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A SPRING IDYL.

HEE bee refused to suck when sun and dews
Conspired a fragrant honey to distil.
When busy feathered folks sang sweet and shrill,
Nesting; the bird said: "I will but amuse
Myself, and my fond friend must me excuse—
A mate I will not take, or nest, until
Of nature's vernal joys I drink my fill;
Summer is rich and long, if spring I lose."

Cold was that nest by autumn winds embraced;
For summer birds fare ill in snow and frost:
Nor could the squandered sunshine be replaced
Of June, with all her tender promise lost.
Scanty and bitter was that honey's taste,
When time of youth and spring had gone to waste.

E. C. M. T.



THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Perhaps some apology is required for attempting the discussion of a subject so profound as that of the characteristic features of an age and which demands a thorough knowledge of history, modern and contemporary, together with a keen insight into the secret workings of human nature. To none of these qualities does the writer lay claim, nor is it the scope of this article to treat the question with all the depth of a political philosopher; yet he would be blind who with any sensitiveness to the events that are daily occurring about him, and who has taken even only a glimpse over history or has regarded with a critical eye the monuments that are still left us of the past ages, should not have remarked that these times of ours are moved by a spirit differing in many respects from the principles that impelled our forefathers. Every age since the beginning of the world has had its specific nature, and it would hardly be reasonable to suppose that we who boast so much of our progress and activity should not preserve, in common with the centuries that have passed, at least this one resemblance which all epochs have had to those which preceded them, viz., that of being different from them.

Progressive and agitated the nineteenth century certainly is. Multitudes have inscribed their names in the Temple of Fame, and have gained renown for their scientific discoveries, inventions and skill in the arts. Yet, as a celebrated author remarks, science may raise to worldly eminence but virtue and religion alone can guide to true greatness; and hence it is that many of the names which the world holds in awe to-day, if subjected to a strict examination by the criterion of real worth, would be found to be

great not in the beneficial results they have worked on society, not in any good they have done, but rather in their power and eagerness to work destruction. Ambition is the animating spirit of the age; genius, the god which the world adores and to which it blindly sacrifices principles absolutely necessary for the preservation of the well-being of man. Here is to be found the reason why so many seek to become leaders in some sphere of activity; no opinion is too ridiculous to be supported, and the ingenuity of a theory is a sufficient reason for accepting it as the explanation of certain phenomena. If the tendency of former ages was to reject the truths of science or to regard them with suspicion; if those times were marked by a tenacious adherence to long established maxims and were so much swayed by superstitious beliefs and prejudices, the credulity of the modern populace in every new-fangled scheme seeks on the contrary to efface all traces of the past in the precipitous onward rush. Like a devastating host does the world advance, endeavoring to throw into the darkest oblivion the morals of history, and to uproot every germ which in future time might give growth to progress and prosperity, planting in its stead the seeds of disintegration and decay.

Rationalism, liberty unrestrained, and irreligion, the legitimate off-spring of the Reformation, are the cause of the many outrages committed against society. It must be admitted that liberalism is much more widely disseminated in so-called Catholic countries, such as France and Italy, than in England where Protestantism holds sway; but this is owing to the fact that the former have not been so much influenced by the fundamental principle

of the Reformation itself, as by its logical consequence, - the denial of all authority; whereas in the latter, Protestantism has been preserved to a great extent in its primitive form; or rather England is continually becoming more and more Catholic and hence inimical to the spirit of freedom from restraint. We do not desire to excuse the French people for the numerous depredations against the Church of which it is daily guilty, by casting the culpability on the government, any more than we would allow him who destroys his own life to accuse the weapon with which he commits the deed as the author of the crime. That nation has for some time enjoyed the blessings of a republican form of government and relief from the tyranny of kings. The most natural conclusion we can draw from this is that at least the majority of its inhabitants are in sympathy with the general policy by which those in authority administer public affairs, a policy which is decidedly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian. Moreover, the system of holding elections in vogue in France by which the successful candidate must have an absolute majority over his opponent almost precludes the possibility of a government representing a minority of the people.

This sad state of affairs cannot be attributed to Catholicity, but rather to the preponderance of ungodliness and an utter disrespect for religion. It is the fruit of the atheistical writings of such men as Voltaire and that galaxy of false philosophers that France has produced and whose doctrines have done so much to convulse Europe and ruin its political systems. If we desire to see the influence of Catholicity on civilization and its tendency to ameliorate in every particular the condition of the different classes of society, we may take France when she was truly Catholic, and a mere superficial examination will suffice to convince one that she then attained a degree of national eminence never surpassed in either ancient or modern times. The

solicitous and soothing influence of the Church caused the rich to look upon the poor with an eye of charity and compassion, and her teachings imposed it upon them as a duty to assist those in misfortune and need; numberless hospitals and other charitable institutions were erected in all parts of the country and provided for the protection and maintenance of the indigent, the aged and helpless. In turn the lower classes regarded their superiors with respect and gave to authority that submissive obedience which the Church has always inculcated on the faithful as the right of temporal power. This, in a few words, was the peaceful and prosperous condition of France so long as she remained faithful in her allegiance to the Holy See.

But European nations have no monopoly on this tendency to overthrow or instigate the rejection of rightfully established authority. The sentiment seems to have got abroad even among a large portion of the people of the neighboring Republic that Canada should revolt against England and declare her independence,—or join the Union in the quality of a free state. Then would begin our golden era; manufactures would spring up, agriculture would be given a new impulse, our population would increase with wonderful rapidity, and we should become wealthy in the space of a few years. First, it might be remarked that it would require an extremely powerful microscope to detect the microscope of progress that annexation would produce. What advantages would accrue to us from such a union, even were there no insurmountable obstacles in the way? We are not a great nation; but we have hopes for the future. Our country is advancing slowly, but every step she takes is firmly placed, nor is she satisfied with that advancement which is merely external; and though our population is not large, we live in contentment and comfort, free from the slavery of multi-millionaires and mammoth combines, from those colossal strikes that cause general depressions,

from anarchy and its attendant calamities, from that undesirable element of society of which Coxe's army was a type. As regards our relations with the British Empire, England, far from being an impediment to Canada, has ever given her substantial assistance; and, besides, if independent, what resistance could we, unaided, offer to an invading enemy,—a people of scarcely five millions spread over the vast area of three and a half millions of square miles.

We are daily reproached also by this same people for our allegiance to a foreign power, and exhorted in the name of liberty to follow their example and throw off the British yoke. Yet England is no more a foreign power to us, than any other country of Europe is to her colonies or than the United States is to Alaska: and we hardly think that Uncle Sam would consent to release possession of that dependency for so flimsy a reason as he proposes to us to attempt to rid ourselves of connection with a nation which exercises over Canada a legitimate supremacy. Do our American friends also not see that this very principle would condemn them for forcing the South to remain in the Union when it looked upon the North as a foreign power and desired to withdraw peacefully? Do they not perceive that it will ultimately cause the destruction of every vestige of authority? If Canada, under present circumstances, can justly separate from England, why not the East from the West, the North from South; why not every country village have an independent and sovereign government of its own? Why, in fine, under the sanction of such a principle, might not every individual demand absolute liberty, exemption from all restraint except that which he should choose to impose on himself? Our friends, therefore, see that if we desire to justify our separation from England, —leaving out of the question the difficulties we would most certainly encounter in the attempt—we must base our claims on some stronger principle

than that which they present to us. England possesses, Canada by right of conquest and of treaty, and hence follows our duty to obey the laws she imposes upon us so long as they are within the bounds of justice. No whim of ours, even though encouraged by those who foster a bitter hatred of all forms of monarchical government, can free us from our obligations to her.

No: we must not strive to estrange ourselves from England; it is rather the duty of every truly patriotic Canadian to exert himself to render more intimate the bonds that bind us to her, so long as she remains what she is at present—the world's greatest national structure, the pride of those who have the happiness to be her subjects, and the wonder and admiration of all intelligent men; a nation which, at least to-day, knows more thoroughly than any other the real meaning of liberty, tolerance and justice. She is condemned for her oppression of Ireland and her enmity towards Catholicity; yet, while not desiring to excuse or even palliate the inhuman cruelties she has been guilty of against the Irish people, or the flagrant injustice that she has inflicted on the Church, making allowance for difference of time and circumstances, we believe the darkest pages of her history to be no less defensible than the horrors of the French Revolution, the atrocities committed by the Spanish against the aboriginal inhabitants of America, the sacrilegious crimes of modern Italy or the depredations of many another nation which as it were, grows pale at the sight of England's iniquities. It is not a century ago since the religious exiles of Catholic France found in the British Dominions that shelter and freedom which they were denied in their own country. We would like also to call attention to the words of the greatest and only Catholic philosopher of any merit that the United States has yet produced. Treating the subject of religion in one of his Reviews, Dr. Brownson in substance says: "We might be thankful did we possess a

system of education half as favorable to Catholicity as that granted by the tyrannical English government to the much oppressed and sympathized with Irish." Since the time this was written, the condition of Ireland, with regard to freedom in religious and educational matters especially, has been greatly ameliorated, while the Catholics of the States can boast of or hope for little advance in their system of public schools.

A sentiment closely allied to that of liberalism, and hardly less deleterious, is the patriotism of the nineteenth century. Few feelings are more deeply rooted in the human heart, few are more noble, than a generous love of country and a fervent desire for its advancement. But the fanatical, intolerant development which patriotism has acquired, has made it one of the most dangerous enemies of public peace and of the progress of religion. As ordinarily understood now-a-days it consists in nothing more than a blind admiration of one's own country, a justification of all her actions, and a hatred or at least an intense prejudice against whatever is foreign. It sees but with a jaundiced eye the good in others. It is that of which the unprincipled politician so often makes use to further his sordid designs; it is that which feeds the flames of hostile feelings now so universal among the various nations of the world and widens the breach that separates them; it is one of the most remarkable features in which our civilization resembles that of ancient Greece and Rome; it is a relic of a barbarous age. Is it not much the same with us as with the nations of antiquity? The Greeks designated foreigners by the common appellation of barbarians; among the Romans, he only deserved consideration who bore the title of Roman citizen.

Unnecessary is it to say that such a species of patriotism is inimical to Catholicity, whose fundamental principle is unity and the removal of any impediments which tend to create or

preserve barriers between those professing her doctrines. It is this perverted attachment to country—this desire to admit in no respect the sovereignty of foreigners—that has robbed the Church of large portions of her flock, and still retains them without her fold. In union there is strength, and this must be the motto of all men; otherwise attempts to obtain anything but a mere nominal improvement of the social condition will prove futile. May the day soon come when, politically, the fervent dream of our late poet laureate will be realized:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer and
the battle-flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of
the world,"

and when, religiously, all men will be bound together by an indissoluble tie of charity within the bosom of the Catholic Church. Then shall we have that ideal state of society to which all who would be called the benefactors of mankind must tend to conduct the human race. Broader principles must guide us, principles compatible with the teachings of Catholicity, which, peering beyond the boundaries of nations or races, will regard all men as brothers, admire good no matter whence it comes, and allow no motive to prevent the condemnation of evil.

Men should become more just, more cosmopolitan, more liberal in their views; not necessarily liberal in name, but liberal in act, doing justice to all and suffering none to bear injury,—not liberal in name merely, for that is no passport to equity in fact. Indeed, confining ourselves to the contemporary history of our own Dominion, and comparing the war-cry of those who style themselves liberals,—“We will do justice,”—with their unjust and infidel acts, we are forced to regard them as the pharisaical saints of politics. Like Judas they have given the kiss of peace and betrayed the confidence placed in them, nor can they hope that their political existence will have a more unenviable and ignominious termination, than that of him who sold his Master—

Him to Whom he owed all—for a few paltry pieces of coin. They have grown weary in the service of justice and have fallen victims to their ambitious pride.

‘Lifted up so high,
They disdained subjection, and thought one
step higher
Would set them highest, and in a moment
quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude.’

How vainly they have deceived themselves! They may desert the cause they have pledged themselves to serve, but a day of reckoning and vengeance will come.

In their desperate endeavors to retain the power they have deceitfully induced the people to intrust to them, they have inflamed and pandered to the basest of feelings; and in compassing a helpless minority, they sanction and defend the leading principle of barbarism,—might is right. Were we living in that age of heroism, when “honor and justice” was the emblem that every knight bore emblazoned on his shield, the liberal craft would be swamped beneath a deluge of scorn and contumely and disgrace. Knights we have to-day, but the faithlessness of some of them gives them no title to that dignity which they have falsely received, and to bear which in a worthy manner should be the aim and pride of every statesman.

We are naturally led to make a few remarks here on the patriotism of those whose attachment to country exceeds that to God, and who, deluded by a false liberalism, attempt to separate entirely religion and the state. They profess in religion, perhaps Catholicity; in politics, they are infidels. It is evident that such people forget the primary object of the state as well as of society, which is to facilitate the acquirement of man’s last end by enabling him to fulfill more perfectly his duties towards God, his neighbor and himself. The state is only a means, and should never be looked upon as superior to the end it is

designed to secure. In so far as it is severed from religion or is regarded as an end, it ceases to discharge its proper role, and not only has lost its utility, but may become an instrument of the greatest evil. In all things, therefore, the state is inferior to the Church, and must work in unison with it. While admiring the chivalric and truly Catholic spirit which inspired those who left home and country to fight the cause of the Papal States, we cannot but condemn their reservation in demanding of the Holy Father that they be not asked to serve against their own country. Their patriotism was excessive; they should have given themselves entirely to obtain the triumph of the Sovereign Pontiff, and borne in mind that justice and true patriotism would have required of them that they take up arms even against their native land should she attempt to oppress Catholicity or assist its persecutors; for as the Church has been established by Christ, so it is infinitely more deserving of our esteem and our protection than any human institution. No greater friend of true liberty has ever lived than the renowned Irish statesman, Daniel O’Connell; no greater patriot has ever devoted his life to a noble cause, and yet his every act and those memorable words to which he gave utterance shortly before his death when he confided his soul to God, his heart to home and his body to Ireland, testify that his attachment to his country was subordinate to his affection for the Church and his love of God, and that though he fought for the freedom of Ireland, it was only because this was identical with the interests of Catholicity. What a clear conception he had of the end of political establishments and of the duties that rested upon him as the leader of his country to inspire in all an awe and a sincere reverence for religion. We would hopelessly look about us to-day to find at the heads of our government’s men who display such a true patriotism, men inspired with such a lofty and unselfish zeal for their country’s wel-

fare. As a recent writer has expressed it, the motto of the vast majority of the statesmen of the day is, "myself, party, country, myself," of which the important portion is the extremes. They perhaps spend their political existence in fortifying the bulwarks of their party; but they show no generosity in this, for their hope is that they will find behind them a place of shelter in times of adversity. A nation's representatives may engage themselves in extending its commercial relations, in inventing schemes to increase population; they may busy themselves in matters of finance or in negotiating treaties; its law-givers may possess the mental power of an Aristotle; yet they have been raising a structure on a foundation of sand, which will not long withstand the destructive influence of time, if all has not been laid on a firm basis of morality and religion. That ancient philosopher who wrote, "one might as well attempt to build a castle in the air as to found a state without religion," recognized the prime importance of the part which the superhuman must play in order to ensure permanency and stability in all national undertakings. And what was the religion of the ancients but a mere collection of myths? Nevertheless it was when this religious sentiment actuated rulers in all their doings, and was preserved among the people in a more or less uncorrupted state, that a high standard of morality and respect for authority were maintained and that prosperity was enjoyed. When it was abandoned or began to decay, national greatness also disappeared. If history teaches any lesson, it is certainly that of the absolute necessity of religion to the state as the only means of its preservation.

But it has been said that if religion has lost much of its influence as a factor in civil affairs, the spirit of intolerance and persecution which in former centuries was so violent and which ecclesiastical authority is accused of having encouraged, has entirely vanished. That intolerance is not so openly

displayed and accompanied with such physical force as in the past, cannot be denied; but it is certainly none the less active, effective and general. In olden times it was a storm at sea and the danger was for the greater part visible; to-day intolerance travels in undercurrents beneath the calm and still surface, but woe to the unsuspecting bark that falls a victim to its devouring waters. And yet the slogan of the day is, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Little more than a century has passed by since the sun smiled on the first glorious fourth of July; the smoke of the cannon of Bunker Hill has scarcely cleared up; the echoes of the patriotic perorations of the fathers of the Great Republic still resound in our ears; but it is only recent history that tells us in mournful numbers of the refusal of the democratic party, the guardians of that precious inheritance of liberty which has been handed down to them by their forefathers, to confer nomination to the presidential chair on one whose only crime was that he bore relationship to a Catholic. Such is the tolerance of a nation whose very origin was based on the principle of the fullest measure of legitimate liberty and which boasts of the equality that is indiscriminately guaranteed to all its subjects. If in England, Catholicity excludes from the throne, it seems to be an unwritten law in the United States that one professing the tenets of that religion is *ipso facto* rendered incapable of even being nominated to the honor of chief executive officer. There is, however, this extenuating fact in favor of the former country, that there are more positions of prominence held by Catholics to-day under the British crown than have been granted to their co-religionists under the Stars and Stripes since the formation of the Union. Intolerance is yet prevalent in England; but we would simply like to present the mirror to those who love to look across the water in search of national defects and who point with scorn towards a people to

many of whose good qualities they are utter strangers.

We cannot afford to vaunt our superiority over our ancestors. Undoubtedly, in many respects, as for instance in the experimental sciences, we are in advance of them; but with regard to those branches of serious study, which produce so profound and beneficial an influence on public morality and tend to stem the excesses of society, the nineteenth century is in a state of retrogression. Man has no time now to reflect upon the real interests of the commonwealth; he is too much absorbed in the contemplation of his own individual importance; all his thoughts are there concentrated, and he fears only that he may fall behind the age or that his selfish projects may be frustrated. The oppression of nobility is a matter of history, but it seems that men are going to rush from the servitude of kings to the other extreme, the tyranny of the uneducated classes who clamor incessantly for liberty unlimited, and are guided by prejudices, bigotry and all the deceits of which ignorance is the victim. Public instruction has become universal, but have we any reason to

feel proud of its effects on the popular intellect? It is a species of superficial education which crams men's minds with a knowledge of technicalities and tends to make them arrogant and frivolous, while that more important training which consists in the inculcation of sound principles is for the greater part neglected. The consequence of this is, as a distinguished American critic observes in proposing Burke and Webster for study in our schools and colleges, that the ordinary individual has not advanced beyond that little learning which is proverbially a dangerous thing, and which, while it has not given him a sounder judgment, has engendered in him a spirit of contempt for authority and less respect for the opinions of greater men. Simplicity, candor and faith have given place to pedantry, duplicity and unbelief. How profitably might not our days meditate on the truth contained in those lines of Pope:

A little learning is a dangerous thing:

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
And drinking largely sobers us again.

J. P. F., '96.



HOPE.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink in the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin man planteth—Hope.

A WISE CHOICE.

ONE evening towards the close of February, 1872, an outside car, bearing a solitary passenger dashed up to the portals of the Shelburne Hotel, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

"I require a room," said the newcomer addressing the clerk.

"Very well, sir" replied the clerk.

"Dolan, take this gentleman's luggage up to ninety-seven. Will you be pleased to register, sir?"

A white hand, fit for a countess, wrote, "Charles Greville, the Temple, London."

Charlie Greville, the second son of Sir Percy Greville, was a young Englishman of the active and ambitious type. At first it was Sir Percy's intention to have obtained a nomination for him in the Foreign Office, but the lad having evinced a very decided wish to go to the English bar, his father at once turned the current of his studies towards the woollack, and Charlie was now pulling with the current, onward to fame and fortune.

Greville led a busy life. It was his wont to live perpetually under pressure. He was playing for high stakes, for one of the many big chances that come to the patient, the persevering, the strong.

"Men have sat in the Upper House who began with smaller advantages than mine," he thought. "All I require is a wife with a fortune. A fortune will buy anything in commercial England. Yes, I must go in for a girl with money, and will accept all dowager invitations even at the risk of a slice of my constitution, as girls are only to be met with at those Turkish baths called balls."

No lady in the land extends more gracious hospitality to rising statesmen, artists, barristers, and such like,

than Countess Waldegrave. Her ladyship's receptions are the most attractive crushes in the immensely great little world of fashion. It was at one of these crushes that Charlie Greville met Mr. Morgan Blake, member of Parliament for Connemara—an English Irishman who was engaged in a perpetual endeavor to conceal a rich brogue, and who regarded the fact of having been born in Ireland in the light of an actual misfortune. The possessor of a splendid estate which he seldom visited and of a rent-roll of three thousand per annum, he was so pregnated with the poison of absenteeism that he came to regard everything Irish as a mistake, not even excepting the constituency which he so grossly misrepresented and whose interests he so glaringly neglected. In this anti-Irish feeling he was fondly encouraged by his wife, who believed in Central Africa but not in Tipperary, and who by his will tied up the sum of thirty thousand pounds in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its being expended, or any portion thereof, in that "cursed and impossible country." Mrs. Blake was to enjoy the interest until her eldest child came of age—if a son, at twenty-one; if a daughter, at eighteen; the son to marry an Englishwoman, and to reside in England, the daughter to marry an Englishman and to reside in England; and, in default of issue, the money on the demise of Mr. Blake was to go to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, or the then sovereign of the realm.

"Aw! how de-do, Mistaw Greville?" exclaimed the M. P., as the barrister was gently crushing past in an endeavor to reach within greeting of his hostess.

"You here, Mr. Blake?"

"Why not?"

"Why, the house is in a frenzy over Mr. Butt's amendment, and there is just a chance for the Irish party to beat the government."

At this moment Mr. Blake was joined by a fair, slenderly-built girl, with hair of that special hue that is seen on the shell of the Spanish chestnut, and the complexion of a May morning.

"For what hour did you order the carriage, papa?" she asked in a somewhat weary tone.

"Half-past one, Blanche."

"Another hour of this?"

"Are you tired?"

"I suppose so. I don't much care for this sort of thing."

"Let me present Mr. Greville to you. Mr. Greville, my daughter."

The aspiring barrister felt a thrill of exultation pass through him. Thirty thousand pounds! Mr. Blake moved away, and Greville was left alone with Blanche.

"What shall I talk to you about, Miss Blake?" he asked.

"Ireland, if you *can*," she laughed.

"Are you *very* Irish?"

"*I am*", firmly, almost haughtily.

"I hope to do Ireland some day."

"Some day is *no* day; go at once!"

"You reside in Ireland?"

"Oh! very little; *too* little," she exclaimed. I have been at the convent near Honfleur for three years, and my vacations have always been spent in London; but we go over next week. I am to be presented at the Irish court, and then we go to Curragh-na-Copple for some weeks.

"Is Dublin much?" he asked after Miss Blake had dashed over Connemara as though mounted on a thoroughbred and leading the "Galway Blazers."

"How do you mean?"

"Have you any society?"

"Why should not Dublin be for society the societiest? Have they not a Castle and a lord Lieutenant, a lord chancellor, a master of the rolls, twelve judges, the law officers of the crown, and, thanks to Saxon terror, a

tremendous garrison? Have they not clubs, and musical societies, and coteries to no end?"

"You quite interest me. I *must* take time for a flying visit. I do like Irish people," he added honestly enough.

"Collectively you hate us, individually you love us. Pshaw!" with an irresistible shrug, "you are too self opinionated here, too conceited, ever to think of us save as a purchased people. Am I not right, Mr. d'Alton?" turning to a gentleman who had just lounged up to her side.

"Of course you are Miss Blake; and having conceded this, may I ask what the question at issue happens to be?"

"This conceding is a recklessness that leaves the county throbbing between hope and despair. Why *concede* anything?"

"Expediency! Although, seriously, we should concede *nothing*. To-night, for instance, in the House we are fighting the government with cold steel, beating them at their own weapons, contesting the ground inch by inch. The struggle is raging *now*."

"And Mr. D'Alton, the member for Dunmore, dallies in Lady Waldegrave's drawing room, instead of taking his stand at Thermopylae," cried Blanche, her lips curling in open scorn.

"You are unjust, Miss Blake," retorted d'Alton hotly. "I was sent here by Mr. Butt to bring down your father *vi et armis*. We are trying a change of front, and, although we are very few, we mean to stand shoulder to shoulder to the bitter end."

Herbert D'Alton is a superb specimen of the Irish gentleman. Six feet two in height, he has the shoulders of an athlete and the waist of an Adonis. His handsome face, ever sunlit, is a face that irresistibly attracts. Come of the "rale ould stock," his love for Ireland is a love that is more than love, and with her glowing cause, he has cast his lot. He is member for Dunmore, and an ardent Home-Ruler.

D'Alton had been "badly hit." Blanche Blake was just the one woman worth playing a life against, worth every thought, every hope, every aspiration. Her adoration for that country in whose future he was so wrapped up was a golden link that bound him to her even before the white radiance of love-light had penetrated his heart.

"Can a woman apologize to a man, Mr. D'Alton?" she asked earnestly enough. She felt bitterly sorry that she had wronged him.

"Never!" he laughed.

"Well," she said with a half-sigh, "I feel that I am in your debt."

"My dear Miss Blake, you make altogether too much of a mere nothing."

"But it was not a mere nothing. It was wrong—it was an insult—even to think such a thing of you. I am very sorry." And she laid her hand on his a moment. At her touch he grew deadly white. She saw his pallor and added: "You are hurt?"

"Very, very, sorely."

"I knew it, and yet you smiled. Can you forgive a silly girl a silly remark?"

He had recovered himself and the old smile came back as he said:

"I can forgive Miss Blake nothing."

"Oh! why?"

"For the very reason that I have nothing to forgive," said the good-natured fellow.

"You are generous, Mr. D'Alton; but I feel that I am still your debtor, and— and—I pay my debts."

He looked at her a moment earnestly, and a deep flush swept over his face. He bent towards her, all his soul in his eyes, and again recovered.

"I had better go back to Thermopylae" he said huskily. "Good night, Miss Blake."

"There's papa. *Make* him go back with you."

"I wish I were the Usher of the Black Rod for about twenty-five minutes," laughed D'Alton, as he

plunged after the mis-representative of Connemara.

Later on as Greville was about to surrender Miss Blake to her *chaperone*, he earnestly exclaimed:

"I mean to go to Dublin."

"That's right. When?"

"Next week. Yes," he added, "I'll run over and see you presented at court."

In pursuance of his "drift," Charlie Greville, one fine February morning, deserting the village by the Thames, in less than eleven hours found himself at the Shelburne Hotel, enjoying all the luxury of a "big wash" in the softest of all soft waters, brought from the sweet little river Liffey; fully prepared to sneer at the idea of a "Dublin season", but keenly alive to the fascination of Blanche Blake and her thirty thousand pounds.

After a poor dinner Greville sent his card to Mr. Blake's room, whither he was ushered by the returning waiter.

"Ah! how de-do Greville? What on earth could have induced you to venture among us?" exclaimed the M. P. "Business of course; I cawn't understand any body coming here for pleseaw. Only fancy, they want the royal family to come and live here—in *such* a country! I voted against the Royal Residence Bill as both impudent and preposterous."

"I cannot see it in that light," said the barrister; "I can see why the Queen snubs Ireland whenever she gets a chance of doing so. I don't see what benefit a royal residence would be to the country, but if the Irish wish to have her it is a very short-sighted policy not—"

"They *don't* want to have her," said a low soft voice at his elbow; "it's the mere outcry of tuft-hunters, and Castle-hacks."

It was Blanche Blake.

"Yes," she continued, "we can get on very well without England; all we want is our own parliament and a tax on absentees."

"What absurd nonsense you do talk!" observed Mrs. Blake languidly.

She had entered the room attired *en costume du bal*. "A tax on absentees! Why, who on earth would live in Ireland that could live out of it."

"Mamma, we can never agree about Ireland, so let us talk of the weather."

"Mr. Greville, take my advice and return to our beloved London by the morning boat."

"I cannot go back, Mrs. Blake, until I shall have done three things."

"What are they? — if not an impertinent question."

"Number one, to see Miss Blake presented at court; number two, to have a tremendous ride on an outside jaunting car; and number three, to take a dash with an Irish pack of hounds."

"What Saxon is talking of Irish hounds?" demanded a bright, cherry voice, as a dapper, little fellow, whose age might have been fourteen or forty, arrayed in the white waist coat and brass buttoned coat indicative of his being attached to the household of the lord lieutenant, plunged into the apartment.

"Mr. Greville is, Captain Dillon. Let me introduce Mr. Greville, of the English bar, to Captain Dillon, of his excellency's staff."

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I was just saying" said Greville, "that I want a plunge with an Irish pack."

"You're in luck, then, Mr. Greville, for the Ward Union stag-hounds meet to-morrow, but if you want real hard riding, run down with Blake here to Curragh-na-Copple. By the way, you'll want a mount."

"I suppose I can arrange that."

"I don't suppose you can without my help. Let me see. Bertie Hope is off to town and won't be down until Thursday. You can have Bertie's chestnut."

"Why, my dear Captain Dillon, you overwhelm me!" cried Greville.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Greville? When a stranger comes amongst us we only try to take him in.

What! not dressed yet, Miss Blake?"

"I am not going to the Jephson's ball."

"Do you not care for balls, Miss Blake?" asked Greville.

"In *lead* I do not."

"Nor for dancing?"

"Nor for dancing."

"Strange girl!" thought Greville, as, later on, he strolled round Stephen's Green smoking a meditative cigar preparatory to making a visit of the city.

"Is Dublin much?" laughingly demanded Miss Blake as the barrister upon his return gushed over the beauty of the city.

"I am perfectly charmed with it. What a glorious building is the Bank of Ireland! Do you know, it made me sad to stand in the old House of Lords and think —"

"It doesn't bear thinking," she interrupted. "How do you like Sackville Street?"

"It is very beautiful."

"It is wide enough to drive cattle through for the English market, and that's about the best use for it," said Mrs. Blake.

The time glided past all too rapidly, and every hour the rosy tide of love crept upward, upward, until Charlie Greville felt that he was doomed to be overwhelmed unless a rope was cast to him by the dainty hand of Blanche Blake.

Greville "did" the *levée*, and, upon the following night attended the drawing room.

The presentation came off at the drawing room, and Miss Blake was duly saluted by the viceroy and made free of the Irish court. There was quite a buzz of admiration as, all blushing and radiant, she emerged from the throne-room into St. Patrick's Hall.

"It's a terrible ordeal," she laughed; "and why I did not back into my train is still a mystery to me."

Officers in gorgeous and glittering uniforms pressed for introductions.

"She's eighty thousand pounds,"

exclaimed a Galway squire ; " but she can't look at any fellow who hasn't had the luck to be born a base, bloody and brutal Saxon."

" All this sort of thing will turn your head, Miss Blake," observed Greville with something akin to a sigh.

" My head? No. I value this glare and blaze and dazzle at its worth."

Captain Dillon monopolized Blanche in virtue of the blue and gold of the household. The barrister hovered near the fair *débutante*. Early next morning he telegraphed to Squeeze and Drain, London: " When is the case of Gole vs. Spudge to come on? I want to stop in Ireland for a few days longer."

And ere he sat down to his breakfast a reply bore him the gracious tidings that he could remain until the following Monday. Mr. Blake had invited him to Curragh-na-Copple, and he was now free to accept it. And he did.

Curragh-na-Copple, without, was a bleak-looking mansion ; within, it was bright and cheery, though old-fashioned. The surrounding country was somewhat flat and of timber there was none.

Greville had travelled from Dublin with the Blakes. At the station they were met by a tall, strapping, dragoon-like young fellow--Andy Burke, a son of Sir Myles Burke, of Tallyho Park.

" I heard you were coming," said Andy to Blanche " and I thought I'd ride over. I was dying to see you."

" Fifteen miles ! The age of chivalry is *not* dead" exclaimed Blanche, her bright face covered with blushes.

And Greville saw in Andy another rival.

" I'll tell you who promised to give us a couple of days," said Blake to his wife on the evening of their arrival. " He was in Dublin, and I asked him down. He's an influential fellow with those groundlings, the Home-Rulers--D'Alton."

Mrs. Blake raised her voice in protest. " Don't expect *me* to be civil to that person," she said.

" I know he is very advanced in his views on Irish rights, but a little friction with the loungers on the government benches will tone him down," replied her husband.

And Herbert D'Alton duly arrived, looking bright, brave and handsome.

" Mr. D'Alton" observed Mrs. Blake icily, " while you honor us with your company I must request that no politics be discussed, and above all no such disagreeable topic as Home Rule."

The red blood mounted angrily to the Irishman's face, and a fierce retort was on his lips when Blanche interposed :

" Except with *me*, Mr. D'Alton."

" The hounds meet at Rowsonstown to-morrow morning at ten sharp" was Mr. Blake's good night to his guests as they quitted the smoking-room together.

It was a fine morning, and many riders wended their way toward the little village of Rowsonstown. Of the Curragh-na-Copple party, Mr. Blake appeared mounted on a superb weight-carrier ; D'Alton riding a serviceable, but not particularly handsome hunter ; Greville on a wiry, long-limbed black ; and Andy Burke striding a " knowing one."

" Which of you cavaliers will bring me the brush?" asked Blanche, as the huntsmen saluted her.

" I shall do or die" laughed Greville.

" Neck or nothing" cried D'Alton.

" And what do you say, Andy?" inquired Blanche.

" Faith, I'll say nothing" was his reply, as he dismounted to fasten his girths.

In a few minutes the hunt was on. " Now for it," thought all three, for each of them had resolved to bring back the coveted trophy to Blanche Blake.

* * * * *

The sun had set a blood red as the guests returned to Curragh-na-Copple. Andy Burke had ridden like the wind, but as he faced " a six foot wall" his

horse shied, flinging him against a granite boulder, and killing his hopes. Greville, by cautious riding and careful calculation, made a very good showing; and D'Alton, plunging as he would into a Home-Rule debate, following fast and furiously, came in at the death and gallantly won the brush.

Poor Andy Burke did not put in an appearance at dinner, but later on he honored the drawing-room with his presence. The gentlemen were deep in conversation as he limped in with a bandaged head; Blanche was seated in an arm-chair, reading.

"Don't stir, Blanche," he said, "I'm heartily sorry that fellow got the brush; if it wasn't for Firefly's balk, I'd have had it as sure as fate."

"But why did you leave your room, Andy? Dr. Moriarity—"

"I'll tell you, Blanche, and don't interrupt me till I'm done; then I'll shut up altogether. I know that these fellows are all suing for you, Blanche, and that I have no chance; and I just wanted to tell you that I care more for you than the whole of them boiled into one, and—and—there, now I'll go back to Tallyho."

"Andy, don't speak so. There's some mistake. You are feverish, excited; it's your poor head—"

"My skull is cracked, perhaps," muttered the young fellow, bitterly. "What matter were it my neck? God bless you, Blanche. You were too good for me—too good—too good." The excitement and pain were too much for him, and he fell fainting to the floor.

"What brought that scape-grace out of his room?" shrieked Dr. Moriarity, as he and the others rushed to the fallen youth's assistance. "I told him it was as much as his life was worth."

"Tell me, doctor," said Blanche, "is he so badly hurt? Is it dangerous?"

"Dangerous? A cracked skull dangerous to a Burke of Tallyho Park! There's no breaking a Burke's head," said the Doctor emphatically, and the company was re-assured.

D'Alton rather avoided Miss Blake

and she noticed and felt it. As he presented her with the brush that he had so gallantly won, there was a gleam of triumph in his eye that all his force of will could not hold back. He sat next to her at dinner, but the brilliant young debater and bold rider was strangely silent and quiet even to awkwardness. Blanche Blake could not understand him. She had risen from the table half-annoyed. For most of the company, the incidents of the hunt supplied ample topics of conversation. D'Alton, the hero of it, sat silent and abstracted. Greville tried to engage Blanche in conversation, but the attempt met with such poor success that he soon bowed himself away and joined the general throng. At this instant D'Alton raised his eyes and met the look of Blanche. There was something half of scorn, half of sadness in it. He rose and came to her side.

"I am dreadfully stupid to-night, Miss Blake, am I not?"

"Not more than usual, Mr. D'Alton," she replied. He started and reddened. She saw that he was offended. He rose and was about to leave her.

"Stay," she said. As he still hesitated, "Won't you stay a moment?"

He sat down, but his face was stern and fixed, and on his cheeks two scarlet spots burned.

"You are angry with me, Mr. D'Alton. Are you not?"

"No." There was scorn in his tone this time. "I am angry with myself."

"May a woman ask why?"

"Bah! Neither myself nor my anger is worth a thought, Miss Blake. Here, I won't be angry. Look, now. You see it is all gone."

"Mr. D'Alton, I owe you a debt which I have never paid. It was my rudeness contracted it. You have not given me a chance of paying it. I meet you again in my own home, and again, I—I—insult you. Here" and she stretched out her hand to him helplessly, "tell me how I am to pay my double debt."

"Blanche," he whispered, "listen. There is only one way. I let the debt go, but claim the debtor."

Blanche insists to this day that she has never paid her debt, for Mrs. D'Alton lost not a penny by her choice.

D'Alton had the Irish misfortune of having been born in England, and the English law, which is proverbially good to its own, insisted on claiming him as an Englishman, Home Ruler though he be ten times over.



SALVE REGINA.

Hail, Mary, hail! with every grace replete,
We humbly lay our homage at thy feet,
Our life, our joy, our sweetest hope, all hail!
O guide us safe in this dark earthy vale.

Sweet Mother, hail! To thee thy children cry,
To thee in hope from foes and sorrow fly;
Sweet Advocate accept our filial love,
As once on earth, so pleading now above.

Thy Child divine, who died to set us free,
Who spent for us the life He took from thee,
Who in His sorrows felt a Mother's care,
Will soothe our sorrows at a Mother's prayer.

Queen of the virgin choir, for us obtain
Meek, humble, pure, to join thy holy train,
To bear our lot and God's sweet will adore,
Live in his fear, and, dying, fear no more.

So thou in us may'st thine own virtues trace,
Bright, saintly, fair, by God's supernal grace;
Till heaven unfold its portals and display
Thy Son and thee in everlasting day.

W. M. B.

BURKE ON THE DUTIES OF REPRESENTATIVES.

AN attentive examination of the legislative institutions of ancient Greece and Rome reveals the fact that representative government was unknown to the ancient world. A single city, in those days, was in itself a state, governed by the assembly which sat within its walls. Each citizen was obliged to vote in person, and such a thing as voting through a representative was unheard of. This custom accounts, in a great measure, for the existence of republics embracing but one city. Aristotle has said that no free state could exist whose limits were so extended as to render the attendance of each citizen at the state assembly an impossibility. This statement of the great philosopher is verified in the case of Rome. She, the centre of a great empire, which comprehended almost the known world, did not realize the extreme necessity of assuring the stability of an empire by an assembly of representatives within her walls. Hence her final downfall.

To the ancestors of the British people, governed to-day by the most perfect political organization in existence, is due the honor of introducing those representative institutions, which at the present time enable a few men to speak and act for millions of individual citizens scattered over an unlimited extent of territory. The system of government which the Teutonic races possessed was based on the principle of rule by representation and seemed to have been peculiar to themselves; for every country in Europe which attempted to imitate them failed. In the Kingdom of Britain alone did representative government continue to exist and progress. Therefore we may safely say that the English parliament has been the model, of which all other

representative governmental bodies are imitations. As might naturally be expected the United States, being a colony founded by England, was the first to adopt it. France was the next and following her came Spain, Germany, Italy and Austria; so that at present the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, is ruled by assemblies elected by the people. Since the government of the country is carried on by men sent to speak and act for a body of electors, the rather delicate question has arisen as to how far these representatives are responsible to their constituents. Are they sent to Parliament simply to serve those who have placed them there, or to serve the state in general? Many of England's greatest statesmen have held the latter view; and have refused to submit themselves to the whims and caprices of the electors. Of these, the foremost was Edmund Burke. He denied that the reason and judgment of a member of parliament should be subservient to his constituents, and his close adherence to his manly principles was on several occasions a cause of discontent to the people of Bristol whom he represented in the house of Parliament.

The popular idea of the duties of a member of Parliament in Burke's time, an idea that prevails even at the present day, obliged him to a blind subservience to his constituents. He is sent to represent a certain riding in the House and his task is simple. Like the soldier on the battle field, the first word in his code of duty is obedience. His not to reason why, his not to make reply, but only to act—act as he is ordered. The only way members can avoid voting against their conscientious principles is to keep away from the House; to vote in any way but with their party would be con-

sidered a serious breach of faith and would leave them open to grievous censure. For after all, is it really the Commons that rules the country? Is it not rather the premier and cabinet? Are not members simply machines sent to Parliament by a number of individuals and directed to act as instructed, rather than men free to exercise their independent judgments? This is a great evil which could only be remedied by the introduction of the ballot. If the votes were taken in that manner, no member would know how his neighbor voted. Every one could vote as his reason dictated without fear of offending either his party or his constituency. Then, indeed, debate in Parliament would be of some use. It would not be an empty form as it is now. Though of course members would generally follow their party leaders, yet if a measure were presented against which they had conscientious objections, they could safely vote against it.

But be the method of voting open or secret, Burke was a man of two sound principles to submit unconditionally to the whims of popular opinion. He was not afraid to make it known when his opinions did not agree with those of the people. A great social philosopher, he saw beyond Bristol the interest of England, and beyond England, the interests of the British Empire. He realized that he was in London not only to spend his time and industry in behalf of the great city of Bristol, but to work for the government of England and the empire. In his speech after his successful campaign of 1774, addressing the electors of Bristol, he said: "To be a good member of Parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task, especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigour is absolutely necessary, but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial city; this city, however, is only a part of a rich

commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which, however, is itself but part of a great empire; extended by our virtues and our fortune to the farthest limits of the East and of the West. All these widespread interests must be considered—must be compared—must be reconciled, if possible."

Such was Burke's idea of a member's duty to his city and country; but his principles were based on too high and noble ideals to be understood and appreciated by the narrow-minded, bigoted citizens of Bristol. While they saw only the present, he saw into the future, and time has proven that Burke was right in his opinions on all the great questions, when he stood up almost alone against a discontented populace.

The position which he took on four different occasions was particularly odious to his people. These were —: First—his attitude relative to the Irish Trade Acts; second—with regard to Lord Beauchamp's Debtor's Bill; third—with regard to English misrule in America, and fourth—with regard to the persecution of Roman Catholics. Let us glance over the history of Burke's conduct in each of these matters and examine how his views differed from those of the people, and in what he offended the inhabitants of Bristol, although indebted to them for his seat in the House of Commons.

First—English misrule in America. The discontent of the Americans, which culminated in open rebellion, the disgraceful reverses which the armies of the world's greatest nation met, and the final concession, are all well known to everyone. Like the majority in England at that time, the people of Bristol did not recognize in America a great and growing power; they saw in it, only a mine, as it were, from which to draw wealth. They were accordingly much surprised and not a little angered when the colonies began to remonstrate against the unjust actions of the British govern-

ment. But Burke, with that wonderful foresight which enabled him to see the outcome of all events, pronounced himself boldly against the unjust taxation of America and, in union with the great William Pitt, he exerted all his strength to save England from everlasting disgrace. Was this the course which his constituents wished him to follow? Far from it. While he advocated conciliation, they desired oppression. To them America was a little child bound to do its parent's bidding; he recognized in it a grown-up youth, capable of thinking and acting for himself. In this Burke showed his wisdom. There is no doubt, that if America was forced to trade exclusively with England, Bristol, being a commercial city, would have been benefited greatly by it. But to him the interests of the nation were more to be considered than the interests of a single city; and hence at the risk of incurring the displeasure of those whom, in the ordinary course of things he should naturally wish to please, he did all in his power to avert the dangers of dispute with America.

On the second question, that of the Irish Trade Acts, this great statesman again refused to adopt the interested views of the electors. Burke had always recommended free trade for Ireland; and now when he saw the effects of the American and French revolutions on that oppressed land, and her determination to force England by fair or foul means to accede to her just requests, he advocated the cause more strongly than ever. Persevering in his straight and upright course, he was once more obliged to place the opinions of his Bristol friends second to his own. When he saw no less than one hundred thousand men under arms, ready to fight for their rights, he knew Ireland was no longer to be trifled with. In one of those outbursts of passionate eloquence, for which he is so famous, he says: "What I gentlemen, was I not to foresee, or foreseeing, was I not to endeavour to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces?"

Would the little, silly, canvas prattle of obeying instructions and having no opinions but yours, and such idle, senseless tales, which amuse the vacant ears of unthinking men, have saved you from "the pelting of that pitiless storm" to which the loose improvidence, the cowardly rashness, of those who dare not look danger in the face so as to provide against it in time, and therefore throw themselves headlong into the midst of it, have exposed this degraded nation, beat down and prostrate on the earth, unsheltered, unarmed, unresisting?" And further on in justification of his conduct, he says: "To read what was approaching in Ireland, in the black and bloody characters of the American war, was a painful, but it was a necessary part of my public duty. For, gentlemen, it is not your fond desires or mine that can alter the nature of things, by contending against which, what have we got, or what ever get, but defeat and shame? I did not obey your instructions. No. I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest, against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look indeed, to your opinions—but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence."

The third occasion on which Burke's principles with regard to obedience to instructions is demonstrated, was on the presentation before the House of Lord Beauchamp's Debtor's Bill. Of all Burke's actions this was without doubt the most odious to the people of the city he served. Being a commercial metropolis, Bristol had for its most influential citizens business men. These men naturally had large sums of money owing them, and in their narrow-mindedness they feared that the abolition of the debtor's prison would be a cause of considerable loss to them; and that many debtors, when visions of the prison no longer haunted them, would refuse to pay. The laws regarding debt were, at that

time, very severe and unjust. When a man was unable to pay his debts, he was arrested and kept in confinement until he remitted at least part of them. The senselessness of this law is manifest. Here is a man who has met with reverses. He is unable, though quite willing, to discharge his indebtedness. Now in place of being allowed to work and earn enough to satisfy his creditors, he is cast into prison, with no hope of relief, except probably some kind friends come and pay for him, which indeed seldom happened, for then as in our day, few men were to be met with, who would advance money to pay the liabilities of an insolvent.

To remedy these evils in behalf of the debtor in particular, and for the good of humanity in general, Lord Beauchamp, influenced no doubt by the great philanthropist, Howard, introduced a bill, which received the ardent and zealous support of Burke, though to him, in a great measure may be attributed its loss. For he sought to show due deference to his constituents by putting it off, until a petition, sent by them should be considered; and then other pressing business forbade it from again occupying the attention of the house. In this instance again, to the prejudiced and blind opinions of his constituents Burke opposed his sound common sense and mature judgment. Foreseeing clearly that none of the abuses which Bristol feared would occur, he said: "I know that credit must be preserved; but equity must be preserved too; and it is impossible that anything should be necessary to commerce which is inconsistent with justice. The principle of credit was not weakened by that bill. God forbid! The enforcement of that credit was only put into the same public judicial hands on which we depend for our lives and all that makes life dear to us."

We have seen now what stand Burke took with regard to trade. Let us examine in the fourth place, what

his position was with regard to law^s concerning religion, and see how his deep sense of justice overbalanced his desire to please his constituents. Catholic emancipation was one of the principal questions which agitated the public mind during Burke's parliamentary career. Everyone has heard something about the infamous penal laws in vogue in England and in Ireland, and which for so long a time stained the pages of the statute books of Britain. But in this age of enlightened freedom and religious toleration, we scarcely realize the terrible persecution which our forefathers endured for so many long years. If we did we would prize much more highly the faith, in defence of which they suffered and died.

A Roman Catholic was a foreigner in his native land. All offices were closed to him, and even the right of franchise was denied him. Every Catholic landowner, if he remained a Catholic, was obliged to hand over his land to his nearest Protestant kinsman; thus was a price set on apostacy. In Ireland the people were simply "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their Protestant masters, who looked upon themselves as mere settlers, who boasted of their English or Scotch extraction, and who regarded the name of Ireland as an insult. But not only were the Irish forbidden to practice their religion; their harsh masters even sought to annihilate their commerce and ruin their agriculture. English merchants, fearing competition, succeeded in having laws passed which excluded Irish farm produce and manufactures from England. Thus to persecution the English government added poverty. But in spite of all this bigotry, there arose in the country men who, more tolerant and in truth more patriotic than their brethren, realized the great wrongs which their fellowmen were enduring for religion's sake, and strove to remove from their shoulders the heavy weight of oppression. Foremost among these was Sir George Saville, who presented before

the British parliament a bill advocating the repeal of some of these iniquitous laws. This bill aimed directly at the repeal of the act passed in 1699 under William III; but it paved the way for more sweeping reforms which were to follow. Toward the passing of this reform Burke and other great men exerted all their strength, although it was violently opposed by the majority of the Protestants of the country, and especially by Bristol. Indeed so offensive was it that a serious riot took place under Lord George Gordon, who led a boisterous, bigoted and blood-thirsty mob to the door of the House of Commons, in order, if possible, to frighten Parliament into a repeal of the new act. But Burke was among the foremost in resisting these fanatical proceedings. He fearlessly faced the rabble, and no doubt saved his own life and the lives of many of his fellow-members by his firm bearing. Here again he upheld his admirable principles. He had offended his constituents, but he had worked for the greater good of the kingdom. The obedience due the electors of Bristol was absorbed by the greater obedience which was due to the realm. But though he had deeply wounded the proud feelings of his constituents in this matter, yet in his magnificent speech delivered before them in 1780 he justifies his course in such a way as ought to have been satisfactory even to the most prejudiced of his hearers. The reasons he gives for his support of the bill are plain and very plausible. In the first place the ordinary claims of humanity cried out against the persecution; secondly,—the Catholics despite their oppressed condition still remained loyal to the crown; thirdly—it lead to the conciliation of the people of Ireland, which at this time was a very important thing to be obtained. Because England was in a very weak condition after the American war, and also because it was possible for the Irish influenced by the revolutionary spirit of the times to rebel and become independent. Lastly—it served as an example for the powers of Europe to

follow. It produced a spirit of toleration throughout the whole continent of Europe. In such Catholic countries as France and the Austrian Netherlands, Protestants were permitted to hold high offices both civil and military; and, even the Lutheran obstinacy of Sweden thawed at length and opened a toleration to all religions. Thus Burke has fully and carefully defined his position on the matter; and manfully followed the dictates of his conscience. He was no petty demagogue to be moved and swayed by the whims and fickle fancies of the populace. "As to the opinion of the people," he says, "which some think, in such cases, is to be implicitly obeyed, near two years' tranquillity, which followed the Act, and its instant imitation in Ireland, proved abundantly that the late horrible spirit was in a great measure the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry, and gross misrepresentation. But suppose that the dislike had been much more deliberate and much more general than I am persuaded it was,—when we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure am I that such things as they and I are possessed of no such power."

Such are the principles which have guided the steps of England's greatest statesman and orator during the eventful period of his parliamentary career. In his dealings with the numerous and momentous questions which happened to come up during his life, his great abilities are clearly manifested. And even more so to us than to his contemporaries. Time has proved that although Burke did hold opinions different from many, yet he was in every case, right. For honesty, strict attention to duty, for wisdom and foresight, England has yet to produce a man to equal him.

J. E. DOYLE, '99.

POINTS IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

It may seem strange to say that the Civil War in the United States was after all a real blessing. Yet when we consider the material results of that bloody strife, as well as its moral effects, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Not only was the foul stain of slavery removed from Columbia's fair escutcheon, but the war settled forever, whether a state or group of states could at will sever their connection with the Union. Furthermore it demonstrated to the world that the Union of the American States is not "a mere rope of sand," ready to fall apart at the least provocation. It showed quite conclusively that the United States has a strong central government, possessing sufficient power and vitality to cope with any difficulty that may arise.

While Calhoun taught that each state had the right to secede whenever it saw fit, Webster, among others, held that each state when it joined the sisterhood of states, renounced forever its right to retire from that Union. The present Union had been formed from the Old Confederacy without a perceptible change in any of the States. "Most of those who voted for it were unaware how radical a change it embodied. The constitution, one may even admit, could not have been adopted had it then been understood to preclude the possibility of secession."

Secession was no new thing in the South. It is apparent in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798-99. It was openly proclaimed by John C. Calhoun and his followers in the nullification troubles of 1832. New England helped to spread the thought of secession by the actions of 1803 and 1813, when she threatened to form a

Northern Confederacy. During the Campaign which culminated in the election of Lincoln, the Southern orators made continual threats of secession.

Previous to the invention of the Cotton Gin by Eli Whitney, slavery was a passive, innocuous institution, and promised to soon die out; but in 1793, when Whitney's invention made the growing of cotton so profitable, slavery was encouraged by every possible means.

From the very foundation of the government the agitation concerning slavery commenced, but it was only in 1820 that direct legislation concerning it was framed. The Act passed in that year known as the "Missouri Compromise" allowed slavery in all the section of the country south of 36° 30'. The next act was the "Wilmot Proviso" which aimed to prevent slavery in the territory acquired as a result of the war with Mexico. This latter bill called forth bitter debate. Henry Clay the great "Compromiser" brought in his "Omnibus Bill," so called because it "threw a sop to everybody." The "Kansas-Nebraska Bill" introduced by Douglas, which left the settlement of the slavery question to the inhabitants of the States, marks the next epoch.

The Dred Scott Decision intensified the opposition of the Northerners and led to the famous raid of John Brown. This raid, while repudiated in the North, was nevertheless held in the South to be the natural result of the agitation of the Free-soilers. Here we cannot help calling to mind, "that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." Even if Secession was justifiable, the people of the South were unmindful of their own interests when they resorted to rebellion. Almost simult-

anlously with the news of Lincoln's election was heard the clarion-call of South Carolina to the South. We are all aware how eagerly the Gulf States and the other slave states responded to that call. But what in the blindness of the South proclaimed the birth of a great nation, in reality sounded the death knell of Slavery.

At the commencement of the struggle one section misunderstood the other. The South thought that the North would never dare draw the sword. "Even if it should, the Southern heart, proud and brave, felt sure of victory. King Cotton would win Europe to their side. Peace would come soon. Visions of a glorious future dazzled the imaginative mind of the South. A vast slave empire, founded on the great physical, philosophical, and moral truth that slavery is the natural condition of the inferior black race, would spread encircling arms around the Great Gulf, swallowing up the feeble states of Mexico, and rise to a wealth and glory unparalleled in the world."

While the the South was picturing to herself such a glowing future, a profound lethargy had taken possession of the North. Most people believed that the Southern States would be only too glad to come back into the Union. It required the firing upon Fort Sumter to awaken the north to the real state of affairs. It was then that Lincoln sounded the true key-note when he said. "If I can save the Union by freeing all the slaves I will do so, if I can save it by freeing some, and leaving others, I will do so, if I can save it without freeing any of the slaves I will do so, but the Union must and shall be preserved."

Among the very few men who from the first recognized the magnitude of the struggle, General Sherman, the hero of the "March to the Sea," stands pre-eminent. From the very beginning he saw that the battle was to be one of giants, and ridiculed the idea of putting down the rebellion by a

mere show of force. Instead of calling for 75,000 men he believed in enlisting 500,000.

William Tecumseh Sherman was descended from a good old English family and was born in Lancaster, O. February 8, 1820. His father Charles R. Sherman, an able lawyer, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. John Sherman, the present Secretary of State, is an elder brother of the late general. On the death of Judge Sherman, William T. was adopted by Mr. Ewing a distant relative. Early in 1836 he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point. He was superintendent of a military college in Louisiana at the outbreak of the War. Resigning his commission he enlisted in the service of his country and was appointed colonel in the 13th Regular Infantry. His first engagement was at Bull Run, "the first, the best planned, but worst fought battle of the war."

In the early years of the war Sherman was considered crazy and was continually abused by the press of the country, but by dint of mere genius he forced recognition from his bitterest enemies. He served with great distinction under Grant in the Western Campaign but it was when he assumed command of the Department of the Mississippi that he gained his brightest laurels. The great campaign which terminated with the surrender of Johnson's Army was planned and executed by Sherman. Grant relied implicitly on his judgment and Lincoln looked upon him as the one best fitted to co-operate with Grant and give the final blow to the Southern Confederacy.

Sherman's great campaign, which included the Fall of Atlanta, the March to the Sea, and the invasion of the Carolinas, was certainly one of the most wonderful in all history. It gave him a place in the temple of military fame and a permanent rank among the greatest commanders of the world.

It was in March, 1864, that Grant was made Lieutenant-General with

command of all the Union armies, Sherman succeeding to the command of the Department of the Mississippi. Grant being summoned to Washington, Sherman accompanied him as far as Cincinnati and "there in a parlor of the Burnet House, the two victorious generals, bending over their maps together, planned in outline that gigantic campaign of 1864-65 which was to end the war; then, grasping one another warmly by the hand, they parted, one starting East, the other South, each to strike at the appointed time his half of the ponderous death-blow."

The campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta revealed the true genius of Sherman. We associate with Grant the impression of resistless force; with Sheridan the sudden energy that sweeps away all barriers; Sherman was the professional and practical soldier. It is said of him that so well did he know the continent, that if all the maps were lost, he could replace them county by county.

Grant and Sherman had long considered the advisability of carrying the war into Georgia and the Carolinas. At last they determined to put their well formed plan into execution. But they had reckoned without their host, "Hood had not been fully considered in these golden suggestions and paper plans, or if so, he only appears as a quiescent factor. But this is not to be. He is not only to be potential, but the father of the new set of circumstances which were to modify and re-shape all pre-arrangements."

When Sherman determined to march south, Hood dared him to do it. Jefferson Davis openly boasted that Sherman was tempting fate and marching blindly to his doom. But Sherman like another Hannibal deliberately carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country. Hood essayed the part of Scipio, and tried to draw him from his prey by assuming the offensive and marching boldly against Tennessee, declaring that he would recapture the state. But Sherman

was too wary for him. Instead of abandoning his well-conceived plan, he sent re-enforcements to General Thomas who held the city of Nashville. Here the deliberate Thomas dealt Hood such a blow that he never recovered from it. Hood's army was completely routed and Jefferson Davis' prophecy had come true. "The snows of winter had indeed witnessed a Moscow retreat. It was not Sherman however, but Hood who had played the part of the discomfited Napoleon,"

On November 12, 1864, Sherman cut off all communication with his rear, and commenced the first stage of that celebrated campaign now enshrined in history and poetry as the "March to the Sea." At the outset it was not fully determined what was to be the objective point; one thing, however, was certain, that the army must support itself mainly from the country through which it passed. It was a magnificent army numbering over 60,000 able-bodied veterans, officered by experienced commanders. The soldiers did not know where they were going, but they knew that some important move was to be made.

Sherman's real objective point was Milledgeville, but by threatening both Macon and Augusta he endeavored to prevent a concentration of the Confederates at Milledgeville.

Very little opposition was met with, as most of the Southern soldiers had already joined the army, and were fighting in other parts of the South. So instead of hard fighting the men had what they regarded as a vast holiday frolic. Negroes flocked to join "Massa Linkum's boys." It was hard for the proud people of Georgia to realize that the hated Yankees were in possession of their country.

"Here would be a silver-mounted family carriage" says Major-General J. D. Cox, "drawn by a jackass and a cow, loaded inside and out with everything the country produced, vegetable and animal, dead and alive. Perched upon the top would be a ragged forager, rigged out in a fur hat

of a fashion worn by dandies of a century ago, or a dress-coat which had done service at stylish balls of a former generation. The jeers and jibes, the fun and the practical jokes, ran down the whole line as the *cortège* came in, and no masquerade in carnival could compare with it for original humor and rollicking enjoyment."

Sherman by his clever tactics succeeded in baffling the Southern generals and captured Milledgeville with hardly any loss to himself. After destroying the arsenal he set out for Millen the second stage of his March. Millen was captured and destroyed and then Sherman made directly for Savannah. After a successful assault on Fort McAllister by General Hazen the city surrendered and communications were opened with the fleet under Admiral Dahlgren. Sherman felt that his "March to the Sea" was at an end. He sent the joyful news of the capture of Savannah together with 25,000 bales of cotton and 250 cannon to President Lincoln "as a Christmas present to the nation."

But one short month had elapsed since his departure from Atlanta to the capture of Savannah. During that brief time he succeeded in breaking up the connection between the confederates in the East and West of Georgia; destroyed 200 miles of railroad; liberated countless slaves; and captured millions of dollars worth of property. Georgia had been the workshop of the confederacy and was now completely cut off from all the rest of the South.

But the moral effect of the "March to the Sea," was even greater. The South was terrified at the daring of the great feat, while the North rang with praises of this matchless campaign, which had "pierced life a knife the vitals of the Confederacy." Sherman had long been anxious to make known to the world the real strength of the Confederacy. He showed in marked contrast the weakness of the South, and the exhaustless and gigantic energies of the North.

It is impossible to overestimate the effects of this extraordinary achievement. From a military standpoint we cannot but admire the brilliancy of the plan, and the able manner in which it was executed. For while Sherman himself considered it but a means to a certain end, and not an essential act of war, it will nevertheless be always remembered as one of the greatest events in warfare. True he did not meet with any serious opposition, but this fact does not dim its lustre, nor detract from its daring and originality. If the hero of this celebrated march had met with more determined and concerted opposition, the result would have been the same. For in the consideration of this campaign, we are not to lose sight of the brilliancy of manoeuvre, the way in which he completely baffled all resistance. It was a campaign of dash and daring, this sweep through the enemy's country, and it will ever be a study among military men. It showed conclusively the feasibility of an army of invasion making its own army the base of supplies.

Without wishing to underestimate the merits of the other great generals of the Civil War, I think it can be safely said that no other general could have accomplished the same result under similar circumstances. It placed Sherman's fame as a military commander on a permanent basis, and inscribed his name forever in the loving memory of his fellow-countrymen.

Lincoln and many members of his cabinet as well as all the leading generals sent him congratulatory dispatchs on the successful ending of his daring venture. He received the thanks of Congress, as well as the most profuse praise of General Grant.

Early in the next year it was apparent to all that the Confederacy was nearing its end. Lee surrendered to Grant on April 9th, 1865, and a few days after, Johnson surrendered to the hero of Atlanta and the March to the Sea, and the war was over.

Dark and gloomy were the first days

after the war. But the North with a magnanimity unparalleled in the history of the world, forgot the past and grasped the hand of the South in forgiveness and love. And now we know no North, no South, no East, no West ; all sectional differences are subordinated to the general welfare. So great has been the progress of the South during the last thirty years, that it is the most prosperous and contented section of the country. Possessed of unbounded agricultural and mineral wealth, it is assured of a bright future.

No longer do the " Stars and Bars " wave over the South ; long ago was

that flag furled, but in its stead their true flag, the emblem of their fore-fathers, the flag of Washington, the star-spangled banner, floats triumphantly over the whole land, while peace and plenty go hand in hand. And everywhere on our glorious old banner, " spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, is that sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable ! "

T. RYAN, '99.



YOUTH AND AGE.

Up and down two buckets ply,
 A single well within ;
 While the one comes full on high,
 One the deeps must win ;
 Full or empty, never ending,
 Rising now and now descending,
 Always—while you quaff from this,
 That one lost in the abyss,
 From that well the waters living
 Never both together giving.





TO JESUS.

RINCELY Jesus, Lord and Lover,
 Tender still as Thou art strong!
 May Thy noon of mercy cover
 All the midnight of my wrong.

Beauteous Wisdom of The Father,
 Teach me in the Truth Thou art :
 Growth of sweetness let me gather
 In the garden of Thy Heart.

What were I, of Thee forsaken?
 Like the angels of the Fall
 From their starry courses shaken,
 Lorn of Thee, the All-in-All.

As the dew is to the flower,
 As the blossom to the bee,
 As to thirsty brooks the shower,
 Very thus art Thou to me.

As the bee when blossoms wither,
 As the flower when dews depart,
 As the brook in cloudless weather,
 Faints my soul, from Thee apart.

As the weary bee reposes
 'Mid the summer noontide's rest,
 Cradled in a bed of roses
 Rocked upon the zephyr's breast ;

So my spirit, (spent and wasted
 Far along the golden day,)
 Vainly wandering, only tasted
 Peace when on Thy Heart it lay.

There, Lord Jesus, hold it ever,
 Captivated, tranced, and ta'en
 By Thy honey-sweetness, never
 Forth from Thee to err again.

FRANK WATERS.

THE TRAVELLER.

HERE seems to be implanted in the nature of many people, a desire to travel, to view the world with its many wonders, and to contemplate in reality those things of which they have gained some knowledge through the medium of books or the columns of the press.

Goldsmith was a man of just such a disposition. His desire to make a tour of Europe was no mere wish, but a firm settled determination, which grew and strengthened with his years.

Such a journey, however could not be undertaken in a proper manner without the assistance of a well-filled purse, an auxiliary, whose valuable forces were seldom arrayed under Goldsmith's banner.

Generosity was with him a virtue carried to excess. While he had money he gave and spent freely, living only in the present and not bestowing the least thought on what the morrow had in store for him. This mode of life was surely not very conducive to economical habits, and effectually dispelled any hope its follower had of saving the money with which to pay his travelling expenses.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, he decided to set out on foot, the one mode of journeying which remained open to him, and called for the expenditure of the least money, a very powerful argument with him in his almost penniless state.

His preparations could not have taken long. A guinea, a flute and one spare shirt went to make up the sum of his earthly possessions and even the most fastidious person could not waste much time in the arranging of these.

Humble and humiliating as this manner of travelling was, yet the results which came from it were of infinite value to Goldsmith in his later writings.

Going thus, he was better able to observe the true characteristics and habits of the different nations he visited, which would otherwise have escaped his cognizance and thus have deprived his works of a great deal of their charm and interest.

Especially is this true of "The Traveller," which may be said to be a record of his itinerant wanderings, with his ideas of different countries, their inhabitants and their varied customs.

This poem obtained for him the right to rank as one of the foremost poets of the day, and it is safe to predict that it will be read and admired as long as the English language is spoken.

In the opening lines Goldsmith makes reference to his brother and the love which he bore him, thus showing evidence of his Irish birth, for among no nation is brotherly love so much practiced as among the children of the Emerald Isle. Exception there may be, and perhaps are, but it is well to remember that "exceptions but prove the rule," and so it is in this case. The thought of what a happy life that of his brother is, brings him to muse on his own hard lot,—a wanderer, almost friendless, and destitute of home or happiness.

But these depressing thoughts do not long remain with him. Seated in imagination on one of the lofty peaks of the lordly Alps, he looks down upon the smiling earth, dotted with cities and villages, comfortable hamlets and cultivated farms; all giving mute but undeniable evidence of the bounty and goodness of an all wise and beneficent Creator.

Why then should he not be happy? Surely in all this beautiful creation he can find:—

"Some spot to real happiness consigned
Where my worn soul each wandering hope at
rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest."

Thus does he announce his resolve to seek out Utopia, if that mystic land exists, and betake himself there with all possible speed.

Right here, however, his difficulties begin. Where is he to commence his search? Useless to ask the natives of the different countries; patriotism is too strong and widespread for any satisfaction to be derived by that means; so nothing remains for him, but to examine each one separately, and decide for himself which is worthy of the palm.

What land would be more likely to claim his attention first, than the one that did—bright sunny Italy, famed in song and story as one of the most beautiful divisions of our little earth?

Of her natural scenery Goldsmith speaks in words of unstinted praise and admiration. All the beautiful fruits and flowers with which nature has blessed our planet here are found in wild luxuriance, making the air heavy with their delicious perfumes and clothing the valleys and hillsides in a robe of regal splendor. Here and there arises a ruined wall, a mouldering temple, stately even in decay, giving evidence of a period of prosperity, that has departed without leaving behind any hope of its return.

As the country has degenerated so have the people. Love of sensual pleasures, regardless of the evil effects sure to follow, is mainly responsible for their downfall. Bad they may be but the rebuke which he gives them in the following lines can scarcely be borne out by fact:

"Though poor, luxurious, though submissive
vain,
Though grave yet trifling, zealous yet untrue
And even in penance planning sins anew."

This may apply to a class but it does not to the nation at large.

Disgusted, however, with these faults, Goldsmith turns his steps

towards Switzerland, a land the opposite in many respects of its southern neighbor. Here among the brave and hardy children of the Alps he begins his quest anew.

Cut off to a great extent from the rest of the world by an almost impenetrable barrier of rock, the Swiss, our poet hopes, may be found free from many of the world's vices and preserving their manners uncorrupted.

True many things are in their favor which serve to militate strongly against the chances of the unfortunate sons of Italy. Wealth among the Swiss is, like the mysterious algebraic symbol, an unknown quantity. They are free from all the galling chains, which may be added to a nation's misery by the possession and misuse of an abundance of riches. Liberty but not license prevails throughout their country, and it is rendered doubly dear to their patriotic hearts by the thoughts of the many fierce struggles through which they had to pass before they obtained the priceless jewel.

Patriotism is one of the leading traits of the Swiss character. He yearns for the wild freedom of his native hills; dangerous and unfruitful though they be, yet they are his home, and the memory of the price at which they were bought serves to bind him closer and closer to them.

This, however, is but one side of their life and the other is stained and discolored by many a grievous failing. Unknown to them are all the finer pleasures of the mind which cheer and enliven the spirit without leaving behind any bad effects. Their wants are few and their pleasure of as seldom occurrence, but when an opportunity offers itself, they eagerly seize upon it, give unrestrained flow to the evil passions which have been restrained so long, and

"In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire."

Lacking in the Italian's warmth of heart they form few friendships, their loves are not many and their whole

moral standard is about as low as their rude pleasures.

The easy and graceful manner in which Goldsmith turned from this degenerate land to France and the beautiful figure which he employs in doing so, combine to heighten the reader's estimation of the writer and to give a clearer idea of Goldsmith's wonderful poetic powers. For some reason he always evinced a great dislike for the French, and on all occasions he endeavoured to belittle them as much as possible, an attempt in which he was joined by many authors of his day. Still he does not accord them in this part of the poem such harsh treatment as might be expected.

In travelling through the country his flute was of great assistance to him in procuring both food and lodging. Although he was but an indifferent performer on his instrument yet the peasants had naught but praise for his "wondrous power." This habit of giving praise lightly is peculiarly characteristic of the whole population, and although it is generally prompted by a feeling of courtesy, yet the carrying of it to excess gives rise to most of their faults. Desirous of receiving some return they become ostentatious; all kinds of shams and deceits are practiced; vanity becomes widespread, with the inevitable result that the people lose all appreciation of the value of that praise which comes from a good conscience and instead seek that which fools impart.

Owing to these defects in the French character, Goldsmith suffers another disappointment. But failure with him is not, as with so many others, a synonym of despair, for in a moment he is ready to begin anew the prosecuting of his search for an Elysium.

Towards Holland, level, sea-subjected land that it is, does he next "wend his weary way." Few and scant are the words of praise which he bestows upon its inhabitants, but when he comes to view their vices his ideas are expressed in the most scathing and scornful language to be found in the

whole poem. Naturally of a generous nature, he cannot but despise and denounce a people whose highest aim in life is to amass riches, careless of the methods employed or the misery they inflict upon others by their unholy greed. No doubt in describing their faults he may have allowed his poetic imagination to exaggerate them, for the sake of exciting a disgust, not for the people, so much as for the disgraceful sins which he pictures them committing.

The low estimation in which liberty is held by this nation, their servility and craftiness, all combine to show the depths of their degradation, and to prove how unworthy they are of their brave and warlike ancestors, the Belgae.

Remembering the degree of kinship which existed between this ancient race and the Britons, Goldsmith turns to his native country to see whether its people are subject to the same defects.

Knowing of what a patriotic disposition Goldsmith was we need not be surprised to find him referring to his countrymen as "lords of human kind," inhabitants of a land surpassing even famed Arcadia and possessing all the benefits that man can derive from the fullest measure of freedom.

In fact, the overabundance of these blessings is the cause of many national evils. The lowest peasant deems himself of equal importance with the haughtiest noble, and as the latter does not admit this contention, an inevitable conflict arises between them, opposing factions are formed, and civil strife follows. Wealth acquires too much unjust power, might becomes right and the once great land

"One sink of level avarice shall lie
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die."

Yet, while Goldsmith takes this pessimistic view of the state of things consequent upon unlimited freedom, he does not wish to pose as a flatterer of kings, or to court the great. His idea would be to restrain liberty within

legitimate bounds and thus prevent it from becoming licence.

Freedom in its truest sense cannot be possessed by a class alone. It must be the portion of all, or it is not deserving of the name. Wealth is unable to purchase it, but can restrain others from enjoying its privileges, a fact only too well known to many an Irish emigrant, and exemplified by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village."

Thus does "The Traveller" point out the good and the evil side of the British character, and although he notices a vast improvement over the other nations, yet not even among the Britons can he truly say that all the requisites of the spot which he searched for are to be found.

Disappointed in every country which he has inspected, he now sees the futility of ever having undertaken the tour, that he had just ended.

Vainly does he regret the time he has wasted in seeking after a good which should be enshrined in the heart, secure from hurt or harm, independent of a tyrant's anger or the rigor of his unjust laws, his tortures or oppressions, things

"To men remote from power but rarely
known
Leave reason, faith and conscience, all our
own."

With these lines does Goldsmith bring to a fitting close a poem, which may be said to excel in gracefulness and agreeableness of expression combined with its simplicity of style any of the other poetical works of his prolific pen, rendered motionless only too soon by the genial poet's untimely and regrettable death.

GEORGE E. KELLEY,
First Form.



THE SOWER.

Sure of the Spring that warms them into birth,
The golden seeds thou trustest to the earth;
And dost thou doubt the Eternal Spring sublime,
For deeds—the seeds which Wisdom sows in Time?



THE ORIGIN OF POLITICAL POWER.

AS is evident from the title of this essay, its aim is to enquire into the origin of political sovereignty. It might seem at first sight that this is an easy task ; but such is not the case. The question is of large compass. In the first place we know as a matter of history and fact that wherever nations actually exist or have been known to exist, there is to be found also a sovereign power ; that is, one which exercises all authority and directs the actions of the nation to its end. Hence we must explain the origin of this universal fact. How comes it that this authority exists and that no nation is without it ? To answer this question is of course to show the very institution of political power. In the next place we know that this authority always existed in some particular person or body of men. Whence, therefore, do this person or body of men derive that power ? What is its immediate cause ? From whom does it come ? If we would answer these questions we must discuss the transmission of authority, inquiring by whom it was given to those individual persons. Again we might inquire into the origin of authority in any particular state, in France or England for example. But it is evident that this belongs to history rather than to philosophy. Therefore our work is to find an answer to the two questions ; first, whence comes political authority in itself ? And secondly, what is its immediate source as found in the concrete, in a particular person or body of men ?

In answer to the first question we say that authority comes from God immediately ; but to the second, we reply that it comes immediately from the people. And as we maintain that political authority primarily and radically comes

from God, our opponents are Rousseau and the rationalistic school. They contend that it comes from the people originally, being nothing else than a concession of the latter's rights to the ruler. Hence, according to this school, the people can revoke that power arbitrarily, and consequently insurrection is always lawful.

Against this system we have to prove that political power, always considering it in itself, without reference to the subject in which it may reside, comes directly from God. Let us therefore advance our arguments.

First, we believe all will admit that he who creates, founds, or establishes anything is the author also of whatever is contained in his creation. Now, in the bosom of a society there is necessarily authority, for this is its very form without which there can be no society at all. But it has been proved, not here but elsewhere, that political society is something natural ; that is, it comes from the beneficent Author of nature Himself. Therefore the authority in that society must also come from God.

In the second place let us remember that any perfection existing among creatures in a limited degree must be found in an eminent degree in a superior being, which is God. Now, political power is a perfection and a lofty one, and is found among men, though in a defective form, for it is not always used to the betterment of society. Therefore it is a mere participation of that which exists in an eminent degree in God. Hence the inevitable conclusion that political power comes from God. Here follows an argument which militates especially against Rousseau and his school. All men, considered in relation one to another, are naturally free and inde-

pendent and therefore equal. By nature we have no inferiors or superiors. Some may be better than others in science, virtue, and such like, but that does not make them superior. Even all men collectively are not superior by nature to any particular individual, for he is just as free and independent as they are. Hence whether men be taken individually or collectively, there seems to exist according to nature's disposal no superiority of authority of one or more over others. Yet it is a fact that this authority does exist. Whence does it come, therefore, if not from a supreme, donating, superadding principle which is God?

Let us hear Suarez on the question. He says that if we consider political power in all its functions, there are some which indisputably show its divine origin. First, it gives the right over life and death; and as God is the only being who naturally has this right, we must concede that its existence among men must have a divine source. Secondly, political power makes laws which bind in conscience, that is, their transgression may be detrimental to the attaining of our last end. But as the whole order of our last end belongs to God and to none other, we must conclude that civil power is a mere participation of a divine prerogative, which is to say that it comes from God. Again this authority can determine, apply, or interpret natural law. No one, however, has power over natural law but God, as it is the mere expression of divine, eternal law. Therefore the legitimate existence of such power in our midst is but another evidence that the authority which exercises it is participated from God.

We now come to the second part of our task, which is to prove that political power in the concrete is given by God to the whole people of a nation, who, when they consent to have a ruler or body of rulers, transmit this authority to those latter. Our system thus receives the name of mediate communication in opposition to that of immediate communication, which holds

that God directly gives authority to rulers when they are constituted as such. The upholders of this system grant to the people nothing but the designation of the ruler, which may be done explicitly, by way of election, paternal power, heredity, victory, or supereminent genius. Here the action of the people stops, they say. Once designated, the ruler is crowned with authority directly from God. This is what is commonly called the divine right of kings, and is upheld by many to-day, among whom are numbered the illustrious Liberatore and Zigliara. This school is a mere reaction against the doctrines of Rousseau, who, as we saw, taught that authority primarily and *per se* comes from the people, God having nothing to do with it. Hence we are sometimes accused of favoring Rousseau's opinion. But such is not at all the case. We agree with him inasmuch as we say authority is given to the rulers by the people; but to the latter we hold it has been given by God. Rousseau denies this and thereby loses our support.

That there may be no misunderstanding let us state our position clearly. We hold that political authority in itself comes from God. He communicates it not to one person but to the whole people as to its subject, its proper residence, its permanent fund. And when we say the people we mean the public community in all its orders, not the rabble or a band of demagogues. Now as ordinarily the people cannot govern themselves in all details and particulars, they transfer this supreme power to a person, physical, if but one, moral if many. By such a transmission they dispose of their former independence and submit to the authority of the governing person. The people therefore make, as it were, a public contract with the ruler. They propose to him conditions of government. They, by the fact, accept duties of obedience; he receives duties of government, and these mutual agreements are ordinarily shaped into what are called constitutions.

The question naturally arises here, whether this transmission of rights by the people is total and absolute. Bellarmine holds that only the act of power, is transferred to the rulers and that the people retain their right radically. Hence if the authority is tyrannically used, it can be revoked. Suarez and others say the transference is total, but they hold that the right of defence against an unjust aggressor legitimates resistance to tyranny. Both opinions appear plausible; it is not necessary to declare a preference.

Now we will advance proofs for our position. And first let us say that the school of immediate communication calls in God's interference where it is not needed at all. For whenever anything can be explained by secondary causes, it is contrary to the principles of rational philosophy to refer to God directly for explanation. Now in the present case the transmission of power to rulers is easily explained by deriving it from the people. Hence there is no necessity for invoking the performance of a miracle at each creation of a ruler, for such is really what our opponents hold. Besides it is hardly becoming to the dignity of God that he should be the direct source of giving us such tyrants as Nero or Henry the Eighth. If we refer to history we find that the election of the people, expressed or implied, was always the fount and source of authority. This fact shows that the thing was legitimately done. Therefore power is transmitted by the people to their rulers. We have only to read history to substantiate our argument. Such was the case with the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Franks; such is the common regime to-day.

Again history shows peoples constantly changing and determining political power; in fact acting as if it were theirs. Yet no one questions the legitimacy of their acts. But if they did not give authority, they would be usurpers. Therefore they possess this power and can hand it over to others.

We might add that, since God is

supreme unity, if He were the immediate source of power to rulers, there would be but one form of government for all nations. But all admit that the several forms of monarchy, aristocracy or democracy are good and legitimate. Wherefore the right of governing must come directly, not from God, but from the people, who being so diverse in taste, character or dispositions, invest the supreme power in different forms of government.

Further, God is the author of human society of which authority is an essential element. Therefore he must give to men this authority or right of governing. He has not however given it to particular men, because by nature all men are equal. Whence he must have given it to the whole multitude, to the people themselves, who therefore are the immediate source of this authority in rulers.

By way of illustration we might consider a people in two states. First, that wherein the different families live separate, without any union or intercommunication, each pursuing its individual interest, and centering its proper energies within the sphere of its particular life. In such a condition of things, it is evident that there exists no civil authority. Later on, however, those families, seeing that it would be for their welfare or convenience to unite and form a political society, do so. And not being able to handily manage the government of their affairs themselves, they choose representatives, whose office it thereby becomes to rule the society and guide it to its destiny. Now in fact we have authority. But when has it come? Does it not seem that the most natural manner is by way of direct transmission from the people? Political authority after all is a thing of the natural order. Wherefore it must result from natural secondary causes, which are nothing else than the families united in one civil body.

The great cry raised against our theory is that it favours revolutions. But such is not at all the case: rather

might this be said of the theory of immediate communication. For let us consider a nation where political power for the moment is not centered in anyone. On the hypothesis of our opponents there are, as we have seen, several titles which may designate a particular individual as ruler. It may easily happen then that many different persons should declare themselves entitled *de jure* to rule. And as those titles are not determined, the result will be intrigue, and strife, and civil dissension. Now with our system such a result is impossible. He governs whom the multitude chooses. And if it should happen, as in fact occurred in the case of Napoleon in France, that one should grasp the power, he might afterwards appeal to the people and if they approve, he becomes from ruler *de facto*, ruler *de jure*.

Our opponents, we fear, confuse ecclesiastical with civil power. The

former does, indeed, come immediately from God to the sovereign pontiff. But does it not seem strange that a power of so different a nature from the ecclesiastical as is the civil should have the same origin? We suspect that on the supposition of a common origin, and as, according to the adage "to fieri est via ad esse," the political power may invade the sanctuary. For then the church would not differ from the state, or it would be at most a separate branch with functions subject to the control of the same governing power.

Now we conclude, with the belief that our position has been quite clearly stated and sufficiently supported with proofs. It is reassuring to know also that this doctrine is upheld by many illustrious men,—by several of the Holy Fathers, by St. Thomas and the old scholastic school, by Bellarmine, Suarez, and St. Liguori.

J. J. QUILTY, 97.



THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Within the narrow bed, glad babe to thee
 A boundless world is spread !
 Unto thy soul the boundless world shall be
 When man, a narrow bed !



JUNE: MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

PLEASANT June ! what tender memories fold
 Their pensive thoughts around thy heart of gold ;
 Like rose-leaves curling o'er the scented cup,
 Their life's sweet chalice. In thee treasured up
 Are many chords of one deep harmony
 Played on a harp Eolian ; light and free
 Arias blown by childhood's careless June,
 Melodies perfect, with heaven's breath attune ;
 Meet measures for the dancing steps that strayed
 'Mid flowers and innocence ; anon delayed
 By notes celestial linked with fragrance faint
 Of incense wreathing marble shrine and saint.
 But now the south wind over myrtle plains
 Evokes a fugue of impassioned strains.
 The cypress softly shades life's heated noon,
 Sad'ning with precious pain one sacred June.
 But, list ! sublimer airs are on the wing
 A master touch awakes each trembling string
 To music such as angels hush to hear.
 That Heart, to hearts of men divinely dear,
 Our hope, our joy, choose thee, O month of bloom
 And promise, love and homage to assume.

ETHAN HART MANNING.



EDUCATION.

THE present century has been characterised by the humane efforts, on the part of Christian churches, civil governments, benevolent societies and charitable personages to improve the social and mental condition of mankind. One of the means, especially employed to promote this grand object has been the establishment of schools, where children of every class, including the poorest, in our communities, are educated at a small or no expense to the parents. These schools are expected to develop the intellectual qualities of the rising generation, to remove ignorance, to encourage the exercising of the reasoning powers to teach every individual to govern him or herself by the dictates of an enlightened conscience and to form opinions on all subjects in which human beings are practically interested.

It is the prevalent belief that the education of the people generally will accordingly effect a great change, for the better throughout the world ; that it will ennoble human nature and lessen crime in our societies ; alleviate the hardships and servitude to which certain classes of the human race have been subjected in all countries, and in all ages ; that it will enable men to gain a livelihood with less physical labour than formerly ; that it will cause the riches of the earth to be distributed more equitably among the people and give every man the opportunity to compete for the highest honours which the world offers.

But educationists are beginning to perceive that these reforms are dependent in a great degree upon the character of the education given to the people at large, upon the manner in which knowledge or learning is utilised and upon the objects to which the educated devote themselves.

As society is made up of various classes of mankind, as men differ, one from the other, according to their natural abilities, tastes and habits, as there exists various callings and missions in life, to which men find themselves drawn, according to their associations, training and inclinations, so education must be adapted to circumstances. Like the seeds of various plants, herbs or fruits, which must be sown where they will meet with the soil and climate which are congenial, which contain the qualities upon which their growth and maturity are dependent.

Thus, it is, whilst one kind of education instilled into certain minds would be productive of great good, it might, in other cases, prove injurious or fruitless and unfit the youth for that sphere in life, to which outward circumstances and their natural qualities had ordained them. The reasonableness of this assertion is forcibly illustrated by the results of a Collegiate education, among the Negro population in the Southern States of America. According to the authority of a Journal, published in the State of Georgia, which referred to the large number of Negroes, who had graduated, at an enormous expense, borne by money from the Northern States, we are informed, that those highly educated Negroes are not so comfortable and independent as their colored brethren who have not had the same educational advantages ; that the latter are thrifty and prosperous, whilst the College-graduates find it hard to make a living at all ; that, as lawyers and doctors, the Negroes labor under great disadvantages, from their inability to compete with the white educated people. It is therefore argued, by the writer, in this

Journal, that if the money which has been supporting colleges among these Negroes, were devoted to the establishment of industrial training schools in which these poor people might learn to work to advantage at Industries, they would be better off than as a highly educated class.

Thus Education may fail to promote the welfare and happiness of people and tend to raise up new difficulties and trials in their way, unless it be of a character adapted to their circumstances. Education will not benefit society unless it develops both the intellectual and moral qualities of the rising generation, unless it ennobles human nature and makes men humble and God-fearing, unless it qualifies the poorer classes for that sphere of life to which circumstances have called them and their inclinations dispose them.

There are two kinds of education ; one which cultivates the mind and reforms the manners, which imparts essential knowledge and fits the youth to become useful members of society, which makes them submissive to authority ; combines knowledge with righteousness and fills the mind with heavenly aspirations. The other kind tends to expose its pupils to great dangers and temptations and fails to promote their welfare, which whilst it strengthens the understanding does not purify the heart, whilst it imparts knowledge, does not subdue the animal passions, whilst it develops the reasoning faculties, does not eradicate a cunning and covetous spirit ; whilst it lays the foundation for certain vocations, does not elevate the thoughts and direct them into proper channels ; whilst it cultivates the tastes, weakens the physical powers and produces effeminacy, laziness and selfishness. Education, like religion, may become a savour of life unto life to some and a savour of death unto death to others ; it may be abused and prove abortive after having been implanted in the minds of the youth.

Thus, a certain system of education, such as is eagerly sought after by the

world and comprised in some secular scholastic institutions does not necessarily banish sin from our nature nor lessen the number of convicts in our penitentiaries. Therefore, the State, benevolent societies and parents are often disappointed at the results of these benevolent works in the cause of education, when they find that some of the worst criminals, the most dishonorable, debauched and hardened wretches in the large cities, have been men of education, whose diabolical deeds have surpassed, in enormity, the crimes of the poor, ignorant vagabond ; whose courses of evil have manifested a method and study which the poor, uneducated villain had not the brains to conceive.

Men transgress the divine and human laws under different circumstances ; some, at the impulse of the moment or under the influence of great incentives commit crime ; the evil deeds of others are classed as " forethought felony," having been preceded by a cool, calculating design and a wilful determination to do wrong. It is the latter, which oftentimes marks the crimes of the educated, whose confidence in their abilities, makes them more daring and hardened and cunning than the simple-minded and ignorant outcast.

Education must embrace more qualifications than those which make people smart, intelligent, equipped to earn a livelihood by their wits and to compete with their fellows in the struggle for the honours and riches of the world ; it must form the characters of the pupils and make them moral, high principled, conscientious, patient, persevering, industrious and pure minded. Any student, not possessing these qualities, cannot make a good and useful member of society. The poor, simple-minded, God-fearing man, who can neither read nor write, who patiently earns an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow, is far happier and a much better member of society than the man who, though a scholar, is unprincipled, who is too proud to engage in manual labour but is not

ashamed to over-reach his neighbor by his deep cunning or to obtain wealth and pleasure through illegitimate means.

The only system of education, which will bear good fruit and can be safely imparted to the youth is that which goes hand in hand with the truths and principles of the Christian religion.

The nature of man, his animal propensities and the temptations of the world make it absolutely essential that education should be adapted to the elevation both of mind and soul, should subdue the spirit of the flesh and make men pious as well as learned. It is a narrow-minded view of the mission of man on earth which would confine the curriculum solely to the preparation of youths for the secular callings, upon which the *sensual* wants of society are dependent. Man's mission is not only to earn a livelihood for himself and family but to make his talents a blessing to society and assist, according to

his opportunities, in promoting truth, piety and righteousness in the world. It is therefore an erroneous and dangerous policy which advocates the abolition of religion from our public schools. Whenever religious teachings are excluded from the curriculum of our schools and Universities, then the practice of moral duties is sure to decline. A system of morality is the fruit of religion and dependent upon it; it is upheld and enforced on religious and scriptural grounds; the dogmas of Christian theology promote the virtues of temperance, purity, humility, unselfishness, valor, truthfulness, charity and heavenly-mindedness. It is therefore on account of the effect of religious teachings in the mind of the young that the Catholic Church has organized her separate schools, so that the secular knowledge inculcated in her children may be sanctified by its association with the wisdom of God.

C. F. STREET, M.A.



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REMARKS

With this issue concludes the tenth volume of the OWL. The year has been successful and uneventful for the Wise Bird. If no marked addition has been made to its plumage, neither have any valuable feathers been plucked from its wings or tail. The cage and its venerable occupant are handed over by the caretakers of 1896-97 to their successors of next September, with the solemn injunction to guard the precious treasure as they would their lives. And we know they will.

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We are in receipt of a copy of the splendid speech delivered

in the Senate on the Manitoba School Question by the Hon. Mr. Bernier. It is undoubtedly a most comprehensive and complete statement of the rights of the Manitoba Catholics from every point of view. Did justice always follow truth and argument, Senator Bernier's speech would not long remain without effect. But unfortunately, truth and justice are just now divorced. Nevertheless, Mr. Bernier has done his duty nobly, and his persistent efforts will have largely influenced the bringing about of the better days to come.

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The *Monitor* is the name of a new Catholic weekly newspaper that recently began publication in London, England. It is a splendid illustration of how much better Catholics do things in England than in America. What have we on this great progressive continent to compare, in the matter of Catholic journalism pure and simple, with *The Tablet*, *The Liverpool Catholic Times*, and *The Monitor*? Nothing, absolutely nothing. We must say that *The Monitor* has excellent literary taste. Speaking of the article "Lily Vale" that appeared in the January "OWL," *The Monitor* says: "A beautiful description is given by "A.L." of a piece of Canadian scenery, which he calls Lily Vale, which, for nicety of expression and delicate touches, might be well compared to some of Robert Louis Stevenson's best work."

Thanks. There can be no further doubt in THE OWL's mind of the brilliant career that stretches out before *The Monitor*. Such correct judgment not only deserves success but commands it.

THE PASSING OF OLD FRIENDS.

THE OWL is about to lose the services of three old and valued friends in the persons of Rev. A. Newman, '93, and Messrs. J. J. Quilty, '97, and J. Ryan, '97. The former was an editor during his college days, and he has kept up the good work for the four years of his theological course here. What has appeared over his name is only a small fraction of his contributions. His other work it would not be prudent to mention now, even had he a no larger vulnerable spot than famed Achilles. He has still work to do in this world, and the OWL wishes him the greatest success in it. Mr. J. Ryan has been for four years in charge of the "Editorial Notes," and has made that department interesting, instructive and edifying. His place will be hard to fill. The same is true of Mr. Quilty who in his capacity as editor, as indeed everywhere else, spared neither himself, his time nor his talents in the furtherance of every college interest.

Thanks, gentlemen, and good bye, that is, God be with you. The OWL will keep an eye on you, for, as you are aware, the Bird never sleeps.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP DONTENVILLE, O.M.I.

Another alumnus and former professor of Ottawa University has been chosen by the Holy See for the exalted office of the episcopacy, in the person of Rev. Augustin Dontenville, O.M. I. recently nominated coadjutor to His Lordship Bishop Durieu, of New Westminster. Rev. Father Dontenville spent many years in Ottawa, first as a student and then as professor. His modest and retiring disposition contrasted strongly with the extent and

depth of his learning, while his amiability endeared him to those with whom he came in contact and made friends for him on every side. His departure for the Oblate missions in British Columbia about seven years ago was a serious loss for this institution. Now, however, that Rev. Father Dontenville has been called to occupy one of the most honorable as well as responsible positions in the Church, all his former colleagues will join with those who have benefited by his learning and zeal, to wish the new Bishop every grace and blessing and many years of fruitful labors in the diocese for which he is soon to devote himself in a more intimate and personal manner than heretofore.

DONERS OF MEDALS.

We have the greatest pleasure in nothing a decided advance in the matter of the donation of medals by our alumni for competition among the students. To last year's list, which comprised His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Very Rev. J. Keough V.G., of Paris, Ont., A. E. Lussier, B. A. of Ottawa, Rev. P. Lecompte, O.M.I. of Hull, P.Q., and Dr. P. J. Gibbons of Syracuse, N.Y., six other graduates must now be added. They are Rt. Rev. A. Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, His Honor Judge Curran, LL.D. of Montreal, Mr. N A Belcourt, M P, LL.D., of Ottawa, D. Phelan, M.A., M.D., of Kingston, Ont., Rev. T J Fitzpatrick, B.A., of Providence, R.I., and Rev. C. C. Delaney, B.A., of Burlington, Vt.

All these distinguished graduates have shown a most praiseworthy interest in their Alma Mater. Let us hope that their example may be contagious.

Other donors of medals, and to whom the deepest gratitude of the students is due, are His Excellency the Governor-General, Very Rev. L. Soullier, Superior General of the Oblates, the Very Rev. J. Lefebvre, O.M.I., Canadian Provincial, the Very Rev. Rector of the University, the Rev. O. Boucher, of Haverhill, Mass., Rev. E. Gendreau, O.M.I., of Mattawa, Ont., Rev. P. Drouet, O.M.I., of Quebec, and Mr. James Warnock, of Ottawa.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Winnipeg Free Press* says: "In Winnipeg there are some hundreds of children taught in separate schools supported by voluntary contributions from people who also have to contribute their taxes to the public schools. These people are not bearing this burden for a mere whim. They are actuated by opinions which appeal to them strongly." This quotation goes a long way to prove that the "Settlement" is not accepted by the Manitoba minority.

Ferdinand Brunetiere, the French critic, at present in this country, thus characterizes Emile Zola. "What has this Zola done for literature? Never has a writer been more ignorant. Never has an observer been less true. The man is ignorant of history, ignorant of the country, ignorant of the city of Paris itself, and yet he has dared to apply the name of truth to what he calls his art and has had the impudence to entitle his work, a 'Natural and Social History of a Family under a Second Empire.' His French workman is not the French workman; his French soldier is not the French soldier; his French officer is not the French officer; his French bourgeois is a miserable mean parody on the French bourgeois. There is in French life nothing which corresponds to the baseness, the coarseness and the cynicism of

Zola. I will not deny, that he has talent but I deeply regret that his talent is applied to the setting of so pernicious an example. What good can his expositions of brutality, vulgarity and grossness accomplish? What moral influence can they exert, but to create a world of cynics patterned after their exponent." Poor Zola! only the vulgar appreciate him at home, while fanatics do him like justice abroad.

ONE of the good results of the deliberations of the Catholic congress in Mexico will be the establishment of a Catholic University in that country. Already the subject has been submitted to and has met with the approval of the Sacred Congregation of Studies. In Philosophy and Theology this new institution will have the power of conferring degrees to be recognized as equivalent to those given at Rome. Archbishop Alarcon has already started the ball rolling and when fully equipped it is expected that the work of this university will be the most effective means of restoring the Catholic religion to its former position in Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS has a Catholic colored population of 75,000 with four churches and forty-two schools teaching 2,800 pupils. During the past year 556 adult Americans of the African race were baptized in that city.

THE Berlin *Tageblatt* laments the growth of Catholicity in Protestant Thuringia. "Slowly but surely" it says "Catholicism is taking root in our once thoroughly Protestant Thuringia." On this the *London Tablet* comments as follows: "As Thuringia is the home of the dear St. Elizabeth, we may heartily hope that the prayers of that glorious patron will slowly win back her country to the old faith. The following facts are interesting. In the Vicariate-Apostolic of Anhalt the Catholics were multiplied from 1,500 in 1875, to 8,874 in 1890. In Saxe-Coburg-Gotha the growth has been from 1,500 in 1875, to 2,921 in 1890. The number of Catholics in some other of these small states is as

follows: Saxe-Meiningen, 2,789; Saxe-Altenburg, 2,091; Saxe-Weimar, 11,168; Schwarzburg-Sonderhausens, 700; Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, 350; Reuss, elder branch 936, younger branch 1,081. In all these tiny states the percentage of Catholics to the entire population ranges from about half to three per cent. The churches and schools are few, and often in a position of considerable poverty.

REV. W. SEARLS, D.D., formerly chaplain of Auburn prison, in the course of a lecture on "The Causes of Crime," said "One cause of crime is a one-sided education. As well put in charge of an engine an engineer who knows his engine's machinery, but does not know how to run it, as to teach a child everything except how to live. Our educational system has neglected the moral side of its training. This should be corrected." Had the Rev. gentleman been speaking of a Separate School system, this remark would have been unnecessary.

THE *Glasgow Herald* says: "The reception of Father Maturin, of the Cowley Society, into the Church of Rome, constitutes the most serious, and, indeed, so far, the only serious loss that the Papal Bull has inflicted on the Church of England. The step has taken ecclesiastical circles by surprise. It is said that the attitude of the Anglican episcopate to the divorce question was its determining cause. Father Maturin is a very eloquent preacher, and will be an ornament to the Roman communion in England."

WE have only commendation for the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, who has issued to his subordinates a notice declaring that marriage licenses must not be granted in any case to divorced persons. The *Preston Catholic News* (England) says this step "is a welcome advance on the part of a single Protestant magnate whose action accentuates the inaction of his colleagues."

Mr. Henry Austin Adams has assumed editorial management of

Donahoe's Magazine. This should mean the rapid progress of this publication to the very first rank of American Monthlies.

We wonder how many Irishmen of this generation will have any clear recollections in their mind by the name of Isaac Butt, such vivid *Reminiscences* of whom William O'Brien, of the Irish Parliamentary party, gives in *The Catholic World Magazine* for June. Few, Mr. O'Brien thinks: "yet barely twenty years have come and gone since he had the Irish cause in his keeping." After having "spent his most golden years . . . as a ricketing young Tory," he flung his later life into a forlorn hope, and passed from political life a "bowed and broken old man," on whose foundation others were to build. Mr. O'Brien's paper is most realistic in its description of the element personal pain and pathos in most impersonal political movements.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O. M. I., Professor of natural sciences, evidently shares in the opinion that the science of Geology is an "outdoor" one, and that the best instructor is nature herself. On Friday the 7th ult., the Rev. Professor announced that instead of the regular class-work that afternoon, there would be a trip to Hogsback for the purpose of examining and studying the rocks at that place. This news was received with great satisfaction and all necessary preparations were quickly attended to. A start was made at 1.30 p. m., and after a very pleasant drive of about an hour, the students beheld the beautiful little village of their destination. Hogsback is handsomely situated on the banks of the Rideau River and has long been a favorite camping resort with Ottawa people. But, if the place has charms for the pleasure-seeker it has still greater attractions for the scientist and the student. The afternoon was pretty

well taken up in examining the structure and condition of the rocks. Several very beautiful fossils were found and brought to the college. The chemical action of air and the erosive power of water are admirably illustrated in the rocks of this locality. A good opportunity is also afforded here to study the formation of river-pebbles and of soils. After partaking of a light lunch, all returned home, well satisfied with the pleasure and instruction of the afternoon's journey.

On Friday the 21st. ult. a visit was paid to the Geological Museum in the city. This establishment is under the direct control of the Dominion Government and contains the finest collection in Canada. Besides the geological collection this museum has large mineralogical and zoological departments, and many Indian curiosities. Dr. H. M. Ami, the assistant paleontologist, showed the class through the geological department and gave all explanations concerning the specimens on exhibition. The Owl tenders to Dr. Ami the thanks of Rev. Father Lajeunesse and of the class for his kindness and courtesy to them on this occasion.

It cannot be said that these visits are a loss of time. On the contrary they give a zest to the study. We hope that the interest shown for this science by the members of this year's class may remain an example for the imitation of future classes. We would even suggest that greater efforts should be made to render this study profitable and agreeable. Some of us can look back to the time when one of the most flourishing organizations of the college was known as the "Mineralogical Society". But of late years we have not heard of any meetings of such a society. Why this should be we are at a loss to account. Perhaps the work done by the students of Geology this year may revive the interest displayed in years gone by and lead to re-organization of this most desirable college society,

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Monday the 10th ult., being the

patronal feast of Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., our rector, was observed as a holiday at the University. In the evening an excellent musical and dramatic entertainment was given in the Academic Hall. The attendance was very large, bearing testimony to the esteem in which our Rev. Rector is held in the City. Among the clergy, were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Revs. P. T. Ryan '84, F. French '91, D. Campbell '90, and many other alumni. The programme opened with a chorus by the Glee Club, "Soldiers' Chorus" (Gounod) taken from "Faust." Mr. T. Dionne, then delighted the audience with a cornet solo, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi.) A farce entitled "Wanted, a Husband", was then acted by Messrs. J. Foley, W. Sullivan and E. Gleeson, and kept the house in continued laughter from the beginning to the end. A chorus "Les Maitres Ferblantiers" (Gilbert) by the Glee Club followed and received most encouraging applause. The first part of the programme was then brought to a close by a recitation "The Crest of Sarsfield," by Master Anson Howard, who was very deservedly recalled. Part II began with a chorus by the Glee Club "Thy Footstep Light" (Rossini) and was greatly appreciated by all present. Master A. St. Aubin then favored the audience with a flute solo "L'Amour" (Coquet) and was obliged to respond to an *encore*. The next item of the programme was a French farce "Une Nuit au Faulhorn" (E. Vercousin) and the characters were ably impersonated by Messrs. L. Payment, E. Doyle and G. Coté. "Nearer my God to Thee," in the sign language of the deaf and dumb was then given by Mr. R. A. O'Meara. The movements were very graceful and seemed to be a rare treat to all assembled. Responding to an *encore* Mr. O'Meara gave the Lord's Prayer in the same language. A chorus "Fête Andalousse" (Papin) by the Glee Club brought the entertainment to a close. During the evening many com-

plimentary remarks were heard concerning the choruses by the Glee Club. To these should be added the congratulations of all the students, and special thanks is due to Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I., who proved himself, not only on this occasion, but throughout the whole year, so able and painstaking a musical director.

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On Ascension Thursday, the Choir, under the directorship of Rev. Father Lambert, sang at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Church. Before service, Mr. C. Bertrand was heard to good advantage in a solo "Star of the Sea." The rest of the musical programme consisted of a solo "O Salutaris," (Lesueur) by our esteemed alumnus, Dr. Thomas Tetreau, of Montreal, who is at present in the University, to write for his degree in science. Mozart's Magnificat and Lambillotte's "Tantum Ergo in F" were sung by the full choir.

ATHLETICS.

The spring foot-ball practices have come to an end, after producing their customary beneficial results. The teams were evenly matched. All of them played fast, and scientific foot-ball, and were actuated by that keen rivalry, so characteristic of our spring games. As was expected, several of the younger players kicked the rubber, in a style that suggests future prominence in the foot-ball arena. Gobeil, Ross, Murphy and McNulty are foremost among those who should be able to make strong claims for a position on the first team next fall. After a number of games were played, Dulin's team held first place, and will consequently be awarded the handsome prize presented by the Athletic Association. On the whole, the practices were very beneficial. Our only dissatisfaction is that the series was not completed, as the weather remained very congenial for foot-ball purposes.

The baseball season was opened on Saturday, May 15th, in a game between the College and Ottawa clubs. This was the first of a series to be played for the Ottawa Valley League Championship, which our club managed to win last year. The College team was an unknown quantity before this game. Several of them being new and untried men, there was much doubt as to whether our players would be able to successfully compete with the outsiders. However, there was a pleasant surprise in store for college enthusiasts. Our players batted, caught and threw to bases with unexpected accuracy. From the beginning they took the lead which increased with the progress of the game, and they ended the ninth inning easy winners, the score being 22 to 8. The Ottawas had the assistance of a pitcher imported from the West. His work, however, was not nearly as effective as that of Gobeil, the College twirler. Morin caught with his usual skill, while O'Connell and Lawless distinguished themselves by their heavy batting.

The teams were :

College.—Morin, C.; Gobeil, P.; O'Meara, 1st B.; Trainor, 2nd B.; McGuckin, 3rd B.; O'Connell, s-s.; Shanahan, l.f.; Linton, c.f.; Lawless, r.f.

Ottawa.—D. Allan, C.; C. Earls, p.; Bance, 1st B.; J. Dixon, 2nd B.; Kearney, 3rd B.; Bingham, s-s.; J. Earls, l.t.; C. Allan, c.f.; G. Dixon, r.f.

On the following day our second team lined up against a city aggregation, the Young Canadians. The game was to a great extent a repetition of the last day's. College led from the start and finished victors by a score of 27 to 7. The visitors had a fairly good team but were completely out-classed by the students both in batting and fielding. Foley and Lawless worked splendidly as battery, and received encouraging support from the rest of the field. The College players were :

D. Lawless, c.; Foley, p.; Tobin, 1st B.; Fallon, 2nd B.; Carroll, 3rd B.; Shanahan, s-s.; Powers, r.f.; J. Morin, c.f.; Abbot, l.f.

On May 23rd, the College team were scheduled to meet the Nationals, but owing to rainy weather the game had to be postponed. The students had better be well prepared for this game whenever it is to come off, as the Nationals are securing the best men they can find in Ottawa and in Hull.

COLLEGE 13, HULL 12:

On May 27th, the College Base Ball Club journeyed to Hull to play the team representing that city in the Ottawa Valley League. As was expected, a hard and interesting game was played. The Hulls expected to win, and managed to retain the lead until the eighth inning, when the College, by a magnificent rally, managed to win in the ninth. Several beautiful plays were made. The fielding of Linton, Trainor and McGuckin was of the gilt-edged order, and the batting of O'Meara, Morin and McGuckin was both timely and hard. The clever base-running of Lawless was a revelation to the Hulls. Morin and Gobeil added new laurels to their record.

Score by innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
COLLEGE - - -	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	5	3--13
HULL - - - -	0	0	0	3	2	3	1	0	3--12

The teams were:

College, Morin, c; Gobeil, p; O'Meara, 1st b; Trainor, 2nd b; McGuckin, 3rd b; O'Connell, s.s.; Linton, l.f.; Shanahan, c.f.; Lawless, r.f.

Hulls, Carriere, c; McEwen, p; Champagne, 1st b; Leblanc, 2nd b; Drepeau, 3rd b; Dupont, s.s.; Potvin, l.f.; W. Tessier, c.f.; Choquette, r. f. Umpire, Potvin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Wanted—for this department—before next September—A NEW Man.

Geo. Sylvain recently received a very useful, little article—a comb—with the following suggestive inscription:

"If you always use this comb,
Both at College and at home;
No one will ever dare
To make remarks about your hair."

AU REVOIR, LABEL!

Young Label's got his back up and makes a sour face,

And isn't disposed now to swallow with grace
The sauce known as "chaff"—the question
is; will he?

And take satisfaction in wind and grimace
I rather think so, for we all know he's ever
been

Laid down by the records as that kind of a
hairpin.

He does not like war, for it isn't his way
And will stand a great deal to keep out of a
fray.

Geo. Sylvain, the Rip Van Winkle, of Gatineau Point—the second edition of Sleepy Hollow—has invented a new system of telegraphy. Owing to the Label libel suit, we have been forced to dismiss several of our type slingers and cannot publish it in this issue.

CHIT CHAT CLUB.

Signori Godfrioso Lebelioso proposed that the society change the scene of its operations. "No man," he said, "would be so foolish as to buy a new pump and place it in an old well that had gone dry. The reading public will no more expect to find anything worth the reading in our old programme, than Groulx, our delegate to the White Bear exhibition at the North Pole, would expect to pluck pears on an iceberg." The motion was rushed through, the mover hoisted on the shoulders of the standard-bearers and the procession wended its serpent-like way to Frog Valley. George Campbell was the first to wade into the pond. One big frog popped his head out of the water and said, "Ha! Ha! George, you want my hind legs, do you? Well! Here they go!" The old gent let his heels fly, kicked friend George square on the bridge of the nose, about as hard as a Kentucky mule delivers his ron-clad hoofs. George reeled and staggered and afterwards confessed that he felt so broken up that he thought the earth had gone on a prolonged spree. A small chap of a frog, about knee-height to a grass-

hopper, leaped upon the leaf of a water-lily, made a wry face at Lebel and croaked in the hoarse whisper peculiar to froggies, "The top of the bank to you, Master Lebel, or my father will put you there in double-quick time, for he is *a bad man*." Lebel ground his budding teeth and bit his tongue in the act, for it was quite evident that even Baby Frog had heard of the fierce war he was waging upon the Junior Editor. Rideau Street Mike, enchanted by the sweet, distant music of the frog-pond quartette, drew near and was scared out of a year's growth by the following refrain:

"High diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
When Mike was out in his bloomer balloons."

An enormous old croaker floundered upon the bank, placed his hind paw in Bourdeau's right hand, gave it a hearty shake of frog welcome, proposed that they play a game of leap-frog and afterwards take a drink of ginger-ale at the Tadpole Inn. Bourdeau smiled a smile of innocent delight and accepted the invitation. Things ran merry as a marriage bell for a time. At length, Mr. Frog thought that his hour had come; Bourdeau was preparing to make a furious jump, the frog drew up his shoulders and with every nerve strained to the utmost, threw him into the softest imaginable pool of mud. The other members of the society hurried to the rescue and with the aid of a crowbar and a rope extracted Bourdeau from an early and self-dug grave. Mr. Frog, who was enjoying a boisterous laugh, raised his foot to his hollow brow, gave the military salute and disappeared forever beneath the water, after giving Bourdeau the following parting advice: "Go home, my jolly fellow; beware of frog ginger ale and meditate upon the invitation which the spider extended to the fly, "Oh! Do walk into my parlor."

LACROSSE.

It is our sad duty to record the defeat of our lacrosse team; the pleas-

ing task of describing future victories, we bequeath as a last legacy to our successor. Their defeat, at the hands of the Junior Metropolitan, is due to two causes: their excusable lack of avoirdupois and their culpable lack of team practice. The Metropolitan are advertised as juniors. If they are the real, genuine, junior article, the seniors must be the lineal descendants of the men, who built the *Giants' Causeway*. Our team's style of play in a practice, always reminded us of a game of croquet—too gentle and slow for the ordinary mortal to swallow in large doses. If they knuckle down to swift scientific training, their score board will not have a swelled head during the remainder of the season. Why? Our hockey team had enlarged heads and were defeated in one match; by the careful application of ice in its proper form, their heads assumed their accustomed, natural size and they *won*. We came out 7 cents and 10 bottles of lemonade ahead on the hockey carnival; we wager the lot on the result of the season's lacrosse. Meindel made the shot of the evening when he drove the ball 52 feet (by actual measurement) over the goal posts and landed it in the center of frog alley.

Mike O'Leary gave a brilliant exhibition of juggling with a chunk of mud, whilst his cover was trotting down field with the ball. Lachance took no *chance* of poor play, neither in English nor in French.

Valin had a star trick of shooting over his head; he forgot the combination and did not turn his back towards the opponent's goal during the performance. Gentlemen of the committee, put Bert and a few of the frisky colts on your team and you will find that there will be good half-dozen lusty chickens in your next *duck egg*.

The "*Owl*" staff always prophesied that Jimmie Campbell would make an ideal angel; his diminutive stature, gentle, courtly manners and innocent, peaceful disposition marked him as a

youth too good for the infirmary. The infirmarian requests us to publish the following poetic gem :

EMPTY IS THE CRADLE.

Empty is the cradle, Jimmie's gone away,
'Cross the silvery waters he has flown,
Gone to join the angels, peaceful ever more,
Empty is the cradle, Jimmie's gone.

"Ton professeur, donne-t-il des versions trop longues et des thèmes trop difficiles?" Translation by Michael O'Leary, who has spent three summers at a French watering place: "Does your professor make any mistakes?"

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

We had to go down town and invest in a new pen to write this—our last junior column; our old quill went on strike, its sharp, little feathers stood on end and refused to allow us to scratch a single word. When we dipped it into the ink bottle and attempted to scrawl our farewell, the flow of ink was turned into tear drops; it had served us well and faithfully during the year, but drew the line at inserting its own death-warrant. The old adage says, "that the end crowns the work;" the man who penned that line, never was the Junior Editor of the "*Owl*," or he would have been aware that the *good-bye* word without an *au revoir*, gave his heart strings a sharp twist and threw them sadly out of tune. Before we drive home the last screw in the coffin that makes the year '96-'97 a thing of the past, we must write a few words about the staff of the dying year. Father Henault, the commander-in-chief, is a strategist of more than ordinary ability; his assistant officers, Fathers Campeau and Rouzeau are the right men in the right place. No wonder then, that metaphorically speaking, prefects and students buried the war hatchet, smoked the pipe of peace and marched and countermarched as one man. May they be found once more at the head of the junior army next year. We thank the junior students for their uniform kindness and good-will

towards the editorial us. Even though they were entertaining "an angel unawares," we have spent many pleasant moments in their midst, and can say that they are as good young men as can be found in many a day's travel. We are writing our own funeral notice; though dead as the defender of junior rights, we shall keep one eye upon their future career. Our chief will easily engage a more capable Junior Editor, for they are as plentiful as fairies in a sweet, old Irish tale; he can never find one, whose heart will be more in his work than that of him who now passes over to the "vast silent majority."

"Unclasp the lock—like elves set free,
Flit out old memories;
A strange glow gathers round my heart,
Strange moisture dims mine eyes."

The following held first places in their classes during the month of May:
I. Grade (A).—(1) P. Benoit, (2) O. Vallée, (3) A. Boulanger.

I. Grade (B).—(1) D. O'Brien, (2) H. St Jacques, (3) E. Benoit, and J. Lamarche.

II. Grade.—(1) G. Garand, (2) L. Poupore, (3) J. Raymond.

III. Grade.—(1) A. Lapointe, (2) O. Lemay, (3) R. Desrochers.

IV. Grade.—(1) E. Belliveau, (2) P. Pitre, (3) E. Foley.

ULULATUS.

One of our half-backs remarked in defence of his poor punting that he was kicking against the wind. W. Phonograph B-1-f. was in front of him.

Prof.—What are the inhabitants of Chicago?

Jules B.—Living beings, sir?

Prof.—And of Boston?

Jules B.—Boston beans, sir.

And now Jules has an offer from the London "Punch".

In the lay-profs. corridor :—

Mr. T. C.—Why, how does it come, Mr. P. that you have lost your hair so young?

Mr. L. E. O. P.—Oh! it's hereditary with us. My brothers all lost their hair at an early age.

Mr. T. C.—Ah! I see. A kind of family hairloom, eh?

"O'Leary on de bat, Powers on de deck, Moriarty on de hole" is J. B. Bourdeau's classic style in calling the batsmen to the plate.

Doctor.—"Well, Mr. Tom Cost-a-low, what are you suffering from?"

Tom C.—"General ability, sir."

Doctor.—"Indeed! I should never have suspected it."

Murph.—"Don't you think Alf. T. was intended by nature to be a poet?"

Joe D.—"Perhaps. Why do you say so?"

Murph.—"He has such remarkable feet!"

The initials at the bottom of this poem show that even the most serious men are affected by the balmy breezes of Spring. The lines were found in a city "Fire Station."

"A GEM."

Little babbling brook
Speaking 'ere it thinks
Trickles 'midst the flowers
Forging golden links.

Happy all day long
Banished every care
Storms may come anon
Breakers it will dare.

Thus are childhood's days
Full of life and joy,
Grasp them while you may
Romping, smiling boy.

E. P. G., '98.

L. E. O. P. is getting to be a regular Bill Nye humorist. Here is one of his latest:—

"Say, Mr. H. what's the longest corridor in the college?"

"Couldn't say. What is it?"

"Why, the classical corridor. It takes seven years to pass through it."

In Ergler's opinion the military drill on the 24th "was *rank* from beginning to end."

A few evenings since O'C-n-ll objected to any light being turned on in the refectory on the ground that "he was hungry, and wanted a heavy meal."

Bunty.—Wait for me, Billy, I'll not be long.

Billy B.—You need'nt tell me that, I know you'll never be anything but a little sawed-off.

Maurice thinks "hay-seed" is too vulgar a word to apply to a rustic toiler. He suggests that "strawberry" be used instead.

Whereas: There have been several notices in the Ululatus column which have touched us in sore spots and reduced our bump of self conceit, and

Whereas: These notices have been derogatory to our character,

Be it resolved: That if any notice appear in either the July or August number of the Owl, we shall be revenged, and further,

Be it resolved: That we will, if we catch them, wallow in the blood of those joke perpetrators.

Signed

Le Duc Supdie Murphie,
Signor Alveo Binto.
Pietro Nultmace.

The writers of the jokes on the above mentioned gentlemen, have been detected, and were it not for lack of space, their obituary notices would be printed.

K-e-nan will lead a party of scientists through the caves of Chelsea. The excursion leaves Wilbrod St. June 18.

Say Ric did you get your stick fixed?

Jule dosent tink he'll try for his dip as he has the degree of Y. M. C. A. already.

Todd put in the 24th of May in right royal style. He indulged largely in pop-corn, fire-crackers and red lemonade.

Ah! there my size! is Alf's manner of salutation to Godfrey.

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