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TO OUR QUEEN.



MOTHER, whose bright eyes ever softly beam
On me, thy erring child, when, glad, I steal
From thought and touch of earth, absorbed to kneel
At thy May-shrine ; conduct me down life's stream,
And, starlike, o'er my perilous pathway gleam
When worldly lights wax dim ; oh, let me feel
Thy luminous love till angels shall reveal
Thy skyey home whose glories crown my dream.

Loved Queen, while yet I wander, crave for me
The golden treasure of a guileless heart ;
Sweet Mother, in thy peerless purity
A share I pray ; make ire and pride depart
From out my breast, the founts of virtue start,
That tranquil I may live and chaste like thee.

—M. W. CASEY.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND AESTHETICS.*



NOT infrequently does the brush drop listlessly from the hand of the artist, as he contemplates the unfinished picture before him, and sees in its limpid colors what the fishermen caught a glimpse of in Lough Neagh's waves—a mere reflection of the artistic splendor of other days.

Whilst these gigantic towers and massive castles of beauty and art loom up before him, he finds himself irresistibly drawn in spirit over the same road which so many aspiring to fame, have already trodden in the flesh—he finds his footsteps bent towards Italy, towards Rome, the land where the fine arts have enjoyed a perpetual summer of existence. And as he approaches the eternal city, he is struck by the somewhat strange coincidence that the centre and fountain-head of the fine arts is the centre and fountain-head of the Catholic Religion also. Is this somewhat strange coincidence a matter of chance only, or could it be otherwise? Did the Catholic Church take up her headquarters where the fine arts flourished; or has she been their Foster-Mother, and where her towers and battlements were raised, have they sprung up and sought and found protection? These, and like questions, the artist's reflections propose to him—and such are the questions that we purpose to answer.

To accomplish our aim it will be necessary first to determine in what the fine arts may consist; secondly, to inquire into their respective conditions before and after the dawn of Christianity, in order to discover what, if anything, they may owe the Church; and finally, if indeed they are found indebted to her for anything, to ascertain by what means she has placed them under such an obligation. The term art has various significations. As opposed to science, art means a collection or system of rules. Science lays down principles; art applies them—science is speculative; art is practical. A man may be thoroughly acquainted with the science

of music, and yet not be proficient in the art of music. One must acquire science, many have been gifted with art; for the latter is an aptitude, a skill or readiness which facilitates the performance of an action, and hence, may be natural or acquired. There may, therefore, be as many arts as there are different kinds of actions. Only a comparatively small number, however, have received the name of art. Hence we often hear the terms, art of reading, of writing, of speaking, the liberal arts, the mechanical arts, the industrial arts. But art, as we intend to here consider it, is that which has for its object the expression of the beautiful. Those arts that are directed toward the expression of the beautiful through the instrumentality of sensible objects are known as the fine arts. Poetry, painting, sculpture and music—to which architecture may be added—are generally included in the category of the fine arts; for these have for their object principally the expression of the beautiful.

Poetry and Music, so near akin in many respects, we shall discuss at some future day. For the present we will occupy ourselves with Painting and Sculpture, treating them as fully as the scope of a brief essay on the beautiful will permit.

There is only one great source of beauty, as there is only one great fountain of truth.

St Augustine has said: "O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I learned to love thee!" He meant God.

But this God of all beauty is a spiritual being, while our senses of perception are material.

This Infinite Beauty, therefore, could never be perceived by us, were it not made manifest to us in either of two ways,—Revelation or Creation.

Revelation was a school enjoyed only by a cherished few; Creation was an art-gallery open to the many.

God, then, is the artist *par excellence*; his sublime conception was the conception of himself, and the creation is the picture he has given us of a part of that conception. All matter is beautiful only inasmuch as it gives expression, in some man-

* Read in the Theological Hall March 23rd.

ner, to the beauty of the Divinity. The more matter manifests God, the more beautiful is it said to be; man, made to God's likeness, expresses the beautiful more completely than any other creature.

In creating the world, however, God did not intend to manifest his beauty above all. No, he rather desired to show forth his goodness; for, in Genesis, we hear the inspired writer exclaim, that God saw what he had created was good—not beautiful. But since the good and the beautiful are one with truth, the three being like the three sides of a triangle, when God showed us his goodness in the creation, he could not help giving us therein a glimpse of his beauty also. Hence the fine arts took their rise in the imitation of nature. In the created object, the mind of man grasped a trace of the beautiful, and the hand of man endeavored, by means of unorganized matter, to give expression to that beauty which his mind had drawn from matter, already so employed by the Divine artist. The first imitations of nature were as gross as the peoples themselves. For the most part they consisted in symbolic figures, colossal forms and grotesque carvings indicative of the struggles and triumphs of man over the brute creation which rebelled against him after his own act of perfidy. Architecture came first; for the end of this art is two-fold—to satisfy man's wants primarily, and secondarily to please and gratify him. No matter what Herbert Spencer says to the contrary, utility was sought after long before ornament claimed the attention of the barbarian artists. The Troglodytes of Ethiopia, whose origin is enveloped in as mysterious an obscurity as the source of the Nile itself, constructed their mud-huts more with a view to keeping the burning rays of an equatorial sun from blistering their already well tanned backs than to satisfy the cravings of a highly refined taste either for beholding or manifesting the beautiful. It was only after their necessities were relieved that the early nations turned their thoughts and directed their efforts towards embellishment. And when they did finally begin to ornament their dwellings and temples, instead of imitating objects as nature presented them, they only grossly caricatured them. They drew several ideals from the various objects around

them, and combining them into one incongruous conception, endeavored to give expression to them in those huge and grotesque forms which characterize the early day-break of art.

Such was the monstrous sphinx that reared its hybrid proportions on the borders of the Nile; such were the ornamental bulls with human heads which decked the palace of Darius at Persepolis.

Art among the Hindoos was no less imperfect than that which flourished for a time among the Egyptians and Persians. It was mostly of a mixed character—a combining of the Egyptian, Chinese and Greek. Their pagodas were crowded with hideous images—with four-armed giants, men having the heads of elephants, ten-headed individuals, and monsters of every size and shape from the creeping lizard to the brawny monkey called Hanouman. The ancient kingdom of Kmer, now comprising Siam, Camboje and part of Cochin-China, once boasted a capital that rivalled Babylon and Niniveh, if not in magnificence, at least in proportions. Among the ruins of its palaces are to be seen countless relics of Hindoo art in the form of statuary, carvings and bas-reliefs, the greater number of which present a fiendish hideousness only equalled by Dante's pictures of the damned, or Milton's creations of Sin and Death emerging from the slimy depths of chaos.

The only pure specimens of art to be found in this early period, betray a Jewish origin. It is well known that Moses was commanded by God to construct the Ark of the Covenant, and that he received its plans from the same source as the injunction. This, together with the truths of religion which the Hebrews enjoyed, contributed much to afford them a more correct notion of the beautiful than was had by other races, and guided them, to a great extent, in the expression of it.

The Phœnicians as well as the Egyptians, so many of whom assisted in the building of Solomon's famous Temple, borrowed much from their neighbours, the Israelites; and later on transmitted the knowledge they had acquired to the Greeks, in whose celebrated models may often be traced that *numine afflatur*, that breath divine, which Raphael alone more successfully depicted on canvas. No nation, perhaps, ever carried art to such a

lofty perfection as the Greek—nor even the greatest masters of the Christian era, if exquisiteness of form only be deemed artistic perfection.

Sculpture and painting rose to their apogee from the schools of Athens and Sicyon, the latter of which Plutarch deemed the centre and source of all that was best and brightest in Grecian Art.

The massive statue of the Olympian Jupiter in ivory, and that of Minerva which reached an altitude of 45 feet, attest the wonderful proficiency of the Hellenic sculptors; Lysippus in the Peloponnesus was as renowned as Phidias at Athens. According to Pliny he fashioned 610 statues, many of which were wrought in marble, and by his own hand.

It was he that introduced naturalism into art, saying; "Polyclctus, Phidias and Myron have made men such as they should be, but I have made them such as they appear."

Physical force was the great characteristic of the Spartan specimens; nor is it to be wondered at, when we recollect that the severe code of Lycurgus made physical force a beauty.

Of the celebrated paintings of Greece, nothing remains save the testimony of Pliny. And if this historian's word may be relied on, the use of colors, the distribution of light and shade to express ideals, was as familiar to the descendants of Cadmus as the chisel and hammer.

The portrait of Alexander which rose under the brush of Apelles, the representation of Ulysses on board his vessel by Pamphilius; of the tyrant Aristratus, riding in his car with victory at his side, by Melanthus, and the sacrifice of oxen by Pausias—all of which won the unbounded admiration of both Greek and Roman connoisseurs, must give us a high idea of the Greek artists' advancement in this mode of expression.

We may add to these, the works of Praxiteles and Euphranor; of Appollo-dorus, Zeuxis and Parrhasius, who shed lustre on ancient art, and the very mention of whose names is sufficient to call up in the mind of every classic scholar glowing images of the grandeur and opulence that adorned the temples and palaces of antiquity.

But even in the masterpieces of these giants in art, there was something lacking—an immortal soul to secure them

immortality. When their ideals no longer could survive the social revolution which time and new principles occasioned, the forms which clothed them, perfect in delineation as they may have been, withered and decayed.

The school of Eupompilus that prided in the naturalism introduced by Lycippus, turned out a class of artists who, instead of choosing the most elevating models, copied the most degrading objects around them, so long as they were the productions of nature.

Owing to this alternation, shortly before the advent of the "Expected of all nations," art had dwindled down to a mere imitation.

During the early ages of Christainity, it remained buried in the catacombs with the church; but when she came forth from her subterranean retreat, she brought art along with her—not the art of Greece and Rome, however, but a new art peculiar to herself.

It is true she did not cast aside altogether the old forms of Paganism; she preserved them and restored them to their pristine dignity. She preserved them by converting the temples of false deities into shrines of worship dedicated to the true God. The famous Parthenon became the Church of St. Sophia, the Erechthyon was consecrated to the Holy Virgin.

Beauty of form was no longer prostituted to embellish error and falsehood; in her hands it served to give expression to truth and goodness.

When the strong arm of Constantine rolled back the huge rock of persecution that confined the new doctrine to underground dungeons, its professors emerged to enjoy the sunshine of liberty, to behold again the marvellous works of the God whom they had so long contemplated and worshipped in secret. They came forth to give expression to the fruits of their protracted meditations.

The Popes, ever-enlightened by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, ordained that the representations of Christ and of his Immaculate Mother should be painted with all possible beauty; that the churches should be adorned with the choicest and most elevating productions of art. They not only insisted on the cultivation of the fine arts, but also encouraged artists by word and example, often assisting them out of their own patrimony.

Julius II. and Leo X. were indefatigable

in their efforts to render the expression of the beautiful more and more perfect. They set apart buildings wherein might be placed the relics of the past, and constructed new ones to house the hopes of the future.

Then rose those imposing structures, those grand old churches and cathedrals that are still the marvels of our own time; those massive piles of architecture,—Corinthian in the South, Gothic in the North, and Moorish in the West: then rose the chisel of a Michael Angelo, the brush of a Raphael and a Fra Angelico to decorate them. "Giovanni covered the churches of Italy with artistic ornamentation; Giotto infused new life into the fine arts all over Europe; Giotto, Thaddeo and Andria adorned the churches, chapels and monasteries with frescoes, paintings and portraits of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the saints, gospel scenes and biblical subjects."

The Transfiguration by Raphael, the Sacrifice of Mary by Fra Angelico and the Ascension of St. John by Giotto, which rival in artistic finish and far surpass in sublimity of conception the greatest productions of antiquity, are only a few of the transcendent marvels of art that sprang up under the fostering hand of the Catholic Church.

"The pulpits of the churches of Pisa were carved by Nicolo Pisano, while the majestic beauties worked in the doors of the baptistery of St. John of Florence owe their existence to his brother, Andrea. Luca della Robbia is renowned for his sculpture of the Christ and the Virgin; Donatello for his magnificent statues of St. Mark and St. George."

And all these great masters of Sculpture and painting were devout sons of our Holy Mother; all of them were men remarkable for their piety, as well as for their genius; all of them were inspired by the sublime teachings of Catholicity. The Catholic Church improved art not only by cultivating and protecting it, but also by raising it up from the degradation into which it had fallen during the two centuries preceding the coming of Christ, and by giving it an immortal soul.

Art, we have already said, consists in the expressing of the beautiful by means of sensible forms.

As a rule, whenever nature is imitated, there is always some beauty found in the

imitation. The reason of it is that, in nature, God the source of all beauty, has deigned to manifest himself—"not wholly now, but through a veil, then fully—face to face."

The ancients, who possessed only the truth they discovered in nature, had but a small portion of it—if, indeed, ruth may be properly spoken of as having parts. They drank in what flowed from the natural fountains around them, and attained no small degree of perfection in the body of art, or the form,—for art, as well as man, has a body and a soul, which are the form and the ideal.

But here, they were obliged to come to a stand-still. Beauty and truth were one. They lacked divine truth, and consequently, a correct notion of beauty. They had an obscure idea of it as it came to them through the mists of matter; and this obscure and limited ideal, they clothed in oriental garb. A very meagre soul in a very handsome body was the chef-d'oeuvre of the greatest artists of pagan times. The Greeks, we have seen—the Jews were forbidden to make images—surpassed all other nations of antiquity in aesthetic celebrity. The most probable reason that can be given for it is that they approached truth nearer than any other nation. They observed the natural law to a certain extent; and, hence, their art was preserved from the fantastic hideousness that displayed itself in the works of the Egyptians, Hindoos and Persians. Those among them who, like Phidias and Lysippus, were fortunate enough to choose the human form for their models, succeeded best; for in man they found a more complete conception of the One Great Beauty to whose image he was created, than in any other animate object.

The moral and spiritual side of beauty was not fully brought to light, until the Son of God, coming down from heaven, revealed what the Creator left hidden behind the curtain of matter. Still it was not altogether concealed. "Mens agitatomem," wrote Virgil, and Bossuet likewise expressed the very same idea, only more elegantly, when he said: "Une âme forte est maitresse du corps qu'elle anime," which may be translated, in the words of a celebrated writer, to mean "that the soul exercises an action, an influence upon the form, which it embellishes or disfigures,

according as the act of the will is either good or evil."

The workings of the soul, then, could not have been entirely lost to the Greek masters; they caught a glimpse of them at times, and reproduced it in their masterpieces.

But Revelation and Orthodoxy alone could furnish a more perfect ideal than that which was to be gathered from creatures.

The School of Nazareth, with its doctrinal teachings regarding spirituality, with its sublime code of morals so compatible with human nature, supplied the deficiency.

"The development of Christianity," says Clement, "has furnished artists from age to age with subjects for novel compositions. And since the Catholic Religion, above all others, is that one which adapts itself most thoroughly to human nature, whether to direct its actions or to judge and to condemn; whether to give the highest and most disinterested motives or to offer man in perspective eternal rewards; all the conditions of life can be seen under an aspect sufficiently noble to afford artists a theme, an object, a subject of observation and imitation. In the spiritualized mirror wherein Christianity shows us humanity, all becomes susceptible of being rendered great, all may merit our admiration."

In Christ, the Man-God, all the beauties of the human and the divine nature were centred. In his Virgin Mother, all the loveliness of the spotless maiden and the kind and gentle matron made itself manifest. These became the types, the models of the Christian artist; from them he received his inspiration; and it is no wonder, then, if his conception of beauty, the ideal which he vainly endeavored to give expression to, far surpassed anything ever harbored in the mind of man. But to whom was he indebted for these models, if not to the Catholic Church, which had preserved them and transmitted them to him as fresh and unimpaired as the doctrines she inculcated?

This was not however the full extent of her contributions to art.

There were certain passions in the human soul, there were certain sentiments in the human heart—and the very noblest—which lay dormant ever since sin's sombre

shadows had stolen in through the gates of the terrestrial Paradise in the wake of the infernal serpent. Her magic wand touched these slumbering powers. They awoke and shed a new splendor over the human figure.

They were the portion of man's original beauty that "died the death" when he fell from primal innocence. She revived them. They were the great virtues that were shocked at Adam's disgrace, and went back to heaven, as it were, with the spirits, guardians of Eden, whence they returned to earth only with the new Adam. The Church received them in her keeping, and generously bestowed them on her children, who, in turn, bound them to earth forever by immortalizing them in their artistic productions. Pagan art never revealed them, for the Pagan artist knew them not. And yet there could be no true beauty in their absence. Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, Fortitude,—these never appeared in the most renowned models of the ancients. They were unknown to them. Yet, could that be considered artistic perfection, which neglected to give them expression? It is well said therefore, that the Pagan master excelled all others in perfection of form; but what they lacked was the ideal, the soul of art, the real plenitude of beauty, which only the source of all beauty could bestow and which He did bestow through the instrumentality of his Church. Then, followed what is so aptly expressed by the poet when he says; "Recedant vetera; Nova sint omnia, corda, voces et opera."

Yes the old forms fell back to give place to the new, which Catholicity introduced.

The thundering countenance of the Olympian Jove melted into the mild, but forcible features of a dying Saviour; the war-like physiognomy of a battle-equipped Minerva softened into the angelic face of a Virgin Mother standing beneath the cross of a self-immolated Son; the lewd figures of a Venus, of a Bacchante, exchanged places with the chaste charms of maiden saints and martyrs; and the chisel of the Christian artist, ever guided by the Church, put a tongue in a thousand marble blocks that proclaimed to man the beauties which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and urged him to labor for their acquisition.

The Catholic Church lifted the fine arts up from the mire of degradation into which they had fallen. She gave them a new soul that could never know sterility. She raised them from being mere baubles, gratifying human vanity, to the lofty rank of silent preachers of eternal truths.

Why, then, should Rome be the centre of the fine arts, as well as that of Catholicity? We might as well ask why the sun is the source of light, as well as of rain. The relation in both cases is similar.

C. C. DELANY, '91.



SPRING,

The wild bee leaves his empty cell,
 And gladly quaffs his brimming cups of bloom,
 Humming the honied hours to rest, and now
 The grey-bird pipes his song and sweet-winged choirs
 That never tire by wood and leafy lane.
 The meadows blaze with myriad twinkling stars ;
 Mid yellow dandelions nimbly trip
 The bleating lambs, beside the quiet ewes,
 O'er sunny lawns. Aloft the swallows fly,
 Twittering in joyous groups o'er orchard trees
 That rain upon the ground sweet pink-white flakes ;
 Among the clustering lilac bells doth stray
 The humming-bird ; the whitening hawthorn dons
 Pale perfume robes. * * * * *

—PHILLIPS STEWART, "*Corydon and Amaryllis.*"

JERUSALEM—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By Very Reverend Aeneas McD. Dawson, V. G., LL. D., F. R. S., etc.

I.—THE OLD.

Vetera transierunt ; ecce facta sunt omnia nova.



HERE'S mourning in Sion ; fast flow her tears ;
 New terrors each day increasing her fears.
 Why weep'st, O city so fair, populous, grand,
 So long the glory of Judean land ?
 Deserted our Temple ; no more shall rise
 Sweet odour of incense piercing the skies ;
 Our offerings and sacrifices spurned,
 The great holocaust for sin never burned.
 Ah ! Sion ! who but thyself is to blame
 For thy ruin, cruel bondage and sh. me ?
 To mercy, long time, thou often wert called :
 But mercy thou scorned'st, thy Prophets appalled
 Fled from thy walls, or were ruthlessly slain,
 Thine anger in vain, Heaven soothing their pain.
 Ah ! turn to the Lord, ye viperous race,
 Oft hath He saved : seek ye once more His face
 And Mercy will shine ; as of old He forgave
 In the desert when to idols ye gave
 The worship, ever HIS only, heaven's Lord,
 And scorned ungrateful His merciful word.
 A plenteous land he graciously bestowed
 You His people to be solemn He vowed ;
 Your battles He fought, each enemy quelled,
 Chastised and forgave as oft's ye rebelled.

Israel repent ; open Mercy's gate ;
 Even now repent, avert thy direful fate.
 Think of thy deeds :—My Prophets doomed to death,
 Thee earnest warning with their final breath.
 Thy lifeless, fiendish idols serve no more ;
 Drink, O my people, drink at mercy's store.
 Return ye whilst ye may : seek now the Lord,
 No more scorning, reject His healing word.
 Flee, my faithful, to the lone mountains flee ;

The Lord your gracious Saviour e'er will be.
 Bread in the arid desert He will give,
 A banquet spread, and you shall happy live,
 Whilst unbelievers for my Prophets slain,
 Of want and famine shall endure the pain.
 Judah repent, e'er pass the favoured time,
 Dash from your contrite heart each damning crime,
 Idols cast down, restore the sacred Fane,
 And yet for mercy plead: 'tis not in vain.
 You will not still your obstinacy show
 Refusing ever your true Lord to know.
 Will nought avail? Behold that dark'ning cloud
 Of blood-stained dust! Like a direful death shroud
 'Gainst your walls it rolls, big with your sad fate;
 Resistance vain: it open throws each gate.
 The sword with cruel famine now conspires
 Your doom to seal; no healing thought inspires.
 In thousands fall your sons, your temple grand
 Destruction's power unable to withstand,
 A crashing ruin to the dust is thrown.
 No power of ice could save, though nobly shown,
 Not even a stone upon a stone is left,
 Of heaven's aid the Temple all bereft.
 Reigns desolation, and will ever reign
 The ages through; its restoration vain.
 Now know'st how bad and bitter to forsake
 The Lord of Heaven, and senseless idols make?

II.—THE NEW.

Jerusalem that was we sing no more,
 Leaving it now to dark historic lore,
 An epoch new must now be joyful told.
 A splendid city we shall now behold,
 The crowned metropolis of every land,
 Both foes and time most powerful to withstand.
 Not made with hands, mind only can descry
 Its matchless beauty hid from mortal eye.
 John, the beloved, from body rapt, to view
 Appeared the city decked with glories new.
 A vast square that city, (blest John our guide),

To each quarter of our great world a side.
 Of heavenly mould ; hence was an empire
 The nations all to rule that could aspire.
 The structure to describe, what muse can claim?
 Likened to precious things of greatest name,
 The high walls thereof were of jasper stone ;
 The city all of gold, like crystal shone,
 With precious stones was each foundation bright.
 Jasper, sapphire, showed their brilliant light,
 Chalcedony and emerald brightly glowed ;
 Sardonix, sardius, chrysolite like showed
 Resplendent ; beryl, topaz lent their sheen ;
 Chrysoprasus, jacinth, am'thist were seen.
 Built are the twelve city gates of pearls bright ;
 Of one pearl was each gate ; and, more delight,
 The city's street of purest gold was seen
 Like to transparent glass, so rich its sheen.
 No Temple there could holiest John descry
 Its unseen sacred Fane, the Lord most high,
 And He, the Lamb, his life divine that gave
 The lost world from Satan's fell grasp to save.
 No need the city hath of sun, moon or star ;
 Its fadeless light much brighter is by far,
 The glory 'tis of God pervading all ;
 The Lamb, for want of words, its lamp we call,
 The nations all its glorious light shall guide,
 Earth's kings shall bring their glory and their pride,
 Open its gates all day ; no night it knows ;
 The glory of all nations forth it shows.
 Nought that is stained can pass its sacred gates,
 Only the clean of heart, of happiest fates.

And now our care the City's people claim ;
 All the wide world out o'er most high their fame,
 Countless their number ; men of every race
 Within its lofty walls, secure, find place.
 Their virtues, passing great, as well it's known,
 All earth around, win for them high renown.
 Unquestioning faith and love their merit raise ;
 Grateful and devoted ; hence equal praise.
 Powers mighty they possess, that promise give

The people long shall in their city live ;
 Their enemy lies conquered in the dust,
 They, undoubting, in the conqueror trust.
 Thus, in the ways of peace secure they dwell,
 Their happiness beyond all power to tell.

Open ever are the blest City's gates,
 And all may enter in whose happy fates
 Incline to virtue, and most justly claim
 The highest honours added to their name ;
 Glories new in the Book of Life receive,
 In sight of all whose grace is to believe.
 Are watchmen placed on the high city towers
 Warning to give, timely, 'gainst hostile powers ?
 Of such there's need ; forgotten ne'er 'twill be
 In paradise of old to reach the tree—
 The fatal tree,—man's foe by stealth approached,
 On happy Eden's loveliest ground encroached ;
 By smoothest words, with deadly venom fraught,
 The parents of our race unheeding caught.
 Like sorrow never, never can be found
 Within the heavenly city's hallowed ground.
 Thou weep'st, fair city : deign to tell us why,
 A momentary pain. Dash from thine eye
 The falling tear : with sharpest hostile steel
 The hating foe could only scratch thy heel.
 Such incident could ne'er your progress stay,
 Nor ever snatch your happiness away.

A priesthood to the favoured city's given—
 A priesthood true, best gift of loving heaven,
 A faithful priesthood ne'er can erring stray
 And lead the city from the truth away.
 No marvel this ; hath spoke the almighty Lord,
 His promise solemn given and heavenly word
 That with his priesthood he should ever stay
 So long as time and ages plod their way.

Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem the new !
 A sight so glorious by the enraptured view
 Was ne'er beheld ; no rival shape or power ;
 None but Jerusalem for ever, evermore !

O'CONNELL'S CLAIM TO IRISH GRATITUDE.



THE dawn of Ireland's freedom is now upon us, and the nations of the world are, one and all, turned to gaze upon the splendor of the new morning of Erin a free land. The successful outcome of the struggle of the Irish people now seems inevitable, and even the bitterest foes of Ireland's cause seem to be convinced of this, and already begin to relax the grasp they so long held, and to sink down in despair of ever renewing it again. And now, with the dawn of Ireland's freedom, does it not behoove us to recount, again and again, the splendid achievements of those who were our nation's stay in the darkest hours of trial and affliction? And among those many noble patriots is there one whose memory is more deserving of being commemorated by the Celtic race, than that of the great O'Connell? He was great, and nothing seemed wanting to him; he was

"A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

Let us then take a hasty glimpse over a few of his claims to our gratitude, and we shall easily understand how worthy he was of that grand title, bestowed upon him by his people—The Liberator. Who could have ever been more deserving of that glorious title? He it was who by one mighty effort lifted up the nation's drooping spirits from the very depths of despair; he it was who freed his country's altar from the foul and polluting touch of the tyrant's hand; he it was who devised the plan of warfare whereby his people are destined soon to shake off those thralling chains under which they have so long groaned, and at last grasp the long-sought gift of freedom; he it was, too, who first spread real consternation among the enemies of our native land, and who won the first and greatest victory! Others, indeed, have fought and died for the Emerald Isle; others have wandered in exile throughout the whole course of their lives for the sake of their dear old island-home; but among them all we fail to find one

who loved his native land so wisely as did this great liberator, O'Connell.

From the days when first the light of reason began to dawn upon him, he seemed already to have some foresight of his great career to come. His childhood's dreams were all about his country's struggles for freedom. When manhood came he was prepared, fully equipped, ready to weather this darkest storm into which ever mariner launched out on the sea of life. The long ages of bondage and slaughter had reduced the nation to a state of frightful misery. It seemed certain for a time that the grand struggle of Henry Grattan would be productive of great good. But alas! it was only a vision of happiness that was to tempt the people and raise their spirits and then let them fall back into greater miseries than ever. The cup of Erin's bliss was dashed from her lips by one cruel stroke—the Act of Union. But to increase her misfortunes an unsuccessful attempt was once more made to win by force of arms that glorious freedom for which she so long had striven. All the horrors that a most cruel foe could inflict upon the vanquished were inflicted upon her people. The gallows-tree was now the centre of all attention, for from a place where criminals expiated their crimes it was changed into the glorious altar where the patriot's blood flowed freely for his well-loved country's sake. The people were persecuted for their faith. The Catholic portion of the population groaned under one of the most iniquitous codes of law that ever disgraced the statute-books of any nation. And these were England's cruel laws for the Irish people. The last rays of hope began to fade away, and despair, dark despair, began to take possession of all. The heart of Erin was broken. And truly had God not raised up the Liberator at this hour, this awful gloom might have been speedily followed by the extermination of the nation. Turn now to the young leader and examine the path in life he chose. Must not his bosom have glowed with the patriotic flame when he selected such an unfavored path as he did, to wend his way to the high places of human greatness? He could, with the

abilities he possessed, have easily attained to the highest positions in any of the great and wealthy nations of Europe at that time. The difficulties he would have met with in such an attempt, could never have appeared half so insurmountable as those that rose up before him to defeat his projects in behalf of his own dear land. But all the glorious prospects of worldly fame in other parts to him were nought, so long as he cherished in his heart the hope of ever being able to do the least service for his own suffering country. Like a true patriot he chose to cast his lot with that of his own people, when they were least able to make any return for his sacrifice. Had he gone to England, he might easily have soared beyond the heights already attained by his countrymen, Sheridan and Burke. To the majority of men then living his choice must have seemed a foolish one. But the noble instinct of his soul, if I may so call it, could allow him to make no other choice, even though he thereby sacrificed the hopes of a most brilliant career.

No sooner did he take upon himself this onerous task, to lead his people, than he found it was necessary to unite them. He found them in every way divided and despairing, but in him was that which would draw all together and make of them one single unit. The more wealthy portion of the people had grown indifferent about the nation's welfare, for all their former efforts had resulted in great losses to themselves, as well as renewed suffering to the nation at large. So their policy at this time was to preserve what they had, accept whatever little concessions the government might deem fit to make, and let the common cause of Ireland's welfare take the fortune that chance had in store for it. The clergy, who were ever the people's most faithful friends, had too often seen their flocks called together to make fruitless attempts to win their freedom, the certain outcome of which had always been to add new sufferings to those which they already had to endure. The people themselves were disheartened and felt little disposed to make any further stand against what seemed to be the certain passage of a nation to the grave. But O'Connell was nothing daunted. He had prepared himself to follow law as a profession, and he was not long in gain-

ing for himself a very high reputation as a lawyer. In fact, to exercise his duties as such, he was called upon from every part of the island; nor did his fame in his profession cease to grow until he had won for himself the reputation of being the most eminent lawyer in the kingdom. Nor was this all; the legal profession alone could not satisfy the aspirations of his genius. His fearless denunciation of indifference and flunkeyism wherever they were to be found, soon won for him the admiration of all. He was foremost also among those who still dared struggle on for Ireland's welfare. His words charmed all who listened, and the people, by the force of his powers, were aroused, and in great numbers flocked around him. Nor were the clergy slow to discover in him a powerful advocate for the cause of the Church, as well as for that of the nation. These two, the cause of religion and the cause of the Irish nation, were inseparably united, and what benefited the one benefited the other, and as O'Connell was a devout Catholic, as well as an ardent patriot, the clergy saw in him all that could make of him a great and successful leader. With these two powerful factors on his side, the people and the clergy, O'Connell was soon recognized as the leader of Ireland's millions. With the growth of his popularity his genius seemed to take wings and soar still higher. He soon became, as it were, the commander of one vast army, and all the world looked in admiration on the general giving his commands. Thus did he unite the Irish people.

With his countrymen thus united, he commenced his great work for Emancipation. The Penal laws had long deprived the Catholics of their rights. Within the decade of years previous to this, some few unimportant concessions from the government had been obtained, but the Catholics were still deprived of the rights which their Protestant countrymen enjoyed. Emancipation had been held out as a bait to enable the despoilers of Irish freedom to carry their infamous Act of Union. But with the success of this infamous act the hopes of the Catholics, far from being realized, seemed lost for an indefinite time. The king was inimical to Emancipation, and his ministers seemed only too willing to follow his dictates in this regard. But O'Connell

with his army of adherents had now grown too formidable to be thus slighted even by the ministers of his Britannic Majesty. Grattan with his volunteers, had in 1782 won from these ministers that boon which was lost again in 1800. But the volunteers had arms, and to England at that period, arms in other hands seemed rather a troublesome kind of instrument to cope with. O'Connell had not arms of steel, but he had the powerful weapon of eloquence. His was a voice that sounded to the very remotest corners of the empire. Aye more, for the echoes of his words already passed beyond the utmost limits of England's domain, and were heard in all the nations of the world. At last a bill was introduced into the British Parliament to concede to the Catholics their demands. The bill was carried in the lower house, but was thrown out by the Lords. This bill, however, was far from being what the Catholics desired. It contained what was known as the "Veto clause." By this clause the appointment of Catholic bishops in Ireland had to be submitted to the Crown of Great Britain for approval. This would be like unto the sacrifice of life for the sake of preserving whole a limb. As might be expected, this vile attempt made to strike a blow at Ireland's faith, had for effect to call forth from O'Connell his eloquence in all its grandeur. But the aristocracy of Ireland was opposed to him, and would willingly accept this measure as a full and final settlement of Catholic claims. The English Catholics, too, looked upon it with favor. The government had even managed to find abettors of their measure in Rome. But O'Connell was ever ready to meet his foes, and on this occasion managed his forces in such a masterly manner that victory perched once more upon his banners. He roused the clergy who had been long silent; for until his time, the protestations of the man of God were regarded by the law as a form of treason, and consequently they could be heard only in hidden places. The bishops of Ireland discussed this new form of Emancipation among themselves in a great meeting at Dublin, and were not long about their work before they discovered the whole conspiracy. Similar concessions had been made to the kings of the Germanic states, previous to the preaching of heretical doctrines in that country.

And were not like concessions followed by like consequences in France? The Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland stood like a rock in opposition to this attempt to rob the people of that faith they so much cherished. Limerick's violated treaty and a hundred other instances of England's breaches of faith started up before the minds of those who now beheld this old poison about to be served up in a new cup. The people, under O'Connell, spoke in no uncertain terms.

"To effect a reconciliation, I am ready to do anything, except to immolate the religion of my country and my fathers," said the great leader. "If it were necessary to die to obtain civil liberty" cried the people, "we are ready to give up our lives, but not to abandon our faith." Thus did they oppose this nefarious measure to the bitter end. But the news at last came that the bill was defeated in the House of Lords, and this brought joy to the hearts of the people. The veto conspiracy thus failed, and the agitation for Emancipation went on with greater vigor than ever. For six years more O'Connell laboured in this cause, and during those six years he managed to call the attention of the whole world to the struggle he was making for his country. At last, under the government of Lord Wellington—and Lord Wellington was himself a bitter enemy of the Irish Catholics,—the Act of Emancipation was carried. The Lords, after much wrangling, consented to it; and at last George IV, with tears dropping from his eyes—because he was obliged to do an act of justice to the Irish people—signed the bill. And then, says the eloquent Lacordaire "eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." Now his country's altar was free. Now his people might worship their God in the bright light of daytime without fear of being hunted down by the blood-hounds of the law. But he did not rest here. Only one half of his task was done. His aim was now to win back for his country that priceless right of which she had been robbed in 1800. He had this in view, even when he was struggling for Emancipation. He saw that the minority that would rule if these rights were won back before Emancipation was carried, were the same minority that had voted away these rights

before, and were consequently unsafe hands to be again solely entrusted with such a precious gift. He therefore wisely began this great work of the Repeal of the Union, by first wresting from the government the rights of the Catholic majority. He then proceeded to call together all his countrymen in one mighty army, to fight in a constitutional warfare for their national rights. He taught the people to cope with their powerful enemy by means of lawful agitation. He gave to them in this a more effective weapon than they had been ever hitherto taught to wield. He saw what mighty power he would thus bring to bear against the enemies of his country. He himself said "I will forge these millions of Irish hearts into a thunderbolt which will suffice to dash despotism to pieces." The world again turned to gaze on this Hercules holding a nation in his hand. On the Hill of Tara fifty thousand people listened to this dispenser of the gospel of Ireland's freedom. Again at Clare and Mullaghmast did thousands assemble to listen and to be instructed. In both these places and in Parliament did the storm of his eloquence strike fear into the hearts of his foes. They saw that he must succeed, and left no stone unturned to ensnare him in some way or other, or divert the people's attention from him. But he would not be ensnared. He ever held himself and his followers within the bounds of the law. The government, bent upon frustrating his designs at any cost, passed new measures of tyranny in the hope of driving the people into rebellion, called out large detachments of soldiers to slaughter those who dared assemble in public meetings for the purpose of asserting their rights, and finally most unjustly cast the Liberator himself into prison. To add to all these troubles, a dreadful famine broke out and wrought ruin throughout the whole country. The emigrant-ships were soon hailed as the only hope, and dying exiles were carried off by thousands.

The people being at last driven to despair, a few of them flew to arms in that ill-fated hour, and were slaughtered, as before, in their desperate attempt to break the tyrant's chains. But this rash step was all their enemy desired, for by this uprising they played into his hands, and destroyed all the grand prospects of

O'Connell's work. Had they but faithfully followed his advice, even these dark clouds of famine and tyranny would have rolled away. O'Connell himself remained firm to his principles to the last. But when all these horrors spread over his well-beloved country, his heart was broken. He saw one rash step on the part of his people destroy the hopes of his fifty years of labor. He turned his face towards Rome, and directed his footsteps thither, hoping to find there some consolation for his desponding heart, while he must yet remain in this world. But ere his pilgrimage was finished, the angel of death came to bear him off to the realms of joy. Before breathing his last, he requested that his body should be brought back to Ireland and there interred, and that his heart should be brought on to Rome; and as for his soul, he hoped it would at last find the retreat it had longed for, in the abode of the blest. He then turned and breathed a prayer to Mary, comforter of the dying, and to her beloved Son, and calmly expired.

But though the government did for the time succeed in frustrating his designs, it failed to destroy his work as completely as it had wished to do. The good seed he sowed would yet bring forth its fruit. Like the immortal emblem of his country, under foot it might be trod, but it would spring forth again and flourish there till at last the harvest of freedom would come. The world perceived that O'Connell had laid the foundation of a new system of warfare against tyranny, and that henceforth his method would ever be resorted to in preference to the often vain attempts of the sword. We already have a forecast of what will soon be the good fruits of O'Connell's plan in that dear old land for which he so long and bravely battled. The good he did lived after him, and by following in his footsteps his people shall yet win the palm.

But best of all was his first great victory, —Emancipation. The Irish people have ever prized their faith above all things else that man on earth can hold dear. Faith is the light that guides them to their true destiny, and that has safely directed their course through years of oppression. "O'Connell," says Dr. Cahill, "was the child of Erin's heart, and possessed the tongue and the soul of the true genius of his country." As such he knew that his

struggle for Erin was a struggle for God and his Church. And by obtaining Emancipation, he armed his country for the battle of freedom. Of how little consequence would the struggle of the Protestant minority have been against the British Government. And this minority, moreover, was not suffering from as many injustices as the majority was. He therefore truly won the greatest victory. As the people prize their faith above all else, they must certainly deem those who engage in battle for the freedom of faith, as the most worthy of men. And their country's freedom comes next after faith to share their devotion. For both of these noble causes did O'Connell do battle. For the former he gained a full and complete victory. For the latter, the freedom of mother-land, he fought to the last, he spread consternation among her enemies, and opened a warfare that can close only when his country has triumphed.

When we thus briefly consider his claims to our gratitude, do we not easily

perceive that they are such as we can never hope to fully repay? All that Irishmen hold sacred he ever strove to save and protect, and at the same time taught his people how they might fight for and guard these sacred rights as he had done. In fine he died of a broken heart for his country's woes. Surely, then, all lovers of the Emerald Isle should ever look upon him with their hearts filled with gratitude for his noble sacrifices in behalf of that dear old island. "He is gone," says the great Father Burke, "but his fame shall live forever on earth as a lover of God and his people."

"He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

W. E. CAVANAGH '93



TO MARY.

Were every word I wrote a gem,
And every thought a golden thread,
'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread ;
My Lady's raiment's very hem.

With rarest pearls of words and deeds,
Into historic settings wrought,
On costliest chain of human thought ;
I'd form my Lady's Rosary beads.

BROTHER AZARIAS, "*Mary Queen of May.*"

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

“ With good and gentle humored hearts,
 I choose to chat where'er I come
 What'er the subject be that starts ;
 But if I get among the glum,
 I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
 And keep my breath to cool my broth.”



THE writer of these lines voices the sentiments of all men. It fills one's heart with pleasure to meet a fellow-creature, whose countenance wears a bright smile, whose eyes sparkle with joy, from whose mouth come forth cheerful words of encouragement. Such a person, it would seem, possesses a magic power by which he is enabled to gladden the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact. Would that all men were such as he ! But they are not. In every walk of life are found individuals of a sour, morose disposition. The brow of such is clouded; their countenances seem cold and harsh, they are the pictures of misery, and the appearance of one of their number is sufficient to dampen the mirth of a whole crowd of merry-makers. These unhappy creatures bring upon themselves endless trouble and care and are in constant dread of meeting with some new affliction. To them this verse well applies :

“ Some of your griefs you have cured,
 And the sharpest you still have survived.
 But what torments of pain you endured,
 From evils that never arrived.”

It is an indescribable feeling of displeasure and sorrow which thus darkens the countenance and fills the mind with such disagreeable thoughts. The two classes of individuals above described are the two extremes. The majority of the human family belong to neither. Most men are changeable, they have their days of sorrow and their days of joy. It would seem, then, that if sorrow could be removed, this world would be a sort of paradise. Whence arises sorrow ? It ever is the offspring of pain — physical, intellectual or moral pain. Shall we tear up pain by the roots, thrust it to the ground and on its shattered remains found for ourselves a new and ideal happiness ? It were vain

for petty mortals to think of doing such a thing. But supposing it were possible, would it be to man's advantage to do away with pain ? No, for by its abolition natural happiness instead of being increased, would cease to exist altogether.

Pain is a monitor pointing out to man the bounds within which he must walk, if he would attain temporal and eternal happiness. Pain in the performance of this duty is assisted by pleasure. Evil deeds bring sorrow on the doer, good deeds afford him joy. This satisfaction accruing from actions well performed, is one of the qualities which raises the human being above the brute. Brutes, it is true, experience a certain amount of pleasure from living in accordance with the dictates of their nature, but this is altogether different from that satisfaction which good deeds engender in the heart of man. The main reason why brutes faithfully fulfil the end for which they have been created is, that were they to act otherwise, they would bring on themselves pain and suffering. The fish remains in the water because were he to lie on the shore, he would feel distressed. Fearing the lash, the horse faithfully serves his master. No sorrow is found in heaven, and from what we know of the nature of the angels we may infer that the sole incentive they have to perform their duties, is the pleasure they find in so doing. With regard to man it were difficult to say which is the more powerful agent in influencing him to live aright, pleasure or pain. We read of some of the greatest saints who, after having travelled far up the path of Christian perfection, and after having tasted abundantly of the pleasure of doing good, were wont to tremble and to redouble their acts of piety, as often as they reflected on the temporal and eternal pains and torments which fall to the lot of the sinner.

In childhood pain, or the fear of pain, is the only guide that keeps us in the

proper path. A child is apt to tease the cat, to play with the fire, or to run about the house making all the noise he possibly can. He finds but little pleasure in behaving himself; however after he has come in close contact with puss's claws, or has been tried and found wanting by the fire, or in one of his races through the hall has landed on the top of his head at the foot of a flight of stairs, he is convinced that after all his mother was right in telling him to sit down and be quiet. Later on when the child is sent to school, the fear of pain is the regulator of his actions and conduct. Not that we mean to say that it is the fear of the rod alone which makes him perform his duties. He is old enough now to experience pain other than physical. He applies himself to study because it grieves him to displease his parents and his teachers. However as yet, and for time to come, he does but little good solely for the sake of the pleasure it affords him; so that pain is in reality, his guiding-star.

Men there are who make pleasure the sole object of their lives. They strive with might and main to shun all care and trouble. To dress well, to sit at a table laden with delicacies of all kinds, to have servants to answer every call—this, in the estimation of pleasure-seekers, is what constitutes happiness, and it is the height of their ambition to become wealthy so as to be able to indulge in such luxuries. Others would have us elevate ourselves above earthly pleasures altogether. Each of these classes represents an extreme. True, some individuals, having received a special calling, are enabled, by extraordinary assistance from on high, to live happily without taking part in any of the pleasures which this world proffers. But such are the exceptions, not the rule. To the majority life would be indeed monotonous, were it deprived of all worldly pleasure. Since all things in the world have been created for man, the Creator must have intended that His creature *par excellence* should enjoy the gifts so lavishly bestowed on him. Earthly pleasure is by no means criminal, it is the abuse of things created which is to be guarded against. He who makes pleasure the sole object of his life becomes guilty of this abuse. And how is he made to understand that his conduct is not what it ought to be? A virtuous life has no attractions for him, since rarely or never has he felt

the true pleasure there is in doing good. Pain here again is an all-important agent. Going to the theatre, attending balls, banquets and the like is all very well for a time. But such pleasures alone cannot long satisfy the human heart. He who pursues them with undue ardor becomes the most miserable of creatures. See what unhappy beings many of our modern society ladies are. They have nothing to do but enjoy themselves and in their attempts to do this they become wretched. A lady of this class rises in the morning at about eleven. Owing to an attack of indigestion she was unable to enjoy her night's rest. Consequently she is peevish, disgusted with herself and her surroundings. The choicest dishes are set before her, but she has no appetite, she cannot relish them. After breakfast instead of going to work, as every Christian should do, she lounges on the sofa and reads some silly novel. In the evening she goes to the opera-house or some other place of entertainment, but she finds no pleasure in so doing, for she has been to these places hundreds of times before. In reality such a lady's servants are far happier than she. The pain and misery which such a mode of living brings upon her, may in time influence her to give up her idle ways and lead an active, useful life—the life Longfellow speaks of when he says:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

It is pain then that teaches us how to take proper care of the body. When the latter is abused, whether by refusing to give it what is necessary or by forcing it to indulge in excess, pain follows and warns us beware.

Pain is neither to be feared nor shunned. Those who attempt to steer clear of it altogether become, as we have already seen, the most miserable of creatures. The religious who retires from the world and places himself under severe monastic discipline, is surely not afraid of pain. And yet often it is pain which points out to him the path which he is to follow. If, in the world, he had been perfectly happy, never would he have retired to a monastery. Not finding satisfaction in secular life, the religious by the pain he felt was made to understand that he was called to practise

a higher degree of perfection than ordinary mortals are. The martyr often undergoes the most excruciating torments; yet to renounce his faith would be more painful to him than any of the tortures to which he is subjected.

The natives of India believe that pain is ever a punishment for past misdeeds. Consequently they are cruel towards the poor and sick, believing that these have brought their misfortunes on themselves. Evidently this is an extreme view. It may be asked, how do we account for sickness, poverty and the like? As Christians, we believe that man by his fall brought these evils on himself. Christianity, moreover, teaches that he who patiently suffers these afflictions will sooner or later be richly rewarded for so doing. Sickness, poverty and other misfortunes are useful and even necessary to keep before the minds of all that the present life is but a preparation for the life to come. Here again pain is an oracle making known unto us the will of the Almighty in our regard.

To many study is a source of great pleasure. In a quiet spot with a few choice books they pass hours at a time, lost in deep thought. Every diligent student gets an occasional taste of this intellectual pleasure. Far indeed does such happiness surpass that afforded by luxurious living. An original thinker is generally a man sought after and admired by all. Yet when his thoughts take a wrong course he above all other men is to be shunned by those whose intellects are unable, through want of training, to discriminate between truth and error. Were the original thinker to live in seclusion and give himself up entirely to his own thoughts, he would most probably become a narrow-minded extremist. But luckily, however willing he may be to spend all his time thus, he is unable to do so, for the pain he experiences after long study forces him to seek rest. He betakes himself to his library and there becomes acquainted with the mightiest intellects that have yet appeared on earth. Inter-course with these broadens his views and, in other ways, proves very beneficial to him. Southey wrote:

"The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

But to most men even reading, whe

long continued, becomes extremely painful. Talleyrand once said: "I find nonsense singularly refreshing." And so does every man—however great his power of endurance may be—occasionally feel it absolutely necessary to take a little recreation. "Recreation," says one of our English authors, "is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business." Tired of study, tired of reading, the man of letters goes out on the street for a walk, mingles with men of all classes, goes to games and places of amusement, in a word gets a practical knowledge of what life is—a knowledge which Southey despite all his book-learning, never acquired. It is of the utmost importance that he who devotes his time to intellectual work should ever keep in close touch with the outside world. For if he does not, being unacquainted with the ways of men, he is unable to make his superior ability of much practical service to mankind. And what is it that forces the student out of his library which he loves so dearly? Pain,—headaches, exhaustion and prostration of mental powers. Consequently pain not only teaches us how the body is to be cared for, but also gives useful lessons regarding the intellect's welfare.

Those who know not what it is to practise virtue look upon religion as a harsh tyrant who allows his subjects no pleasure, but forces them to grovel and quail at his feet. How different is the opinion of the true Christian! For him religion is everything, is the channel through which all happiness flows. Of religion one of our English poets says:

"All may of thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.
This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot far less be told."

It is needless here to argue how necessary religion is to man's happiness. Suffice it to say, that deprived of it, man is lowered to the level of the brute and becomes the most cruel and fierce of all creatures. "A man without religion," says Daniel Webster, "is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and

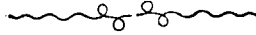
away, far, far away, from the purpose of his creation" Religion is too logical to be destroyed. Let atheists, skeptics and such declare it a farce and endeavor to prove their assertion by quibbling, the voice of man's conscience gives them the lie in emphatic terms. And how does conscience speak? By thrilling the heart with pleasure when a good act has been performed, and by filling it with pain and bitter remorse when sin has been committed. Hence moral pain—if it may be so named—is an all-important factor of religion and is therefore extremely conducive to man's happiness.

The stoics pretended to be wholly indifferent to pain and pleasure. This, as a matter of fact, is impossible. However, when one is subjected to trials, he should make the best of them and not give way to despair. Even if pain were the greatest of evils, it would be impossible for man to expel it from the world. But, as has been proven by eminent theologians, pain is rather a blessing than a curse. Hence the two-fold necessity of accepting it willingly and suffering it patiently. Some individuals there are who, on the slightest provocation, distort their countenances into all kinds of shapes, who ever make it an object, when a friend calls, to pour into his ears long accounts of the sufferings and injustice to which they have been recently subjected. All this is just what the friend does not want to hear, he has troubles and cares enough of his own. Life is too short to spend half an hour coaxing one's host into good humor. Consequently he who is ill-natured, however great his redeeming qualities may be, has but few friends and these are generally despicable sycophants. And, "though cynics may sneer and sages shake their heads," friendship is nevertheless a living reality. Without it, how dreary our journey through life would become!

"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

All men, truly great, seem to know well how to suffer pain. Agricola was a pagan and yet Tacitus tells us that he bore the death of his son neither with the ostentation characteristic of such as would appear possessed of a strong will, nor again with that womanish sorrow which displays itself in lamentations and tears. From his mode of narrating this fact it is evident that Tacitus himself well understood the necessity of enduring pain with a manly spirit. The same might also be said of Mr. MacCaulay. At least it is certain that he was an enthusiastic admirer of those who preserve their good temper even in times of distress. Though most of our readers have no doubt read his biography of Lord Holland, yet the portrayal of that Lord's character seems to us so life-like and heart-stirring that we think it not amiss to reproduce the same. "They (Lord Holland's acquaintances) will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement served only to make sweeter and sweeter, and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls." Of Sir Richard, Steele Allibone says: "He was one of the most amiable and improvident of men, always good-natured, and generally in debt, he multiplied troubles as few men can." The great American orator, Webster, we are told, was anxious to be nominated to the presidency, and surely he had a right to this honour; yet when it was refused him; he was not the least cast down, but declared that he would rise the following morning with a spirit no less blithe and jocund than that of the lark. Dozens of others might be mentioned; but, enough. "Be merry and wise."

JAMES MURPHY '94.



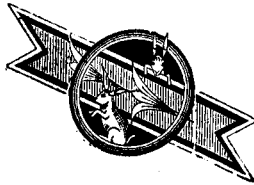
ROBIN'S RIVAL.



NOT only Robin's voice thrills from the tree ;
 There is a songster far sweeter than he,
 Gifted with a more subdued melody—
 'Tis the still unborn bud working its way
 Out through its prison to welcome the ray
 That lights the world to the glories of May.

Listen ! the harp-strings of Nature are stirred ;
 Listen ! their music at midnight is heard,
 When slumber's silenced the red-breasted bird,
 Blending their notes with her rich symphony—
 Breathing in lyric strains all the night long,
 Cheering its gloom with profusion of song.
 Little green Warbler, our greeting to thee—
 Rival of Robin that sings from the tree !

—R., '91.



TIME.



our days there is not a cottage in which is not to be found a clock, counting the golden moments as they speed onward freighted for weal or woe, nay scarcely is there a son of toil who does not carry a time-piece.

But it was not always thus. Long did the inhabitants of our planet consider it an absolute impossibility to reckon time by minutes and seconds, much less to possess instruments which would be accurate measures of time. The day was the first division of time known. The successive return of light and darkness could not fail to impress itself upon the minds of the ancients. It was thought expedient, however, to determine a shorter period of time; hence the division of the day into twenty-four hours, and the hours into sixty minutes each.

In the early ages the Asiatic nations were wont to determine the hour of the day, or, of the night by observing the relative positions of the heavenly bodies. To make these observations nature lent them every advantage. They led a pastoral life and consequently remained, at night, among their flocks, under a clear and tranquil sky and surrounded by an unbroken horizon. Under such circumstances they could scarcely refrain from bursting forth into exclamations of admiration at the awfulness and sublimity of the great work of creation. Their attention was attracted and held fast by the uncertain wandering of the planets through the firmament and by the flickering light shed by the fixed stars. Those shepherds of the East grew accustomed to seeing the heavenly bodies occupy certain positions, and by their motion they could determine the time.

Soon, however, they guided themselves by the sun alone, and by the shadow of a stick placed upright in the ground they could calculate the hour of the day. The daily rotation of the earth upon its axis brought the sun into definite relative position with regard to the earth at the same moment on each day, so that it cast the shadow of the stick in the same directions and of the same length on each

successive day. By this means the ancients could approximately conjecture the length of time which had transpired since the appearance of the sun above the horizon. If the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, this would be an accurate means of reckoning time; but since the sun is in a different relative position to the earth on each day, owing to its motion in declination, the length and direction of the shadow differed on each succeeding day to a scarcely perceptible extent, but which gave rise to a considerable variation in the course of a season. This error was corrected by changing the position of the upright, which necessitated a change of name for the instrument.

The sun-dial is an instrument, of very great antiquity the first mention of it being in Isaiah XXXVIII. 8. Isaiah lived about 700 years before Christ. It consisted essentially of two parts: a plate on which were marked the hours of the day, and a stile or upright which projected its shadow upon the figures. The plate was placed parallel to the horizon and the stile was fixed stationery in the centre, parallel to the earth's axis, so that its shadow was in the same direction at all periods of the year. This instrument indicated accurately the time of day, but at night when the sun was no longer visible, the ancients were obliged to resort to another method. They took the hour pointed out by the moon's shadow, found by observation the days of the moon's age, and took three-fourths of that number for the hours to be added to the time shown by the shadow, to obtain the hour of the night. By this means, though with much difficulty, they could determine the time of night. When the sun or moon was hidden from view by clouds, they were unable to make any calculation and hence were totally ignorant of the time of day or night. To remove this difficulty the Clepsydra was invented.

This was an instrument employed for measuring time by the efflux of water through a small orifice. Two kinds have been in use—one in which the liquid was simply allowed to escape through the orifice; the other in which the water was

kept at a constant level. The former did not give an accurate indication of time owing to the difference of pressure exerted by the column of water; the latter was more accurate, yet it, too, was affected by the temperature and the barometric pressure. It is supposed to have been used by the Chaldeans; it is an historic fact that the Romans used it extensively.

The hour-glass was based on the same principle as the Clepsydra. It consisted of two hollow glass spheres united by a glass tube. One of the spheres was filled with dry sand and the instrument was placed in a vertical position. The time was reckoned by the amount of sand which passed through the tube. This instrument was also subject to error. The glass contracted and expanded by the change of temperature, thus allowing a smaller or greater amount of sand to pass in the same space of time.

The clock was invented by Pope Sylvester II. about the year 990. Of the construction of his time-piece, however, little is known. The first clock, the principles of which are recorded in history, is that which Henry Vic, or DeWyck, a German, invented towards the end of the fourteenth century. It consisted of a combination of toothed wheels, akin to those of the modern clock, set in motion by a weight suspended by a cord coiled around a horizontal axis. To regulate the motion there was a vertical rod, put in rotation by a toothed wheel, on which were adjusted two weights which could, at will, be brought nearer or removed farther from the axis. This is replaced in modern clocks by the pendulum, which was invented by Huygens about the year 1657. The pendulum was improved in the beginning of the 18th century by Graham and Harrison, to counteract the effects produced by heat and cold, but an explanation of their improvements would lead into much detail.

As journeys and voyages in course of time grew more extensive, the necessity of a portable chronometer was more keenly felt by travellers, and especially by navigators who had no other way of reckoning time than by observations of the heavenly bodies. They had no accurate means of keeping the local time of any given place, and consequently could not determine the longitude at sea. This difficulty was removed by the invention of the watch towards the end of the 16th

century. It was constructed on the same principle as the clock, but a steel spring was substituted for the weight and a piece of machinery called a fusee for the pendulum. About a century later Dr. Hooke, an Englishman, introduced the balance-spring into the construction of watches. His was a great improvement, yet it fell short of perfecting the instrument. A change of temperature elongated or contracted the springs, causing the watch to run slower or faster. To avoid this John Harrison found out an expedient for shortening the effective length of the balance-spring as the temperature rises, which compensated for the diminution of the elasticity of the spring due to expansion. A second method was invented by Earnshaw nearly a century ago, which is exclusively employed now. It consisted in an apparatus for diminishing the moment of inertia of the balance as the temperature rises.

Nothing could be more satisfactory in the performance of its proper functions than the modern time-piece. Set it to indicate twelve o'clock on the first of January when the sun is on the meridian and, when the celestial orb returns to the same position after visiting the extremes of his domain, it will indicate the same hour, minute, and second. It is undoubtedly subject to errors, but these flow rather from the misuse of the instrument than from any intrinsic defect.

The problem of providing an accurate time-keeper has at last been solved. But another and even a more difficult one has agitated the thinking minds of our country for many years. Owing to the difference existing between the local time of places lying east or west of each other, there has been for a while much confusion of time in travelling.

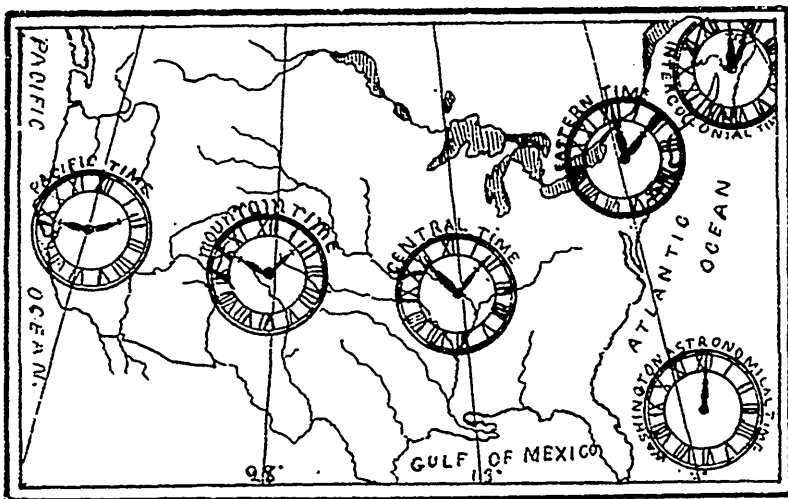
The employment of steam as a motive power has connected the extremes of continents, and journeys which, in past ages, took months of patient travelling, are now accomplished in a few days. The various countries of the globe are covered with a net-work of railroads over which the iron horse speeds at an almost incredible rate. This, undoubtedly, is a great advancement on the road of progress, but it is attended with its own perilous results, if proper care be not taken to avoid collisions. Moreover, trains cannot keep the local time of the places through which they pass, hence the necessity of a system.

of time proper to them. With this end in view, Mr. W. F. Allen, secretary of the Time Conventions of the railroads of the United States, proposed that a standard time be adopted. It was due largely to his exertions that a standard time was agreed upon and that it was brought into effect on the majority of the railroads in the United States and Canada, on November 11th, 1883.

The great longitudinal extent of the North American Continent makes a difference of over four hours between the Eastern and Western states or provinces. Before standard time was adopted there were no fewer than seventy-five changes in time in travelling across the country. In going from Boston to Washington a traveller would have to set his watch five times. From Boston to Providence he would keep Boston time; from Providence to New London, Providence time; from New London to New York, New York time; from New York to Baltimore, Philadelphia time; and from Baltimore to Washington, Washington time which is only twenty-four minutes slower than Boston time. Often, the same city kept

three or four different times, as was the case in Hartford, Conn., where the trains bound for New York and Boston kept their own time respectively, while local time was kept by the inhabitants of the city. The same difficulty arose in England and, as a remedy, all the clocks in the kingdom since 1848 have been set by Greenwich time.

Owing to the great extent of the country, the same remedy could not be applied in America. For this reason Mr. Allen divided the continent into five strips, running north and south, through the centres of which respectively pass the 60th, 75th, 90th, 105th and 120th meridians west of Greenwich. These meridians give the time to all places lying $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east and west of them. The time kept on the 120th degree, or Pacific time, is one hour behind Mountain time. Mountain time is one hour slower than Central time; there is the same difference between Central and Eastern, and between Eastern and Inter-colonial time. A glance at the annexed figure will, no doubt, render this evident to the reader.



Theoretically the change in time should take place on imaginary lines passing from north to south between the limits of standard time mentioned above and $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from each. But, in practice, this cannot be observed as it would be almost impossible to know the exact places where

a change of time should be brought about. The changes are made at prominent stations forming the termini of two or more roads or sections. In the selection of such stations those in which the change of time had previously taken place were, as far as practicable, adopted. In a num-

ber of large cities the local time has been made to correspond to railroad time. This might be done with advantage everywhere, as by the system now in use the greatest divergence from true local time is, with few exceptions, only half an hour, and, of course, is usually much less. In Ottawa longitude $75^{\circ} 38'$ it is only about two minutes.

Allied to the subject of standard time in the United States and Canada, is that of Cosmopolitan time, or the selection of a prime meridian from which would be reckoned the time to be kept all over the world. A plan for an international system of time-reckoning was proposed independently by the Mr. Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa and by Prof. Cleveland Abbe, of the United States Signal Service, and was presented by President Bernard, of Columbia College, to the International Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, at its meeting in Cologne, in August, 1881. It was simply an extension of railroad standard time as employed in the United States and Canada. It recommended the division of the earth into twenty-four lunes each 15° wide, and the reckoning from a prime meridian 180° distant from Greenwich, which passes near Behring Strait. These lunes would each be divided by a standard meridian passing through the centre of it and giving the time to all places within

the lune. The meridians taken would each be one hour behind the one immediately east of it. By this means the hour at different places on the earth's surface would not be the same, but the same minute and second would be everywhere indicated as is the case for railroad standard time. The originators of this system also recommended that the hours be reckoned from one to twenty-four, and that, for exactness in chronology and for scientific observations made in different places, the time determined by the prime meridian be employed as a kind of universal time-reckoning under the name of Cosmopolitan time, and, further, to distinguish it from local time, that certain symbols should be used.

This subject was again considered at the seventh general conference of the International Geodetic Association, held in Rome, October 16th, 1883. It met with the approval of the whole assembly, but it was decided that the meridian of Greenwich should be chosen as the prime meridian, because it answers the purpose and because, being already the most extensively used, it offers better prospects of being universally adopted. It was resolved to propose the system of Cosmopolitan time to the governments and recommend it to their favorable consideration.

T. TROY, '92..

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*SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"*

The year's at the spring,  
 And day's at the morn ;  
 Morning's at seven ;  
 The hill-side's dew-pearled,  
 The lark's on the wing,  
 The snail's on the thorn ;  
 God's in His heaven—  
 All is right with the world.

—Robert Browning.

## BYRON.



HERE we to accept the theory of hereditary depravity, the explanation of Byron's licentiousness and waywardness would be an easy matter. For history informs us that his father was a profligate military man, whose first wife was a divorced woman with whom he had eloped from France; that he married a second wealthy woman in order to acquire sufficient money to pay his debts, and that he deserted her in turn as soon as he became possessed of her fortune. His mother, Catherine Gordon, was remarkable for a fitful and passionate temper. His grand-uncle, commonly known as "Wicked Lord Byron," had killed a neighbor in a drunken row, and so on we could go to the very roots of the genealogical tree and still find the same corrupted sap running through it.

Born in the English metropolis, of a family encumbered with a title, and without sufficient means to do justice to their social stations, Byron's early life was a joyless one in the extreme. An object of dislike to his mother, our young poet was generally allowed to adopt whatever course suited his fancy best. It is not therefore to be wondered at that his education was superficial, and to this want of motherly care in his young days must be ascribed much of the poet's moodiness, and misanthropy in after life.

Byron has not inaptly been compared to Shakespeare's great character of Hamlet, and, despite some superficial differences their characters are very strikingly alike. In the joylessness of his youth, in his melancholy, in his distempered mobility between the extremes of smiles and tears, in his ardent desire for sympathy, in his intensity of feeling, in his misanthropy, and in his habit of dwelling on the great mysteries of life, Byron unconsciously played the character of Hamlet with the world for a stage. From the time he received the severe castigation at the hands of the Edinburgh review, to his abortive attempt to aid the Greeks in their war for liberty, Byron wrote much.

Childe Harold, one of his masterpieces, was an imitation of Spencer's "Faerie Queen." It is a contemplative and ethical work, replete with beautiful descriptions, but somewhat despoiled of its otherwise great beauty by the prominence given to one character which runs through the whole poem and which is in fact neither more nor less than the author himself. "Manfred," is a drama displaying a shocking skeptical spirit. It is a terrific vision of a being invested with more than human attributes afflicted with more than human sufferings, and sustained throughout by more than human force and pride.

The "Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair" are all three delineations of the intense passions of Oriental life. "Beppo" and "The Prisoner of Chillon" are two short but exquisite gems.

The extraordinary poem that closed the poet's literary career was an autobiography of his tempestuous life. Of this last but little need be said. It is too immoral and blasphemous to be read by any one without danger of being corrupted by its rottenness. It is far however from being uninteresting. It contains many sentiments of great tenderness and dignity, but is unfortunately marred by a revolting obscenity.

The criterion of excellence in poetry has been said to be, that it must leave a deep impression on the minds of the readers. If this be true, then the poetry of Byron must be awarded a very high place among the masterpieces of English art, and he undoubtedly does take precedence over his many distinguished contemporaries. Byron is always impressive; "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are the common staple of his poetry. He has always been the zealous apostle of a fierce and proud misanthropy, and to such an extent did he carry this passion of his, that the whole tenor of his writings is saddened by it. Through this medium he has contrived to render popular some very false principles concerning the constituents of human happiness and merit; and, herein do we find the lurking poison in Byron's writings. For, as Lord Jeffrey says, "the most pernicious characteristic of his writings is his tendency to

destroy all belief in the reality of virtue, and to make all enthusiasm and consistency of affection ridiculous."

In Byron we are always struck more with the matter than with the form. His themes absorb attention and are characterized by intensity of passion and vehemence. With his many undoubted claims to our admiration, however, Byron wrote much that must be condemned. He is frequently abrupt, careless, even obscure, and he is above all too monstrous in the normal colouring of his portraits, and in the constant repetition of the same sentiments and maxims. He dwells too much on the morbid side of human life. His characters are constantly imbued with the bitterness of despair, and at the same time with a certain "demoniacal sublimity, not without some traits of the ruined archangel."

His favorite character, who is the same in all his poems, is a being of violent passions, burdened down by the remorse that attends his licentious course, full of pride and revenge, equally disdainful of life and of death, dissatisfied with mankind and with himself, and trampling in his scorn, not only upon the foul crimes and polished villainy of civilized life, but upon "its tame virtues and slavish devotions." The continual presence of such a character, grand and impressive as it is, palls upon and depresses the spirit of ordinary mortals, with the sense of too much awe, too much repulsion, too much guilt in short. His pessimism, his misanthropy is brought out in too strong a light, we are weary of it.

Byron exercised a tremendous power over the men of his day, and the secret of this lies in the sympathy of the poet with the time in which he lived. By an accident of birth and circumstances, he was placed in opposition to the existing order of things. Born an aristocrat, our poet was at heart a child of the people, the earnest advocate of their rights and liberties, and the caustic reviler of all tyrants. His daring temper made him the foremost exponent of the revolution, and he is admittedly the greatest modern preacher of "liberty, equality and fraternity." It has often been asked, what is the cause of the instantaneous and

wide-spread popularity with which Byron found himself courted on the publication of "Childe Harold;" for as the poet himself said "I woke up one morning, and found myself famous." Chief among the minor causes was the warm sympathy that existed between the poet and his readers. But the principal cause was the state of Europe at the time of his publications.

All the continent was in a state of suspense, awaiting with breathless anxiety the result of Napoleon's campaign in Russia. All England was alive to the dangers threatening the bulwark of her liberties, and a British army was at that time holding a precarious foothold in the Spanish Peninsula. Hearts were aglow with patriotism, and men were drilling for the worst, in case Bonaparte should turn his attention to the "tight little Isle" of Britain. Is it wonderful, then, that when the poet loomed up on the horizon, with his artistic creations throbbing with the spirit of the times, and his scenes taken from the very theatre of war, a crowd should gather round to hear the latest singer?

There was not a home in all England that had not some interest in the scene of the poet's travel, "some friend, some brother there." Nor was the effect confined to England alone, the poet at once had all Europe for an audience, because he addressed them on the subject in which they were all interested. He spoke to them, too, in a language which was not merely a marked expression of their most intense feelings; the spell of his genius was all the stronger, because he lifted them above all momentary anxieties. The thin veil of cynicism in which he enveloped himself and in which he seemed to glory, fell away before his intense sympathy with the Spanish peasants, his praise for the heroism of their women, and his ardent battle-cry for liberty.

Byron acted as he had lived in a futile attempt to aid Greece to recover her liberties, and thus perished a martyr to an idea, and albeit, it must be confessed that that idea was a utopian love for a false standard of liberty, he was at least consistent in his madness.

FRANK McDOUGAL, '93.

PILGRIMAGE TO LA CHAPELLE MONTLIGÉON,  
(ORNE), FRANCE.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHARITY.



I will now describe the ceremonies of interment that take place among the members of this confraternity.

A Brother Servant who has been a member during one whole year, has a right to a free burial and a solemn service, and if he has passed some years in the confraternity, he can cede his supernumerary services to his relations and friends, the ceremonies are then the same for them as for the brothers. When a Brother Servant dies, the Sacristan after having rung the funeral knell two different times, tolls the bell with twelve hurried strokes. If the obsequies do not take place the next day, two brothers carry a banner and crucifix to the house of death; this is called "taking the light." The date of the funeral being fixed, the confraternity receive notice to that effect from the young clerk the previous evening, and the morning arrived, the bell warns them when to assemble at the church. Then, the signal for departure given, the clergy preceded by the brothers of the Charity set out to carry away the body. After the Priest has pronounced the liturgical prayers, the Provost addresses these words to the young clerk, "To the church, little brother, and pray for the soul of the faithful departed." And to the chanting of the "*Miserere mei, Deus*" the procession returns in the following order:

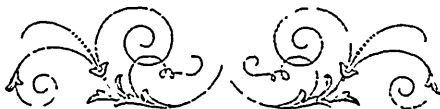
The Sacristan heads the procession robed in cassock, surplice and a kind of Dalmatica (in black velvet) embroidered with silver or gold thread representing tears; in the middle of the back is sometimes depicted an hour-glass winged, to show the rapid flight of time in this mortal life. The banner and crucifix are borne next, then come two acolytes carrying their lighted tapers, the brothers with lighted torches, and the clergy following. The corpse is carried behind the Priest by four or six members of the Charity and the people with uncovered heads walk reverently behind the bier. When the funeral cortege passes by a house the

Sacristan rings the two bells which he carries in his hands. These two bells differ in sound the one from the other. Whilst the bell tolls mournfully the procession makes its entrance into the Church, and the religious ceremony commences; sometimes it lasts more than three hours and generally consists of a solemn service with a High Mass, then the Mass of interment chanted, and low Masses are often said during this time at the side altar. After these Masses are finished the Priest recites before the bier the customary prayers prescribed by the Church, and the procession sets out for the cemetery in the same order as before. The Church bells give out their plaintive sounds, mingled with the tinkling of those carried by the Sacristan, and the penitential Psalms are sung. At the cemetery the Priest blesses the grave, and after the final prayers for the repose of the departed soul they let down the coffin, the bells ringing meanwhile. When the grave is filled up, the assistants sprinkle the last resting place of their relative or friend with holy water. The Psalm "*In exitu Israel,*" succeeds the tolling of the bells, and then a chant in honour of St. Sebastian is sung, which varies according to the place.

The chants ended, the brothers return in silence to the Church, where they sing the "Subtuum," and the ceremony terminates.

Such then in a few words are the rules of the Confraternity of Charity, whose rites in their simplicity are more imposing than the ceremony of many so-called philanthropic associations whose members are animated rather by a spirit of self-interest than of benevolence. M. S. L.

*Note.*—All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire must be addressed and P. O. O. *Internationale* made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, *La Chapelle Montligéon*, France, at the *Post-office* there. Subscriptions, *yearly, one halfpenny; 20 years, one shilling; in perpetuity, five shillings*, to have a share in the merits of over 4000 masses per month. "Summary of Indulgences" free on application.



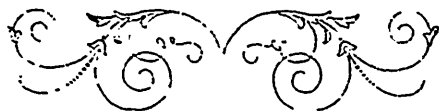
*TO EXPERIENCE!*



LIKE to some master, who with stringent rule,  
 To Duty's pathway bound us when at school,  
 With hand unsparing dealt the chastening rod,  
 By fear of man instilling fear of God ;  
 Yet by such treatment, harsh as it then seemed,  
 Our manners polished, and ourselves redeemed  
 From springing into manhood as a bane  
 To those about us in the social train,—

So, too, Experience, thy lessons hard  
 Leave the rebellious spirit sorely scarred.  
 Ofttimes beneath thy lash my soul has burned,  
 Not knowing that thy ratings would be turned  
 To my advantage at some future day,  
 When added years gave wisdom freer play.  
 For what is age's wisdom but in truth  
 The lessons gleaned from follies of our youth !

—J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.



## PLANETARY MOTIONS.

The following letter has appeared in some of our leading dailies. The persuasion that the subject treated cannot fail to be of great interest to a number of our readers, leads us to take it up:—

*To the Editor of the Gazette.*

SIR,—It had been stated by Newton and repeated over and over again since his time, that if the planets in their orbits around the sun are moved by the action of a circulating fluid, their periodic times would not increase, as we recede from the sun, according to Kepler's third law.

I propose, Mr. Editor, to show the contrary. Newton in his Principia, Book II., Sec. IX., prop. LI., theorem XXXIX., says: "If a solid cylinder infinitely long in a uniform motion about an axis given in position, and the fluid forced round by only this impulse of the cylinder and every part preserves uniformity in its motion: I say, that the periodic times of the parts of the fluids are as their distances from the axis of the cylinder." At the conclusion (cor. 6) he adds "that all these things will be found true by experiment in deep still water." (*Quae omnia in aqua profunda stagnante experiri licet*).

With the view of obtaining some clear ideas which the mere expression of the above law did not convey to my mind, I had recourse to the following experiments:—

Into a large cylinder I placed water to the depth of six inches. In the centre of this cylinder I placed a smaller one which was caused to rotate by a mechanical contrivance. The rotation of the smaller cylinder communicated a circular motion to the water, so that small wooden balls which I had placed at various distances from the rotating cylinder were carried around the axis thereof in a manner somewhat analogous to the motions of the planets around the sun. The periodic times of the little balls, so far as I could understand, were as their distances from the axis of the rotating cylinder as stated by Newton.

That all persons may understand what proposes to show, I will endeavor to

explain in the simplest possible manner.

Let us suppose that the periodic time of the water at the distance of six feet from the axis of the rotating cylinder is ten minutes, what is the periodic time of water at a distance of sixteen feet? I will perform this question by Newton's law— $6 : 16 = 10 : x = 26.666$  minutes.

I desire the reader to observe one particular point, namely, that Newton's law does not take the depth of the water into consideration. It is a self-evident truth that if the water had no depth there would be no water to move.

My law is this: The periodic times of the parts of a fluid moved in this manner are as the square roots of the volumes contained within each vortex. In solving the above question and the one which follows by what I may call "my law" I will for the sake of simplicity make use of the diameters instead of the radii (leaving out the factors .7854 for cylinders and .5236 for spheres, as they will not affect the final results).

The diameter of the nearest vortex is 12 feet and the depth .5 foot. Now  $12 \times 12 \times .5 = 72$ , from which extract the square root = 8.48528 = the square root of the volume contained within the inner vortex. The diameter of the outer vortex is 32 feet and depth 6 inches or .5 foot. Again  $32 \times 32 \times .5 = 512$ , from which extract the square root = 22.627 = the square root of the volume contained within the outer vortex. Then,  $8.48528 : 22.627 = 10 : x = 26.666$  minutes, the same result as that obtained by Newton's method. It will be observed that my law is the exact equivalent of Newton's, though expressed in different words.

I will now apply "my law" (the identical one used in previous question) to the motions of the planets, and test the result by Kepler's third law.

*Question.*—A planet whose mean distance from the sun is six miles (I use short distances to avoid a long array of figures) is carried around the sun in ten days, what will be the periodic time of a planet whose mean distance from the sun is sixteen miles?

The reader will observe that if the

planets are carried around the sun by the action of a circulating gaseous substance, they could not be supposed to be floating on the surface of gas in a cylinder; but immersed in a sphere of gaseous matter. Consequently, instead of squaring the diameter and multiplying by the depth, as in cylinders, it is necessary to cube the diameters for spheres, which is the same thing as squaring the diameter and multiplying by the depth for cylinders.

The diameter of the inner orbit is 12 miles, the depth of course, 12 miles. The diameter of the outer orbit is 32 miles, the depth of course, 32 miles. Now  $12 \times 12 \times 12 = 1,728$  from which extract the square root = 41.569 = the square root of the volume of gas or ether contained in the sphere of the inner orbit. Again,  $32 \times 32 \times 32 = 32,768$ , from which extract the square root = 181 = the square root of the volume contained within the spheres of the outer orbit.

Then,  $41.569:181 = 10: x = 43.54$  days. I will now work out the question by Kepler's third law.  $16^3 \times 10^3$

$$\frac{\quad}{6^3} = 1896.29$$

from which extract the square root = 43.44 days, the same result as obtained by "my law" in regard to vortices. It will now be further observed that my method is the exact equivalent, not only of Newton's law, but of Kepler's third law in regard to planetary motion, consequently the planets in their various orbits around the sun observe the identical law which is found to prevail in a terrestrial vortex, and thus the motions of celestial bodies are, for the first time in the history of science, found to harmonize with a known phenomenon. It is evident, therefore, that Newton understood neither his own law in respect to vortices nor Kepler's third law in regard to planetary motions, and I may safely affirm the same in regard to all his followers. Had they fully comprehended the full import of these two laws, they never would have hazarded the statement referred to at the commencement of this letter. I trust that newspapers in Canada and elsewhere will, in the interests of science, kindly insert this letter in their columns, and I would feel extremely obliged to receive from any source whatever any comments, favorable or other-

wise, in regard to the matter treated therein.

Yours,

DUGALD MACDONALD,

*Inland Revenue Office Montreal.*

Montreal, Feb. 29, 1892.

A number of criticisms, on Mr. MacDonald's theory, have appeared. We notice one sent, by request, from Ottawa University. It reads as follows:—

Mr. Dugald MacDonald in his letter headed "Planetary Motions" asks his readers to conclude that his "my law" and Newton's theorem XXXIX. Principia, Book II., Sec. IX., prop. 41, always give equivalent results. The proof *he gives* consists in showing that by treating a single *particular case*, viz., two cylinders .5 foot high, the smaller 6 feet, the other 16 feet in radius—by the two formulas the same result is obtained.

He also intimates that the same conclusion is true of "my law" and Kepler's third law—the "Harmonic law" so-called. His proof is again based on the equivalence of the result obtained by the two formulas in a *single particular case*, viz., two spheres the first 6, the second 16 miles in radius.

The drawing of such general conclusions from agreement in a particular case is not permissible in mathematics. The conclusions, however, which Mr. MacDonald draws are strictly true, and I am inclined to believe he omitted rigorous demonstrations in order to make his article easier of comprehension for the general reader. I will set forth these rigorous demonstrations as I have worked them out.

I. That Newton's theorem XXXIX. and "my law" *always* give equivalent results is evident from the following:—

Newton's law is ;  $t : t' :: r : r'$  — — — (a)  
 "my law" after cancellation is ;  $t : t' :: t^2 : \sqrt{r^3}$  (b)—(a) and (b) are evidently identical equations.

II. That the "Harmonic law" and "my law" will *always* give equivalent results is evident from the following:—

The "Harmonic law" is ;  $t^2 : t' :: r^3 : r'^3$   
 (a), — — — — "my law" after cancellation is ;  $t : t' :: \sqrt{r^3} : \sqrt{r'^3}$  — — — (b),  
 (a) and (b) are evidently identical equations.

Mr. MacDonald does not state *where*

Newton affirms that, if the planets in their orbits around the sun are moved by the action of a circulating fluid, their periodic times would not vary according to Kepler's third law. I think Mr. MacDonald should give book and page here. I confess that I do not know where Newton may be said to have *certainly* made the assertion attributed to him, but I am far from pretending to be familiar enough with the works of Newton to say that he did *not* make the assertion in question.

As I understand matters, Kepler discovered the "Harmonic law" as a fact without an explanation; Newton afterwards showed that the "Harmonic law" is a necessary consequence of the law of gravitation. Mr. MacDonald after discussing "my law" says, in his last paragraph: "Thus the motions of the celestial bodies are, for the first time in the history of science, found to harmonize with a known phenomenon." Is the law of gravitation not a known phenomenon?

"My law" seems to establish a most extraordinary fact. It is difficult to believe that so important a law could have escaped the notice of the many eminent scientists who have examined and verified the law of gravitation and Kepler's laws. Mr. MacDonald has, I doubt not, the merit of having found "my law" *independently*. His name will certainly be inscribed on the list of great astronomical discoverers, if he is fortunate enough to have been the first to point out the remarkable coincidence expressed in "my law." Especially is this true if, as Mr. MacDonald seems to say, Newton and

his greatest followers *explicitly* denied the truth of "my law."

Yours,

W. J. MURPHY, O.M.I.

University of Ottawa,  
April 20th, 1892.

Writing for THE OWL Mr. MacDonald says: The publication in your University periodical, THE OWL, of my letter on planetary motions with Rev. W. J. Murphy's criticism of same, I would consider a favor. I desire to express here to that gentleman my sincere thanks for his able criticism.

It is possible that others have noticed the relation which I pointed out, but I am not aware of the fact. The publicity of the article will, I hope, bring the solution to that question.

It appears to me that the whole of Newton's Section IX., Principia, Book II., is for the purpose of showing that the planets could not be carried around the sun in vortices, as claimed by the Cartesians, and observe Kepler's third law.

In his review of my letter, Rev. W. J. Murphy directs attention to the following:—"Thus the motions of the celestial bodies are for the first time in the history of science found to harmonize with a known phenomenon." I intended to convey the idea that hitherto we had no knowledge that the law of planetary motions had ever been found to prevail anywhere external to the planets themselves.

Yours,

DUGALD MACDONALD,  
*Inland Revenue Office.*

Montreal, May 2nd, 1892.



### A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

Think when your sun by clouds is hid,  
Of this—a fact you'll find it;  
There never was a shade that did,  
Not have a light behind it.

*San Francisco Monitor.*



## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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

In a famous essay, Washington Irving makes assertions concerning the mutability of literature, the reading of which must break harshly on the ears of that sanguine horde of personages who, to use a droll phrase of Bret Harte, make "reading for books" in every clime under the sun. Few authors would like to have their "good interred with their bones," and it is well that they desire to perpetuate their names and fames. Most literary toilers are spurred on to new efforts not by the lust of money but a constant desire for immortality. Of course, they are generally aware that earthly immortality is a mere comparative term. The words quoted from Drummond by Irving as a motto for his paper, "I know that all beneath the moon decays; and what by mortals in this world is brought, in time's great period shall return to naught," are most emphatically true. When one talks of imperishableness as the attribute of any mundane thing, the term is not meant in its literal sense; for that is not a quality to be predicated even of a potsherd, the despised article which, of all known products of human skill endures the longest, being in fact, as indestructible as the clay out of which it is made.

Strictly used, the word can only mean durability up to any period beyond which man cannot clearly see. I know quite well that art is long and human life is short, but I feel convinced that no man has ever yet died before his time, and the same remark, with treble force, applies to literary works. Accepting the term "immortality" with the limitations just stated, and applying it to the masterpieces of literature, I doubt if we would be fully justified in joining the gentle American humorist when he bewails the prodigious amount of aching head and the immensity of weary days and sleepless nights which are devoted to the production of volumes fated soon to be "thrust aside with indifference" by a wearied public. I actually believe that, compared with other familiar mediums for the expression of thought, the literary method enjoys, so far as durability is concerned, an immense and constantly increasing advantage.

The best replica is but inferior work, lacking at least something of the spontaneity of the original, while from almost every copy the life once there has departed. But if, ten thousand years hence, the printer should produce, let us say "Crossing the Bar," it will be the same as when Tennyson threw his swan-song, all unconscious of its surpassing beauty even when judged by his own work, before an instantly appreciative world. I mention that little poem because the world cannot so change, while man retains his present nature, as to cease to understand its meaning or fail to sympathize with its emotion; and as to all other conditions of intelligibility, and, therefore, of imperishableness, literature has before it novel chances.

Few believe that what is known as society among civilized nations is fated much longer to continue in its present condition. The "under dog" may ere long become "the upper dog" in the fight. It is just conceivable—and very lamentable is that dim conception—it is, I say conceivable that anarchy may win, and that civilization may be buried amid the hot lava thrown out in an outburst of the social volcano which there are far too many good reasons for thinking exists below modern society. There is another danger emerging grimly from the vague. The Chinese, getting rifles, may overwhelm both Europe and America under showers of bullets poured upon those unhappy countries from great armies securely floating aloft in armored aerial vessels. It is, however, more probable that the brain will govern the hand, as it has always hitherto done; that Spartacus will be defeated when triumph seems inevitable; and that the white man will successfully call on science to hurl back his yellow adversary. The locusts are never less than millions, but they never extinguish anything not even the grass of the fields. If no such catastrophe occurs, literature should endure as it has never yet endured, for its former grand enemy, the alteration of human speech, has been shorn of half its power, or even conceivably of the whole.

There will be, failing the Chinese, no such cataclysm in the means of transmitting human thought as was produced by the barbarian conquest, and the inrush which accompanied it of northern speech upon the old literary tongues. Writing on a germane subject, that interesting albeit sometimes whimsical scholar, Professor J. R. Seeley, of Chicago, remarks that Livy has lived two thousand years, and wants to know why Macaulay should not also expect to do so. Why, indeed? When that New Zealander, of whom we have all read, takes his seat upon the broken arch of that bridge may he while away the time saved from meditation in reading the *Essay on "Milton,"* or the *"Lays of Ancient Rome."* We see a whole series of writers in the great times of Athens and Rome acquiring the rank of classics, rising above the fluctuations of fashion into a region of stability translated to a sort of sky of posthumous fame. We see no change of time effects them any longer. Why should not this happen again? Indeed, in modern Europe we see a phenomenon not wholly different. Modern Italy, France, England and Germany have their classics, their series of consecrated writers, who are compared to the classics of Greece and Rome. This is why it seems not extravagant for a writer of the present day to look forward to a similar immortality, and to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he, too, will be read two thousand years hence. There is no good reason why he should not busy himself with such a hope, especially if his language is English. We call Addison and Johnson and Pope and Goldsmith English classics. Their works are said to live; yet can we consider these works as so absolutely inimitable, unapproachable?

In the sweet words of Alfred Austin :

" Shall the sepulchral yesterdays alone  
Murmur of music, and our ears still lean  
Toward sleeping stone for voices from the  
grave?"

May not a modest man of letters cherish the hope that, a hundred years hence, his essays or poems may have a position in English literature as established as the *Spectator*, or the *Rambler*, or the *Essay on Man*, or the *Citizen of the World*? Surely what has been achieved can be repeated; and yet the conditions of literature are much altered in our days. A

modern writer might surpass Addison in ease, or Johnson in gravity, or Goldsmith in grace, or Pope in the brilliancy of his couplets, without winning a rank in literature at all similar to that of those great writers. So much I willingly concede. Not many years ago a gentleman from Toronto published some political satires which were pronounced by at least two competent critics to be superior to the *Letters of Junius*. But the articles did not set Ontario on fire and are now forgotten, while the *Letters* created a prodigious and lasting sensation in their day and are still referred to by both the statesman and the student. Still, an age which has produced such marvels of intellect and of muscle as are Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Mr. J. L. Sullivan can afford to be liberal in estimating its own possibilities. I cannot believe that the race of the giants is at an end, or that history will cease repeating herself, as is her wont; and with such tenets I look forward with serene confidence for the appearance of masterpieces which will serve as new models in the different styles of literature.

There is an important factor too frequently passed over by persons who ring changes on the dangers which threaten the durability of books; I mean the permanency of our language. It is quite true that language used even in times of peace did alter rapidly, but that was when its form depended mainly on oral tradition, and when districts could be so secluded that the utterance of each could grow unintelligible to any other in one generation, as it does, travelers say, among the Negro tribes of Africa, and the wandering Indian peoples of this Continent. Language alters slowly now, and we understand Shakespeare almost every word, though the time which has elapsed since he wrote—say three hundred years—sufficed to change Anglo-Saxon into the tongue of Chaucer, a tongue so nearly our own that five-sixths of his poetry would be understood if read aloud before any company of men and women.

Printing, among its other services, has fixed language; intercommunication is making the fixity greater; and while the spoken dialects vary quickly, the language of literature may become as persistent as printed character. We are hardly conscious of a change as we read the *Paradise Lost*; nor, as every school hands on the tradition, is it certain that, three thousand

years hence, any one who calls his language English will need, if he wishes to study Locksley Hall, to seek the assistance of a glossary. New words there will be in thousands, but the old will be comprehended still. That, if we are right, is a guarantee for the imperishableness of literature such as the world has never heretofore enjoyed. There is, therefore, absolutely no reason for lamenting over the mutability of literature. Books of small interest and of narrow appeal will, of course, live their day and then sink into oblivion. But no one would save such worthless trash even if it were possible so to do. On the other hand, books of character, books with heart, books with soul will be more enduring than monuments of marble. The conclusion I would draw though simple is important. Let every one who writes aim as high as possible; let him write to his ideal, and by all means let him treat with contempt the passing opinion of the day. Truth and virtue alone guarantee immortality. If those be our incentives in literary toil, we may rest assured that the instances of literary immortality for the future will be by no means rare.

Robert Buchanan declares that every day he receives letters from aspirants for literary distinction. In a recently published letter he answers all: "To live by literature alone, means infinite disappointment and proportionate suffering; only the strongest and hardest survive in an occupation which, in England at least, has few legitimate rewards and little social honor." When reading such pessimistic utterances it is well for us to try to discover precisely what their authors mean by the word literature.

Mr. Churton Collins' new book, *Illustrations of Tennyson*, quotes a great many passages in the bard's different poems that are taken bodily from Virgil, Lucretius and Theocritus. It is now many years since Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman stated that Tennyson owed an immense debt to the old masters. It was Solomon who said, there is nothing new under the sun—a remark which he probably took from some preceding sage.

Justin McCarthy, says a writer in the London Spectator, is a gray-haired, bushy-

bearded, mild-mannered little gentleman, who wears spectacles. He is gifted with much energy, being a politician, an editorial writer, a novelist, and a historian. In some way it has got abroad that Mr. McCarthy is an unbeliever. Replying to some such question published in the correspondence column of an Australian newspaper, Mr. McCarthy wrote to the editor: "I have no hesitation in authorizing you to tell anyone who feels any interest in the subject, that I never was, am not, and never, please God, shall be an atheist. I am, and I always have been, a member of the Roman Catholic Church." Mr. McCarthy is a credit to his party, his country, and his religion.

A writer in the "Table Talk" department of The Gentleman's Magazine contributes the following interesting sketch of the novels and character of the late *Charles Reade*: I stated in a recent number that I had begun the perusal of the novels of Charles Reade. That task I have all but accomplished, and I am now prepared to undergo an examination in Reade. What a treat the perusal has been! I am disposed to put Reade, as a narrator, immediately after Alexandre Dumas, and I am not sure that the *Cloister and the Hearth* is not as great as "Monte Cristo" or "The Three Musketeers." It is a book to stir a boy to madness, and it makes the pulse of manhood beat strong and its breath come quick. To woman it makes less direct and forcible appeal. [This remark applies to Catholics also]. As a picture of an epoch it is to the full as accurate as Scott's "Quentin Durward," and its story, if less direct, is no less romantic and inspiring. By general consent, this work is Reade's masterpiece. Other stories, however, run it close, notably *Foul Play*. *Griffith Gaunt*, again, is a fine story, as which of his novels is not? Nowhere are there such heroines as Reade's. They are cast in the same mold, and are all of them handsome, proud, resolute, coquettish, a little too virtuous even, and every way charming. No painter of New Magdalens, Marguerite Gautiers, Nanas, or other growths of disease and corruption, is Reade.

Reade's faults and merits are in a sense conventional, and you become familiar with

his method without, however, soon wearying of it. He is, of course somewhat over-impetuous in resentment of wrong, and the works in which he inveighs against the iniquities committed in asylums or prisons are more powerful than convincing. In regard to these institutions even, I believe, he did good service, and he certainly has the courage of his convictions. Somewhat too painful becomes at times his record of iniquity, but you are cheered by the knowledge that all will end well, and that he will bring his hero out triumphant at the close and marry him to the heroine. He is, perhaps weakest and most conventional when he aims at a kind of cheeriness akin to that of Dickens, and provides spouses for secondary, and not very interesting, characters who had better remained single. His villains are never commonplace, they are the creatures of circumstances. When once, however, they are well started on the track of villainy they are troubled with few hesitations or qualms. Ruffians more resolved than those to whom Reade introduces us in Australia may not readily be found; and his bankers and merchants even, when they sink, sink with alacrity. Reade is, perhaps, portentously serious and indignant, and his humor is not equal to his indignation. He has a few good phrases. The consoling assurance of his warrior that "Le diable est mort" is droll, and the wail of the loving woman, disguised as a boy, that there are "too many brazen girls about," is no less funny and characteristic. To any one seeking to be stirred and excited, I strongly recommend a fresh perusal of these works. I am afraid to think how often I have sat the fire out, reading one chapter after another, powerless to find a place at which I could leave off.

Seldom has the English-speaking Catholic world been summoned to mourn the loss of a more steadfast adherent of the Ancient Church, or a greater ornament to Christian Letters than was John Gilmary Shea, who died of tumorous cancer of the stomach, on the morning of February 22nd., at Elizabeth, in New Jersey. His father, James Shea, was a native of Ireland, who came to America at an early age, and married an accomplished lady who traced her descent to Nicholas Upsall, the New England Puritan, John

Dawson Shea was born in New York City, on July 22, 1824, where he was baptised in St Peter's Church. A curiosity attaches to his name which I shall leave Professor Marc F. Vallette, the author of an interesting sketch of our historian in *The Catholic World*, to explain. His frail body and almost girlish gentleness, says Mr. Vallette, brought upon him the nickname of "Mary." Far from shrinking from it, as most children would have done, no sooner did he realize the imputation than, like St. Paul, who, when derided for his adherence to the Cross, the emblem of shame, cried out exultingly; "The Cross! the Cross! I glory in the Cross!"—so young Shea gloried in the name of Mary, and in his natural humility added the Irish prefix "Gil," a servant; and to the end of his life continued to be a faithful servant of Mary.

James Shea was principal of the grammar school of Columbia College, and his son studied there. He was graduated in his thirteenth year with a diploma that would have admitted him to the College, but he preferred to enter upon a business life and obtained employment in the counting-house of a Spanish merchant. Here with an acquaintance with commercial forms and international laws of commerce, he also acquired a mastery of the Spanish language. The essayist in the *"Catholic World"* properly lays stress upon the sovereign and transparent interposition of Divine Providence in shaping the man for his destiny. During his early life, Shea was first a merchant, next a law student, then a student of theological science in a Jesuit Seminary, and finally a careful gleaner in the field of history. His knowledge of Spanish, his acquaintance with civil and commercial law, and his six years of systematic training in a religious novitiate furnished materials for a sound practical education for a man destined to produce a standard history dealing in great part with missionaries and missionary work.

After discovering that he was not favored with a call to the priesthood, John Gilmary Shea left the Jesuit school, and devoted himself to literature. Long before this time, in 1838 when he was but fourteen years old, he wrote an article on Cardinal Albornog for the *"Young People's Catholic Magazine,"* and Archbishop Hughes, then a bishop, criticised

it in the Freeman's Journal, greatly to the delight of the youthful author.

In youth his attention was called to the early Catholic missions among the Indians, and, we may be certain that the heroic deeds and suffering of a Brébeuf, a Lalemant, a Jogues, and a host of other devoted souls, stirred his sympathies to their depths. He had now laid up rich stores of knowledge; his learning had become extensive, critical, and profound, and the time had arrived when his years of study were to begin to bear fruit. The New York Historical Society attracted his attention, its rich and varied library opened vast fields for his yearning soul to explore, and the study of the early Indian Missions opened the door to the vocation for which he had been designed by Providence. He began to enrich the pages of the United States Catholic Magazine, published in Baltimore, with the results of his researches, and soon his writings were printed side by side with those of learned doctors and lights of the Church.

His first historical book, *The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, was published in 1853. It was well received, and he was recognized as one of the historical scholars of the country. He entertained the intention to write the history, progress and career of the Church in the United States. With this end in view, he began early to collect material on what has been proved to be the very best and most valuable work on the subject extant. Meanwhile, to facilitate his historical researches, he studied the Indian languages, and published grammars and dictionaries of them, under the general title, *Library of American Linguistics*. He also wrote the article on "Indian Tribes" in Appleton's Cyclopaedia. He was, in fact, one of the greatest of authorities on all matters connected with the aborigines.

Shea produced his *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States*, in 1854. This work he dedicated "To his Holiness Pope Pius IX., supreme head of the Catholic Church," as a "history of a portion of his fold." Mr. Valette tells us that the work was undertaken at the suggestion of the illustrious Jared Sparks, president of Harvard University, and the author brought out the remarkable fact that "the Indian tribes evangelized by the French

and Spaniards subsist to this day, except where brought in contact with the colonists of England and their allies and descendants; while it is notorious that the tribes in the territories colonized by England have, in many cases, entirely disappeared, and perished without ever having the gospel preached to them. The Abenakis, Caughnawagas, Kaskaskias, Miamis, Ottawas, Chippeways, Arkansas, and the New Mexican tribes remain, and number faithful Christians; but where are the Pequods, Narragansetts, the Mohegans, the Mattowax, the Lenape, the Powhatans? They live only in name in the rivers and mountains of our land." Now that is indeed a strange fact. Would Mr. George Stewart, who writes a charmingly patronizing sketch of our dead historian, in the narrow columns of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, arise and elucidate? Let me assure that gentleman that illuminating such a very suggestive historical phase would be a more gracious and meritorious task than impugning the historical faith of a dead acquaintance whose good qualities of head and heart he is constrained to acknowledge. For ten years Mr. Shea labored in collecting material for his work on the Catholic Indian Tribes. His time was entirely taken up with consulting his authorities and studying languages. As may be surmised from his training and the titles of some of his works already stated, he was a great linguist; not only was he acquainted with the classical languages, but he was a master of most of the European languages, to say nothing of the difficult Indian dialects.

Dr. Shea led a busy life and allowed himself little leisure. His pen once started was always in motion. In 1862 he published a *Life of Pius IX.*, which was soon followed by a history of the *Catholic Churches in New York City*, a history of the *Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States*; while his numerous translations, adaptations and contributions to the magazines were far too numerous to mention. With his purely theological work I am not competent to deal. That it was learned and conscientious I have no doubt. In all his works and deeds John Gilmary Shea stands out in bold relief as the scholar, the Catholic, and the gentle judge of men and their actions; if he was ignorant of aught it was of the

stains and blotches on the seamy side of human nature.

Up to the time of his lamented death, Dr. Shea was occupied in compiling his *magnum opus*, the great work which he left after him as a precious inheritance to American Catholics. His crowning work, *The Catholic Church in the United States*, was a vast undertaking successfully carried out. It contains four hundred years of American history and covers the immense period from the first attempted colonization to the present time. We may well believe Shea when he said that this herculean task "cost him more labor and anxiety than any book he ever wrote." "Every page," says Mr. Marc Vallette, "bears the impress of his great genius, his abiding faith in the religion of his fathers, and his patriotic affection for the land of his birth." Three volumes of that monumental history have been published, viz., *The Catholic Church in Colonial Days* (1886) *The Catholic Hierarchy of the United States*, (1886); and *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, (1888). The fourth volume is in proof, and the fifth and concluding volume has been left, fully and carefully mapped out, in manuscript.

In 1854 Dr. Shea was married to Miss Savage, who, like his mother, came from New England stock. For many years preceding 1888 he was one of the editors of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and then he became editor of the Catholic News of New York City. Mr. George Stewart, of Quebec, is good enough to say that his work on the former somewhat lackadaisical monthly did not call for the exercise of his great abilities, a statement which none will question. The same writer gives us a glimpse of the great historian as he appeared, when, in December, 1886, shortly before Christmas, he met him for the first time. "Dr. Francis Parkman had given me a letter of introduction to him, and I found him in his little den in New York, in the editorial department of Frank Leslie's Magazine. His work on the monthly did not call for the exercise of his great abilities. The latter were expended on tasks which appealed to the historian and theologian. Dr. Shea chatted away in his easy, graceful fashion, bursting into a laugh now and then, and nimbly skipping from one subject to another, until two hours had van-

ished." Of his style, Dr. Stewart, says: "He was a many-sided man, genial and sweet-hearted in his intercourse with his fellows, a close student of religious and historical truths, an untiring worker, and a most industrious investigator. In addition to these virtues he possessed the pen of the ready writer. His excellent judgment of men and events was rarely at fault, his literary style was pictorial, clear and interesting, and his skill in knowing what to accept and what to reject amounted almost to genius." Professor Marc F. Vallette sums up his interesting paper in these terms: "In manners Dr. Shea was always the accomplished gentleman, ready to anticipate the wishes of those around him, and to serve them when opportunity offered in the most unostentatious manner. In social life he was courteous, and with those who knew him best, warm-hearted and whole-souled. In the eyes of many not acquainted with him there seemed to be a modest reserve, which was often mistaken for an aversion to social intercourse. It has even been said, on the one hand, that he felt that his merits and great work had never been recognized, and, on the other, that he was so sensitive a plant, so averse to contact with others, that he drew himself up within himself. This was a great mistake, for a more genial, generous, and friendly nature would be hard to find. He never failed to charm those who came in contact with him by his fund of anecdotes about men in every walk in life, and this made him the most welcome of guests and the most entertaining of hosts." This evidence from one who knew him well, concerning the foremost American Catholic historian may be safely accepted as conclusive.

As I have said before, a full list of all the writings of Dr. Shea would occupy more room than is at my disposal. A few works may, however, be named to give an idea of the useful nature of the whole. Among his original or translated works I find: "*The Fallen Brave, 1861*;" *The Operations of the French Fleet under Count de Grasse*; *The Lincoln Memorial*; *Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi*; *Hennepin's Description of Louisiana*; and *Penalosa's Expedition*. He prepared a collection of four-and-twenty volumes entitled *The Cramoisy Series of Relations*

*and Memoirs Treating of Early French Colonization*, a very useful and carefully compiled series.

The wife and two daughters of Dr. Shea survive him, and their sorrow must be rendered much easier to bear by the universal lamentations with which the news of the death of the distinguished

head of their household, was hailed throughout the civilized world. It only remains to be told that many colleges, universities and historical societies, of many denominations, both in America and Europe, honored themselves by doing honor to the honesty, industry, and scholarship of John Gilmary Shea.



*MORAL SLAVERY.*

He's a slave who would not be  
 In the right with two or three.  
 He's a slave who would not choose  
 Hatred, slander and abuse,  
 Rather than in silence shrink  
 From the truth he needs must think.

*James Russell Lowell.*



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*TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.*

We are obliged once more to remind our subscribers that, in order to keep THE OWL up to its present standard of excellence, prompt payment of all arrears has become an absolute necessity. We have often been made sensible of the fact that we have a host of sincere friends and well-wishers. But friendship and good-wishes will not suffice, they are not legal tender at the publisher's office; the sinews of war are indispensable there. It is all very well to admire THE OWL, to praise its management, to say that it is a credit to this institution, etc., etc. We return our heart-felt thanks for these unstinted commendations, but there is need of no lengthy argument to prove that a magazine re-

quires something more substantial. So, friends, put your hands in your pockets and remit us the amount of the enclosed bill.

*OUR LAW FACULTY.*

It is a privilege and a pleasure for us to be able to announce that hopes cherished for long years by the friends of Ottawa University have at length been realized, and that this institution now numbers amongst its departments a Faculty of Law. If we may judge of its future from the flattering reception given its organization, by the press of the country, then never did a faculty start with brighter prospects. Lengthy and kindly notices commendatory of the step forward and of the constitution of the Law Faculty have appeared in the True Witness, United Canada, Catholic Weekly Review and Catholic Record. The The Canadian Freeman, of Kingston, had the following editorial pronouncement, which expresses all we have to say on the subject:—

"It will be a source of unalloyed pleasure for those who rejoice in the widening of the spheres of higher education for Catholics, to learn that Ottawa University has organized a Faculty of Law and will confer degrees in this branch of study according to the powers granted in its University charter. The Faculties of Theology, Philosophy and Arts have been in active operation for several years, and are unsurpassed in the thoroughness and efficiency of the work done. A glance at the personnel of the Law Faculty will show that similar desirable results may be expected from it. For stability of character and personal integrity, as well as for eminent legal abilities, there is not a body of men in Canada superior to those chosen to form the newly constituted Law Faculty of Ottawa University. They are the following: Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson, Q.C., LL.D., M.P.; Hon. Mr. Justice Fournier of the Supreme Court of Canada: Hon. R. W. Scott, Q.C., LL.D.; M. O'Gara, Q.C.; J. J. Curran, Q.C., LL.D., M.P.; D. B. O'Sullivan, Q.C., LL.D.; and N.A.



Belcourt, LL.M. These gentlemen, in conjunction with Rev. J. M. McGuckin, Rector; Rev. J. J. Fillatre, Vice-Rector; and Rev. H. Constantineau—representatives from the Senate of the University—met recently, discussed the plans for the future, organized the Law Faculty and elected the following officers: Dean, Hon. Sir John Thompson; Vice-Dean, Hon. Mr. Justice Fournier; Delegate to the University Senate, Hon. R. W. Scott; Secretary, N. A. Belcourt.

Ottawa being the capital of the country, the seat of parliament and of the supreme courts of justice and appeal, offers unequalled advantages to students; the gentlemen who constitute the faculty are the best guarantee that the standard of legal education will be in no wise lowered. The degrees that the Law Faculty can grant are Bachelor of Laws (L.L.B.) and Master of Laws (L.L.M.) and the date of the first examination has been fixed for Tuesday, June 7th. It is to be hoped that the authorities of Ottawa University will meet with loyal and generous support in this their latest effort to give the Catholics of Ontario a fully-equipped educational establishment, one that shall have every faculty perfectly organized and in harmony with the principles of Catholic education. We are also in a position to state that the Senate of Ottawa University contemplates establishing at an early date a Medical School amongst its professional departments. This will enable its own graduates and students from other colleges to obtain a thorough medical training, while at the same time safeguarding their moral and religious interests and giving to our young country a body of professional men well qualified to be honest and honored leaders and safe guides."

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### *RELIGION IN EDUCATION.*

A much discussed theme in our days, but one of such transcendent importance that too much cannot be said upon it. Whether man be considered as an individual or as a member of the state, it is alike essential that he should have a sound religious training. What is education with regard to the individual? As the etymology of the word implies, education

is the drawing out, the harmonious development of all the powers of man, so that in all the spheres of human action, physical, intellectual or moral, he may attain relative perfection. It is the very essence of education, therefore, that it should develop the whole man, and not merely one order of his faculties. Man is characterized by mind and heart. These, then, must receive the first care in a true educational system, though the good of the body must also be sought after as an aid to the cultivation of the other two. In our modern schools the intellect only in the spiritual order, is made the object of attention. Now, intellectual culture, even of the highest kind, can never curb the evil tendencies of human nature or inspire the virtues necessary alike for the preservation of the individual and of society. Greece and Rome, though they counted amongst their citizens profound sages and unrivalled poets, could not ward off the insidious advance of immorality, but fell victims to its blighting influences. Nay, do not the criminal statistics of our own day show that instruction without religion is the most fruitful mother of crime?

What is man? From whence does he come and whither is he going? These are the questions which are at the bottom of every human act and upon the reply given to them will depend all morality, all cultivation of the heart. From religion alone are the true responses to be had. Science has attempted to give replies independent of religion and has egregiously failed. Education, then, to secure moral integrity, in the individual, must have religion as its dominating spirit throughout.

Equally necessary is this if education is to make good citizens. Governments look for patriotism from their peoples, but there can be no true patriotism without religion. Obedience to law, self-sacrifice, a firm sense of justice, these are the

virtues of the good citizen. Religion alone can teach them and ensure their practice by giving them an adequate sanction. It is all very well for the dreaming optimist to talk of duty and loyalty to country springing from the innate nobility of human nature, but every practical man knows that except in a few rare instances, such words have no meaning, unless some extrinsic motive be at work that urges men to adhere to them. This must be given by religion and since it is the school that prepares the child to become the citizen, religion must permeate and give form to education, if the well-being of society is to be promoted thereby. In a land where there is no respect for God, there will be little for man and for human authority. It was a knowledge of this truth gained by bitter experience that led the German emperor to make his recent attempt to introduce religious instruction in the primary schools of his empire and the fact is daily becoming more widely recognized. Godless education must have as its logical consequence anarchy and crime. Our modern society is threatened with destruction from this two-fold cause, and it will be saved only by making religion the basis of the training given to our youth.

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### SCIENCE.

Science during the present century demands the special attention of the intellectual world. That labor in this field has been crowned with success, is proven by the many wonderful inventions of modern times. The homage of specialists not being enough to satisfy him, King Science marches into the university and exacts tribute from its inmates. Is he to be looked upon as a tyrant intruder? In other words, are scientific studies of secondary importance in a university course? This question receives a negative answer

from the majority of authorities on education. A man's reasoning power, say they, is a just criterion of his worth. Without this foundation knowledge and accomplishments of any kind whatsoever serve well for outward show, but cannot make their possessor intellectually great. Experience, the best of teachers, has conclusively proven that science in the abstract, viz, the study of mathematics, is one of the surest means of rendering the mind exact and logical. He who works out a problem in higher algebra or analytic geometry cautiously proceeds step by step. He makes no suppositions which he is unable to prove; scrupulousness and exactness characterize his work, for he well knows that if one figure be misplaced, it will be impossible to obtain the required answer. Pleasure, as well as useful mental training, is afforded by mathematical studies.

It is impossible for any one to master all knowledge, but he cannot be justly styled an educated man who has not some general notions concerning the nature of his every-day surroundings. Thanks to the persevering scientist, this knowledge, so necessary, is now within the reach of every diligent student. In a class of geology the planet on which we live is placed before us. We are enabled to take it up as a book, turn over its pages, read its history, and learn whence and how it was formed. Chemistry and mineralogy make known unto us the composition and nature of the soil upon which our homes are built, of the air we breathe, the food we eat, etc. The teacher of botany hangs the earth's rich carpet before his class, discusses its many beauties, separates its threads and fibres, explains of what these are composed and how they are woven together. The study of zoology familiarizes us with the many different creatures found throughout land and sea. Surely knowledge of this kind, so useful, so rudimentary, must not be slighted. Under

scientific studies are also classed the experiments performed by the student in the laboratory. Here the mind's power of observation is made keen. Sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell, all the senses, are here trained to observe closely and to distinguish to a nicety the difference between substances which to the unpractised seem identical. In the class-room the faculties of the mind are developed more or less separately, but in the laboratory they are all brought into action at once. The scientist is then a great observer, and power of observation is absolutely necessary for success in any kind of intellectual work. Literature and science should ever go hand in hand. The study of the former enables the student to express his thoughts in presentable form, whereas the latter supplies him with a vast store of knowledge and teaches him the importance of exactness, of weighing a thought well before making it public. Mr. Blair tells us that Homer's judgment is as astonishing and praiseworthy as his invention. One's power of reflection and observation is increased by scientific studies, and moreover so important is the knowledge there acquired, that without it a writer can produce but little worth reading. When the mind is full of knowledge, when it is able to master in all its bearings the question at issue, words flow easily. Hence the most effective and heart-stirring orations are often those delivered with but little previous preparation. In such cases the orator's mind is overflowing with what he wishes to say, and his thoughts come forth hot and fast.

There was a time when science seemed an enemy to religion. Such, however, was not long the case, and at present, based as it is, not on theories but on undeniable facts, science is one of the mightiest weapons used by the Christian against the Atheist. The object of university training being to broaden the mind and store it

with useful knowledge, in every well regulated institution of learning due attention must needs be paid to scientific studies.

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#### ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

On Sunday, May 8th, the students of the University assembled in the Academic Hall to present an address of congratulation to the Very Reverend Rector, the occasion being his patronal feast. A new interest was lent to the proceedings by the knowledge that the Reverend Rector was soon to leave on an extended trip to the Pacific Coast, and would not return before the close of the Scholastic year. The appearance of the Reverend Father and the other members of the faculty was the signal for an outburst of hearty applause. After a finely-rendered selection by the College band, Messrs. James Murphy and Charles Gaudet advanced and read addresses in English and French respectively.

The following is the text of the English address :

*To Very Reverend J. McGuckin O.M.I.,  
D.D., President of the University of  
Ottawa.*

Reverend and Dear Father,—

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we, the students of Ottawa University, are here assembled this afternoon. Glad are we on this auspicious occasion to express the sincere sentiments of love and esteem we entertain for you. At the same time we cannot but feel sad at being obliged to part with you for a while. Had our wishes been consulted, this address would not be read to you before the end of the present scholastic year.

Many are the sterling qualities which have merited for you our good will and affection. You have been for us a model. Untiring perseverance in the performance of duty has ever been one of your predominating characteristics. Placed in an exalted position, which imposes many and weighty responsibilities on its occupant, you have made every effort to prove yourself worthy of the honour which your superiors saw fit to confer on you. The busy world too often looks on meritorious

deeds such as yours with indifference and coldness. Thankful indeed should students be that there is so great and noble an army of men able and virtuous who remain unknown to the world. He to whom you have devoted yourself both body and soul, will amply repay you for your services.

As students of this University we are greatly interested in its welfare. We fully realize that its prosperity means our happiness and glory. We therefore seize this opportunity to express to you our sincere thanks for all you have done to further the interests of our Alma Mater. Not only have you watched over this institution with an untiring eye, but you have ever done your utmost to render us happy and contented. It were difficult for us to repay the debt of gratitude we owe you; but rest assured that at least we appreciate your kindness and are grateful for the same.

In conclusion we fondly hope that the invigorating breezes of the far Pacific will restore your health and that Almighty God will send his good angel to accompany you on your way. Pledging ourselves that we shall remember you in our prayers, once more we wish you a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

The Very Reverend Rector, in reply, thanked the students most cordially for their good wishes, and assured them that they would be often in his mind during his absence. He wished them to realize that the other members of the faculty contributed fully as much, if not more than himself to the welfare of the students and to the progress of the College, and he trusted they would not go unthanked by the student body. After replying briefly in French, he concluded by once more thanking the students for their thoughtfulness and showed his appreciation of it by granting them a *conge*.

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#### ENTERTAINMENT.

The Academic Hall on the evening of April 21st was the scene of another dramatic triumph for the students of Ottawa University.

The occasion was the presentation of Tyrone Power's military drama: Frederick, the Great or The Order of the Day.

Among the large number present were their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Stanley of Preston, General Herbert, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Sir James Grant, and representatives of the Commons and Senate.

The opening number of the programme was the selection "Moses in Egypt" by Rossini which was creditably executed by the University band. The curtain rose for the first act of the play, the cast of which was as follows:—

|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Frederick II.....          | T. Tetreau.       |
| General Gotha.....         | L. J. Kehoe.      |
| Count Schonfelt.....       | J. C. O'Sullivan. |
| Major O'Dogherty.....      | J. P. Smith.      |
| Captain Gustavus Schonfelt | J. McDougal.      |
| Captain Brandt.....        | J. Dean.          |
| Sergeant Kraut.....        | T. Rigney.        |
| Joden.....                 | C. Valcour.       |
| Blitz.....                 | W. Proderick.     |
| Doctor Giovanni.....       | H. E. Doyle.      |
| Francis Baron Treuck..     | F. McDougal.      |
| Pierre.....                | O. Laplante.      |
| Hans.....                  | C. O'Hara.        |

The piece deals with a supposed incident in the life of Prussia's stern, yet just King, Frederick II. The plot hinges on the action of Major O'Dogherty who to perform a loving service for his young friend Gustavus Schonfelt, allows a light to burn in his military hut after sunset, in defiance of the King's express order to the contrary. The King at an unexpected time comes on the scene and discovers the breach of discipline. Major O'Dogherty is placed under arrest and condemned to death, all the while shielding young Schonfelt from sharing in the penalty.

Then follows the combined action of the Schonfelts, father and son, to procure, first, the Major's pardon, and, this failing, his escape. The latter is effected, after pitiful entreaties from the aged Count, with the hidden countenance of Frederick. After his escape the Major saves the King from captivity at the hands of Baron Treuck and the traitorous Doctor Giovanni.

The role of Major O'Dogherty was splendidly taken by Mr. J. P. Smith who is an old-time favorite on the college boards. He seemed to enter into the proper spirit of the character, and the result was a natural impersonation of the jovial and brave Irish soldier of the last century—loyal to his adopted king and

country, resolute and honorable in his duty.

Frederick the Second, was placed in worthy hands when allotted to Mr. Tetreau who for the time being was "every inch" a king, in voice and action. As the solicitous father and the unflinching commander he did credit to his powers. Mr. O'Sullivan who made his *debut* amongst us on this occasion appeared to advantage as Count Schonfelt, the fond parent, actuated as he was by his interest in the welfare of his son Gustavus and through him in that of Major O'Dogherty. The rest of the cast handled well the roles apportioned to them and contributed largely towards bringing about a successful performance.

Some military choruses were heard to good effect during the course of the drama and the singing of "Canada Our Home" as an extra number on the programme by Master J. Clarke highly pleased the audience.

The manner in which the band acquitted themselves in their several selections between acts reflects greatly to their credit and to the ability of R. F. Gervais, O. M. I. as a leader.

The costumes and scenery were of a high order of excellence, and it is again our pleasing duty to attribute to R. F. Constantineau O.M.I., the lion's share of the praise for the success achieved. And to him it must have been a source of gratification to see such a fruitful reward of the zeal and untiring energy which he so disinterestedly put forth.

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### THE EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

The Epiphany Apostolic College is the classical preparatory department of St. Joseph's Seminary for the colored missions. Its purpose is implied in its name, for it is called Epiphany, in order to commemorate the calling of the gentiles to the Church; and Apostolic because it aims at developing the apostolic spirit in its students.

It receives only such youths as feel themselves called to be missionary priests of St. Joseph's Society and who give the best evidence of a vocation.

The greatest care is bestowed upon their spiritual formation. The virtues so

essential to apostolic men are constantly inculcated:—a tender love for souls, so devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; humility, without which there is no solid virtue; obedience, modelled on that of Jesus Christ, who pleased not Himself; detachment from the things of the world: You are not of the world, for I have chosen you out of the world.

There is no novitiate, in the ordinary sense of the term, but spiritual training goes hand in hand with the regular college studies. Thus the young men are made to advance, like the Child Jesus, in grace and wisdom before God and men.

Applicants should have a sound constitution and a favorable personal appearance. They should, moreover, have a love for study and discipline, with a good and truthful character, and a docile and cheerful disposition; fair talents, good sense and a strong tenacity of purpose are indispensable qualifications. No one who is not fairly well grounded in the rudiments of English, such as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, will be received as a student.

Relations with the family.—Students are at liberty to correspond with their parents and benefactors. They may also spend the summer vacations with them, provided they receive the rector's permission; but they may not go home at any other time without very serious cause and then for as brief a period as possible.

Applications for admission to the college should be made in writing. Every applicant is required to write a personal letter, expressing his desire to become a missionary for the Colored Race, giving the motives which prompted the desire, and the time when he began to have it. He should promise that if admitted, he will faithfully observe the rules of the college, and qualify himself for his holy calling. He should also mention his age in his letter, as well as his confessor's approval. In addition to the above a letter from the pastor or confessor of the applicant, testifying to his good moral conduct and fitness for the apostolic life, is always required.

Expenses of Education.—Besides supplying their clothing and books, students are expected to pay what they can towards the expenses of board and tuition. Parents of students are encouraged to give as much as their means will permit.

Their zeal and self-sacrifice in this particular will be very agreeable to God and meritorious for themselves. We may here observe that the chief support of the College is "The Colored Harvest" published annually at 25 cents. We think it only reasonable to expect that students and their friends shall do their best to extend its circulation. We expect this especially in cases wherein parents and relations of students are unable to pay all or any of the annual pension. A sample copy of the paper, to be had on application, will give all needed information about the spiritual benefits of membership of the "Colored Harvest," and the way to become a zealator.

The applicant received on coming to the College, should bring with him a certificate of his baptism.

Applications may be addressed to The Reverend Rector at the College.

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#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Yale's new mechanical engineering building will cost \$120,000, and those of the University of Pennsylvania \$140,000.

The best endowed college in this country is Columbia, with \$9,000,000. Harvard is second, with a fund of \$8,000,000.

Thirty students have been expelled from Heidelberg University for being identified with Greek letter fraternities.—  
Ex.

The United States is the only country in the world which spends more money upon education than upon war or preparation for war.—Ex.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, referring, in a recent lecture, to the so-called "dark ages," said: "It was in those days that Christian architecture achieved its most glorious triumphs; the art of illumination attained its highest perfection; the rude languages of Europe were moulded into shape; the Muses lent their sweetest inspiration to poetry and romance; new continents were discovered; painters and sculptors won immortal fame; saints and heroes flourished."

Prof. Marsh, of Yale, has presented the first gift to the new museum established by Andrew Carnegie, at Pittsburgh. It is a perfectly preserved specimen of the *Excelsis Brontasaurias*, or beast of thunder, which was found in Dakota, and is 80 feet long, 15 feet high and weighs over 50 tons.—Ex.

The Catholic mission in Bengal thus far has been very successful. Commencing in 1881, the first year for which we have exact figures, we find the converts amount to 6,149. In 1886 their numbers had increased to 20,090, and in 1888 these had advanced to 53,281. In 1881 baptisms numbered 378, in 1886 they had increased to 3,274, while in 1888 they had reached the total of 35,000.

There is talk in Berlin circles to the effect that the Emperor intends to prohibit all State functionaries and office holders from joining Free Masonry. It is a known fact that William II. is a confirmed adversary of the sect, and that, unlike his father and his grand-father, he declined the offer made him, at his accession to the throne, of becoming grand master of the order. He declares that he feels in conscience bound no longer to tolerate Free Masons among the pastors of the Lutheran Church, nor among the officials of the Court and State, because, he says, a man who has sworn obedience to a secret society, cannot be true to his sovereign and his God.

The *Boston Herald* some time since contained an article on the acquisition of a language, from which we quote the following sensible remarks: "Some students begin a language for the mere love of knowing foreign tongues; others acquire them either for professional purposes or with the aim of gaining access to foreign literatures.

But whatever be the motive, it is well to set out with some knowledge of the science of language—some insight into the relations of languages to one another—some grasp of the theories of modern scholars about the origin and development of speech.

To learn a language without knowing anything of the science of language is like acquiring the art of putting up electric fixtures without any knowledge of the principles of electrical sciences.

To approach it, on the other hand; from the standpoint of universal principles is to make the study of it easier and progress in any particular tongue much more rapid.

By knowing for example, the laws of consonantal interchange we may often discover the meanings of words without being obliged to refer for them to the dictionary. In this way every new language learned makes more easy the acquirement of other tongues of the same or of allied stocks."

#### GREAT BODIES OF FRESH WATER.

A recently published article in the *Scientific American* contains some interesting information concerning large bodies of fresh water. The writer says that geographers claim that there are twenty-five rivers on the globe which have a total length each of over 1,000 miles. Of these two, the Mississippi from the source of the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains to the Eads jetties, and the Amazon from the source of the Beni to the isle of Marajo, are over 4,000 miles in length. To be exact, the former is 4,300 and the latter 4,029 miles from the source to the place where their waters are mingled with those of the ocean. Four claim a total length of over 3,000 and under 4,000. They are the Yenisei in Asia, length 3,580; the Kiang, Asia, length 3,900; the Nile, Africa, 3,240; and the Hoang-ho, Asia, which is 3,040 miles. Seven streams on the globe are under 3,000 and over 2,000 miles in length, the Volga, in Russia and the Amoor in Asia each being 2,500 miles in length; two are 2,800 miles long, the Mackenzie in British America and the Platte in South America. The Rio Bravo in North America, the Rio Madeira in South America, and the Niger in Africa are each 2,300 miles from end to end. The Arkansas river just comes inside of this 2,000 mile limit. Ten of the great rivers of the world are over 1,000 and under 2,000 miles in length. Three of these are in North America, the Red River 1,520, Ohio 1,480, and the St. Lawrence 1,450. South America has also three in this list, the Rio Negro 1,650, Orinoco 1,600 and the Uruguay 1,100 miles. Asia has three in the same list, the Euphrates 1,900 miles and the Tigris and Ganges, each of which is about 1,300 miles. In the group of great rivers, the

St. Lawrence is the most remarkable. It constitutes by far the largest body of fresh water in the world. If we include the Great Lakes and tributary rivers with the St. Lawrence system, as they cover about 73,000 square miles, the aggregate represents not less than 9,000 solid miles of water. The unthinkable size of this mass may be better comprehended when we consider the figures of Professor Cyrus C. Dinwiddie, who says that it would take over forty years for this entire mass to pour over Niagara at the computed rate of 1,000,000 cubic feet per second.

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#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

For the past few weeks the attention of the members of the Junior Association has been taken up with the arrangements for their annual gala day to be held on May 9th. As a consequence of this there have not been as many baseball matches as usual. Notwithstanding this fact, however, several very interesting games have been played, and the players are commencing to get into their usual good form. On Wednesday, April 27th, the Third Grade challenged the Second and Fourth Grades, and the challenge was accepted. The following are the names of those who were chosen for the two teams, with their positions:

| <i>Second Grade.</i> |               | <i>Third Grade.</i> |
|----------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| Belair.              | Catcher.      | Delaney.            |
| Allard.              | Pitcher.      | Beaulieu.           |
| O'Connor.            | First Base.   | Garneau.            |
| Cunningham.          | Second Base.  | Leonard.            |
| Lamoureux.           | Third Base.   | Larose.             |
| Martelle.            | Short Stop.   | Kane.               |
| Fahey.               | Centre Field. | O'Donnell.          |
| Dandurand.           | Right Field.  | Campeau.            |
| Roche.               | Left Field.   | Kearns.             |

J. Purcell filled the position of umpire. The game proved a very interesting one from beginning to end, and many very fine plays were made. The battery for the Second Grade, Allard and Blair, did some excellent work; many times the man at the bat felt in vain for Albie's curves. Albie as a pitcher may have a few equals; but as a coacher he is without a par and is well qualified to fill a position as such in the national league.

He made everybody play according to "de rules." When a dispute occurred he went down into his pocket after a copy of the latest laws of the game and invariably proved to the satisfaction of the umpire, that he was right and the other side wrong. O'Connor, at first base, also made some very fine plays. For the Third Grade Kearns, Delaney and Garneau played the best game. The match was decided in favour of the Second Grade by a score of 15 to 13.

On April 3rd the same teams, with the exception of one or two changes, again met, and the Third Grade won, the score being 15 to 10 in their favour.

On April 27th the liveliest base ball match of the season was played between the Externs and Boarders of the First and Second Grades. When the time came to begin the following players were on hand :

*Exteriors.*

Leclerc. Catcher.  
Valin. Pitcher.  
Lahaie. First Base.  
Belanger. Second Base.  
Casgrain. Third Base.  
Campeau. Short Stop.  
Garneau. Centre Field.  
Greenfield. Right Field.  
Carbonneau. Left Field.

*Boarders.*

Phaneuf.  
Martel.  
Dupont.  
Cowan.  
Paradis.  
Moreau.  
Gaudet.  
Hillery.  
Belanger.

J. Jean filled the position of umpire to the satisfaction of all. The game throughout was a good exhibition of base-ball. Cowan's phenomenal base-sliding was particularly noticeable. Carbonneau as left-field missed some good flies, but this was not his fault, the batter did not knock them far enough. The batteries on both sides did some very good work, and with a little more practice will make first-class players. At the conclusion of the game the score stood 23 to 28 in favour of the Boarders.

The gala day this year promises to surpass all previous efforts in this direction. The committee are sparing no pains to make it a decided success. A large number of prizes have been secured, which will be awarded to the successful competitors. Among the prizes offered are, we understand, two silver medals and a silver

watch. A complete list of the events and the winners will be published in our next number.

The following held first places in their classes for the month of April.

|                      |   |                     |
|----------------------|---|---------------------|
| <i>First Grade.</i>  | { | 1. Chas. Hayes.     |
|                      |   | 2. H. O'Connor.     |
|                      |   | 3. W. P. Ryan.      |
| <i>Second Grade.</i> | { | 1. John Arpin.      |
|                      |   | 2. Amand Gauthier.  |
|                      |   | 3. Ernest Boisvert. |
| <i>Third Grade.</i>  | { | 1. Chas. Brophy.    |
|                      |   | 2. J. A. Belanger.  |
|                      |   | 3. E. J. Corkery.   |
| <i>Fourth Grade.</i> | { | 1. T. Coulombe.     |
|                      |   | 2. J. Cunningham.   |
|                      |   | 3. J. Cushing.      |

*SUBRIDENDO.*

A Trying Moment—When the tailor is fitting your coat,—*Ex.*

A Dough Much Kneaded.—John Doe.

Got lots of push—The swinging door.—*Smiles.*

"Do you know why the English dude is not wanted in America?" "No." "Because the Yankee dude'll do."—*College Times.*

Subscriber—"Why is my paper so damp every issue?"

Editor—"Because there's so much due on it."—*College Times.*

The story of a lazy school-boy who spelled Andrew Jackson "&drew Jaxn," has been equalled by that of a student who wished to mark a half-dozen shirts. He marked the first John Jones and the remainder "Do."—*Ex.*

I had to be away from school yesterday, said Tommy. You must bring an excuse, said the teacher. Who from? Your father. He ain't no good at making excuses: ma catches him every time.

It does not follow that a man 7 feet high has a towering intellect.

Is it correct to describe a conductor on an elevated railroad as a highwayman?



## SOME QUEER WANTS.

Wanted—A skilful dentist to fill the teeth of a gale.

Wanted—A cook to prepare dinner on a mountain range.

Wanted—A stand-up collar for the neck of the woods.

Wanted—A hat to fit the head of the Missouri river.

Wanted—A set of artificial teeth for the mouth of the Mississippi.

Wanted—A crown for the brow of a hill.

Wanted—A snug-fitting shoe for the foot of a mountain.

Wanted—Several hundred women to scour the country.

Wanted—An energetic barber to shave the face of the earth.

Wanted—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.

Wanted—Locks for the Florida Keys.

Wanted—A wise man to teach the Scilly Islands.

Wanted—Someone to love the River Darling.  
—*Brooklyn Life*.

At a foot-ball game.—Spectators from behind.  
“Down in front! Down in front!”

Freshie—“Who told 'em I was trying to raise a mustache, I wonder.”

Charles—I'm trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead.

Clara.—Well, the Lord knows, you need one badly enough.—*Ex*.

“Where there's smoke, there's fire,” said the employer, when he found his office boy smoking a cigarette and “fired” him.—*Ex*.

“Two years ago,” said the editor, “before we struck the newspaper business, all our wealth consisted of a five-dollar bill.”

“And now?”

“We are trying to remember how that five-dollar bill looked.—*Asbury Park News*.

## APPLIED LOGIC.

“The child is father of the man,”

This truth the world concedes;

In early life great men began

To do their mighty deeds.

Then should those Indians, of a truth,

Be warriors of repute;

Who walk bow-legged in their youth

And feed on arrow-root.

—*Brunonian*.

Jumpuppe—“Confound the Theosophists.”

Jasper—“Why?”

Jumpuppe—“They convinced my wife that she had seven bodies, and she went off and bought a dress for each one.”—*College Times*.

An austere looking female walked into a furrier's establishment and said to a yellow-headed clerk:—

“I would like to get a muff.”

“What fur?” demanded the clerk.

“To keep my hands warm, you simpering idiot!” exclaimed the venerable female.

A General Firing.—Scribbler: Good morning, sir! A week or so ago I submitted to you a manuscript entitled: “The Injustice Done to Authors.”

Editor—Yes, I remember it.

Scribbler—when I wrote that I was fired by an impulse I could not resist.

Editor—So was the manuscript, sir.—*Boston Courier*.

Tutor—“Raymond, how do you pronounce the word r-e-f-u-s-e?”

Raymond—“Do you mean to decline something?”

Tutor—“No; the noun. Suppose at the conclusion of my dinner, I should have a lot of stuff on my plate; what would that be called?”

Raymond—“I should call it a miracle.”—*Chestnut Recorder*.

An eastern school boy, being requested by the teacher to furnish “An Essay on Anatomy,” wrote as follows: “The human body is divided into three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, namely, a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y.”—*Ex*.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

The plumber and the poet work

In very different ways;

For while the former lays his pipes,

The latter pipes his lays.

—*Eleanor*.

## A PHILOSOPHER.

A man had a very bald head

Which exposed him to all sorts of weathers;

“I want an Egg Shampoo,” he said,

“If I cannot grow hair I'll grow feathers.”

—*Brunonian*.

## ULULATUS.

## DECREED.

In this fair season when the world may see  
 Spring poets thick as buds that deck the tree,  
 Thus runs the Ululatus Ed's decree:  
 No sluggish lines prosaic shall debase  
 The humble joker's consecrated space  
 Which effervescent strains alone should grace.  
 When nature carols forth her lays sublime  
 And poetasters too, I think 'tis time  
 That fledgeling owls should learn to hoot in rhyme.  
 Pro lege voluntas, behold! I've said,  
 And sign the mandate, *Ululatus Ed.*

## TRIED HIS BEST.

He was a Spring poet, (pronounce "pooh it")  
 At least he pretended to it,  
 Would fain sing of Vernal flowers,  
 Of birds, fountains, shady bowers,  
 But found 'twas beyond his powers;  
 So dropt the pen and said: "I can't do it."

## A PERIPHY;

OR

## The Bundle that Did Return.

"Who *owns* the parcel, Mister——?"  
 One of the roguish seniors said:  
 But onward still with steady tread,  
 Strode he address'd, nor turn'd his head.  
 The day was fine, the streets were dry,  
 No ominous cloud obscur'd the sky—  
 Undoubtedly this was the reason why  
 The mercury in their souls ran high.  
 'Tis certain ev'ry heart was gay  
 And light as the silver wreaths of spray  
 That rose from the Chaudiere far away,  
 Blessing within the wisdom grey  
 That instituted the Holiday.  
 Northward the student phalanx marched  
 Till he of the bundle of linen unstarched  
 Audibly thought, "it was time to go back,"  
 When some knave suggested 'the Railroad Track!  
 And away they sped at a break-neck pace  
 Till the Walk engender'd a gala-day race,  
 When the stop-watch bounds from its lurking place  
 To mark in time on its sober face  
 What the agile sprinter measures in space.  
 Now Janesville fled away behind  
 Like a lesson in Greek from a Freshman's mind,

Or an actor in the Academic Hall  
 To his fuming cig, at the curtain's fall.  
 They pass'd by the Rideau Bridge around  
 And left on the right the Governor's Ground  
 When he sigh'd relief, for the burden'd found  
 That his vexing comrades were "homeward bound."  
 And now as with lagging foot they strode  
 Stirring the dust in the parching road,  
 Our hero, whose manly visage glowed  
 Like a sun thro' the shower of sweat that flowed,  
 From arm to arm his tiring load  
 Transfers repeatedly, till at length  
 The sight of the laundry gives him strength.  
 The trials of life would indeed be hard  
 Were they not to purchase a just reward—  
 A reward which, however, 'tis well to know,  
 Should never be looked for here below.  
 But may not a student when passing by  
 The laundry, just slip from the ranks on the sly?  
 And so 'twas the moment to make a dash,  
 If he wish'd to get rid of his burdensome wash  
 Alas! he'd forgotten that stubborn rule  
 That waits on our wish like a milkman's mule;  
 "None leaves the Walk till it reach the school."  
 Though one cheek with a just indignation burned,  
 Still one bundle and boy, as they went, returned.

## SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

The budding flowers their petals ope  
 And freight the breeze with perfumes rare;  
 Your foot slips on that cake of soap  
 Your wife left on the topmost stair!  
 And as with hard unyielding force  
 Your cranium makes the staircase ring,  
 You lift your voice in accents hoarse,  
 For "a spring, a gentle spring!"

Blue shine the skies at eventide  
 Twinkle the brilliant stars above:  
 Yon chimney tall doth Tommy hide  
 Who carols sonnets for his love!  
 But as, with cautious steady aim,  
 The fateful jack you deftly fling,  
 Tomaso leaves the way he came  
 With "a spring, a gentle spring!"

Sweetly the merrysongsters sing  
 Swift flows the liberated stream;  
 Now doth the budding poet bring  
 The rhyme he thinks "creme de la creme,"  
 But as the office club you raise  
 And by his ear he hears it sing,  
 He flees the sanctum with his lays  
 On "Spring, Gentle Spring"!