women and dishonorable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race."

Since we have shown the choice of a book to be of such vital importance, the question naturally arises : is there any means by which we may be guided in making this choice ? There is one—the unique institution of the *Index Expurgatorius*. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the Index, as it is generally named, nor even to expose all its functions. Suffice it to say that through its agency, the Catholic is warned against books whose influence is bad, or whose tendencies would be to separate him from the Church. Again we ask, has the Church the right to establish such a tribunal ? Let us answer this by another question : Has Canada the right to pass a law prohibiting the carriage through its mails of that disgrace to journalism, the *Police Gazette*? It has, and exercises this right to safeguard the morality of its citizens. On the same principle the Church has a right to place its members out of danger by commanding them not to read certain books which though perhaps not openly immoral nor even yet apparently harmful may contain false principles, that are always directly or indirectly subversive of authority, morals and religion. No one can deny the possession of that right to

the Church, and she exercises it as a good parent would in order to keep his child from evil associations, as a pious mother would to preserve the precious gift of faith which makes her child a Christian. Unfortunately many so-called Catholics refuse to heed the decisions of this tribunal which, like a light-house, gives warning of the sunken rocks upon which take place so many of the shipwrecks of virtue, morals, principles and faith. This disobedience of the command of the Church may be the first step in the pathway that leads from God; it may be the first break in the chain that binds them to the Church. Link by link that golden chain gives way, till they drift helpless wrecks upon the storm-tossed sea of religious indifference.

Let us now consider novels as the sole reading of a person. Alas, for too many do the daily newspaper and the novel form the only intellectual food. They go on from day to day, nourishing their minds with these ephemeral dreams, heedless of the duty they owe to themselves, their country and their God. Is not this the reason why we have so few Buffons, so few Websters; the reason why so few pursue a branch of study after they have left the precincts of their *Alma Mater*?

There is perhaps no pleasure obtained by reading that fills the reader with so much enthusiasm as do his first few novels. We own it is difficult to turn to the *study* of history or science when there is at hand an interesting novel, and this difficulty increases in the inverse ratio of the age; the younger the reader the greater the difficulty and *vice versa*. But let us enter upon the subject of novels as sole reading.

Occupying his thoughts with things that have no reality, dealing

with unreal causes producing ideal effects, the novel-reader becomes unpractical, his judgment becomes continually more and more stupefied, and his opinion therefore becomes worthless. Reading many things, none of which serve for ordinary purposes, no part of which he can classify for future use, he becomes unmethodical in thought. And, moreover, since the knowledge thus gained is useless for reference, he does not even attempt to memorize it. Thus, his judgment fails; order disappears from his work; and his memory becomes weak and vague. His imagination, on the contrary is stimulated and this faculty, though deserving of development in its proper proportion, predominates over the other powers of the mind. Another deplorable effect of novels as sole reading is the incessant craving for excitement which they leave. This craving often leads the young man to the public-house where he seeks to satisfy his morbid appetite for the sensational. Novels are a kind of intellectual opium. They produce most delightful sensations; they induce an insatiable longing for themselves; and they exert such an influence over their readers that many have not the strength of will necessary to break away from them.

The novel, has its use but only as a recreative agent. No one reads a novel to study any of the branches of human learning, and we urge that, as sole reading even the best novels are a great evil, the more so as all other reading becomes insipid and burdensome. All taste for history, for the study of languages, subjects proper for the perfect development of man's intelligence, becomes, as it were, buried under the insatiable desire for the excitement of the novel.

Burke says : " The cause of wrong taste is defective judgment.," We agree with him, and maintain that the taste for sensational literature would not have grown to such dimensions without the exercise of very bad judgment on the part of readers.

Where lies the remedy for this deplorable evil, the antidote for this poison? Necessarily in the institutions of learning where the foundation of the taste for good or bad literature is laid. There is no one but will agree that the novels and sensational newspaper which we have been condemning are immoral. A moral person cannot persist in reading them. Now morality and religion cannot be separated since the former takes its rise and authority from the latter. It therefore follows that the inculcation of good morals, and consequently religious teaching is necessary to combat this bad literature.

What is the tendency of our schools to-day if it be not to drive religion from their doors, and consequently to deprive the world of the only weapon wherewith to successfully fight the evil spread broadcast by a venal press? The result of this tendency to drive God out of the schools can only be to lower the taste of the people, degrade them step by step till a time will come, which is indeed actually upon us, when the masterpieces of Shakespeare will be read as are the *Antigone* and the *Acidippus Rex*, only in the Universities; when Milton will no longer find among the people a reader whose heart will beat to the cadence of his majestic verse; when Zola will be preferred to à Kempis; when the Bible itself will be looked upon as a curiosity by the great mass of readers.

Having treated of those whose sole reading is the novel, we may now notice the difference in the advantages derived by those who read for the story alone, and those who read for information as well as amusement. The former, those who read for the story alone, will naturally choose such books as contain stirring narratives, while the latter will take to books of a more practical character, such, for instance, as those having a historical, a scientific, a philosophical, or a religious value.

There is perhaps no more pleasant way of studying history than through the pages of a good novel. Where can we get a better idea of the border wars than in Scott? Waverly is a history written in the great novelist's perfect style. Fenimore Cooper's works are histories. It is no matter for wonder that the new literature introduced by Scott became so popular. Jules Verne is the chief writer of scientific novels, and the ingenuity he displays is simply marvellous. Of course he relates impossible things, but much fact can be gathered from him; and he leads us to anticipate the great scientific discoveries that may be made in the near future. Stevenson's "Dr. Jedkyl and Mr. Hyde" is an example of the philosophical novel: it has its basis in psychology. Cardinal Newman's *Callista*, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, are examples of the religious novel, and what charming and elevating tales they are.

Perhaps as great a pleasure, and certainly as great a benefit to the reader, comes from the study of the language and style of an author. Almost every sentence contains in it the elements of satisfaction. With what pleasure do we not read and re-read the majestic sentences of

Burke! We feel ourselves carried along on that tide of eloquence, and raised out of the trough of our ordinary thoughts to the highest contemplation to which speech can bear us. We read Burke, and he gives us a consciousness of improvement and added power; herein lies true enjoyment. To the reader who can appreciate the style of an author, the story is of secondary consideration. If it be interesting, so much the better, but let sound thoughts be expressed in harmonious and well rounded periods, and he will enjoy it. Is it not this brilliancy of expression that has gained for Macaulay so many readers, though Blackwood's magazine has said of him: "Everybody reads, everybody admires—but nobody believes—Mr. Macaulay"? On the contrary let the story be never so interesting, if it be badly written, he will with difficulty follow it.

Burke's speech to the Electors of Bristol forms for this reader an inexhaustible mine of pleasure, of calm, modest pleasure, unlike the narrative which transports him beyond himself through all the emotions, of which the soul is capable. Those who have read the quiet stories of Alphonse Daudet must have been struck by that beautiful simplicity of a style as clear as crystal, and sweet as the sound of an æolian harp on a summer's eve. Reading for the story alone is indeed taking the shadow for the substance, the chaff for the wheat.

There is yet another abuse which we wish to signal; it is that of devoting one's self entirely to one author, of perusing him to the exclusion of all others. The reader who pursues this line of conduct is likely to become a reflex of his favorite novelist. He will be pensive

with George Eliot, and look upon this life as a failure; he will be satirical and suspicious with Thackeray, and consider the world as quite beneath him; he will copy the broad grotesqueness of Dickens, and feel his thoughts not half forcibly expressed if he does not interlard his conversation and writings with copious supplies of slang. Hence, he who consults his best interests will not be guided by one author alone, any more than he would make a meal with only one dish in a hall where a sumptuous banquet was spread. He should not imitate the Western farmer who was "filled to the neck with soup" when the rich viands and delicious desert were served.

We are also tempted to read only contemporary novels. This latter tendency should be overcome for the sake of a wider range of vision, and to bring us back to times gone by. By reading the masterpieces of those who have gone before us, we derive the advantage of studying in its most pleasant form the history of the times at which they wrote; for, though the plots of their stories are not true, though the characters are fictitious, the customs, the manners, the social conditions, the abuses of their times are faithfully depicted, and form for us a retrospective view of the world, a view that enables us to see the immense progress we have made in certain departments of human learning, and to look forward to still greater developments of human genius.

Cardinal Newman in his famous lectures delivered in the Birmingham Corn Exchange charged the Protestant world with misrepresenting everything Catholic, and with refusing to think, talk, or write of Catholics as rational human beings. To

suit their idea of us we must be uncanny and deceitful, and some even seem surprised if we do not prove to be such as they have been led to believe we are. Many of them look upon us as upon actors on a stage, each playing his part, but having a separate individuality from that which he shows to the public. This idea is fostered by many agencies which strive to keep the world in ignorance of what we are, and among these may be mentioned the novel.

Against nearly all novelist, with the exception, of course, of Catholics, the charge made by T. W. M. Marshall in the London Tablet against Scott, holds true. He says: "He (Scott) is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices. His saints are madmen, his monks half fool and half beast, his lay Catholics scoundrels or pretended heretics . . . More than once he speaks of what he calls 'a hunting Mass' purposely abbreviated for the convenience of hasty worshippers, being totally ignorant that no ecclesiastic has power to suppress a single word of the Missal."

Let us see if this charge holds true of our present novelists. Thackeray introduces to us his Father Holt, and for mysteriousness and veritable Jack-in-the-box performance, no one can surpass this reverend gentleman. He pops into and out of sight with a nod that reminds one of a circus clown. Of course Father Holt is a Jesuit, and Thackeray was but pandering to the popular prejudice when he imagined this being. Now, we who know the self-sacrificing sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, know that this caricature does them a glaring injustice, and we protest against so gross a libel

upon this noble society, whose members are in the true sense of the words, soldiers of Christ.

We also wish to call attention to the writings of Charles Lever, because of his popularity with a great class of novel-readers. His Father Roach and Mickey Free are, of course, only huge jokes, but unfortunately, they are not taken as such by many Protestants, and even by unenlightened Catholics. The religion of the great majority of the Christian world is no matter for jesting, and Lever shows a most striking lack of good taste by making it the subject of his humor. Father Roach, with his "six Masses the day, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two at vespers," and Mickey Free paying to get his father out of purgatory, are for most Protestants truthful examples of the trickery of the Catholic clergy, and of the imbecile superstition of a duped laity.

These are only a few of the types of Catholics in novels. I have not mentioned how they buy indulgences—"licences to sin;" how all their bad deeds are forgiven them in confession, and they may go on sinning till they come again and receive absolution; how they adore the saints, and especially the Blessed Virgin Mary. In fact, nothing is too bad, too stupid for a Catholic to be guilty of; and should one, priest or layman, happen to be a good, moral, sociable person, he is not so *because* of his religion, but *in spite* of it; because, as Miss Howard an American novelist, says in *Gucnu* when speaking of Thymert a priest, he does not "keep the ropes of his religion quite taut."

Here then is the reason for the existence of the *Index Expurgatorius*. We have inspectors of schools,

of weights and measures, in fact, in all lines in which the people may be imposed upon. Then why not have them in the more important interests of preserving truth and religion which deal not with the material part of us only, but with what is the most important, the most essential object of life, a true knowledge of God and His Church.

It is quite easy to understand why we have so few Catholic writers in the English language, why Catholic novelists did not begin to flourish at the time contemporary with Scott, as did many Protestant writers. One has but to study the history of England's treatment of her Catholic subjects up to the time of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, in order to understand that it was impossible for them to pursue the path opened to writers by the father of English modern prose fiction. For besides being deprived from holding any offices of trust in the kingdom, they were not permitted to obtain higher education; and under these circumstances, circumstances which called forth from Burke the exclamation. "Would to God it (the remembrance of England's treatment of Catholics) could be expunged for ever from the annals of this country!" is it to be wondered at that so few Catholic names appear among the writers of English literature?

A class of people, crushed as they were for three centuries, do not rise in a day; and therefore we must not expect that Catholic novelists could so easily fill their proper sphere in English literary work, and successfully compete with their Protestant rivals who had a start of three hundred years upon them. For these reasons there is a great want felt by Catholics for a literature that will

supply the place of books that take every opportunity of lowering Catholic institutions, and ridiculing everything held sacred by Catholics.

Cardinals Newman and Wiseman undertook that need, and attempted to fill the void. They did noble work; but it is left for others to take their place, and give us a worthy literature for every class of readers from the knicker-bockered youth to the sage fathers and mothers of our land. France has such a one. It has its Fenelons and its Bernardin de St. Pierres. We want Fenelons also, and the more of them the better.

We have Gerald Griffin, Bernard McCabe, Lady Fullerton, Mrs. Francis C. Tiernan whose *nom de plume* is "Christian Reid;" Mrs. Isabel Whitely and her sister Miss Mary F. Nixon, both of whom are converts and accomplishing a noble mission; Mrs. Sadlier and Lady Murphy; Father Barry, Father Finn, Father Smith and the Right Rev. James D. Doyle, D.D., who have felt this lack of a Catholic literature and are doing their utmost to supply the want. We have Maurice Francis Egan and Marion C. Crawford, both of whom occupy envied positions in literary circles. But we need more. Indeed the number cannot increase too rapidly, nor to too great proportions.

Owing to the nature of novels covering every phase of life, entering where the poet and other classes of influential writers may not pierce, they accomplish a work that no other agent can perform. We, therefore, need this omnipresent toiler for good, this indefatigable teacher of good morals, sound principle, and wise conduct.

On! noble workers, on! Your task is a gigantic one. You must break down the barriers of prejudice

that have risen up against your Church; you must dispel the clouds of ignorance that exist with regard to the practices of your religion; you must lay open to the world the high, ennobling life led in the bosom of the Catholic family; you must demon-

strate before all men the nobleness of the lives of your self-sacrificing clergy. This is your task, and it is one which requires the highest kind of work as George Crabbe has so well said in the beautiful stanza with which we close:

This books can do ;—nor this alone ; they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live ;
 They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise ;
 Their aid they yield to all ; they never shun,
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone ;
 Unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But show to subjects what they show to kings.”

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.



OWAISSA.



HE alders lean o'er the waters of the lingering Ahtamas.
 Cedars, like pilgrims drooping after a weary day,
 Are sparsely set on the uplands. The hills are lonely and gray.

Westward, are hemlocks and fir-trees, a woodland gloomy and
 weird,
 The hunting ground of the Mahlillas; by the wind of all
 weathers seared,
 In primitive barbarism have their lives and their deaths
 appeared.

They fish in the limpid waters, hunt on the breezy hills
 Or the wilderness; they suffer,—rejoice, 'til disease or disaster
 kills,
 But no divine revelation their degraded being thrills.

The women share in their bondage,—only a ruder chain
 Links *them* to baseness and servile toil; binds them to stolid
 pain,
 'Til the abyss of deeper darkness engulphs the lives that were
 lived in vain.

As a violet among the wild pea vines that crept in the valleys
 low
 Was the chieftain's daughter, Owaissa, graceful was she as
 the doe,
 Sweet and bright were her dusky eyes with the spirit of youth
 aglow.

A wood nymph meet for a bride for a fancied heathen God,
 But haunted by dreams and feelings alien to that soulless clod;
 The wild winds whispered her myst'ries as under the cedars
 she trod.

In the silence of summer eves when the light of the wondrous
 West
 Changed the white clouds in seeming to radiant isles of the
 blest,
 And transfigured in sudden glory Kawakin's desolate breast,

The Manitou of the sunset traced with a finger of fire
 On the purple scroll of the heavens the symbols of "Hope"
 and "Aspire",
 "Exalt thyself and thy kindred from the ancient wretchedness,
 higher."

* * * * *

Shall I weave a romance for Owaissa, and tell how a "pale
 faced" knight
 Transplanted the dusky violet to a garden of grace and delight,
 Where Life with its glorious promise was revealed to her
 raptured sight?

Ah, no! in a squalid wigwam, the wife of Metaswee,
 She dresses his food and cares for the savages at her knee;
 New Ismaels of the desert, an outcast Hager, she.

She shall bear her burdens of labor and misery to the end
 When death's pale faced Angel approaches; can we say he
 will prove a friend,
 And lead her to Abraham's Eden in the vale of the Promised
 Land?

ETHAN HART MANNING.



THE ACQUIREMENT OF PROPERTY.

WHETHER man as an individual should appropriate to himself a certain portion of this world's goods is one of the questions which disturb most society of the present day. Written records and reliable tradition tell us that in all ages man as an individual has made use of this right to possess private property and claimed as his own, a certain portion of nature's gifts and nature's products; it will be our business to determine whether this right belongs to him or not.

Such, however, is the lamentable condition of our present society that "misery and wretchedness, as Pope Leo XIII says, press heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor: on the masses of the poor is laid a yoke little better than slavery itself." How comes it that in a city of 100,000 inhabitants, perhaps 10,000 are well to do, about 40,000 are in medium circumstances while the remainder are poor and almost destitute of the ordinary means of living? How comes it that men able and willing to earn their bread honestly and honourably can no more do so than they can soar to the skies? How comes it that the life of the employed is such a sad and pitiable one, that mothers are obliged to spend the livelong day in tedious labor in a hot choking factory, and sisters too compelled to toil the whole week for a mere pittance that barely suffices for their livelihood, while fathers and brothers spend the long day in hard toilsome work under a burning sun or deep in a damp cold mine with a scarce

greater return for their labors? Add to this the fact that the Reformation has taken from the hearts of the many all supernatural hope and made them look upon this world as the only arena for the aspirations and enjoyments of mankind and have we any cause to wonder that the clamor of the multitude is loud and threatening against the present condition of affairs.

These appalling facts meet us everywhere. Such, indeed, is the order of the day. Something evidently is out of gear in the machinery of our civilization, but where and how to apply the remedy is the mooted question of the hour. Since these sad phenomena are met within all civilized countries, the cause must be universal and as the blame cannot be laid to the want of capital or excess of population, nor again to the scarcity of nature's products; ground rent or private property and speculation in land have been made by some the source of all our present social evils. Socialists with a logic that is terrible in its results take as granted premisses from which they conclude that private property is the cause of all the pressing evils of our times and clamor for its abolition. Here is their argument.

Men, they maintain, were born for happiness. Our aspiration for it and longing after it are natural feelings. Now, they say, and herein their reason is at fault, happiness consists in possessing the goods of this life and in enjoying them and since these permanent funds are at present appropriated by a few privileged ones, mankind in general has been robbed,

a colossal injustice has been perpetrated and the majority of men is its victim. Society in its present state is rotten to the core, and it should be pitilessly destroyed and upon its ruins another society built that would be socialistic and communistic.

As regards the means to be employed for the attainment of this end there exists a diversity of opinion. Communism of forty years ago made the state the sole proprietor, in whose interests all would be obliged to work while in return they would be guaranteed food, clothing and shelter. Land would be divided into equal parts and the state with a watchful eye would ever guard against a distinction arising between rich and poor such as at present exists.

This old form of Communism is now lost in the abyss of Socialism by which our beautiful world would be turned into "a hideous assemblage of work barracks, and work houses, and blocks and wards, and shelters and colonies, in which a man would be no longer a man, but only a 'hand' or as Louis Veuillot says, *une chose numerotée* (a thing numbered) no 999 Block D." Private property would be a thing of the past, the state itself would have no right to possess or call anything its own and the family would be ruthlessly destroyed. Home now the dearest and sweetest spot on earth to man would be lost in a labyrinth of wards and barracks filled with a motley crowd of strangers, each striving to obtain with the least possible exertion the greatest possible return.

These enemies of private property are to-day practical men. In almost every country they possess more or less influence. They number about 30 in the parliament of France, 20 in Belgium and in Germany they are on the verge of

holding the balance of power. Russia, Spain, England and Italy are also troubled by them and the recent elections in the United States show a regrettable tendency towards Socialism. It has a peculiar fascinating power and at first sight powerfully attracts the masses of the people. The unhappy workman oppressed by the burden and heat of the day gladly listens to the siren song of those who promise him more bread and better times. But these promises are illusory. In the mediaeval times such hopes were also fostered by those schisms which disturbed society, and Protestantism is the real father of modern Socialism. By Protestantism everyone was declared Pope in the religious order, from which it is not difficult to conclude that everyone should be King in the political, and capitalist in the material order.

If a want of knowledge of the results of Socialism exists among the people, the fact that most of its advocates are men whose every day life is in opposition to their principles should raise suspicion in the breast of every honest-minded man. Many of the staunchest supporters of this movement are men with millions of dollars, who employ a large number of hands whom they box up in dusty factories and reward with small pay, long hours and harsh treatment. They know their plans are impracticable, but through hypocritical advocacy they wish to divert attention from their evil-doings, or secure a more efficacious way of increasing their large fortune. It is lamentable that our modern society admits the fallacious principles of the Socialist's argument, for as the conclusions are logically drawn from the premises, the latter also must be admitted. If in theory the majority

of us do not admit this world as the only place for the happiness of man, in practice we assuredly do.

While all of us know that something has gone wrong in the world, we Christians strongly maintain that the destruction of private property will never afford the proper remedy, and against those who assail this right each one should feel it his duty to combat to the utmost of his ability. Many have put forward a defence which is clearly insufficient, and were we constrained to rely upon their arguments assuredly the stronger reasons of the socialist would prevail and compel us to silence.

Before proceeding to a consideration of these theories, we feel it incumbent upon us to define private property. It is the exclusive right of freely using what we possess, but with a freedom regulated by law. Although it cannot be denied that a man has the physical power of using whatever he possesses in whatever manner he chooses, still he has not the moral right to do so. Liberty was given us for a good not a bad end, and when we abuse of our goods we make an ill use of our liberty. We do not employ them as means to our last end. The use of our goods should be regulated by law, which when just is always in accordance with right reason and affords us a safe guide.

But admitting this concept of private property, have we this right to exclusive ownership? An appeal is made by some to the state to destroy socialism on the principle that the state has the primary right to grant men property, or to deprive them of it when such an action seems necessary or expedient. Civil laws are thus made the basis of private ownership. But this system offers no escape from socialism. Whatever is estab-

lished by the civil law alone may be abolished by the same power. Wherefore if the present system of ownership rests on the legislative enactments, the legislative authority may at any time, change or abolish it.

In any case the change would be valid but, granting the fact that legislation has a right over private property, we must concede that if a change were made for sufficient reasons, it would also be licit. If socialists, therefore, came into power they might at one stroke do away with the existing systems of proprietorship. As a matter of fact no legislature possesses such a prerogative, and any attempt to establish one is nothing less than a usurpation, an infringement upon the natural rights of man. Had the state created the right of private property, it would have the power of abolishing its own creation at will. But the power of the state over private ownership is exactly analogous to the guardianship of the Church over the sacraments. The right to possess private property is individual and not social; it is anterior to society, in precisely the same way as the family is independent of and prior to society. Man although not bound can appropriate to himself a certain portion of the earth. These rights he may renounce or enjoy according to his wishes. The state, however, cannot abolish them under any pretext. It may watch over them, acknowledge them, and define the manner in which they are to be administered but no more. It is pure sophistry to maintain that society confers the right of private property when the right itself comes from the individual members of society.

Many advocates of the present social order urge the advantages of private property as arguments for its

maintenance. Private property is useful, they say; therefore legitimate. It is one of the main incentives to thrift and industry, and as such is beneficial to society as a whole as well as to the individual members. But socialism answers that society as at present constituted, is incapable of securing to each of its members the private property necessary for this welfare. Whilst in a socialistic community an income would be guaranteed to each individual sufficient to satisfy all his rational needs, and protection would be afforded against those encroachments upon personal liberty which arise from the dependence of man upon man.

To the claim that peculiar advantages result from private ownership, socialists enquire what they are. "We see men, they say, coming and going at the command of others. The few rule the many; it is a case of "come" and they come; "go" and they go. We may see instances in every factory in the land. Is there any law that obliges such subjection? Only in exceptional cases. Where then is the seat of this authority to be found? In private property, socialists contend, which, according to its very definition carries with it the right to exercise control over other men with respect to the objects of private property. Thus we not unfrequently hear socialists make use of the appellation "wage-slave"—a slavery which, they assert, arises from the very nature of the present system. All admit the necessity of authority in every industrial organization. But where the seat of this authority should be placed is the difficult problem. And this brings us face to face with the critical point in socialism. Will it be more easy to exercise authority with its power fixed in governments than in

private property? To the argument that private property increases man's liberty, socialists answer: What is liberty with long hours and starvation? What a mockery to contend that we enjoy liberty, when we can earn barely sufficient to keep us alive! Look at the condition of the majority of men. What is liberty to them? Nay more, what is life to them? Life is a burden and liberty an unmeaning catchword. At the time they should be sending their little ones to school, they must send them to the factory. Their wives instead of being housekeepers, must turn wage-earners. As a socialist has said: "We must work life out to keep life in. We must risk life, limb and health—our own, our wives and our children's for other's gain and others selfishness." Evidently the advantages and liberty afforded by the present social state are not sufficient proof that private property is necessary or essential to man or is one of man's natural rights.

Another theory in defence of private property and which has greater intrinsic value than the preceding, holds that labour is the source of the right to private property. Mr. Henry George has taken up this contention, as we may call it, and has used it against its formulators. "A single individual," he says, "can call only that his own which is the product of his labour. Now the soil is not the product of his labour; hence he cannot call the soil his own." If we grant the major proposition of this syllogism, we cannot deny its conclusion. For if a man have a right to the produce of his labour alone, it follows immediately that no indefinitely lasting ownership can be acquired over the soil. The soil is prior to labour, and gives many advantages altogether independent of labour.

It would, indeed, be useless to object against Mr. George's argument that the agriculturalist devotes his labour and capital to the improvement of his farm and that there may occur cases, in which it would be extremely difficult to determine how much of the value of the land is due to labour and how much to capital. From this it would follow that to the farmer belong the fruits of his labour, but not that he has the right to permanently debar all others from the same land.

It might furthermore be urged that by the continuous expenditure of labour on his fields, the proprietor will always be entitled to exclude others from their possession in order that he himself may enjoy the results of his industry. But if labour be the only source of the right to property, how can the landowner exclude others permanently from his estate if they should wish to cultivate it, especially if there be no other disposable lands? He undoubtedly must be compensated for the work he has done; but his labour can never be a reason for his depriving others permanently of the advantages which the soil offers to all. Labour is neither the original nor the exclusive source of ownership.

Labour is not the exclusive source of proprietorship. Let us see the argument adduced in favour of the contrary opinion by the author of *Progress and Poverty*. "What is it," he asks, "that enables a man to justly say of a thing: 'It is mine'?" From what springs the sentiment which acknowledges his exclusive right as against all the world? Is it not primarily the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions?—As a man belongs

to himself, so his labour when put in concrete form belongs to himself?

From the above considerations the only conclusion that can be arrived at is that a man has the right to the produce of his own labour, and that labour is therefore, one of the sources, though not the sole or even primary source, of proprietorship. It will not be denied that man possesses the right to the free and unrestricted use of his faculties and may justly call the results of his labour his own property. But from this it can by no means be concluded that labour is the original source of ownership.

Reason and common sense indicate that the right of acquiring property is inherent in every individual from the first moment of his entering into this world. In this matter nature has made all men equal, the child of the king and the child of the pauper possess the same right, and it is folly to contend that this right depends upon the labour of the individual.

Private property must have a wider and more solid basis than labour. Christian teaching has always located this basis in the Will of the Creator and Ruler of all things. Reflecting on the Wisdom of God we are forced to say that He must have placed at the disposal of man whatever is necessary for his maintenance and development. Now, chief amongst these necessary possessions is the right of acquiring property. It is but logical therefore to conclude that God has conferred it upon all men.

Mr. Henry George offers no objection to this contention, but denies that this theory can be applied to the soil. The reason for his restriction, however, does not appear. This God-given right is universal and unrestricted and has been enjoyed in its fullest by all men from the beginn-

ing. To attempt to limit it, is the presumptuous placing of the individual judgment above the common consent of mankind.

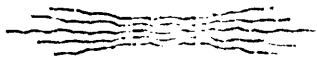
Man is a provident being and the duty of preserving his life rests upon him. There are two ways in which he may fulfil this duty. Like irrational creatures he may live from day to day on what the present furnishes, and in such case private property would be only a burden. But man is a rational animal and in the majority of cases will use the noble faculty with which God has endowed him; he will look into the future and foresee the needs both immediate and remote of himself and those who are dependent upon him. Good judgment as well as common justice will urge him to set aside a sufficient store of material goods to prevent him from being left to the mercy of a pitiless world.

But it is not the consideration of the material needs of man alone that leads us to the above conclusion; the intellectual and moral progress of the race would be jeopardized by any system which would tend to destroy the right to private property, and make life one continuous struggle with ever-present necessities.

There is no universal panacea for our social miseries and distresses. This world will never be transformed into an Elysium; and to endeavour to make the masses believe it, is a crime. The rugged road of self-denial and sacrifice alone will lead us

from the darkness of this world to the ever bright realms beyond. If the present condition of society is almost unbearable, it is owing to the unchristian spirit that pervades private and public life. We must not attend merely to the material and intellectual aspects of society when in quest of remedies for our daily evils, but also to the religious side of life. No matter how very serious and laborious the efforts of theorists may be, not until society has returned to God will the social problem find its solution. How evident this would be to all, if they but realized the truth of the noble words of the Archbishop of St. Paul, spoken at Chicago:—"God's sweet religion is wherever work is to be done for man's welfare—wherever Humanity is benefited, and lifted upward. There is a religion within Cathedral walls, where God is spoken to and loved; there is a religion in the wheat fields, where clay and air combine to produce food for man; there is a religion in the factory, where matter is turned into new forms for man's comfort, there is religion in the sanctuary of philosopher and writer, dreaming of new upliftings for the race; and oh! there is a religion when the weary one is comforted, the outcast saved, and the hand of the hungry is filled with bread. There is religion wherever there is work for man."

G. FITZGERALD, '97.



THE DECLINE OF FEUDALISM IN FRANCE.

THE term Feudalism suggests, to most of us, an antiquated system, one that has long been outgrown; a system that rendered it both legal and constitutional for a few of the more powerful and wealthy individuals of the realm to possess all the land and to retain the commonality in veritable slavery. A consideration of these ideas will perhaps furnish us with the most practical definition that can be given of the term. In the words of a standard English author on this subject, "the Feudal System, though its conflagrations have long died out, still shows itself in its embers, tinging the laws of our country, tincturing our social institutions, and touching more or less the daily interests, even of the present generation." It is not then properly an antiquated system. We have derived from it many legal and social notions. Indeed it is scarcely possible for several generations to have existed without being able to transmit to their posterity some inheritance, scarcely possibly for the progress of civilization to have been so completely suspended that all these years in which feudalism held sway may have been sterile for humanity. We have many evidences of feudalism in our present laws and customs. One of its important consequences was the reorganization of the family on the present modern basis. In ancient Roman days men spent their time in the field or in the forum, and were totally ignorant of all domestic happiness; but when feudalism split up, as it were, the com-

munity, and allotted to each lord his own domain, men began to live more in their homes, and to take greater pleasure in their quiet enjoyments than in the bustle and noise to which they had hitherto been accustomed. Many of the most important maxims of public rights have been taken at second hand from the terms of the fental relationship between lord and vassal and incorporated in our political codes.

Concerning the second part of what we might say has been taken as an erroneous definition, a quotation from a well-known French author is deserving of notice: "En théorie, les principes de la relation féodale sont fort beaux, en réalité, ils menaient à l'anarchie, car les institutions judiciaires étaient trop défectueuses pour que le lien vassalitique ne fût pas, à chaque instant, brisé." The judiciary institutions were at fault. Each lord was supreme legislator within his own domains, and was invested with all the appendages of royalty. He could resort to the sword on all occasions, as well for the avenging of an injury or an insult sustained at the hands of others, as for the pillage of his own vassals.

Without proceeding further in our examination of this extract we shall look briefly at the origin of the system, confining ourselves to the country wherein we have to trace its decline.

Feudalism has been described as a "transition between tribal and national society." When the Teu-

tonic tribes invaded Gaul, they did so under a common leader. Having conquered the country, a division of the territory was necessary. Thus a vast number of petty kingdoms were formed, each of which was virtually independent. This was the beginning of feudalism. The two institutions that formed the basis of the system were "benefice" and "commendation." According to the beneficiary system the servants and kinsmen of the king and great chiefs might be allotted certain portions of land with the undertaking that they would be faithful to him; or small landowners, driven to it by the oppression of the great, might surrender their land to powerful individuals, to receive it back from their hands as tenants, for rent or service. The commendatory system, on the other hand, had no connection with the land. According to it an inferior put himself under the personal care of a lord. If he had no land there was no stipulation made concerning any; but if he did possess an estate he retained his claim to it. In time these two systems became united. The result is evident. A number of powerful lords sprang into existence, all of whom recognized the king as their chief. But, as each lord was all-powerful within his own domains, with jurisdiction in all matters over his dependents, and as there was no uniform code of law for the whole kingdom, it is easily seen that a state of anarchy would soon follow. When there was a Charlemagne, or a Hugh Capet, or a Saint Louis at the head of affairs, feudalism worked admirably; but when the stern arm of royal authority was removed from the haughty and ambitious barons and nobles, bloody wars raged everywhere throughout the realm.

During the reigns of the early

French kings, power was distributed among the great lords. The king, though nominally their sovereign, was in reality only an equal, and, did he attempt to enforce the authority to which his title gave him some claim, he was fiercely resisted. Thus from the time of Clovis, the real founder of the French monarchy, to that of Pepin the Short, the founder of the second dynasty of French kings, the country was the scene of almost continuous wars. Charlemagne restored order in the realm. Under him royalty became the ascendant power; not that he dealt any fatal blows at feudalism, for as yet it was only in its germ. On the other hand he strengthened it, for it was he who gave to it its distinctive military character. But he made such ameliorations in the kingdom that he was able to subject everything to his authority. His successors allowed his work to be undone, and the country was once more given up a prey to the excesses of the feudal lords, who endeavored by every means in their power to break the ties that bound them to the king, whilst at the same time they were tightening their hold on their vassals. This dynasty gradually degenerated, until A.D. 987, when Hugh Capet, one of the chief nobles of the kingdom, was chosen by the others as their king.

From the accession of Hugh Capet, the decline of feudalism, which can not be said ever to have reached a state of perfection, goes hand in hand with the territorial and institutional growth of the kingdom. Feudalism was never a settled form of government, but rather a stage in the evolution of a government from the tribal society of early times. However, much had to be undone, much had to be remedied, before

this evolution could be completed. Towards this end the Capetians wrought hard. "By every means in their power—by war, by marriage, by contract, by stratagem, by fraud—they drew all the greater fiefdom sovereignties into their own possession, until, at length, their duchy of France and the kingdom of France were indeed identical; until, having absorbed all scattered authorities, they had made sovereignty, once possessed privately in sundered pieces, once more a whole,—but a whole which, by the strict logic of feudalism, was their private estate; until they almost literally possessed the land, and Louis XIV could say with little exaggeration, 'L'Etat c'est moi.'" The work was often interrupted by vigorous reactions in favor of feudalism. When some weak-minded or indolent prince ascended the throne, the feudal lords were never slow in attempting to re-seize their lost privileges. Still they had too many opponents, and opponents too powerful, to permit of their gaining any permanent advantage.

Feudalism had two chief enemies, the king and the people. The encroachments of royalty were the more formidable, the people acting rather as an auxiliary to that power. "By war, by marriage, by contract," the king succeeded in sweeping together into the royal domains all the great fiefs of the kingdom. The former of these means was the one ordinarily resorted to, but valuable acquisitions were made by marriage and by contract. A law established by Louis VII, about the middle of the twelfth century, was of great importance as a centralizing force, in fact it was the cause of the ruin of many feudal families, and of the reversion of their lands to royalty. By it women were enabled "to in-

herit fiefs, receive homage, judge their vassals and conduct them to battle." Thus fiefs passed from house to house, until many of them arrived in that of the reigning dynasty. Many great fiefs and other domains were often purchased by kings from their owners. In 1349 King Philip VI of Valois, by a negotiation, succeeded in adding to the royal lands the large province of Dauphiny.

The more immediate causes for the decline of feudalism were perhaps three in number. In the place of the feudal law was substituted another and better law, one more suited to the progress of the realm and the growth of its industry. This law, which was none other than the ancient Roman law, placed the supreme authority in the hands of the king. It was thus favorable to the establishment of a central power, and it gradually led the people to consider the king as the one around whom that power should centre. A second cause was the liberties and privileges granted to cities and rural communes. As the towns grew it was frequently the case that they clamored for self-government. Many of them during troublous periods severed their connection with the feudal lords and became independent, whilst others were granted from time to time charters and special privileges. Rural communes were also in many cases treated similarly to cities. The kings were always favorable to these local-governments, and upheld them against oppression, for in them they recognized powerful allies, that would assist them in their struggles with feudalism. Nevertheless, when they saw feudalism powerless, they set themselves vigorously to work to destroy them, and to substitute royal author-

ity in their stead. The third cause of the decline of the feudal sway of the barons was the introduction of new methods of warfare. The most important of these was the use of guns and cannon. The well-equipped cavalry of the barons had been more than a match for the forces of the king. But, with the invention of gunpowder, when it was found that a small bullet, impelled by a slight explosion of that material, could penetrate the best of armor, and could do as effective work as the most unwieldy sword, the king soon bore down the feudal powers.

The crusades were also a great destructive agency. Their influence on feudalism was twofold. Both the towns and the monarchy benefited by them. Many charters and privileges were granted to towns for a

mere pecuniary remuneration that would enable their lords to go to the Holy Land. From these wars large numbers of the nobility never returned. Thus their cause was weakened while that of the king was strengthened.

Royalty gradually overcame all opposition, its ascendancy being completed in the reign of Louis XIV. But feudalism did not become extinct so early. For years afterwards, it continued the terror of the people. However, as civilization advanced, and the government assumed a more settled form, investigation was made into the disorders and excesses of feudalry, and the condition of vassals and tenants greatly improved.

P. GALVIN, "OO.



Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.



A GLAD CAPTIVITY.

THOU Virgin, whitely sweetest,
 Of the daughters loveliest framed !
 O thou Maid, whose glance is fleetest
 To this heart, and trueliest aimed !
 Let the beauty of thy face
 Shine before me, full of grace.

Through thy cheek the heart-hue burning—
 Love a-dawn through beds of lily—
 Like yon crimson glow of morning
 Breaking through the clouds that palely
 Overlie it—thrills the vision
 Like a light of lands Elysian.

Lands Elysian ? Nay ; the heart
 Which, to pulses music-panting,
 Bids that dawn the lilies part,
 More than fabled realms enchanting
 Of the old Elysiun, holds
 Captives in its rosy folds.

Me, of all those captives weakest,
 Gladly bound, and unrebelling,
 Hold, thou royal Maiden-meekest,
 Bondman in thy holy dwelling,
 Clasped upon with fetters golden,
 Richest when most straitly holden.

FRANK WATERS.

SECULAR EDUCATION.

THE nineteenth century so full of pride, of injustice, so full of contempt for all the sacred and time-honored principles of right, of justice and of law, has in the might of its seeming authority, endeavoured to make a clean sweep of religion from our elementary educational system. The tide of this suicidal policy has however, been stemmed, by the heroic efforts of the Catholic Church.

She seemingly alone recognizes in the child a two-fold nature—the nature of the body and the nature of the soul.

She apparently alone understands that the soul must be nursed and nurtured, and have all its wants attended to and supplied as fully as the body, else though the body may grow and develop to the full perfection of its physical formation, yet the passions of the body will assert themselves in the irresistible craving for every form of the vilest and most despicable self-indulgence.

Hence it was that, when the advocates of secular education sought to wrench assunder that hold which religion had in the schools, when they sought to banish religion and its fundamental dogmas from the text books, the Catholic Church set herself up as the champion of God's word, and the protectress of the rising generation.

The object of this short paper is to review, imperfectly though it be, the progress made by both systems, and to show in brief their effects on a few of the nations in which both systems have been adopted.

In England, on the inauguration of secular education the prospect for the Catholic schools seemed for a time the reverse of bright.

The Catholic minority could ill cope with the powerful odds pitted against them. Discountenanced by law, with their students hampered by the most annoying disabilities, deprived of financial governmental assistance, and harassed from every quarter, it seemed that the Catholic schools must surely go under.

Thus it was that when the late Cardinal Manning, speaking ten years ago, at a diocesan convention, predicted that the wave of secular education which was then threatening would be followed by a wave of religious education, which would bring along with it justice for the denominational schools, many thought that his prediction would not be verified. But the facts are before us. The old Cardinal's instinct and foresight were not mistaken. Whilst in the English dominions the onslaught may not have been as severe as in some European countries, yet we know that there existed a party, in both England and Canada, which looked forward with joyful anticipation to the day when religious instruction in the schools would be a thing of the past. The "summum bonum" of perfection in education was to them the secularization of the schools; abolish religious instruction and the millennium would quickly arrive. Poor benighted mortals! They were blinded by the ardor of their religious intolerance, so that they could not see beyond

the region of their nasal appendage. They were willing to risk the complete subversion of Christianity, and consequently national morality, if "the old Church on the rock" could be impeded, and her onward march of progress delayed.

The London *Tablet*, that excellent English weekly, showed in a pointed and spicy article the abortive attempts of these educational faddists.

"Thanks to English moderation and love of compromise," says the *Tablet*, "the religious schools were placed by acts passed at the last session of Parliament, on a surer basis than that upon which they have stood since the Education Act of 1870."

"The value of the Government's action," remarks the *Tablet*, "lies, not in the financial aid awarded to the denominational schools, for this is as yet very unfairly distributed, but in the strength with which it has surrounded the denominational schools, by placing them in the eye of the law on exactly the same footing as the Board Schools." These humiliating disabilities are no longer in operation. From a national point of view the schools are of equal importance, and when through time the law-makers will see the justice of awarding equal financial assistance, for equal work performed, the Catholic schools will have attained that which they have ever demanded. It must be a source of encouragement to Catholic prelates and laymen, who under so many difficulties sustained their schools, to have the secularists acknowledge the "errors of their ways," and bemoan the evils resulting from a generation of secular education.

The re-action on the continent is even more apparent. When in 1879, the Belgian Government adopted the "neutral" schools, and banished

the teaching of religion from the curriculum, the Belgian Catholics with enthusiastic ardor entered on a line of action, which has since been crowned with success. The valuable statistics given by the *Tablet* are self-explanatory. "Within eighteen months of the passing of the act, the Catholics had founded schools in 1936 communes, which in December, 1880, sheltered no less than 455,179 scholars." By March, 1883, according to figures given by Michael Sadler, and quoted by the *Tablet*, the number of Catholic schools had risen to 3,905, with 622,437 scholars, whilst 1,500 teachers had resigned their places in the communal schools to accept positions in the Catholic schools.

So great was the reaction which had set in against secularism, that in 1884 a new law was carried which allowed the communes to restore religious education, and adopt one or more of the private Catholic schools.

"The permission was generally taken advantage of, and in 1890, out of 5,778 public elementary schools, 4,195 of which were communal, and 1,583 adopted, religious teaching was adopted in all but 150." And still the reform went on. The Government after 20 years of bitter experience, had enough of secular schools. They recognized in the hydra-headed monster socialism, the legitimate offspring of the godless schools; they saw the respect for law and order weakened, and almost destroyed throughout the nation; they beheld with dismay the increase of crime and immorality, which instead of increasing, was to have been reduced to a minimum by the much lauded secular schools. They saw the public exchequer depleted, through the increased additional grants required under the new system; and in 1895,

in the vortex of despair, in the hope of influencing and changing the character of public opinion, they rendered religious instruction with few exceptions obligatory, and placed it under the immediate inspection of the clergy. Private elementary schools were subsidized in consideration of the fact that they were saving the state nearly six and a half million francs annually.

By this means has Belgium sought to compensate for the imprudent legislation of 1879. In fact, some hold that she has gone to too great an extreme, but as the *Tablet* aptly remarks, her action is valuable as representing the re-action that has taken place against secularism in this enterprising nation.

In France, the religious schools, received perhaps their greatest blow. The laicization initiated by Jean Mace and carried into effect by legislation under Paul Bert, was intended to establish on a firm footing the godless schools, and cultivate in the hearts of the people a violent hostility to religion.

All state aid was withdrawn from the Catholic schools, and with the diabolical desire of completely exterminating all the religious teaching orders, such a heavy assessment was levied on monastic property, as to render its payment a matter of the greatest difficulty.

The minds of the young were taught to regard religion as a matter of little or no importance, and in consequence of the removal of all moral restraint, the morality of the country has been seriously undermined. Immorality and crime have attained such proportions in this once happy land, that the prime movers, and even the present upholders of the secular school system, are betraying feelings of anxiety at

the responsibility which rests on their shoulders, as initiators and defenders of this anti-national policy.

The admissions made by the best informed writers, in current French literature, are valuable as proofs indicative of the effects of the secular school system, and the fears which its promoters entertain of the future well-being of French society.

The selections gleaned by the London *Tablet* are so much to the point that we will be pardoned if we again refer to that valuable weekly.

"The *Guardian* a most prominent secular paper says. A whole generation brought out by force apart from religious beliefs, appears animated by evil tendencies."

M. Elbert, a pronounced supporter of laicized schools is forced to admit in a late issue of the *Nouvelle Revue* "that since we entered on the new era of enlightenment the average of criminality has done nothing but increase, whilst human perversity has put on forms beyond the wildest dreams."

"M. Bonzon has made a similar avowal; and statistics show that in the twelve years following the adoption of secular schools, the number of juvenile convictions increased from 21,757 to 32,300."

M. Fouillee in the *Review des Deux Mondes*, says, "Of 100 children charged in Paris, two only belonged to a religious school, and out of 100 children charged at Petite-Roquette, only thirteen were from the school conducted by religious, whilst the state school was answerable for eighty-seven."

Similar statistics might be quoted from the reports issued by the Department of Education, but it seems quite evident that sufficient evidence has already been adduced to show the results of both systems, and the

baneful influence of this Godless education.

Le Temps urges the utilization of external societies, even those of a religious character, in order to cope if possible with the demon of revolt.

These quotations prove, that the intelligent classes in France, are fully awakened to an appreciation of the country's danger.

But wilfully blind, they will not see that the Catholic Church alone possesses the means of combating Socialism, and redeeming the country from its unhallowed condition.

Wedded to Republicanism and Radicalism they refuse to remember, that she alone fought against the adoption of Secularism, the parent of Socialism, from its inauguration; and when her arguments were unheeded maintained the struggle for her separate schools with a determination worthy of her divine commission. In spite of persecution, she has now no less than 15,345 private or independent schools in France, which entail an annual expenditure of nearly eight millions of dollars.

And the good work is steadily advancing. Month after month her schools are gaining scholars to the detriment of their secular rivals; and notwithstanding the civil disabilities with which the law visits the children

of the parochial schools, her school ranks are continually increasing. "Even in strong industrial centres, says the Tablet "where the socialistic principles are most widely accepted, and from which Socialist deputies are returned, we find between forty and fifty per cent of the children attending the schools kept by the religious orders." Another remarkable fact is the continuous increase of private schools, although the total school population has diminished.

True it is that there is little hope of the religious schools receiving that state recognition, which their wants deserve.

The Republicans and Radicals are wedded in unhappy union to the vixen of the godless schools. The retention of secularism is a fundamental principle of French Republicanism, to be parted with only at the expense of their political lives. But it is equally true that public opinion is awakening to a sense of the country's danger, the common sense of the nation, and the might of justice are against the neutral schools, and it is hoped that the day is not far distant when Christian Catholic principles will prevail and the safety of the nation will cease to be imperilled.

T. E. CULLEN, '99.



SONG OF THE KLONDIKE.

ING the song of the Klondike ;
Gold, gold, gold,
As the roar of a mighty ocean
On rock-bound coasts advancing,
Is the sound of the thousands rushing
To the Klondike, young and old.

Sing the song of the Klondike ;
Cold, cold, cold,
As the ocean's mournful moaning,
Lamenting far-off shipwrecks,
The echo of perishing thousands,
The young, the fair, the bold.

FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

II.

REV. Wm. Barry, D.D., of Dorchester, England, is probably the ablest living English Catholic writer. For many years past he has been contributing articles of the highest value on literary, scientific, social and philosophical questions to the foremost periodicals of Great Britain and America. He has conquered prejudice and has acquired an enviable popularity. His name is a tower of strength to any cause he may espouse. In a recent issue of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* appears an article from Dr. Barry's brilliant and sure pen on "Catholic Literature since the Reformation." It is the most concise, and at the same time the most philosophic and complete statement of the Catholic position that exists in the English language. Dr. Barry dates the second birth of our Catholic literature from Sir Thomas More—"an English man of letters, as devout as he was learned, the Utopian, the reformer, the martyr, the very incarnation of freedom, light and sanctity."

But troublous times followed this statesman-saint, "and the story of our Catholic writings for centuries to come was destined to be a chronicle of tears and blood. The new "Acta Martyrum" were to leave small room and scant opportunity for those works of genius that seldom spring up during an age of persecution. In the fiery furnace men and women could still praise God; but their lips were closed save only to the songs of Sion."

Still, "Catholic truth was not abandoned to silent decay." A host of witnesses, not Catholic but Anglican, was forced to use the very proofs of Rome to defend their own position. They bore unwilling but invaluable testimony to the vitality of Catholic principles. "However, English history ran its course, and almost as the last of the Marian clergy had passed away, the defenders of the old religion became as foreigners to their fellow-countrymen. At first they were bold and mettlesome, giving as good as they got, in racy fluent English—witness Father Parsons, whose "Christian Directory" was, in Swift's by no means easily-taken judgment, a master-piece of idiom; or, again, Harding, who answered Jewel with abundant learning and a wit not unequal to his own. In quite another province, Gregory Martin and the company of translators at Douay and Rheims, did not only give us an English Bible which has its merits, and, above all, was an honest rendering of the Vulgate—though now in need of revision—but they compelled the men of 1611, under James I., to erase many of the first Protestant mistranslations. We had our poets, too, even among the martyrs; and we still think with edification of Robert Southwell, and with tenderness of the youthful Chidioc Tichborne; nor is Crashaw an unworthy name in the catalogue of mystical and fervent singers.

Yet the 17th century is our ebb-tide, when the ancient faith was retiring as from a rocky strand,

baffled and overborne. Ere its close another Catholic poet, John Dryden, had published his "Hind and Panther," which is the best poem of its kind in any language. His successor was Pope, a born Catholic, and, if we will believe Cardinal Newman, 'a rival to Shakespeare, if not in genius, at least in copiousness and variety.'"

But the English Catholic is more inclined to think of a graver sort of writers. "He venerates the saintly Challoner, to whom we are indebted for the "Garden of the Soul." He reads Allan Butler's "Lives of the Saints." He kindles with fresh courage and hope with Milner whose "History of Winchester," "Letters to a Prebendary" and "End of Controversy" denote that a change for the better is at hand, and prepare the way for Cardinal Wiseman. Another of the like mould was John Lingard. His "Tracts" are fine polemical reading; his "History of England" can never be superseded on the score of inaccurate statement."

"Three names," continues Dr. Barry, "carry us over this period of stubborn sense and hard Northern temper to the time in which we live. Into one group I would combine Digby, Pugin and Wiseman. . . Digby who wrote "The Ages of Faith" and "The Broadstone of Honour" deserves remembrance not as a critical, or a profound, or a philosophic student, but as heralding the dawn that had so long delayed, of a true, because much more sympathetic, history of the thousand years during which the Roman Church had reigned over Europe. Pugin taught the same lesson in stone and wood and marble. In many ways Pugin was the harbinger that announced John Ruskin."

Dr. Barry next pays an enthusiastic tribute to Cardinal Wiseman. No words of praise are too expressive in appreciating this great churchman's controversial and literary works. But Dr. Barry puts an undoubted truth in words when he writes: "I consider that the large and kindly disposition with which Cardinal Wiseman met his own time, and put courage into every promising enterprise, was something more splendid and seasonable than all the contributions made by him, however interesting, to controversy or to letters. Wiseman is the foremost leader in that strange and unexpected revival of catholicism which has filled the last seventy years, and has the promise of a future commensurate with England's position among the nations."

The Rev. Father Barry concludes his masterly paper by pointing out to English Catholics what should be their "instant solicitude". This Dr. Barry asserts to be—journalism. He appeals to them to inspire themselves for their work with the spirit and example of Newman. No more eloquent, just or incisive appreciation of Cardinal Newman has, perhaps, ever been written, than that with which Dr. Barry brings to a close his remarkable summary of Catholic influence in English literature.

"We began" he says "with Dante, Shakespeare, and Sir Thomas More. It is no lapse from this triple greatness to end with Cardinal Newman. He stands high above the rolling tide of change, a marble immortality, serene and tranquil, the object of an admiration as profound as it is just—he, the Christian orator, the apologist who has suffered for his faith, the divine, the historian, the essayist, the philosopher, and the poet;

versatile, yet always simple and candid; eloquent, yet piercingly tender; shy and bold; detached from the world, and still leading multitudes after him; a writer in many keys of style, but ever himself; who did not court the popular applause; who put from him the arts of persuasion; who was severe, classic, and refined, subtle and fastidious, but who divides with Ruskin the crown of English prose, and whom another Cardinal has truly celebrated as "our greatest witness for the faith." Our inheritance from Cardinal Newman is the spirit of faith, clad in a lightsome and most lovely vesture of English adornment, a spirit that can afford to be generous, patient, large, and philosophic, with a manner of speech corresponding, as choice as it is characteristic of the soil in which it is planted and

of the people whom it would persuade. Whether we look to the management of controversy, the lives of ancient saints, the witness of the first Christian ages; or whether we have in view ideals of education, the principles of preaching, the colour and form of private or public devotions, always there is in Cardinal Newman's array of volumes a pattern on which we may shape our efforts, a depth of quiet inspiration not soon to be exhausted. He has left us the Catholic creed whole and entire, so exquisitely modulated to the genius of our language that while preaching the Gospel he has founded a noble literature. We shall never attain to his perfection; but how immeasurable would be our loss were we not resolved to walk in his footsteps?"



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OUR YOUNG MEN.

Our last month's editorial "A Crying Shame" has been given unusual prominence by the Catholic papers of Canada. The *Canadian Freeman* and the *True Witness* reproduce it in its entirety. The *Catholic Register* calls for "more particularity." It is evident, therefore, that the treatment accorded to young Catholics about to enter upon a professional career is a live question, and one which the Catholic press is prepared to agitate and discuss.

THE OWL took the position that young Catholics were, on the one hand, deliberately excluded from non-Catholic firms, and that, on the other, when Catholic firms wished to take in a new partner the too-frequent practice was to open the door to non-Catholics alone.

Examples will afford "more particularity." Let us take the legal profession. In a certain city of Canada four important non-Catholic firms have recently added a member to their number. In each case there was a Catholic applicant for the position; but in each case the Catholic was passed over in favor of a non-Catholic and a non-resident of the city in question. In the same city within about the same time, four important Catholic firms have increased their membership by one. There were at least a half-dozen capable young Catholic lawyers to whom promotion and opportunity rightly belonged; but they were passed over and in every case the Catholic firm took as its ally, a non-Catholic.

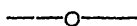
It is hard to think of such glaring injustice without losing one's temper; harder still to prescribe fitting punishment.

The conduct of non-Catholics in this matter, if mean and narrow, is at least intelligible, and can be re-sented. But what shall we say of the Catholic offenders? How long will they be allowed to prey on their co-religionists?

They are Irish at election times; they are nationalists for purposes of

revenue; they are Catholics for influence and a consideration. They are Almighty Woodcutters in the wide acres of Catholic Forestry; they are Lord High This and Thats in the Catholic Personal Benefit Club. But they are not, and most probably never will be, men of sufficient courage and self-sacrifice to stand up for the principles they profess to hold.

"The Owl." has opened up this question. But a monthly college journal of restricted circulation and no practical influence cannot successfully continue the discussion. Let the Catholic weeklies now take up the matter and perform a solemn duty towards those whose interests they are bound to protect.



SUNDAY RECREATION.

The Ottawa daily papers have been making a lot of pother recently about the desecration of the Sabbath. In one way or another a great many of the New Hampshire Blue Laws have been forcibly, if not elegantly, re-affirmed.

The position of Ottawa College is very clear on this question. For four years no outside club has been allowed to play football on the college grounds on Sunday. Nor is there any probability of that prohibition being removed.

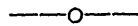
But the college students shall continue to take their Sunday afternoon recreation on their own grounds in the future precisely as they have

done in the past. They will not look to the city press for guidance in the matter.

The Very Rev. Dean Lauder is not a Catholic clergyman, but he is a respectable authority. In a sermon to the Governor-General's Foot Guards, preached on Sunday the 17th of October, he put before his hearers the common-sense view of Sunday observance. "They should observe the Sabbath" he said, "but if recreation is necessary on that day, let them give the first part to God and then enjoy themselves in harmless recreation in the afternoon."

The students of Ottawa College give the first part of the Sunday to God by assisting at Holy Mass, Vespers, Sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then they give themselves to innocent amusement. And they have yet to learn, from those competent to teach, that the Catholic Church disapproves of Sunday outdoor games.

Heaven preserve us from any further outbreak of misplaced Methodism!



ANOTHER MEDAL.

It gives us much pleasure to announce that the Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91, of the Cathedral, Peterborough, Ont., has signified his intention of offering a medal for competition in English Literature in the Matriculating Class. Rev. Father Fitzpatrick was at one time professor of that branch in the same class. His present action shows the

interest he still takes in his former work, and demonstrates, were demonstration needed, his love and loyalty towards Alma Mater.

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THE "DUKE" WAS RIGHT.

On his return to Toronto after refereeing the Ottawa College—Ottawa football match, Mr. A. H. ("Duke") Collins allowed himself to be interviewed by the Toronto *Star*. Now the "Duke" does not know the first thing about the duties of a referee in modern football. He is indeed a fossil. But, one sentence of his interview we cannot refrain from quoting. "Gleeson" he said "is the most gentlemanly player that ever stepped on a football field." He might have added "and the best half-back that ever played in Canada, —or, perhaps, anywhere else."

How old 'Varsity has been blessed in its football Captains! George Riley, Bill McCarthy, "Roger" O'Malley, Charlie Gaudet, Owen Clarke, Eddie Gleeson—names to conjure by; and the last is the best. When shall we look upon his like again?



EDITORIAL NOTES.

According to the statistics for the last two years, the state schools of France have lost 70,659 students, while during the same period the Catholic schools have gained 65,444 students.

The invitation extended to Jews by the members of the Lambeth

Conference, to join the Anglican Church is thus commented upon by Oswald Simson, an English Jew: "It is well for the Anglicans to reflect that no Jew with a sense of history and logic, with which they are not meagrely equipped, would dream of becoming a Christian except as a Roman Catholic."

The *New York Journal*, speaking of Leo XIII, says: "Often as His Holiness has rallied and surprised those near him by his extraordinary recuperative power, his great age and fragile physique justify the apprehension that his race is nearly run. Still the world will hope that despite his eighty-six years, Leo may long be spared. Assuredly in his weakness and peril he will have the prayers of Christendom, inside and outside his church. His wisdom, his gentleness, his charity, have won him a unique place in the affectionate esteem of mankind. He is a force for good that ill could be spared. Aside altogether from his lovable personality, Leo, as a statesman, has rendered high service. In a time when the masses everywhere have been stirred to discontent by the persistence of poverty side by side with the century's splendid material progress, Leo has spoken words of peace that have been heeded by laborers and capitalists alike."

The Canadian Freeman quotes the following from Brann's *Iconoclast* calling it a sturdy Protestant champion of the Catholic Sisters of Charity: "While the preachers were hustling out of the fever infested districts of Louisiana, the Sisters of Charity were hurrying in from points as far distant as San Francisco. And what were the A. P. Apes doing? They were standing afar off, pointing the finger of scorn

at these angels of mercy and calling them 'prostitutes of the priest-hood.' In this land every man has a perfect right to entertain such religious views as he likes; but those who defame women who cheerfully risk their lives for others' sake should be promptly shot. 'By their fruits ye shall know them', says the Good Book; and while the Church of Rome is producing such good Samaritans to wrestle with the plague, the A. P. Ape is filling the penitentiaries. I care nothing for the apostolic pretensions of the Pope or the dogmas of the priest-hood; yet I'd be strongly tempted to make a few off hand observations with a six shooter should these paraphopes speak disrespectfully of the Sisters of Charity in my presence."

The following words from the *Ave Maria* contain much truth: "It has often been observed that whenever the newspapers publish the details of any particular crime there are almost immediate repetitions of it in different parts of the country. In the pocket of a little girl fifteen years old who committed suicide recently in New York city by taking carbolic acid, were found several newspaper clippings telling how another young person had taken her life. A boy of the same age was arrested at Saratoga, N.Y. on the 18th ult., for attempted train-wrecking. When taken to the Rochester reformatory it was learned that his plans had been made with all the skill of an old criminal. Could anything be a better illustration of the baneful influence of what is called the new journalism? Parents who receive sensational newspapers into their homes are putting their children into communication with the penitentiary. It is unquestionable that our periodical

literature has a great deal to do with the commission of crime."

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the Separate Schools of Ontario seem to be in a most flourishing condition judging from the returns of the last Entrance Examinations. Although the majority of these schools suffer from a lack of funds, and as a necessary consequence from the lack of a sufficient number of teachers, still 75 per cent of the candidates sent up to try the entrance succeeded in passing. Moreover it must be noticed that a great number of the students of Separate Schools being French, and the text books, in many cases, not being the authorized kind, these students have not the same opportunities as are offered to the students attending the Public Schools. These few considerations lead us to believe that with advantages equal to other schools, the Separate Schools of Ontario can easily show their superiority.



RECEPTION TO RIGHT REV.
A. GAUGHRAN, O.M.I.

From far off South Africa we have lately had the pleasure of welcoming to our midst one of the successors of St. Peter, a bishop of God's Church. Some of us may have expected to find some peculiarities in a Bishop thus coming from a diocese beyond so many thousand miles of ocean; but such were doomed to disappointment, for it was certainly an edifying proof of the "Catholicity" of our holy Church to see Rt. Rev. Bishop Gaughran on the morning of All Saints ascend the altar of our College chapel to

perform exactly the same ceremonies and in exactly the same manner as would any Ontario Bishop.

On the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 2, the students one and all assembled in the Academic Hall to greet their distinguished visitor. After an enthusiastic burst of applause which hailed the entrance of His Lordship accompanied by many Fathers of the University, Mr. E. A. Bolger '98 stepped forward to read the following address:—

*To the Right Reverend Anthony Gaughran,
O. M. I., D. D., Vicar Apostolic of
the Orange Free State, South Africa.*

MY LORD,

The students of the University of Ottawa deem it a privilege to welcome you as an honored visitor to their Alma Mater.

The visit of a Prelate of Holy Church ever tends to our edification, for from whatever clime he comes, we feel that we can greet him as a friend and a father. Your visit, My Lord, is specially gratifying to us for we see in you a distinguished member of the religious family to which our professors belong.

This, My Lord, is the first time that we have the pleasure of seeing you here, but we have often heard with satisfaction and with pride of the success of your labors in the portion of the Lord's vineyard over which you preside. We are pleased to have this occasion of congratulating you on the good results which have crowned your efforts, and of expressing the hope that the Giver and Ruler of all may grant you health and continued success for long years to come.

You see before you, My Lord, students from every province of this vast Dominion and from many states of the great neighboring Republic; each of us sincerely loves the institutions and traditions of the part of the world in which his early years were passed, but we all unite in attachment to our University; we are proud of the honorable and in many instances distinguished places which well nigh all

her graduates have reached; and the success of any one amongst us, be it in the literary or scientific world or in athletic contests, is the glory of all. This glorious sixtieth year of the reign of a Sovereign on whose dominions the Sun never sets, strengthens in us the resolve to do what little in us lies to perfect the feeling of brotherhood among the races from which we have sprung. It is scarcely necessary to say to you, My Lord, that there is another tie which binds us together and would as effectively, were these which we have mentioned wanting; it is the affection and respect with which we regard the Successor of Peter; it is our communion in the church built upon a rock. Our Holy Faith is our most precious possession, for we know that if we be true to its teachings it will bring us together in a blissful eternity.

We have learned how fully Your Lordship has inherited, and how thoroughly you have cultivated the happy gift, which legend has it the fairies of old bestowed upon many of the new-born, both in the palaces and humblest cottages of Erin,—the art of speaking well. Your words to us will, we feel, encourage us, and convey good advice to us; we thank you for them in agreeable anticipation. We are made your debtors by this pleasing visit, and by the kind words which you will address to us, but we hope that there are honest faces enough before you to leave Your Lordship no hesitation about adding to these claims on us, as often as you come to Ottawa. In conclusion we ask Your Lordship's blessing.

His Lordship in reply thanked the students for the good wishes they had tendered him in their address. He was pleased he said, with their sentiments of love of country, for he never saw a land which pleased him more than Canada. He had often heard of her, but not until he set foot upon her soil did he fully realize the extent of her latent resources. He now saw before him the young men who might in future exert a great influence over this vast Dominion, who would have in their hands the power of opening up and developing her wonderful natural resources. There was not one amongst

the students present, said he, who might not aspire to the highest positions in the land; but when he held up to them these lofty possibilities it was not to encourage them to seek for worldly honors, but to show them what an important part they might afterwards play for the good of their native land. For after the love of God, love of country is the noblest sentiment that can animate the breast of man. "I was born in Ireland," he continued, "and I love Ireland. Had I been born a Canadian, Canada would be dearer to me than any other country, and I am happy to see that such is the case with you."

But the sentiment of the address which pleased him most, that which touched the tenderest chord of his heart, was the expression of the love the students bore to mother Church. He had noticed in more than one instance that this love pervaded all their works; the pages of the "OWL," he remarked, afforded abundant proof of this. "Boys," he concluded, "continue faithful to your religion. Whatever be your calling in after life, whether you be doctors or lawyers, or priests, or whatever be the profession in which you aspire to excel, ever remember that you are Catholics, ever let the determination to stand by your faith be uppermost in your minds, and be assured that Heaven will smile upon you and bless all your endeavors."



OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Our annual retreat has come and gone, and we hope it has proved to all as beneficial as it should. Rev. Father Ring is certainly an eloquent and impressive preacher, and has fully realized even the loftiest anticipations based on the fame that preceded him. To him, and to the Rev. Father Pallier, who so acceptably directed the exercises of our French-fellow students, we owe our heartfelt thanks for the excellent opportunity afforded us of making a good retreat.

The Altar Boys' Society, so successful in years gone by, has been again organized. The society, as its name implies, has reference to the altar; its object being to carry out in a becoming and edifying manner all ceremonies within the chancel. With our increased membership and under the valuable direction of Rev. Father Tighe, there is no reason why this year's society should not surpass all former efforts. The following is the committee for the coming year: President, J. T. Hanley; Vice-President, E. A. Bolger; Sacristan, J. Breen; Master of Ceremonies, M. O'Connell.

The students of the sixth and seventh forms hail with joy the reorganization of what is to them the most important of all college societies, the Academy of St. Thomas. The object of this organization is to train the students in the art of philosophizing, of solving plausible objections, and proposing arguments in their most advantageous and forcible form. As philosophy is the all-important study during the last two years of a university course, and as knowledge of syllogistic rules and of true and false principles in philosophy is of very little value unless its possessor can put it into practice, the members, one and all, should give their most zealous support to the Academy, and thus aid their energetic and pains-taking director, Rev. Father Antoine, in making it the great success it promises to prove.

In speaking of our most important college societies and associations, grievous indeed would be our mistake were we to omit the Students' Reading Room. For the primary object which a man invariably has in view on entering college is to become educated. A knowledge of

Latin, Greek, and Mathematics he may acquire if he never saw or heard what was transpiring beyond the college walls; but to become master of a practical education it is necessary for him to keep pace with the times, to know what is going on around him, to examine the opinions and principles which influence the actions of the great men of to-day, and thus to lay a foundation for the views he may adopt on the various burning questions of the hour. Book-lore is of course an essential, in fact the fundamental element of an education; but book-lore alone will prove of little value in after life. It is a powerful motive force, but in order to be properly used must be conjoined with a directive force—with a knowledge of the world, of men, of their principles and actions,—and this knowledge can be had only through the columns of current magazines and newspapers. Boys, reflect on these notions; patronize the Reading-Room; devote part of each day to a perusal of the papers, not of the "sporting page" alone, but of articles of graver import, and in after years you will look back upon the hours thus spent as among the most profitable and enjoyable of your college life.

The officers of the Reading-Room for the season 1897-98 are as follows:—

President, J. T. Hanley; Secy.-Treas., E. Doyle; Librarians, M. A. Foley, T. Morin; Curators, R. Lafond, J. A. Meehan, J. W. Dulin.

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Gervais is already at work. The first play to be produced is a French comedy, entitled "The Vivacities of Captain Tic," which will be staged on December 8th. It is needless for us to point out that this Society is pro-

ductive of abundant beneficial results to its members, as well as of agreeable entertainments to us all; and its well-wishers can no better express themselves than by hoping that the Dramatic Club may this year maintain the high standard it has already attained.



AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Catholic World for November is filled with choice papers on various topics. "The Church in Britain before the coming of St. Augustine" is an historical sketch of Christianity in England before the landing of the Saxons. Those who wish to know the stand taken by eminent Catholic scientists with regard to the theory of Evolution, would do well to read the article entitled "The Hypothesis of Evolution" by William Seton, L.L.D. Dr. Horr ssey's papers—"Disease in Modern Fiction" will be of great interest to readers as being a subject very seldom treated by essayists. The writer takes all the prominent writers of modern fiction and shows how in their works they have introduced disease to fulfil definite purposes. About the time Kingsley wrote his "Two Years Ago" cholera was prevalent, and in this book he gives an account of an epidemic not surpassed in accuracy of description by any medical work. Thackeray in describing the illness of Arthur Pendennis shows a deep knowledge of typhoid fever. Dickens has many of his youthful characters die of consumption, although his descriptions, because of his dislike of the medical profession are very faulty. On the contrary George Elliott had a great love for that profession.

"Her delineations of physicians are exquisite, and at the same time accurate, as to the period she describes."

There appears in the current issue of the *Rosary Magazine*, a biography of St. Francis of Assisi by the Right Rev. B. O'Reilly. Beginning with a condensed history of the birth place of the great founder of the Franciscans, the writer goes on to tell us something of his parents and of himself. The son of a rich merchant he was destined by his father to become a man of business. With this end in view he was sent to France, but intercourse with the poetic people of that country, soon caused him to grow weary of commercial life. Having determined to pursue a military career in company with a numerous band of young nobles, he marched against the Perugian Ghibellines who were then at strife with Assisi. Being taken prisoner he was detained for a year. During his confinement, the disposition of the young cavalier underwent a great change. As soon as he was freed, he abandoned his gay companions, donned the garments of a mendicant and appeared before his father, who refused to receive him. Francis now gave himself up entirely to the service of God. Having gathered around him a number of twelve souls, he founded an association, called "The Little Brothers", which has since become the great Franciscan order. Another contribution worthy of special mention is the second part of the life of the poet-priest Abram Ryan by Louis B. James.

The latest issue of "The Messenger of the Sacred-Heart", contains much that is readable and interesting. In an article entitled "Haman"

by Rev. W. Hornsby, S.J., something is told us of the labors of Catholic missionaries, in that far-off Chinese Island. In view of the fact, that the canonization of the Venerable Bernard Lessius seems a certainty, the short account of his life, written by Mr. G. J. Dillod, will be of interest to all.



OUR BRETHERN.

Among the first arrivals at our Sanctum, for the month of October, was *The Holy Cross Purple*. It is neat and attractive in appearance, as is its wont, and contains good reading matter. The "Idealized Letter" is interesting and instructive. We trust that the author will fulfil his promise by contributing others of his compositions to the succeeding issues.

The *Abbey Student* is one of our best exchanges. An article entitled "A Few Writers of the Present Day" is well written, and contains much useful information. The exchange editor of the *Student* is perhaps too exacting and too sarcastically cutting in his criticisms.

The Mountaineer hails from Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. The subjects of most of its prose articles are too comprehensive. Thus, the compositions are, to say the least, rambling. Its verse is tolerable.

The Tamarack, although only a short time in existence, can vie with the best of our exchanges in typography, should we condescend to criticise our brethren so minutely, and also in excellence of material. Its prose compositions are, however, too short, not sufficiently developed.

Trinity University Review devotes most of its columns to University news. It contains, however, an article entitled "Honour to whom Honour, Etc.," that will amply repay a reading.



*PRIORUM TEMPORUM
FLORES.*

Mr. James F. Green of the matriculating class of last year, and a member of the champion football team has informed the OWL that he has accepted an excellent position with Naughton and Co. contractors in New York. We wish you all possible success, James, and the OWL was considerably relieved and flattered by your letter which contained a crisp note from the treasury of Uncle Sam.

John Garland '96 who is now studying medicine at Bellevue Hospital College in New York, gives his opinion on the American and Canadian football game in the following words: "I saw the Yale-Carlisle Indian game here last Saturday, and while it was the best and fastest American game I ever saw, still I prefer Canadian Rugby. It is a faster, clearer, and more interesting game. At times American football is dreadfully tedious."

Any supporter of the football team of Ottawa University whom chance may lead to Chicago, will find there in the employ of Lynch Bros. on South Water St., a wing man who had no equal on the College team while here. During the years from '84 to '88, Jack Hughes was the fastest wing and grittiest player that donned the Garnet and Gray.

Ernest Tessier ex '98 is one of the OWL's staunchest friends in Nashua N.H. We quote a few words from his annual letter to the Wise Bird "Just read the report of your Montreal game, 35 to 6. Well done boys! Keep it up; don't let the Ottawas sit on you again." So say we all of us. Many thanks Ernest for your kind words.

At Montreal, in the Grand Seminary, last June Michael Abbott was made Deacon, and J. Walsh, T. Fay, and M. McKenna received the Tonsure. Congratulations all, gentlemen.



ATHLETICS.

Our football season has opened rather inauspiciously. On October 9th our boys travelled to Montreal, expecting to defeat the McGill team on their own campus. But fate had otherwise decreed, so that they returned home defeated by a score of 22 to 8. For any one who witnessed the game, the cause of such a defeat does not lie deeply concealed. Our club had amongst its players eight new men, most of whom were young and inexperienced, and who, consequently, were not able to hold their own against the stalwarts of McGill. Weakness was particularly evident among the wings, who, with the exception of two or three men, appeared to make no attempt to hold their covers on side, while in following the ball, their efforts seemed to be conspicuous only by their absence. The team scored three times, two rouges, and a try secured by a neat run on the part of Eddie Murphy. McGill was elated over their victory and felt confident that College could not

possibly wipe out the 14 points the medical men had to their credit. The team—Bealieu, Valade, Gleeson, E. Murphy, Smith, Clancy, Boucher, McCredie, Ross, Doyle, Bolger, R. Murphy, Moran, McGee and Dontigny.

* *

Ottawa City also had the unprecedented privilege and pleasure of defeating College on our own grounds. Owing to the intense rivalry that has always existed between these two clubs, great interest was taken in the outcome of the struggle. Ottawa won the toss, and with the benefit of a strong wind were able to score in the first half only five points against College's one. At this point it was confidently expected that the students would run up a large score, but such hopes were disappointed. Ottawa played a strong defensive game, being particularly successful in keeping the ball in the scrimmage. By such tactics College was prevented from scoring more than three points, and the game ended five to four in favor of Ottawa. College evidently played in hard luck, as at the end of each half they had the ball on the opponents' goal line. The team was the same as on the preceding Saturday, with the exception of Doyle, Dontigny, Beaulieu, R. Murphy and Moran, whose places were taken by O'Gara, Lafleur, P. Murphy, Sparrow and Leveque.

* *

On October 23 our club met the Montrealers on the College grounds, and submitted them to a decisive defeat. It was an ideal football day, and the work of the officials was all that could be desired. Montreal forced matters at the start and managed to score the first point,

but from this time to the end of the game the visitors were evidently out of the race. 23 to 6 was the score at the end of the first half, while in the second College added 12 more making a total score of 35 to 6. Montreal and their supporters left town wondering how such a formidable team as College could have been defeated by Ottawa and McGill. The following men represented College on this occasion.

P. Murphy, Copping, Gleeson, E. Murphy, Smith, Boucher, Clancy, McCredie, Ross, Bolger, McGee, Sparrow, Leveque, O'Gara, and R. Murphy. Lafleur also played but was injured and had to retire early in the game.

DROP KICKS.

The College "rooters" are doing good service of late. That "rat-trap" yell is really soul-inspiring. Sing out boys! louder and longer.

Pat Murphy's tackling reminds us of his brother Jimmy.

Boucher won loud applause and a month's free shaving by securing a try in the Montreal game. We will give McGee a hair cut if he repeats the performance next Saturday.

O'Gara is a coming man. The plucky game he put up against big Pulford marks him as one who can take plenty of punishment, and not loose his temper either.

The old story; Montreal scored first and we won. We scored first against McGill and Ottawa, but we lost.

Smith's work shows an improvement on last year's.

It is noticeable that Ross's man seldom bothers the quarter-back or halves.

McCredie is again rounding into shape. His tandem runs with Smith in the Montreal game were much admired. Clancy can teach most

of the forwards a lesson on following up. That try of his was a brilliant piece of play; but it should have been secured by one of the faster wing men.

Sparrow is the most conspicuous figure among the wings. Dontigny is entitled to the privileges of the five yard rule.

Joe Leveque has lost none of his old-time ability. He said he would kick five goals in the Montreal game. He kicked four.

The "big three" are upholding their reputation. Not content with pushing the opposing "scrim," they have now turned their attention to making touch-downs.

Lafleur is in hard luck. He had just recovered from a sore leg, when he sprained his thumbs. We expect his injuries will be fully cured by "nex tursdy."

The unexpected often happens. Sparrow was ruled off in the Ottawa game, and Ross in the Montreal game.

Mick, see that the referee is not looking next "trip."

Ross Murphy plunged well against Montreal. So did Bolger.

Fitzgibbon gave as fine an exhibition of refereeing as we have seen in many a day.

McGill beat College. Ottawa beat McGill. Montreal beat McGill and Ottawa, and College beat Montreal. What's next?

In lacrosse circles such state of affairs would mean "big gates".

What place would we hold, if our success depended on our drops from the field?

It is said that even in Klondike the inhabitants wear but one pair of socks. Ed, this is something to take "stock in".

Be sure you're on side; then go ahead.

Greek met Greek when Ross wrote on his supplementary.

Some men are remarkable players in practices, but useless in games. What's the explanation? Lack of "gameness"?

No one can deny that we have at least one man that's "Sandy".

Ed. Murphy is speedier than ever.

Joe Copping is a splendid kicker.

On Saturday, ^{*}^{*} October 30th, the College team lined up against McGill, to try to overcome the handicap of 14 points, held by the latter since the contest of October 9th, in Montreal. Judging by the excellent showing made by the medical men in their matches against Ottawa City and Montreal, the general impression was that College would find great difficulty in winning and that to win by a majority of 14 points was altogether out of the question. This opinion was greatly strengthened when it became known that two of our strongest players, Sparrow and Ed. Murphy would be unable to figure in the contest. With such odds against our team, the ball was kicked off and swayed up and down the field, both sides playing loosely, until College pulled themselves together, and with the assistance of a light wind, forced the ball into McGill's territory. Then the boys began to score in quick succession. McGill remained on the defensive for the rest of the half, during which all their efforts to score were sadly frustrated, while one try, two goals from the field and a series of rouges, piled up for College the handsome score of 15 points.

In the second half the visitors had the best of the play. A strong sun which previously lay hidden

behind the clouds, burst forth with effulgent splendor, but not satisfied to act as a disinterested spectator, took its position directly behind the McGill full back. A "raise" of the ball on the part of McGill's kickers might have been productive of little lost ground to College, had there not been simultaneous "rays" on the part of the sun, which considerably bothered the champions' back division, and left them open to the fierce attacks of the visitors' forwards. Ten points were scored by McGill in short order. Then, as if satisfied with its work, the glorious orb of day sank below the horizon painting the sunset sky with a gorgeous display of McGill colors! Fighting fifteen men to fifteen, College re-entered the contest with renewed vigor, and by one of those irresistible onslaughts for which she has always been noted, swept the ball up the whole length of the field and placed it for a touched-down behind the opponents' goal. The students immediately got into position to renew hostilities when time was up and they left the field victors by a score of 19 to 10. The following composed the College team: P. Murphy, Copping, Gleeson, McGuckin, Smith, Boucher, Clancy, McCredie, Ross, Bolger, McGee, R. Murphy, Levêque, O'Gara and Lafleur.

PUNTS.

Did it work? "Nit".

The victory was certainly creditable to College, seeing that she defeated by 9 points a previously almost undefeated team. Besides she entered the list with a broken sword.

McGill's rooters were more in evidence than those of College.

At times last Saturday our "Scrim," showed that it yet has a lot of push in it.

With Sparrow and E. Murphy on, our majority would have been doubled.

In the second half the following-up of the wings was miserable, while their tackling was a minus quantity.

"Time and tide will wait for no man." Had we a little more time on Saturday, there is little doubt that we would have "tied".

Little attention was given to McGill's halves. They kicked with impunity.

It was only pluck that kept Lafleur on the field. When he was injured it was evident that we had lost "the flower" of our army.

We wished to give them a Roland. But when the whistle blew we sorrowfully noticed it was "all over".



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

In this issue we formally introduce to our readers, an institution which shall exist till the end of time, and shall shed a lustre on the memory of its originators, long after their smiling faces have been turned towards the daisies. While passing through the corridor last week, we chanced to meet our fat and happy young friend Gookin, bearing on his breast a button slightly exceeding a frying pan in size, and with the inscription, "Go to Klondike with the Clarke's Mills' Klondike Club." As Eddie was in a very communicative humor, we soon learned that the club had been organized at a recent meeting called by the honorable gentlemen who have given their names to the enterprise. On account of his deep

researches into mineralogy, Mara was asked to occupy the chair. Peter proceeded to explain the object of the expedition, which was to transfer the yellow dust of the frozen district of Yukon, to the capacious wallet of Treasurer Gervais, and to invest the same in mosquito nets with which to provide the rude inhabitants of far off Alaska. That the chairman's remarks struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers, was evidenced by Finan's leaping excitedly to his feet and proposing the opening of a contribution list without delay, and heading the subscription, by the handsome donation of one-half bottle of homeopathic remedies, to be taken in small doses. He was followed by Godfroye with three ounces of snuff. The generous-hearted Davies produced a patent reversible mouse trap, warranted to kill at sixty yards. Sheedy came forward with a nickle-plated nutmeg-grater and a tooth brush. The list was closed by Jimmy Campbell's offering of a red headed game chicken, which was unanimously chosen to be the club mascot. The expedition will embark on the Rideau Canal and travel as far as Hogsback, whence the course will be mapped out by Daly, who professes to know the mountain passes, as well as he knows the book of Genesis. As this speech was much longer than any we had ever before heard from the lips of our sage friend, we were not surprised when he confessed his inability to utter another syllable, but as he walked away, he was heard to chuckle, "Hully Gee" won't we have some fun.

Since the opening of the present session, our sanctum has been inundated by tenders for the position

of Junior Editor. Needless to say, the budding aspirants for editorial honors, possessed unlimited qualifications, as may be seen by reference to the applications on fyle at our office. O'Leary wrote that he has fitted himself for the coveted distinction, by a three month's sojourn among the aborigines of the back woods of V....., where he says the languages are in their primitive and most correct form. Finan bases his claim on the fact of his having been born on the spot, where stood the house which sheltered Washington Irving, while he wrote the immortal "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker." A modest sheet signed by Joe Goodwin, promises for the author's first production, a thrilling narrative entitled "A Trip to Europe in a Roller Ship." Lynche's testimonials affirm that besides being a past-master in the art of self-defence, he has safely withstood such small annoyances as a stampede of Calgary buffalo, or the onset of a Wyoming tornado, and is therefore physically qualified to survive the many trying phases of an editor's life. With the permission of our chief, we intend affixing the signature of the successful candidate to our next publication.

Jean is a loyal adherent of "The Lily" and objects most forcibly to the ignoble cognomen "John" by which he was designated in the account of the late presidential election.

We are at a loss to account for the seeming lethargy, evinced by the football players. In the beginning of the season, the game started with a rush. Two teams practised faithfully every holiday, but as there appears, to be a dearth of victories to be won, the interest in practice is flagging, Since we have such ex-

cellent material for a light fast team, why not try conclusions with some of the junior teams of the city and repeat our achievements of past years?

On Wednesday 20th inst., the Small Yard was the scene of an exciting baseball game between the "Liliputians" captained by Lebel, and the "Cyclops" under the management of Daniel Creedon Leduc. Lebel won the toss and elected to play with the wind, Queensbury rules to govern all disputes. The features of the game were the home runs which Blais failed to make, Bissonnette's clever catch—a red-hot liner on the tip of the nose—and Groulx's magnificent low tackle of Ducharme, as that sprinter was endeavoring to establish a record between second and third. At the end of the ninth innings the score read Lebel—4. Leduc—3. The result is mainly due to the successful coaching of Senor Jose Gonzalez Perez.

Worcester Benoit recently informed the Fourth Grade, that in accordance with the recognized principles of etymology, the plural of gooseberry is geeseberry.

The following held first places in the classes of the Commercial course, for the month of September:

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|-------------|--------------------|
| I Grade. | 1. R. Charbonneau. |
| | 2. E. Clairoux. |
| | 3. W. McCarthy. |
| II Grade B. | 1. P. Benoit. |
| | 2. E. Lessard. |
| | 3. E. Benoit. |
| II Grade A. | 1. C. Bertrand. |
| | 2. C. Dionne. |
| | 3. A. Cary. |
| III Grade. | 1. P. Taillon. |
| | 2. E. Somers. |
| | 3. J. Casey. |
| | 1. A. Lapointe. |

- | | |
|-----------|----------------|
| IV Grade. | 2. T. Aussaint |
| | 3. W. Kealy. |

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ULULATUS.

To what declension belongs the word *bona*?

Prof. Mr. H-b-t what is the feminine of coat?

H-b-t. Of coat?—petticoat.

M-l-s did not sing: "There'll be a hot time in the old town, etc, but he did sing, "We are not so warm, after all."

The fourth team are not the whole thing G—ld-n says

Professor.—Your highness, condescend to define charlatan.

Duke of New E—bors.—That seemingly difficult combination of letters means but something which has reference to the reign of Queen Charlotte.

"The Study closed, or who slipped the key under the door," by D. L—less.

O'M—r—a.—(gazing at the bulletin).—That's an awful name for a play.

O'Reilly.—What is it.

O'M—r—a.—Jeudi. I guess it means Judy in English.

The sage of the fourth form is soon to publish a volume on the struggle in New York. He compiles his matter from the papers of last vacation, and only desires time for explanation.

L. E. O. P.—How do you know that a fellow has wheels in his head?

P. T.—Give it up.

L. E. O. P.—By the spokes that come out of his mouth.

F—r—l.—Oh! I am all right Bert.

Bert.—Yes with your left side cut off.