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University of Ottawa REVIEW

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 8.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

" Well may we mourn when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more !"

—MATHEW ARNOLD.



THE time is past, when gazing on the sun
Still robed in glory, setting in the West,
Though deepest crimsons dim to shadowy dun,
One well might utter : Rest ;
Thy splendors will survive thy death, and glow
Anew in verse that shines and knows not night,
Whence living pictures we can hang arow
In fondest memory's sight.

Or, when the breath of Summer nerves the flowers
To light the sward with loveliness, so frail
That ere the passing of the season's hours
Their transient glories pale ;
We yet might bide their loss, content to find
The blooms we loved set in our poet's lay,
To live a blightless life shrined in each mind,
And make our winters gay.

Now Night has terror, as her ebon hand
Lets drop her dusky robe o'er spacious earth
And shuts from sight the charms of all the land ;
For few will gain new birth,
But die unsung ; since thought cannot renew
At will day's myriad things, and regnant gold,
The flocks admire, the streams and valleys view—
The limner's hand lies cold !

Aye, dull the ear which Nature loved to fill
With secrets for whose gift she asked no toll,
Deeming their fittest place 'mongst men is still
A Druid's reverent soul :
Throughout he justified the trust, his words
With music wedded won our thoughts to praise
Nature's free art, to note the skill of birds,
And muse in woodland ways.

Our poet 's dead ! It seemed so brief a while
His clear, caressing thrush-hymn bid us hark,
And all our lives were mellowed by his toil,
And we were wont to mark
His harmonies outpouring till the air
Shook with soft echoing song, and hearts beat high
To think dear Canada such sons can rear—
Alas, that he should die !

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Ottawa, April 25th, 1899.



CATHOLIC INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.



THE present ritualistic agitation which is disturbing England and threatening the downfall of the Established Church recalls with more than usual interest that much-mooted question, Will the English nation return to the Catholic fold? Whatever be the result of the tendency in that direction, it forcibly reminds us that England was once a faithful daughter of the Church, that good Mother who has ever been one of the greatest forces in the making of English history. Catholic influence has indeed deeply affected all things English, but none more so than English Literature. For of all the agencies which have assisted in the development of this boasted possession of the English people, to none is its present form more due, by none has it been more greatly modified than by the Catholic Church.

The generally prevalent opinion that the literature of England is essentially non-Catholic is altogether erroneous. Many of the most famous names inscribed on the roll of English authors are such as the Catholic can point to with becoming pride. Although their number is small indeed in comparison to that of their dissenting brethren, yet their achievements are important enough to warrant us in asserting that the influence of Catholicism upon the literature of the country has been undoubtedly beneficial and lasting.

From the earliest times the Catholic Church has been the means of preserving the learning of the ancients, and She it was who stimulated and encouraged all intellectual pursuits. The very term of "monkish chronicles," so contemptuously applied to the earliest English writings, is in itself a tribute to the arduous labors of the Catholic clergy. The monasteries were for a long time the chief seats of learning; such colleges as were afterwards founded were presided over by monks, who were the most educated body of men in the kingdom,—in a word, the Church was the greatest power in the world of letters prior to the Reformation. Her fostering care developed a national literature, the rise of which we can trace to the fourteenth century when the vernacular idiom

obtained its final triumph over the French. The stately tree of to-day thus first saw the light in Catholic times, under a sovereign and among a people professing obedience to the Roman Pontiff. When the pliant twig grew into a vigorous young sapling, it naturally followed the inclination given it by early influences, the least easily eradicable of any, and hence is the first period at least of English literature so distinctively Catholic in tone.

The mist and obscurity which envelops the works of the earlier writers fades from our view, as the shades of night are dispelled by the approach of dawn, in the glorious vision which illuminated the literary firmament during the closing years of the fourteenth century. Need we mention that this was Geoffrey Chaucer, "the morning-star of song," who not only completely surpassed all his predecessors, but is even to-day acknowledged as one of the greatest masters of our language. The year 1900 will mark the fifth centennial of his death, yet in all the intervening time few can claim to rival, none, with the exception of Shakespeare, to surpass him. That his undeniable merit has been highly esteemed in all ages and by those best capable of judging, the unstinted praise which later writers have delighted to shower upon him assures us. "The finder of our fair language," "the English Homer," are early appellations; Spencer styles him "the well of English undefiled," and Dryden, "the father of English poetry." The latter designation is especially applicable. Chaucer found a language consisting of several discordant elements. He left it a united and powerful frame, its full stature attained, though lacking that polish which later writers imparted. To him alone, however, is due the credit for the solid and permanent foundation of the magnificent fabric we possess to-day.

As regards the Catholicity of Chaucer, we must admit that, although he died a fervent Catholic, during life he became slightly tainted with the doctrines of Wycliffe, which were then beginning to inoculate the public mind, but not to such a degree as to seriously injure his writings. His themes, as was customary with the age, were chiefly romantic, dealing with love and chivalry. In his treatment of them, however, the author's deep religious feeling and his strong attachment to the Faith, despite his somewhat heterodox opinions, is clearly revealed. The longer works of his

genius, especially the greatest, "Canterbury Tales," inasmuch as they accurately portray the customs and manners of his own times, are invaluable as a complete refutation of the calumnies heaped upon medieval times by modern writers. They are replete with references to the belief and practice of the Church, and although the author sometimes speaks disparagingly of monks and other ecclesiastics, on the whole the masterly picture he draws of the Catholic fourteenth century is such as, by arousing the interest and admiration of the reader, is calculated to leave an impression strongly favorable to Catholicism. But it is in his shorter poems especially that we find Chaucer's spirit asserting itself. That he was animated by a lifelong and sincere devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the surest sign of his essentially Catholic nature. Besides an original poem beginning "Mother of God and Virgin undefiled," we have a translation from the French known as "Chaucer's A, B, C," which consists of twenty-three stanzas, each beginning by a letter of the alphabet in regular order. One stanza will serve to illustrate his reverent and beautiful spirit of filial piety towards the Virgin Mother :

"Glorious mayde and moder ! whiche that never
Were bitter nor in earthe nor in see,
But full of sweetnesse and of mercye ever,
Help, that my fader be not wroth !"

Now that the drooping flower of Catholicism is beginning to revive in England, the works of this great singer will attract more attention than formerly and their spirit of useful influence will be greatly widened.

But the poetic outburst which marked the later years of the fourteenth century closed as suddenly as it began. For one hundred years after the death of Chaucer there was a deplorable dearth of distinguished writers. With the exception of the comparatively unimportant works of John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk who was considered the greatest poet and scholar of his time, this century of gloom was relieved by only one notable addition to the literature of the nation. If there were others they have not been preserved. The "Paston Letters," as this link in our history is known, consists of the correspondence of the Paston family, presumably that of a country squire. This important

collection of letters, in number many hundred, according to the historian Green, "displays a fluency and vivacity as well as a grammatical correctness which would have been impossible in familiar letters a few years before." They mark an epoch in the history of English literature, as showing it had ceased being the exclusive possession of churchmen and nobles, and had begun to appeal to the common people. But moreover they give us faithful accounts of the political, social, and religious life at the time, which show their authorship to have been undoubtedly Catholic.

The introduction of the printing press about this time was a circumstance of great importance and of vast consequences. The example of William Caxton, the first English printer, was quickly followed and a wonderful impetus thereby given to writing. Thus for nearly a century before the advent of the Reformers, the works of Catholic authors, French and Italian as well as English, were widely circulated throughout England, and the first step was taken towards that literary revival which was to attain its greatest height during the Augustan Age.

The early part of the sixteenth century produced the name of one illustrious alike in the field of literature and of politics, of one beatified for faithfulness to the true religion "even unto death"--Sir Thomas More. More is one of the fathers of English prose, his writings being certainly the earliest specimens of dignified English outside the domain of poetry. His "Utopia," written in Latin, has been justly celebrated for the masterly manner in which the author treated all manner of questions, evincing the most admirable forethought and wisdom. The "Life of King Richard III." is the first history worthy the name, of which our literature can boast, and is remarkable as well for its purity and clearness of style as for its weight and authority. Besides these two great works Sir Thomas wrote several religious books which would attest his exemplary piety and firm adherence to the Catholic Church, even if he had not been called upon for that last great act, the sacrifice of his life. Among the authors of the period his influence on the language is only less than that of Chaucer, for by refining and improving it he prepared the way for the great masters that followed. A true knight of the cross, his name will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen, particularly those of his

own faith, "for the erudition which overthrew the fabric of the false learning and civilized his country."

More's contemporary, the ill-fated Earl of Surrey, deserves at least passing notice. This noble scion of the warlike Howards, so illustrious for their unyielding devotion to the Catholic Church, though cut off in the flower of his age was reputed one of the best poets of the day, being thought worthy to be termed the "English Petrarch." He introduced the use of the sonnet into our literature, and was also the author of the first English poem in blank verse. William Dunbar, the "Chaucer of Scotland," flourished about the same time. He was a Franciscan friar, and the quality of his works may be estimated from Scott's eulogy of him as "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has since produced."

We now enter upon what is generally known as the period of Modern English, which begins with the famous Augustan age. Because the rise of this new era in English letters was contemporary with the Reformation, it has been alleged that it was a consequence of that religious movement. This is far from being the case. Even Hallam and Arnold admit that the Reformation was not an incentive, but on the contrary a great detriment to the progress of literature. Though the writers themselves were largely of the new faith, or rather lack of faith, which supplanted Catholicism in England, the change is in no way accountable for the extraordinary intellectual development of the period. As Macaulay says, "The times which shine with greatest splendor in literary history are not always those to which the human mind is most indebted." The noble literary harvest reaped during the reign of Elizabeth and her successors was the direct fruit of the seed so plentifully sown in Catholic times. The language rough-hewed by Chaucer and polished by later writers had at length acquired the proper shape for the great masters who were to mould and form it according to their various designs. The material was ready and at hand for those who rendered this literary epoch England's golden age. A plastic substance, rude and ill-shaped, under their hands it speedily assumed a form of great beauty and harmony. The language which up to this time had been rough, dull, even obscure, gave way to a diction characterized by smoothness, vigor and lucidity. Thus the work begun

by Catholic writers in the days of faith was carried on for the most part by adherents of the "reformed religion." There were very few Catholic authors after More until the present century. The reason is not far to seek. The persecutions of Elizabeth afforded scant time for writing, and the sea of blood with which they covered the land extinguished all literary lights, and there were many of great promise, among the Catholic population. When the greatest fury of the storm had passed, murder gave way to robbery, and the most barbarous penal laws pauperized the Catholic. For almost three centuries this state of affairs continued, and the loss which English literature has thereby sustained can only be surmised.

Nevertheless, scattered among the more numerous non-Catholic writers henceforward we find not a few literary men who remained steadfast to the ancient faith. Our thoughts immediately revert to the martyr minstrel, Robert Southwell. A worthy disciple of St. Ignatius, he suffered torture thirteen times before death came to his relief. During his three years' confinement in prison he composed fifty-five beautiful poems, the chief characteristics of which, according to Angus, are "great simplicity and elegance of thought, and still greater purity of language." A rich and fertile fancy robes his verses in brilliant and enticing hues. But though highly proficient in the use of imagery, he is always natural, and in this respect, as well as in his usual ease and harmony, he closely resembles Goldsmith. There is withal a sententious vigor in his works which adds a peculiar point and force to the lessons they are intended to convey. Southwell's themes were constantly of a moral nature, the comparison of worldly vanities with religious happiness and like topics. He was the first of the religious poets, and his example has been the means of enriching our literature with many of its most treasured gems. The popularity of his poems was very great even in his own day, and eleven editions of them are said to have been issued within five years of his death. But not only as a poet does he deserve our highest praise. He is a no less brilliant writer of prose. The infamous proceeding which deprived him of life in his very prime caused English literature an irreparable loss. The noble tribute which the hapless young Jesuit paid to that other victim of Elizabeth's

insatiable fury, Mary Queen of Scots, is equally applicable to his own unjustifiable execution :

“ Some things more perfect are in their decay,
Like spark that going out gives clearest light ;
Such was my hap, whose doleful dying day
Began my joy, and terméd Fortune's spite.
Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose ;
It was no death to me, but to my woe :
The bud was opened to let out the rose ;
The chains unloosed to let the captive go.”

With the name of Southwell we always associate that of his brother-Jesuit, Edmund Campion, likewise one of the English martyrs, who is known as the author of several meritorious books in defence of the Faith. We might mention several other more or less forgotten Catholic authors of the time, but we must pass on towards the master-mind, him whose name is synonymous with everything that is best in our literature, William Shakespeare, the “ soul of the age.”

As the greatest master of our language, Shakespeare is in a certain sense above all praise. The chief of the new literary school, to him is due more than any other the final moulding and union of many diverse elements into one grand, composite whole, the finishing touches which made English literature “ a thing of beauty.” But can we reckon this wonderful influence of Avon's bard as thrown into the Catholic scale? Theories, as ingenious as numerous, have been repeatedly brought forward to prove that he belonged to the old faith, but the evidence is neither complete nor decisive. So little is known of his personal career, that his religion, like many other matters, can only be conjectured. In his day, however, the embers of Catholicism yet smouldered, kept alive by a glorious martyr-spirit. The historic Catholic times, whence he drew the greater part of his material, were not long past. Naturally, therefore, his mind would be permeated with Catholic ideas and associations, and not unreasonably can we claim him as a product of the Old England. In this assertion we are borne out by Carlyle, who allowed that the Catholic Church “ gave us English a Shakespeare and era of Shakespeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism.”

But our chief and most reliable source of information on this point is the tenor of Shakespeare's writings. Considering that these were published in times when the most bitter spirit of intolerance was prevalent, when a disrespectful or calumnious sneer at the ancient faith was received with acclamations, they are remarkably free from the venomous anti-Catholic sentiment, the infamous caricatures of ecclesiastical personages which are to be found in contemporary works. But besides refraining from aspersions of the Church, Shakespeare's works are adorned with many passages which reveal their author's tender regard for Catholic doctrines and customs. The reverent care with which he ever treats of sacred subjects bespeaks his sincere respect for the virtues and offices of the Church. Whether referring to a question of ritual or ethics, the same tone is apparent, and moreover he never makes a mistake. The Catholic spirit of his plays is emphasized by the prominence given ideas of repentance and remorse for sin, such as he could only have obtained from one source. But above all is it manifest, remarks Dr. Barry, in "the exquisite purity of Shakespeare's women, divine at once in their grace and their strength, showing how entirely the mind of the poet was penetrated by the ethical spirit of Catholicism." These considerations are of far more importance than the mere question of Shakespeare's religious belief. Whatever it was, probably one of indifference, that none had such influence upon him as the forsaken faith of his fathers we can clearly see. The strong, pure light which shines through all his writings cannot be mistaken. The life and feeling which pervades them, their very air and colour are certainly and truly Catholic.

Another writer who, like Shakespeare, if not within the pale was at least upon the border land of Catholicism, is his friend and contemporary, "rare Ben Jonson." We know that Jonson passed twelve years within the bosom of the Church, and this no doubt had much to do with the Catholic feeling we find throughout his productions. What we have said of Shakespeare in this regard will apply equally well to him. Catholicism left a visible imprint on his writings, repeated allusions being made to doctrines and customs of the Church, while there are very few offensive passages. Of his dramas, inferior only to Shakespeare's, Angus says that they

tend "to bring into contempt the religious earnestness and scriptural tastes, which then distinguished a large portion of the public." This characteristic of Jonson's works, by enhancing the value of the supplanted religion, cannot fail to give the reader a much more favorable idea of Catholicism. A number of very devout poems, such as the beautiful "Hymn to God the Father," are also ascribed to his pen and are worthy of a more enlightened author.

Around Jonson's name we find grouped a little band of Catholic poets who, though more or less forgotten, are not the less deserving of mention. Ben himself was never tired of singing the praises of one of them, Henry Constable. As he was a staunch adherent of the forbidden faith, prejudice has drawn the veil of obscurity over Constable's works. He was a noted sonnet writer, and his compositions "In praise of God and of his Saints," contain many beautiful sentiments. One sonnet in honor of the Blessed Virgin is deserving of particular notice as treating of the Immaculate Conception, though it was three centuries later before that common belief became a dogma of faith. The once pre-eminent fame of Sir William Davenant, Jonson's successor as Poet Laureate, has also suffered for his religion. Southey terms him "a poet of rare and indubitable genius," while Scott has praised his vigorous conception and felicity of expression. He strove hard to improve the literary standard, and partially succeeded in restoring it "to its natural rank in society as an auxiliary of religion and virtue." His poems are models of morality, a very rare thing at that day, and are decidedly Catholic in tone. Davenant's contemporary, the noble poet priest, Crashaw, owes a great deal of his present reputation to the praise of his friend and co-worker, Cowley. The line marked out by Southwell was the one Crashaw chose to follow, and he has beautified our literature with many noble religious poems. Besides a great intensity of pious feeling, these display much energy of thought and wealth of diction. The "Epigrammata Sacra" has evoked from Coleridge a well-merited tribute to Crashaw's "power and opulence of invention." This work contains that beautiful passage,

"The modest water saw its God and blushed."

William Habington was another Catholic poet of the time who has been saved from oblivion by the merit of his works. His

friend, James Shirley, would likewise have shared the common fate of Catholic authors but for one immortal lyric, "Death's Final Conquest." Shirley was the last of the Shakespearian school of dramatists, and excels most of his contemporaries in purity of thought and expression.

But a greater than any of these last few now claims our attention. John Dryden, the master of the Classical Age, is one of those whose great and undying influence on our language reflects a glorious lustre over Catholicism. As an essayist or dramatist, whether in the fields of satirical, controversial or lyrical poetry, he is equally at home. His vast range successfully covered all branches of the literary art. Dryden's conversion was productive of great results. It took the greater part of his life to settle his convictions, and he has expressed in poetry his religious feelings in different stages of the journey. The "Religio Laici," written to defend the Church of England, reveals him in the transition state, a somewhat sceptical spirit underneath an orthodox exterior. The literary merit of this poem stands very high, but it was completely surpassed by "The Hind and Panther," the first fruit of Dryden's conversion. This is one of the masterpieces of English literature. The author's pleadings for the new-found light are expressed with great force and beauty. Especially admirable are the opening lines in which Dryden pictures the Church of Rome as

" A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the laws, and in the forest ranged ;
Without, unspotted: innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin "

Macaulay terms the "Hind and Panther" the best criterion of Dryden's wonderful powers, while Hallam praises highly the sharp yet pleasant wit, the close and strong reasoning which renders it "the energy of Bossuet in verse." The "Ode to St. Cecilia" and the celebrated translation of Virgil, were the other chief poetic compositions of Dryden's Catholic days. His prose writings, among the best in the language, offer no less striking evidence of deep affection and reverence for the Faith which "moralized his song."

During the lifetime of Dryden there appeared a book which has since lost a great deal of the notoriety it then possessed.

Reference is made to Ward's cantos on "England's Reformation, from the time of King Henry VIII. to the end of Oates' Plot." It was written after the manner of the much better known "Hudibras," though on account of its nature the work chiefly circulated among Catholics. It assails the Reformers in the most biting and sarcastic terms, turning to ridicule and contempt their would-be heroic deeds. This work was issued about the beginning of the famous reign of Queen Anne, when the appearance of a new and brilliant astral body was attracting the attention of all literary star-gazers. This was Alexander Pope, than whom perhaps no Catholic author has made a more indelible impression on English literature. He is, however, more celebrated as a poet than as a Catholic, and his influence can hardly be said to have been the direct consequence of his faith. But the spirit of Catholicism nevertheless enters largely into his works. Pope never attempted to conceal his belief, despite universal hostility to it, and his indifference was probably largely assumed, for his death was most exemplary. He is generally conceded a place in the first rank of English poets. Though inferior to some of the earlier poets in sublimity and imagination, he is unsurpassed as far as brilliancy of finish and elegance of diction are concerned. His works have given him enviable fame, and have been no small factor in the modification of the English tongue.

For almost a century after Pope, no Catholic names appear on the list of English authors with exception of those two famous ecclesiastical writers, Butler and Challoner. This was the gloomy period of the penal laws, when Catholics were effectually barred out from literary pursuits, except such as wrote from continental refuges. Allan Butler was one of these. From the English College at St. Omer he issued many religious works, the chief of which is the "Lives of the Saints." This remarkable book is a lasting monument to the vast erudition which made him one of the most learned men of the age. Even Gibbon admitted it to be "a work of merit," and Bishop Doyle praised it as "a mass of general information, digested and arranged with an ability and a candor never surpassed."

Bishop Challoner is another name dear to the Catholic heart. His writings are also of a religious nature, chiefly controversial

works. They are couched in an elegant and concise style. "The Catholic Christian Instructed" is the most popular of his works, and has indeed claimed universal admiration.

The great literary revival which distinguished the beginning of the present century was not at first shared by Catholics. But after the efforts of Daniel O'Connell had succeeded in securing Emancipation they made full use of the facilities which had been denied them for almost three centuries. In all departments of literature Catholics busied themselves in the removal of the rank growth of prejudice which the days of persecution had fostered and in the dissemination of truth. Nor did they prove inferior to their more favored brethren. Many of the greatest literary lights of the nineteenth century have been numbered amongst them, and have contributed their quota to augment the influence of the Catholic element in our language.

The first of our co-religionists we meet is Thomas Moore, Ireland's "sweet son of song." Though himself a lax Catholic, his works are on the whole strongly favorable to the faith which was his country's proud and only heritage. This is noticeable in his "Irish Melodies," which famous collection of lyrics show his great mastery over the English language as well as fervent patriotism, but it is even more to be remarked in the "Sacred Songs." These hold a high rank in English religious poetry. Their beauty and tenderness is exemplified in the well-known lines, beginning "This world is all a fleeting show." Throughout all those religious melodies we can trace a strain of regret for indifference to early teachings. This is even more marked in that noted controversial work, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." To Lord John Russell, Moore explained that his object in this work was to prove Catholicism "in all respects the old, original Christianity, and Protestantism a departure from it." Though the tone of some of his earlier works is objectionable from a moral point of view, it cannot be denied that on the whole Moore's works are deeply influenced by Catholic ideas and doctrine.

Moore was the first of a noble band of Irish Catholics who have contributed largely to, and had a wonderful influence upon the literature of the century. Celtic genius elevated by Catholic

faith has given the English language a new impulse, and imparted to it a certain peculiar grace and dignity all its own. One of its most famous representatives is Bishop James Doyle, the author of the celebrated "J. K. L." Letters. These letters dealt with the state of Ireland, and are no less remarkable for wit and satire than the somewhat similar writings of Junius. Ireland's great novelist, Gerald Griffin, also claims a prominent place among English litterateurs. His best work of fiction, "The Collegians," obtained for him considerable fame. His poems exhibit a remarkable union of elegant diction, lofty thought and delicate sentiment. John Banim is another gifted Irish novelist. Then there are the poets Mangan, Williams, Davis and D. F. McCarthy, to all of whom our literature owes many precious gems, and to the latter in particular his translations from Calderon, "the Spanish Shakespeare." Justin McCarthy brings the list up to the present day. As an historian and novelist Mr. McCarthy has won enviable laurels. Aubrey de Vere we shall treat of in another connection.

Returning to our English Catholic authors, the first prominent name of the century is Dr. Lingard. The magnificent history produced by this priest of a despised creed was a mine suddenly sprung upon the English public. But its merits could not be denied and it rapidly forced its way to the front, replacing works less veracious or less complete. With the most profound knowledge Lingard combined a highly commendable impartiality and accuracy as well as a classic style. Dr. Lingard is universally admitted to be the most reliable of our historians, for he drew his information directly from original documents and state archives, a practice which his example has led many others to follow. He has had an undoubted influence upon later historians, and his correction of the numerous errors to be found in earlier works has given a new color and direction to this important department of England's literature. The popularity of his great production is unbounded. Protestants as well as Catholics soon came to recognize it as a standard work. The author received a pension from the Queen, the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. from the Pope. The Edinburgh Review's criticism was most favorable, declaring that Lingard's work possessed all the beauties and good points of Robertson, Gibbon and Hume, without any of their defects. The sen-

timents of English Catholics were thus voiced by Cardinal Wiseman : " His gigantic merit will be better appreciated in each successive generation, as it sees his work standing calm and erect amid the shoals of petty pretenders to usurp his station. When Hume shall have fairly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and each shall thus have received his due meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as the only impartial historian of our century. This is a mercy indeed, and rightful honor to him, who, at such a period of time, worked his way, not into high rank, but to the very loftiest point of literary position."

The author of this beautiful tribute to Lingard's memory is himself known as one of the most accomplished scholars of the century. As a linguist he was unsurpassed, having a thorough knowledge of all the European and many Oriental tongues. His extraordinary abilities as a theologian are also well known. Cardinal Wiseman's *Essay and Lectures*, particularly those on "The Connection between Science and Revealed Religion," reveal his profound erudition and perfect mastery of English. He also tried his hand at fiction and produced "Fabiola," a unique and harmonious blending of "truly pious and devout sentiment with the loftiest and richest imagination." Along with Lingard, Cardinal Wiseman was the first of that noted school of ecclesiastical writers who have done so much to make Catholicism a powerful factor in the literature of the Victorian Era.

But this Catholic influence is not apparent only in the works of Catholic authors. Not a few non-Catholic writers of this century have come under the same powerful sway, and as a consequence their productions teem with reference to Catholic doctrines and practice, or descriptions of Catholic times and manners. Chief among these we may reckon Sir Walter Scott. Despite the fact that Scott's works are often offensive and unjust to Catholics, there is running through them a decided strain in strict accordance with Catholic ideas. His themes were drawn from the days of romance and chivalry, and the charming pictures he drew of those essentially Catholic times largely did away with the prevailing evil opinion of the Middle Ages. A taste for aestheticism was thus

awakened, which tends to elevate and aggrandize the Catholic Church in the eyes of the reading public. Besides the interesting descriptions of Catholic customs in which his novels abound, we find scattered through his poetic works many beautiful hymns. For instance :

“Ave Maria ! Maiden mild !
Listen to a maiden's prayer !

* * * * *

Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer !
Mother, hear a suppliant child ! Ave Maria !

Another who might perhaps be unsuspected of being influenced by the power of Catholic truth was that erratic genius, Lord Byron. Nevertheless we possess indubitable proofs of his respect for customs and doctrines of the Church. He even had his daughter educated in a convent. In a letter to Moore he admitted : “I incline very much to the Catholic religion, which I look upon as the best.” In his youth his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation indicated the tendency manifested in later years, and which often works its way into his writings. Among other evidences of these sentiments Byron has given us one of the most beautiful hymns in the language, “Ave Maria, blessed be the hour.” Another passage in his works that is well and favorably known is his beautiful description of St. Peter's. The author of such lines as those must have had a great leaning towards Catholicism.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a singular characteristic of many Protestant writers. In this respect we have already alluded to Scott and Byron, and to these names we must add that of Wordsworth. In his “Ecclesiastical Sonnets” we find among many other noble expressions of Catholic piety, the following beautiful tribute to the Mother of God :

“Mother whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast.”

Tennyson, the last of the century's great poets, followed Scott's example in treating of the so-called “Dark Ages.” The chivalric spirit of medieval times inspired his most famous work, “The Idylls of the King.” The brilliant splendor of the ancient faith envelops and gleams through all those charming Arthurian

romances. One instance will suffice to illustrate the beautiful Catholic sentiments which lend lustre to the strain. Arthur is bidding farewell to Sir Belvidere :

“ Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

But while the Church was thus making its influence felt through the writings of those great non-Catholic authors, a far more widespread agitation, alike important in its cause and results, was taking place, compared to which the Catholic tendencies of Scott or his fellow poets were but as so many almost imperceptible ripples in a violent commotion of waters. This was the celebrated Oxford movement. It was not a sudden or unexpected agitation but one of long growth, for we can trace its progress since the time of the earlier Stuart kings. In the writings of many eminent divines of those days, particularly in the works of Laud, the famous High Church Bishop of the first Charles' reign, a belief in certain Catholic doctrines can be distinctly noticed. The views entertained by those men, kept alive and amplified by the non-juring clergy of the following generation, descended to their nineteenth century successors, and by them were further enlarged upon. The school of Pusey, Keble and Newman was thus the first fruit of the seed implanted in the Anglican communion by Laud and other originators of the present High Church party. And the bountiful harvest of Catholicism proved that the influence which wrought this great change had not been wasted. But not alone was the Church to benefit by the work of these men : upon English literature it was destined to have a mighty and far-reaching effect.

The body of converts which recruited the Catholic ranks during this eventful period comprised many of the ablest scholars of the day. They were largely University men, skilled and accomplished writers. The great power which was theirs to wield they used mainly in developing one particular branch of English letters,

that pertaining to religious questions. This field offered scope for great possibilities, inasmuch as it was comparatively untouched. Southwell and Crashaw, alone might be said to have made the experiment, and their example showed its unlimited resources. Novel and interesting features of fiction and poetry were accordingly developed. Every department of literature indeed became imbued with the Catholic spirit of the new school of authors, who, however, devoted their best energies to ethical topics and the exposition of rational and revealed truth.

Deserving to be ranked with this celebrated galaxy of Catholic men-of-letters is one who was the actual beginner of the Tractarian Movement, but who, less fortunate than his fellows, died in the *Via Media*. This was John Keble, the author of "The Christian Year." Among the most beautiful of his religious poems there is one deserving of special notice, as showing a truly Catholic conception of the dignity of the Blessed Virgin. It is surprising to find an Anglican addressing Mary in such terms as these :

"Ave Maria! Thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim."

Other instances Keble gives in his works, of attraction to the Catholic devotion to the Mother of God, at that time one of the chief obstacles to reconciliation and union. The greater part of his writings indeed breathe a spirit of piety and devotion quite in harmony with Catholic doctrines. But their true significance is lost amid uncongenial surroundings. The influence which Keble would have been capable of wielding in the cause of the ancient faith, is, however, made apparent, and although, like many other Protestant writers, his quantum goes to swell the grand total of the Catholic element, it inspires one with an instinctive regret for what might have been.

Keble's great friend and leader, Cardinal Newman, is of course the most famous among the Catholic litterateurs of this school. No name stands higher in our literature than that of the illustrious Oratorian. His wonderful genius has left its mark on every department of English letters. Whether as poet or novelist, the writer of history or of essays, even amidst the subtleties of

philosophy and theology, Newman is always the same master of his subject, as well as of the language in which he clothes it. It often happens that a great discursiveness in writing marks a shallow mind, but not so in this case. All Newman's works display a vast erudition. To this is united a peculiar beauty of style which combines in the most happy proportion grace, strength and simplicity. We can gain no better idea of the great Cardinal's powers than from his own eulogistic description of Cicero: "He rather made a language than a style, yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of words. . . . His great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties, in enriching it with circumlocution and metaphor, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematizing the structure of a sentence. This is that *copia dicendi*, which constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has ever seen." The great power with which he was thus gifted Newman used almost exclusively in the interests of Catholicism. This feature engrosses in a more or less degree all his works, for the Church was his source of information and material. Hers then the credit for having given England such a master-mind as Newman, its literature such a valuable addition as his writings.

Coupled with Newman's name is that of his no less famous friend, Cardinal Manning. This learned Prince of the Church is freely acknowledged to be one of the real masters of English prose. Even before his intellect was illumined by the light of faith, his sermons were celebrated for their artistic composition. But his early productions bear no comparison with those of his later days. These are chiefly of a religious and polemical nature, and as such are among the most esteemed treasures of our Catholic literature. Manning's "Lectures" and "Sermons" are particularly remarkable for their simple and powerful eloquence, set off by a style of great clearness and energy. His writings have always been very popular and have exerted considerable influence.

With the exception of Newman there is none who has contributed more to this literary influence of Catholicism than Father Faber. As a poet he has won great and world-wide renown, though no more than has accrued to him from his prose writings.

He had a natural aptitude and great partiality for poetry, and his intimate friend Wordsworth once declared that "if it were not for Frederick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of his age." Before his conversion he published several excellent volumes of poems, but afterwards he devoted his brilliant genius, when he could spare time from the labors of his sacred calling, mainly to the composition of a prose series of pious works. These are of the highest merit. They are written in such an imaginative, eloquent and popular style that even the most abstruse doctrines of Catholicity become attractive, and in his own words, he "makes piety bright and happy." The mysteries, doctrines and practices of the Church are described with all the author's fervour and zeal. Besides Father Faber composed one hundred and fifty sacred songs and lyrics, on all manner of Catholic subjects, which are unsurpassed by any in the language. These devotional works have, by reason of their eminent literary excellence, done much to raise the standard of the Catholic element.

We have now regarded the three famous ecclesiastics of this wonderful constellation; there remains for our consideration three other stars of scarcely less glorious splendor, but of a different Catholic body—the laymen. These are T. W. Marshall, T. W. Allies, and Aubrey de Vere. Dr. Marshall is chiefly known as one of the most eminent satirists in the whole range of English literature. The years which he spent in the Anglican Church, during three one of its ordained ministers, led to his ultimate conviction of its "utter humanism and senseless contradictions," and inspired him with the irrepressible indignation so strongly evident in his works. He handles the shams of Anglicanism without gloves, and the cutting sarcasm, the contemptuous ridicule of his words convince us forcibly of their author's deep religious fervour. As a satirist Marshall has often been compared to Swift. He is indeed the equal of the famous Dean in power and style, but he also possesses qualities no less necessary in an author and which in Swift were lacking. However bitter the tone of Marshall's writings, they never descend to personal invective or unkindness; they are witty, humorous, not coarse or vulgar, while the fidelity of their portraits, whether of men or manners, is sufficient contrast to

Swift's utter unreliableness and want of veracity. Besides these satirical works, Dr. Marshall penned that wonderful religious encyclopaedia, "Christian Missions." All his productions display a remarkable profundity of thought couched in a polished and pleasing style. Moreover without exception they treat of Catholic topics: indeed Marshall limited himself to such and would not write on any other. His sincere attachment to the Church this fact amply bespeaks, and considering the impression he has made on the literature of the century, we can say with Pope Pius IX that "he has deserved well of all Catholics, especially in England."

Of no less conspicuous merit as a Catholic litterateur is T. W. Allies. In "The Formation of Christendom" he has enriched English literature with a work at once unique and valuable, the product of many laborious years. The great revolution which was wrought in the world by the promulgation of Christianity, and the progress of the Church as far as the era of Charlemagne is set forth in seven large volumes. This ponderous and comprehensive history is not only the greatest work of its kind in our literature, but a production unrivalled in any age or language if we except St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" and the no less celebrated "Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle" of the eloquent Bossuet. The manner in which Allies has dressed a vast store of learning in a graceful style has gained for his work universal admiration, and a place among English classics. His other writings are not so important, but in all he bears eloquent witness to the guiding-influence of his pen, "Catholic spirit imbibed from the fathers and doctors of the Church."

Though not an Oxford man, the world-famous Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, was also drawn into the Catholic fold by the widespread Tractarian Movement. The faith of his ancestors has ever since been as highly cherished by him as the inborn spirit of patriotism, and these two inseparable qualities of the Irish heart have fired his genius and given English literature many noteworthy additions both in prose and poetry. De Vere's chief works in the former line were penned before his conversion; latterly he has confined himself for the most part to the wooing of the muse, in which task he has achieved the greatest success. Unshrinkingly does

he support his fellow writers of the Newman school in testifying to the Faith. "May Carols" is a beautiful tribute of homage to the Mother of God. "Legends of St. Patrick" and "Inisfail," narrate the progress of the Faith in Ireland from the days of her first Apostle, concluding with the glorious triumphs of the long-suffering sons of Erin in its preservation. A companion work deals with the first century of Catholic England. In dramatic poetry, he has done justice to St. Thomas of Canterbury as none but a Catholic poet could. Through these, as likewise through all his other poems, the same lofty purpose of giving a Catholic tone to the national literature is evident. Freely acknowledged as one of the greatest and most influential poets of the century, Mr. De Vere has the consoling knowledge in his old age of having forever endeared himself to every Irish Catholic heart.

To this famous band we must add the names of several other literary artists, not so well known but of undoubted merit and influence. One of the sweetest singers of the school was Miss Adelaide Ann Proctor, the daughter of "Barry Cornwall." Her conversion to the true faith inspired the pious sentiments which refine and chasten her verse. Other writers who have done no little amount of good to the Catholic cause by edifying works are Lady Fullerton and Lady Herbert of Lea, Kenelm Digby, the author of "The Ages of Faith," Dr. Ward, of the "Dublin Review," Coventry Patmore, to whom we owe the "Angel in the House" and other meritorious poems, and Alfred Austin, the present Poet Laureate. Space precludes mention of many others, and accordingly with these we must close our list of the authors whom the Oxford Movement brought into the Church. That English literature has been greatly modified by their writings we can have no doubt, but they are too near our day to form a conclusive opinion. The extent of their influence is for the present a matter of conjecture.

We cannot lift the veil of the future, and hence must call a halt to our literary review. From Chaucer to Aubrey de Vere we have traced the growth of English literature, during five centuries watched its expansion under the genial influence of Catholicism. We have seen the literature which sprang up and received its early culture from Chaucer and his contemporaries in Catholic times,

reach the highest point of excellence in the works of Shakespeare and the other writers of the Augustan Age, the fruit of Catholicism; and polished by the great Catholic masters of the following period, Dryden and Pope, developed and brought to its present perfection by Cardinal Newman and the other members of the Tractarian School in the nineteenth century. From this it is evident that Catholicism has been not only a powerful but an essential factor in the building up of English literature. Moreover, the numerous and masterly writings of Catholic authors, joined to the not inconsiderable work of the same tone by non-Catholics, have produced a distinct Catholic literature. Of these great results we Catholics can be justly proud, as affording another and convincing proof of the triumph of the Church over all obstacles. The wonderful influence of Catholicism on English letters is indeed an enduring monument to the authors who contributed to its erection, often at great personal disadvantage; and we can rest assured that they will have worthy successors, that self-repeating History will hereafter show this power ever-increasing so long as England's literature continues to be regarded as her most precious heirloom.

JOHN R. O'GORMAN, '01.



“ Our new Reformation abhors the ‘Dogmatical’
As unmeet for an age so enlarged and exotic :—
Why stop at the *Credo*, O seers unfanatical?
Don't you think the *Commandments* a little despotic ? ”

THE PROPAGATION AND SAGACITY OF PLANTS.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE STUDENTS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY
D. McTIGHE, '04.



IN the marvellous plan of terrestrial creation, there are, according to our classification of created things, three principal classes, called the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Each is, to the unthinking observer, entirely distinct and separate from the other, because he cannot see any similarity between the objects of the three classes. Even to the student of natural history, these objects are so unlike one another that it is possible for him to learn a great deal about one to the exclusion of the others. They are seldom treated jointly in text books or scientific writings, yet it is almost impossible, in a discourse on botany, to avoid reference to them. However, it is not so much impossible as it is undesirable. For there is nothing more inspiring to the mind than to contemplate how wonderfully beautiful the vegetable kingdom stands between and connects the two extremes of creation, minerals and men.

When we behold the myriads of tiny plants shooting forth in the spring time, covering the earth with a vari-colored mantle of freshest beauty, we do not think much of it, because we have come to look upon it as a common annual occurrence. And when we find those little plants gradually becoming larger, and silently converting the elements of the mineral kingdom, of earth and air, into branches, leaves and buds, we are not attracted by it, because we do not realize the mechanism of it. But when those same plants, after a short, quiet, but exceedingly active life, have reached maturity, and being in the height of their strength and beauty, having provided for their own reproduction, throw themselves at the feet of the animal kingdom as a voluntary offering for its subsistence, we would, I am sure, if we could see and understand this process, look upon it with more interest than we ordinarily feel.

At the outset, then, it would be well for us to linger awhile to see how this process takes place. Let us take a seed and plant

it. But before planting it, let us consider it a moment. I have here an apple seed. It seems wonderful indeed, that such a tiny thing can produce a tree. Yet we know it can do so. But we cannot see how—that is the province of divine wisdom. We can only observe the different stages it goes through in the transformation from seed to tree.

Now the apple seed is not the best to illustrate with, so we will take a bean and place it in the soil. Every bean contains an embryo plantlet, consisting of a miniature root, stem and leaves. The root is the little projection which may be seen coming out of the seam of the bean, near one end and is called the caulicle. The fleshy portion consists of two parts called the cotyledons. The tip of the caulicle, which develops into the stem, is called the plumule. When the bean is put in the ground the first change that occurs is a swelling, which results from the moisture of the earth. After this the caulicle begins to creep out, the cotyledons spread apart, and the plumule prepares to extend. I would like to call your attention at this point, to the fact that the life of a plant from the beginning is not so thoroughly passive as we are likely to consider it on cursory investigation. It is rather active. Plants perform their functions with an instinct as strongly characteristic as that of animals. And we may describe them as living just as animals do, beset with the same difficulties for gaining a livelihood, knowing what they must do and what they must not do in order to thrive, and resorting to various means to accomplish this purpose.

Now the little caulicle knows that its duty is to stay down in the dark, to sink itself into the earth and eventually convert itself into a strong root, in order to extract the mineral salts from the soil, which are necessary for the nourishment of the plant. And just as well do the cotyledons know that it is their duty to supply the little caulicle with food while it is searching out a good place to begin work, and while it is setting up its machinery. Likewise the plumule knows that it must seek out the light, and carry the leaves up into the air and sunshine, so that they may perform their work of extracting the carbon from the air, and digest the food of the plant. With these well-defined functions, then, the little embryo begins to develop. The caulicle ruminates through the

soil, the cotyledons meanwhile feeding it generously, and the plumule gradually comes to the surface. This goes on until the caulicle grows to manhood, as it were, and thenceforward we call it a root. The root divides into several parts and sends forth in every direction a large number of rootlets. The object of this is simply to increase the absorbing surface, and is done, no doubt, on the principle, which is well understood among plants, that a whole regiment can do more than a single worker. Day after day the root continues to lengthen, always by additions to the point.

If you examine the tip of a root, you will notice that it is composed of a large number of little cells, and that the exterior cells are larger and stronger than the interior ones. We can account for this only by saying that it is a protective measure which roots generally adopt. They are constantly in animation and occasionally butt against hard particles of earth. To prevent injury from these, they form the larger cells as a sort of glove for the hand. The cells are filled with a milky fluid, which is, in reality, the life-blood of the plant. This is called proteplasm.

Now, while the root is performing its work, the cotyledons and the plumule are co-operating. But the cotyledons, as I said before, have nothing to do but feed the root at the beginning, although in some seeds that are not as thick as the bean, they are required also to become leaves. The bean, however, does not require the service of its cotyledons as leaves, because before their nourishment is exhausted, other leaves have been produced; so that the bean cotyledons never become really leaf-like in appearance.

Simultaneously with the growth of the root, the plumule extends upwards. As it lengthens, we forget the infant member which was almost invisible in the seed, and call it by its manhood-name, the stem. The stem grows by joints. That is, it produces a short piece, and then apparently stops growing and exerts all its energy to bring forth a pair of leaves. This may be compared to building a railroad. Surveyors and navvies will lay out the road roughly for a number of miles; then they stop and come back to the starting point. They now go over the route again, ballasting up the track well, building a station and finally throwing the road open for business. The reason for this is simple. The company wants the first section to earn some revenue for them while they

are prosecuting the work of extension. So it is with stems. The stem must have some assistance from without, and it looks for that assistance from leaves.

Leaves have a very important function to perform. They are indispensable, as, no doubt, you are well aware. It is their duty to absorb from the air the moisture which aids in dissolving the mineral salts that the root extracts from the soil. They inhale carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. By this act they purify the air for the animal kingdom, since animals inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, just the reverse of plants. If we examine the anatomy of the leaf we shall see how it is enabled to do its work. The leaf may be said to consist of two parts; the lower section is called the foot-stock, or petiole; the wide upper part is called the blade. The blade is supported by a framework, consisting of ribs and veins. The heavy thread in the centre is called the mid-rib; those branching from it are the veins, and those smaller ones from the veins are the veinlets. There is more of interest in the two sides of the leaf, which we will call the upper and lower. The upper is that which is always towards the light. This is usually smooth and of a greener color than the other side. It is on the under side, however, that the machinery of the leaf is located. Here we find a number of little tubes, opening into a cavity resembling a mouth. A pair of lips over the mouth open or close it, accordingly as the leaf is working or resting. These cavities are called stomata.

By means of these the leaf breathes, and contributes its share towards the process of growth. With amazing regularity and wonderful instinct, the root, stem and leaves continue to perform their own functions, and the plant gradually increases in size. As the stem enlarges in diameter, it becomes able to bear a heavier weight, and in order to throw out a greater surface to the atmosphere, it produces buds in the axils of the leaves, whence branches arise and bear many hundreds of leaves. Then, as the plant approaches maturity, it begins to provide for another generation. This it accomplishes by producing flowers instead of leaves. Now it must be borne in mind that, in any plant, there are only the three parts I have mentioned—root, stem and leaf. The first two do not change much, but the leaf takes on an innumerable

number of diverse forms. Sharp thorns or gorgeous flowers are merely modifications of leaves. The variety of these modifications indicates the different degrees of skill or intelligence, so to speak, among plants. Some have the power of converting their leaves into succulent fruits, others into sweet nuts, others into perfumed flowers, and still others appear to be, like the tramps of society, good for nothing.

There are hardly two flowers alike. But all are constructed on a common plan. To find out this plan we will examine the flax flower.

A complete flower consists of sepals and petals, and two essential organs called pistil and stamens. The sepals are the greenish outermost parts, commonly scallop-shaped; the petals are the colored parts; the pistil is the centre-piece, and the stamens are the little upright stocks surrounding it.

The object of flowers is the production of seed, which is accomplished through the agency of pistil and stamens. In the lower part of the pistil, which is known as the ovary, are located a number of little sacks, called ovules. These are the things which are eventually to become seeds. The top of the pistil, called the stigma, consists of loose tissue, not covered with skin. The top of the stamen, called the anther, contains a large number of little grains of powder, known as pollen. When the flower ripens, the pollen is discharged on the stigma, and fertilizes the ovules below, shooting forth long tubes to reach them. When the fertilization is completed the ovules are turned into seeds.

There are two kinds of fertilization--that which is done by the flower itself, and another sort, accomplished by means of wind or insects, which is called cross fertilization. This is one of the most interesting features of botany. I could not do else than spoil the subject, if I attempted to include it in this lecture, because it is too vast and intricate. Suffice it to say for the present that many flowers are fertilized entirely by the crossing method, in fact they are produced in such a way that crossing is absolutely necessary, since pistils are formed in one flower and stamens in another.

I have now given you a slight idea of how growth takes place. Let us take up another feature of propagation. Propagation may

be divided into three sections : growth, reproduction and dissemination. The first section, growth, has already been described. There is only one thing which might be said here in addition. Growth is universally alike. The tiniest flower and the tallest tree are based on the same plan, and increase in size and bulk according to one common law of nature. You may think this is queer, because the maple tree, for instance, does not resemble the little daisy on the ground beneath it. But what we are apt to regard as fundamental differences, we find, on investigation, to be merely modifications and variations.

The second division, reproduction, has reference to the propagation, or rather the continuation, year after year, of species or of individual plants. Reproduction is accomplished by the plants themselves, through the agency of the seeds which they produce before dying. It is commonly believed that the production of seeds causes the death of the plant. I do not know that this has been very well established, but at any rate, it is well known that as soon as the seeds ripen, the plant dies.

In this connection we have much room to observe what a learned English botanist calls the "sagacity" of plants. This has reference to the means which plants take to perpetuate their families by strong, healthy seeds. Some store a great deal of nourishment in their cotyledons, others a very small quantity. You may ask, "Why is this?" Well the only explanation for it is, that it is sometimes a matter of taste, or more frequently a necessity. We have a resemblance here to some of the principles of men. Nowadays men like to leave a legacy to their children, in order that they may be able to make a good start in life. It is the same with plants. They like to leave their seeds good and fat, so that they may live on their own money, as it were, until they get a foothold in the world.

Thus the vegetable kingdom, if left to itself, would never die out. But man, with his superior intelligence, has made it to do his bidding, and has devised other ways of reproducing it than by seed. One of these ways is layering, either by inclination or elevation. Layering by inclination consists in bending down branches of the tree or shrub, burying some of the buds in the soil and bringing the end of the stem out. Roots will grow from these

buds ; then the stem may be cut from the parent branch, and a separate plant is the result.

Layering by elevation consists in putting earth around several buds on a branch, and then as soon as roots begin to grow, cutting the branch and planting it.

Another common method is by cuttings. This is similar to layering, except that the stems are first cut from the branches and afterwards planted.

But one of the most interesting means of reproduction is that of grafting. This has the advantage not only of reproducing, but also of strengthening and improving the stock. Grafting may be performed on plants of the same family, and is specially applied to fruit trees. It has been observed that many of the weakest trees, those whose trunk and branches are feeble, produce the most luscious fruits, while those in the wild state, which bear green, hard fruits, are giants in strength. Feeble trees, like feeble men, cannot prolong their life to any extent. So in order that the choicest fruits may not be lost, grafting is resorted to, that these fruits may be borne on the strong trees. Of course this is not the only case in which it is used. Almost any tree may be improved by imparting to it some other tree's knack of manufacturing better fruits.

Grafting may be performed in numerous ways. If it is desired to improve the whole tree, it would be well to select a good strong specimen of the same family ; those approaching the wild state are usually the strongest, for example, a wild apple tree. Cut this to a stump; then take a short stem from the tree which bears the choice fruit. Make a cleft in the stump and insert the stem, sharpened a little like a wedge. Care must be taken to make the scion, that is the stem, come in contact with the sapwood of the trunk, otherwise the operation will not be a success. Close up the joint with bee's wax, or common manure, and let nature do the rest.

Another effective way of grafting is by means of a bud. Make a right angular incision in the skin or bark of the branch to be grafted. Fold over the skin, and underneath it place the bud, with a little sap-wood attached, cut from another tree. Close up the incision with wax and tie it around with string.

Another way is that of grafting a stem to a stem. One stem is cut wedge-shape and the other is made to fit over it. There are many varieties in this way, differing only in the manner of cutting the stems for the purpose of bringing them together.

Of all the sub-divisions of propagation that of dissemination, or distribution of seeds, is not by any means the least interesting. On the contrary it is one of the most effective ways of displaying the ingenuity of plants. In your rambles through the woods all of you, no doubt, have discovered many little berries that are not edible. Some are bitter to the taste, and some are actually poisonous. But while we of the human race cannot eat these berries, many of our more benighted friends of the animal kingdom can. For, although all food comes from vegetables, directly or indirectly, it must not be supposed that all vegetables or fruits may be eaten by man. Many varieties are reserved for the different classes of animals. Thus it is that birds can eat those little berries, which are highly poisonous to us, without any ill effects whatever.

Now when a bird eats one of those little berries, it assimilates the juicy part, but cannot dissolve the seed, because it is coated with a woody fibre like a nut. So the bird flies away, and eventually deposits the seed somewhere in its droppings. By this, you see, the plant accomplishes its purpose of disseminating its seed. Many little herbs produce berries just large enough for the birds to swallow whole, thus making sure that the seed always goes into the stomach with the other part.

Many trees, such as the elm, and a large number of shrubs and plants, adopt an entirely different method of dissemination. They employ the aid of the wind. They attach wings or sails to the seeds, and these on being liberated from the flower, are carried by the wind in all directions. This is a very extensive practice. You may notice any day in summer, when the flowers are ripened, and the wind is active, a number of little hair like aeronauts. If you catch some of them, you will find them to contain seeds.

Another method adopted extensively is that of producing little prongs on the seed coat, by which they attach themselves to the hairy backs of all passing animals, and are thus scattered every where.

Of course one of the commonest agencies of dissemination nowadays is man. Emigrants carry the seeds of certain plants from one country to another. The potatoe, for instance, did not reach Canada through the body of a bird, nor did it arrive on a special car propelled by the wind. It was brought here at some time or other by man.

However, the means that I wish to indicate, relate to the dissemination of seeds by the plants themselves. The reason why they resort to such devices, or rather the object of scattering their seeds, is obvious. It is identically the same principle which animates the human race in spreading over the globe. All men do not live in one place, nor do even the members of one family. When the older-inhabited centres become crowded, a part of the population drifts away to remote places, where they can have more room to live. No man would think of keeping his children together, simply for the sake of keeping them together, when there is no longer a chance for all to live well. So it is with plants. Plants do not wish that the seeds, which they have taken so much trouble to produce, should all fall in one small circle, because thus many would starve. And to prevent this, the plant makes arrangements as we have seen, with the wind and the birds to carry away the seeds to new parts, while a few are allowed to remain and grow up by the side of the parent.

We learn an agricultural truth from this natural dissemination of seeds, which should not be lost sight of. Every farmer knows that it is not advisable to save a part of his crop of wheat, oats, or corn each year for seed, because continued replanting of the same seeds in the same fields will soon impoverish the soil.

Now, with this outline of propagation, I would like to take you on a little excursion into the forest, for the purpose of observing some of the remarkable manifestations of plant life in relation to the different species. Let us select a forest in one of the Southern States. As we penetrate the tangled brushwood, you may feel that the damp soil and the warm, moist atmosphere are a little uncomfortable. But do not fail to notice at the same time, that where this is most intense, the growth is most abundant. Plants fairly revel in such surroundings. When we reach a point further in, the whole motley collection of stems, branches, vines,

tendrils and leaves, is away above our heads, where it appears to hang suspended like a vast canopy. Here the forest resembles a thickly populated city, where the struggle for life is decidedly various—fierce and desperate with some, but apparently easy with others. We see some plants well clothed, well fed and healthy looking, carrying their heads high in the air, utterly unmindful of their poorer fellow-creatures, just as are some of our types of the human kind. We see also the middle-classes, without luxuries or any surplus of apparel, but living comfortably. Then there are the poor classes. Their thin leaves and frail stems contrast pitiably with the strong ones of their lordly neighbors. And the most striking feature of it all is, that we find the poor among plants, as we do among men, the most numerous.

The sycamore, papaw and magnolia take precedence among the trees. The sycamores are remarkable for their immense bulk, which affords a delightful shade. The papaw is a fruit bearing tree. It grows to a height of eighteen or twenty feet, and is without branches. Its trunk is not at all woody, which proves it to be of the herb family. Now it is not customary to see herbs growing twenty feet high, so we cannot but conclude from this that some species have so modified their forms on account of circumstances, that they assume abnormal proportions. The circumstances in this case are the exclusion of light and sunshine. When the papaw reaches full height, it throws out a large number of leaves, and produces a sort of melon-like fruit, which is filled with a milky-fluid.

Our enthusiastic admiration, however, must be given to the beautiful magnolia. This is truly one of the artistic products of the plant world. It is not surpassed in symmetry, or in the profusion of its leaf-surface, which effectually shuts out the fierce rays of the sun. But its most admirable trait is the delightful fragrance of its flowers. Few Southern homes are without a magnolia close at hand to scent the atmosphere.

Although shade is greatly to be desired by man in the South, the plants regard it as injurious. They need the sunshine. And as the trees expand their leaf-surface, all the minor orders of plants make strenuous efforts to reach the light. In this endeavor they make use of the trees as ladders. This accounts for the profuse

entanglement of vines and tendrils which you see on all the branches. It also gives us an indication of the fiendishness which animates the parasites. These pests do not hesitate to fix themselves to the stoutest branches of the trees, living a life of luxury on the latter's life-giving sap, until they exhaust it. This all goes to show that plants like to cling to life as long as possible, and if they cannot subsist under ordinary lawful conditions, they will not scruple to rob and kill for a livelihood.

Before trees became so numerous, many plants were content to remain of moderate size. But as the light was gradually denied to them, they began to make strenuous efforts to regain it, with the result, as I said before, that some species have entirely changed their way of living, just as men modify their course in life to catch the tide of prosperity. We have a very good example of this in a certain plant of South America, which has not yet been given a specific name, but which, above all things deserves the title of "strangler." It usually grows close to a strong tree, but as it cannot put enough wood fibres into its stem to support a great height, it takes advantage of the tree for this purpose. As it lengthens it sends forth two little shoots, which travel around the trunk of the tree. When the shoots meet they clasp hands with the result that the tree is held in a strong embrace. It continues to send these arms around the tree at intervals of every few feet. When it reaches maturity and ripens its seeds, these shoots contract, cutting through the bark and eventually strangling the tree to death.

Then, again, what may be called the march of civilization in the plant world has had a marked effect on some species. We have an example of this in ferns. Physiographical writers tell us that in past ages ferns reached tree-height, but as the plants around them became more adept in the ways of life, their means of high-living were confiscated and they weakened and finally degenerated. You can picture what a tremendous descent in life they have experienced to reach their present diminutive size.

All plants appear to have a vocation--a trade, an art or a profession. Yonder oak, for instance, is certainly a tradesman of the highest perfection, for who but a skilled workman like him, can build up such a sturdy structure. Then the host of berry-produce-

ing herbs are certainly business-plants. For do they not put their berries on the market for the birds in exchange for the dissemination of their seeds?

And what shall we call the rose, the acacia, the lily of the valley, the mignonette, or the tulip, if they are not artists, for who can blend such beautiful tints and colors as they. Think of the aloe, who works and saves for seventy or a hundred years, then gives the world a masterpiece of delicacy and fragrance, and dies. Or of the millions of small flowers like the lily of the valley, which literally "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Then there are the professional men. Yonder sweet-scented hyacinth, or perfumed orchis, or peppermint, for example, are surely chemists of great learning, for who can distil such enchanting concoctions as they. And see how some of them pervert their knowledge and make themselves like witches among their fellow-creatures. Look at the nettle with its poisonous drafts. Or the fly-traps with their honeyed syrup, which attracts insects and holds them fast, until the leaves close and squeeze them. Or the pitcher plants. These convert a leaf into a narrow vessel, and fill the lower part with nectar. The odor from this attracts flies and insects and they rush for it. But when they get inside a lid on top closes and the hapless victims are drowned in their luxury.

I have now kept you quite a long time in the woods. It would be too long to detain you for an explanation of the uses of all these devices of the different plants, so we must leave the forest till another season.



WARREN HASTINGS.

On the the colonial history of "the greater Empire than has been," few men have made a deeper impression than has Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India from 1774-85.

The circumstances that attended the birth of this renowned man were not very encouraging to the new-comer. His mother died a few days after his arrival, and soon his child-father followed her to the grave. The care of the babe thus devolved on his grandfather, who eked out a scanty subsistence as minister to a parish at Daylesford, that had formerly been reckoned but a part of the great estates belonging to the illustrious Hastings family.

While he was attending the common village school, the boy attracted the attention of his uncle Howard by his close application to study. This new friend took the child in charge and sent him to school at Newington. There it was the future ruler met with the first great failure of his life. He solemnly affirmed that every attempt of his to grow was frustrated by the quality, and particularly the quantity, of food furnished him for the work. What truth there is in this charge is hard to say, but it is a fact that Hastings as a man was of a rather small size.

At the age of ten he was removed to Westminster, where he became intimate with two students of entirely different natures, one the shy and gentle poet Cowper, the other the to-be-notorious Elijah Impey. After he had spent some years here, his uncle died, leaving him to the care of a friend named Chiswick. This gentleman was of an exceedingly practical turn of mind. He took his charge away from the grammar school, sent him for a short time to a commercial academy, and then shipped him to India as a writer in the service of the East India Company. Hastings was at this time seventeen years of age. He spent about two years at a clerk's desk in Calcutta, devoting his spare time to studying the dialects of the natives and the customs of the country. His faithful work obtained for him the position of agent at Cossimbazar, a town adjoining Moorshedabad, where the native ruler of Bengal held his court. While at his post the cruel rebellion of Surajah Dowlah broke out. Hastings was taken prisoner but escaped and fled to join Clure at Tulda. That general soon perceived that the

new recruit's military qualities were far inferior to his diplomatic. Accordingly, when the rebellion was suppressed, Clure appointed him the company's agent at the court of Meer Jaffier, the new Nabob, whose territory was now almost the same as an English province. He held this post till 1761, when he was made Member of Council at Calcutta. In 1764 he returned to England. Here he remained till he received the appointment of Member of the Council at Madras. On the out voyage he met with Baron Imhoff and his charming wife. Circumstances brought him into almost daily contact with the lady, and at last the new Councillor was deeply in love, and happy to know that his sinful affection was returned. Then came the event that showed even worse for Hastings' morality. He interviewed the lady's, needy husband, promised to assist him in India if he would be willing to have his wife divorced, and after much persuasion the Baron consented to the disgraceful bargain.

Arrived at Madras, Hastings instituted many important reforms, and was rewarded by being made Governor of Bengal. It was now that he came into close contact with the well known Nuncomar. Bengal then had a sort of double government—one, nominal, represented by Nabob Khan, who received an allowance of three hundred thousand pounds a year; the other, real, represented by the English. Nuncomar had used every means, fair and foul to become Nabob. He now laid charges against Reza Khan, and on these being taken up did all in his power to prove them, but signally failed. The English decided, however, to curtail what little power the ruler still possessed. No reward was given Nuncomar, and the crafty Hindoo swore revenge. The Directors now informed Hastings that they needed more money and must have it. Their agent was equal to the occasion. The allowance of the Bengal ruler was cut in half; his provinces of Allahabad and Corah seized and sold to the Prince of Oude for half a million pounds sterling.

But the most disgraceful act was yet to come. The ruler of Oude wished to add the country of the Rohillas to his territories. His own soldiers could not conquer the brave inhabitants, and he knew that the only forces that could, were the British. He saw that Hastings needed money badly and so decided to tempt him.

An offer of four hundred thousand pounds was made the Governor for the services of some British regiments. To his lasting disgrace, Hastings accepted. What need to describe the different battles of the ensuing war. Each presented the same spectacle. At first the Rohillas would stubbornly and firmly hold their ground till finally overcome by the matchless discipline of their British foe, they turned to flee. Then would the brave warriors of Oude appear manfully on the field. Then would their eager blades reek with the blood of a wearied and dying enemy, whom they feared to oppose on the field. To the complaints of the British officers, Hastings replied that he had not stipulated how the war should be conducted and could not interfere now. So things went on. The war was soon over. The Governor had for a time satisfied the cravings of the Directors for money and made Bengal prosperous; Oude had acquired much new territory; and the Rohillas—they had fought for their country and died.

About this time, 1773, the Regulating Act was passed. India was to be governed by a Governor-General, Hastings, and four Councillors. A Supreme Court was formed with Sir Elijah Impey as Chief Justice. Under this change Hastings was in the minority, since three of the new councillors, Clavering, Francis and Monson, opposed him. The natives thought that his fall was near. Nuncomar came forward with charges against him and the Council judged him guilty. The Governor General refused to admit that the Council had the right to sit in judgment on his actions. They persisted. Suddenly Nuncomar was seized, cast into prison on a charge of felony and sentenced to death. The Governor had played his last card, and Impey had ably assisted him.

Hastings' term of five years was now almost at an end. Discussion was aroused concerning his conduct and his withdrawal was demanded. The Directors were undecided, when suddenly his agent handed in the Governor's resignation, with which he had been entrusted some time before with instructions to use should occasion arise. Mr. Wheler was immediately appointed to the place. When this gentleman reached India affairs had changed. Hastings was again supreme. He made Mr. Wheler a councillor and retained his office. The time was a trying one for India. Hyder Ali arose in great strength and overran almost the entire country. The

Governor adopted decisive measures. He conciliated the threatening Mahrattas; suspended the incapable commander of Fort George at Madras; induced the aged yet valorous Coote to don his war-trappings. The battle of Porto Novo was fought and India saved. This brilliant campaign drained the treasury and Hastings decided to fill it in the usual manner. He determined to initiate the Rajah of Benares into the delights of cheerful giving. First he requested him to support a body of cavalry for the government. A discouraging answer being given, the demands were increased till they reached a half million pounds sterling. This amount not being produced, Hastings decided on the imprudent step of visiting Benares and perhaps selling the place. When he reached there he found the Rajah still stubborn and so ordered his arrest. Immediately a tumult arose. Many of the English were massacred. The prisoner and imprisoner quickly changed places. Visions of a repetition of the horrors of the Black Hole at Calcutta may have floated before Hastings' eyes; but he remained cool. Troops were hurriedly despatched to Benares and the army of Cheyte Sing defeated. His treasures were seized but the amount was not sufficient for the Governor's needs.

This time he decided to draw on the Prince of Oude. But that worthy was himself in financial difficulties so the pair decided to rob a third party, the mother of the Prince. She, with the mother of the late Nabob was supposed to possess a large fortune. Demands were made on this. The ladies refused. They were imprisoned, their servants tortured, their palace plundered and the sum of twelve hundred thousand pounds was realised. This was the last important act of Hastings' rule. In 1785 he set out for England, leaving India for ever. From the moment he set foot on shore, all seemed well. The storms of opposition appeared to have subsided and given place to a lasting calm. But it was such a calm as precedes a mighty storm.

Within a week of the ex-Governor's return, Burke gave notice in the House of a motion regarding the Governor's administration. At the next session Hastings' adherents requested that this motion be supported by some charges. There could be but one result. Burke, Fox and Sheridan made masterly orations, and the first-

named was ordered to go before the Lords and impeach the late ruler.

What must have been the thoughts of Hastings when he appeared at the bar of the House of Peers. But yesterday he was an absolute ruler over millions to whom his word was law, his anger to be feared as the wrath of their gods. Perhaps he recalled his youth at Daylesford when he had dreamed one day to return and reclaim the family estates, and now, just as he had realized this fond dream he sat here a virtual prisoner, and the solemn words of Burke came floating to his ear: "In the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach Warren Hastings, the common enemy and oppressor of all." With these impressive words was one of the greatest trials in English history introduced. At first great public interest centred on the case, but after the masterly orations of Sheridan, Burke and Fox had given way to the mere routine of calling and hearing witnesses, the excitement began rapidly to decrease. The affair degenerated into a mere ceremony. And so eight long, weary years wore away. At last it was decided to close the trial. Hastings once more appeared before his judges, to await their formal verdict. Slowly and solemnly was it announced that Warren Hastings was adjudged not guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors charged against him. He had obtained his acquittal but had lost a fortune. He turned to the India Company's directors, in whose service he had wrecked his life, and now begged assistance from them. After much bickering, he received a moderate annuity and a considerable loan. By this aid he was enabled to retain possession of long-desired Daylesford and to pass the rest of his eventful life in comparative calm. Only once was his peace broken. In 1813 he was requested to appear before the House of Commons to give certain testimony regarding the East India Company's charter. The popular assembly received the old man with every mark of respect. The Lords acted in a similar manner. He was made a member of the Privy Council. Promises of a peerage were held out to him, but for some reason this great honor was never accorded him.

On August 22nd, 1818, Hastings passed peacefully away. His remains were interred in that spot where he would most have

desired them to be placed, the parish church at Daylesford. There his dust might mingle with that of the departed chiefs of his ancient family ; a family whose name he had striven throughout his life to restore to some of its former greatness.

At first glancing over this wonderful man's career we are apt to consider him as ill-rewarded and to judge his offences too leniently. But when we remember the misery that his acts caused thousands : when we think of the manner in which he acted towards the brave Rohillas ; when we consider his gross injustice towards Cheyte Sing ; when we recall the cruel use he made of his power to extort money from the princesses of Oude ; when we note how he permitted Impey to act as a legal tyrant in the country,—when, in a word, we view his lawless deeds, we are inclined to look upon him as an able assistant to the Prince of Darkness. To offset this certainly too harsh decision we may bring forward the fact that Hastings administered Bengal wisely and well ; that he brought the land from a state of chaos to a state of safety ; that he laid the foundation of the present incomparable Indian civil service ; that he dissolved the ruinous system of double government : that he improved the condition of the people immediately under his control ; that he endeavoured to raise their moral and educational standard, and encouraged, at least indirectly, arts and science in the country,—all these facts must be taken account of before we utter any sweeping condemnation of the man and his administration.

Whatever may be our ultimate opinion of Hastings we cannot but consider him as a man of the greatest administrative genius and of the most lofty daring, a man who, under more favorable circumstances, might have left behind him not only a record that would mark him as one of Britain's most successful colonial rulers, but a record that would enable his countrymen to feel a justifiable pride at the mention of his name.

GEORGE D. KELLY,

Third Form.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE life of a modern writer is, generally speaking, a humdrum affair. Someone has remarked that the literary man of the nineteenth century lives in no such events as those which followed Chaucer, Spencer, Marlowe, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, or DeFoe. The story of Ulysses—the old heathen who bravely disdained ease, and was full of that spirit, even to old age, eager, fresh, and inquisitive—is of an adventurer long dead. In our times of piping peace, the greatest romance that clings about a writer comes from what rumor has to say about his enormous bank cheques. With the author himself, one may suppose the most stirring passages in his life are made up of dickerings with the book-sellers. But the career of the wonderful young man who can draw upon his visual and personal recollections for scenes in all parts of the world and for accurate descriptions of the lives and habits of all sorts of people, and who, in ten short years, being yet in his early forties, has by virtue of work in both English prose and verse, forged far ahead of all competitors to the very front rank of English writers, may surely be deemed to form a striking exception to the rule. There is only one exception, since there is only one Rudyard Kipling.

He was born in 1865, in Bombay, India. His father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, was a cultivated writer, art teacher, and illustrator. A correspondent recalls the manner in which Rudyard Kipling got his distinctly unusual Christian name. It is a pretty and romantic story. His father, who was chief of the Lahore School of Art, bestowed it upon his son as a souvenir of the fact that it was while walking on the shore of Rudyard Lake that he proposed to, and was accepted by, Miss Alice MacDonald, the poet's mother. Young Kipling was educated in England, but at the age of seventeen he returned to India, where he entered upon a journalistic career as sub-editor of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette." It was that newspaper that received his first stories and verses, which at the outset made but little stir. Then Kipling, in 1886, having attained to man's estate in years, had bound up in rough fashion in his office a small volume of his verse: "a

lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape." The odd little venture sold well; and as the bard himself put it, "at last the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back." The book, though crude, was given a cordial reception, and made a great sensation. The tales about India were also made into books and followed the poems to the great city on the banks of the Thames, where they made the name of their author famous. The themes of these tales showed Kipling's broad grasp; they were pathetic, realistic, or weirdly sombre in their suggestiveness, and more than one of them were masterpieces.

Kipling went to England in 1880, and a little later settled in the United States, building for himself a residence in Brattleboro, Vermont. His recent return from England to New York, his serious illness, great suffering, and happy recovery, the satisfaction of which was, however, lessened by the death of a beloved daughter, are facts too vivid in the public memory to call for more than a bare mention here.

There are few personalities more interesting than that of Rudyard Kipling, and yet there are few men of letters about whom so little personally is known. The private life of the novelist and poet has always been jealously screened from the public gaze. He shrinks from notoriety and dreads an American reporter more than a tiger in his jungle—mayhap with good reason. After remarking that a great deal had been made about Kipling's eccentricities and rudeness to people who showed a desire to lionize him, a friend of his went on to say, that those who know him well affirm this is due entirely to diffidence, that he is as bashful as a country boy and is never himself in the presence of strangers. A prominent society lady of New York, for example, whose home is the haunt of literary people, invited him to a musicale, and he went with his wife, expecting to be treated like ordinary guests. When he arrived, however, to his horror and amazement, he found the programme was almost entirely composed of his own poems, that had been set to music, and that he was expected to occupy a conspicuous position before the audience while the entertainment was going on. He emphatically declined to do so, and with an abruptness which his hostess and the other guests considered very

rude, bolted from the house and went home. The explanation offered by his friends was that he was simply frightened. I do not hesitate to say that all the rudeness here was on the part of Kipling's hosts. When people propose to put an unoffensive stranger on exhibition for their own satisfaction in the land of Barnum, the one thing left for the foreigner to do is not to stand upon the order of his going—but go. Kipling has a laudable prejudice against inquiry into his private life and habits, and consequently a good many people who have come in contact with him have called him all sorts of hard names. His defence—a justifiable one—was that he did not care to know them and resented their attempts to know him. He believes that he gives the best he has to the public in his writings, and that it has no right to bother about his private life. Quite so, “the book is of the man”—not “the man” as it is frequently misquoted—as Buffon expresses the thought.

The most original writer finds it difficult to divest himself of his insularly English ideas and preconceptions. Witness his mistake in pilfering from the old and disused Litany of the Blessed Virgin, or D'Arcy McGee's poems, in order to dub this fair Dominion, “Our Lady of the Snows.” Do not we all know that little or none of “the beautiful” can be found outside of ice-houses anywhere in these Provinces in the middle of July? It is quite true oranges do not grow in the open in Canada in either December or January, even when the season is quite exceptionally mild; but Canada is, as a sapient Boston commentator avers, a very fertile country, with a good climate and an intelligent people, whose chief trouble is a superabundance of politics. “Our Lady of the Snows!” oh, no, Mr. Kipling; please to take that back. In fact, Kipling not only does not appreciate the American climate, he has not even learned how to manage it. It is generally affirmed in the Great Republic that his terrible illness was due to his habit of wearing a heavy fur-lined overcoat in all sorts of weather and his imprudence in taking it off when he became heated. He was repeatedly warned that he was unnecessarily exposing himself and advised to get a lighter garment to wear as the weather became milder, but he would start out in the morning with his fur coat, wear it until he was thoroughly

heated and perspiring, when he would take it off and carry it on his arm until he was chilled. Then he would put it on again and say unpleasant things about our climate.

One who knows Mr. Kipling writes, that personally he is cheerfully profane and genuinely religious. His affection for his wife and children amounts almost to worship, but even they are not immune from his sense of humor. He calls his first child his "international baby." Of course it is natural that a dyed-in-the-wool Tory like Kipling should hardly be happy, outside of England, yet he has a genuine love for Vermont, and it is possible that had it not been for his trouble with his brother-in-law he might not have left the United States. As it was, he only went for a spell finally to return. With the perversity so natural to an Englishman, again, he prefers Vermont in winter time, although it is cold and cheerless enough to most people. Perhaps the long years he spent in the heat of India may account for his delight in cold weather. It is probable he meant to be nice and complimentary to Canada when he called her, "Our Lady of the Snow." He has often said there is nothing like Vermont air for babies.

His Brattleboro home is said to be as peculiar as himself. It is an out-of-the-way place, on the side of a hill. Properly speaking it is not in Brattleboro at all, but just across the line in a little place called Dummerston. The hill slopes down to the troubled waters of the Connecticut River. The house is a long, curious-looking structure, fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow. A long corridor divides it from end to end, so that the arrangement of rooms is something like those in a hotel. There are no fences around his extensive grounds, but there are to be seen lots of signs which read: "Trespassing on these Premises is Forbidden." In order to further avoid intrusion there is but one entrance to the house, and that is on the side away from the road. His study is a long, narrow room, most artistically adorned, which can be reached only by passing through his wife's boudoir. It will be observed that everything in connection with his life in America shows how desirous he is to avoid people who bother him, and his extensive precautions are not overdone. In his study are many books, and he is an omniverous reader.

He is a slight, active man, wears a thick cap, a big, shabby ulster, and old trousers thrust into heavy boots. A little black briarwood pipe upon which he puffs contentedly at frequent intervals, completes the picture. He seems to enjoy the freedom of his shabby clothes and of the rural community. He likes the sleighing. He is fond of wandering about on the place. When there is a fresh fall of snow he usually takes a hand in shovelling paths. If those keen, spectacled eyes were hidden a stranger might take him for one of the employees. But when evening comes Mr. Kipling makes an elaborate toilet. If you read his books you know that when he pictures a man in the wilds of India whom he really wants to have respected, he always makes him put on his evening clothes at dinner time. The author lives up to this. It doesn't matter if there are no guests in the house he always dresses for dinner.

He is never in a hurry, and often sits about the hotel, and chats with people whom he knows and reads the newspapers. The shopkeepers all know him, and like him. But the stranger who seeks him out, with fulsome praise to serve as an introduction, wishes he hadn't. His favorite expression is the good old English expression of "egad," but there is no end of "damns," and even still more masculine expressions, interlarded in the conversation. The men who have worked for him—and they are many—say that he is the kindest and most generous employer they have ever known. There is one thing he always asks them, and that is to tell nothing about his daily life or the incidents of his household affairs. From all of which it will be seen that there is no Englishman in Great Britain who guards his privacy more closely than this author who has not the least hesitation in getting at the secrets of other people when he wants them for a tale. But that is an entirely "different story," as Kipling has remarked himself on various occasions.

A correspondent of the London *Sun* gives us a glance at the celebrated writer while he lived in England prior to his recent return to America. Rottingdean is—contrary to its name—a fresh, charming little place on the south coast of England. There Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, had a beautiful house; and opposite, his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, took a place. This correspondent continues: "His amusements! Well, he used to

cycle across to Brighton, when we all used to stand in the road to see him start, and he would return in the evening to dinner. Or we would miss him for two or three days and find he had gone away to Ireland. Sometimes, with my sister and I, he would sit on the beach at Rottingdean and idle away a morning. At cost of infinite trouble he would pile a line of stones quite near the water; then he would scramble back to us and we would all fire volleys together. We were allowed three stones to his one, but I think the ratio was afterwards reversed because he was a poor shot. This amusement he called "decimating an enemy's palisade," and, as our shots slowly brought down the stones, he would get quite excited, and his shoe laces become more and more untied. Also, he would fling stones ont on the sea, and, in this too we always beat him. It may be he allowed us to win, but at the time he never permitted us the idea." It is evident this correspondent of the London *Sun* is a young person, and certain it is the author of the "Jungle Books" understands the Young Person.

Lest my younger readers should fall into the dangerous mistake of supposing that Mr. Kipling has climbed the ladder of literary success without incredible pains, I desire to make a point or two in the beginning of his career quite clear and emphatic. We know something of what his duties were on the "Civil and Military Gazette." He had to prepare for the press the telegrams of the day; he had to provide extracts and paragraphs; he wrote brief editorial notes; he kept an eye on sports and looked after local news generally; finally, he read all proofs, except those of editorials, and on top of all this work he composed innumerable verses and stories. In his remarkable story of "The Man who Would be King," he has given us a sketch of himself sitting at desk one Saturday night, waiting to put the paper to the press. "A king or courtier was dying at the other end of the world," he says, "and the paper was to be held until the last possible moment. It was a pitchy, black, hot night, and raining—now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust. . . The thing, whatever it was, was keeping us back. It would not come off. . . . I drowsed off, and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing and whether this dying man was aware of the inconvenience and delay he was causing. . . The clock hands crept

up to 3 o'clock and the machines spun their fly-wheels two or three times, to see that all was in order before I said the word that would set them off. I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shattered the quiet into little bits."

In a word, his early school was almost as exacting and exhausting as that in which the young mind of Charles Dickens was developed—pulled up, would, perhaps, be a better word. It was in this trying environment that Kipling nevertheless composed some of his best things. But he did not achieve dexterity without plenty of painful effort. In a couple of pages on "My First Book," which he some years ago contributed to "McClure's Magazine," he told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying :

"Bad as they were I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter."

I burned twice as many as were published! There is the story in brief of the author's struggles with what Robert Burns calls his "prentice hand." Only Dogberrys think that "reading and writing come by nature." Intelligent people know that they come by a different process in comparison with which wielding a pick under a scorching summer sun is a ridiculously easy and grateful employment. Even as late as two years ago, Mr. Kipling said to a friend: "I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed; most of it goes there." The waste paper basket here received a vigorous kick, and a mass of torn-up papers rolled on the ground.

The task of giving, within narrow limits, a just estimate of Kipling's work in prose and verse is not an easy one. His verse is the most vigorous and natural produced by an Englishman in our days. Kipling has been well described as strong meat for men, sometimes strong enough to be rank, not milk for babes and sucklings. His language is at times as "plain" as the picturesque vocabulary of Truthful James. It is said he does not know grammar, that he wrote "done" for "did" in "Recessional," and

repeated the fault in a subsequent effusion. But who among us English-speaking people does know grammar? And what is English grammar, or the grammar of any living, and consequently changing tongue? As soon as a man does something sufficiently great, an inquisitive horde starts up to discover what he can't do. One of these has just triumphantly held up the fact that Kipling does not show himself heart to heart with nature in his writings; that his soul is not linked to her fair works; that he is never contemplative in her presence. Moreover, critics say, he has dealt little with love, comparing very unfavorably with Keats in that matter. It would be about as reasonable to compare a skylark with a war-horse. When a man has done great things, why should the earth be ransacked for the great things he has not done? There are plenty to write about nature and love, Kipling has written about men. Glancing into a volume of his verse, now before me, I find, he has touched upon such generally unpoetic themes as the Jubilee, the Tariff, Anglo-Saxon Federation and the Market for Breadstuffs, and he has done so with a vigor, if not a grace, and an originality if not a conventionality, that keeps the reader rapt when he might well expect to be repelled. This unrivalled power of filling commonplace subjects with interest is throughout Kipling's most prominent and abiding merit.

Kipling stands for originality of conception and vigor of execution, and originality and vigor are great qualities. His music does not indulge much in trills and grace-notes, and his favorite instrument is not the parlor piano, but the rough war trumpet and the noisy drum. He is a patriot; he knows how to sing the valiant deeds of his countrymen, or lacking real deeds, to imagine ones which readily pass for real. Neither grammar nor exactions of rhyme are for an instant allowed to check his course, he simply rides rough-shod over both. Thus in his proud "Recessional" he states with ungrammatical license, that the tumult and the shouting "dies," and he makes "dies" rhyme with "sacrifice," an outrage on the ear in the committal of which he may truly be said to resemble Keats, whose droll Cockney rhymes are proverbial. Kipling has been called "The poet of Imperialism," and his poem "The White Man's Burden" contains the same underlying motive of mingled imperialism, pride of empire, and pure joy of conquest

which rules through his writings. Wherever England plants the toot of conquest there Kipling shouts his soldier's song of triumph with an overwhelming vim and swing which must make the Poet Laureate green with envy. The English Tory, Alfred Austin, togged out in Irish green, would be a spectacle for the gods. I wish I could illustrate by citation the different phases of Kipling's verse I have indicated, but I have no space for illustrations. The "Barrack Room Ballads" of the poet presented the British Muse with a new Empire. To pass from the reading of Tennyson's "Princess" to Kipling's "Danny Deever," "The Road to Mandalay," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "Tommy Atkins," "The Widow of Winsor," is truly to experience the elasticity and capacity of our language. Such productions as "The Vampire," which is typical of a whole division of his poetry, take an original conception of a very old root-idea and expresses it in language as fresh as the vernal grass. Much of the impassioned verse of "The Seven Seas" is not only masterly, but it has never been excelled for directness, strength and grandeur, not even by royal John Dryden himself.

In his prose, too, Kipling has touched upon many things of present interest. His masterpiece of story, "The Man who Would be King," is typical of the British desire to govern, a desire which Kipling seems to consider his mission to deepen and, perhaps, to broaden, by every means in his power. Than "Soldiers Three" and "Plain Tales from the Hills," there is no more breezy reading in the whole round of English literature. There is the story called "Beyond the Pale," of the love of Trefago, the Englishman, for Bisesa, the Hindoo widow, with its weird love song which begins, "Alone upon the housetops of the north"; it would be almost impossible to find anything more engrossing than this tale. There is a fatalism of horror called "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." There is the unique character of Strickland of the police, the man who knew "The Lizard Song of the Sausis," the "Halli-Hukk Dance," and had assisted at "the painting of the death bull." And there, too, is the story of Talun, incongruously headed with a quotation from Joshua, which describes the little room on the city wall where the wit and the wisdom of native India gather, and, like the others, hints at all sorts of mysteries which breathe hotly

upon the fire of adventure and kindle the coals of inclination into a flame of accomplishment. That same story of "On the City Wall" has in it much of England's civil service and of the men who compose it. I could easily go on pointing to remarkable short story after short story, but let it suffice to remark that in the production of this article of literature, which has been aptly called "the prose sonnet", he has seldom been surpassed even by such masters as Edgar Allen Poe and Fitz James O'Brien.

Andrew Lang said that Kipling had not entered into the secrets of familiar life in England. How could he enter into them? He was famous, he had to write, write unceasingly. The days of study had gone from the great author with the vanishing shores of India at his departure for England. At this moment his fame as a story teller rests with most security on his Anglo-Indian creations; although the future may, of course, bring about a great change. His lengthy stories are replete with the richest promise. "The Light that Failed" is a novelette possessing a distinct charm although in some respects much inferior to its successors. "The Naulakha" has met with great acceptance, but competent critics say that the scenes placed in the Western States are not handled as deftly as those placed in England, which is what one might expect. In "Captain Courageous," published in 1897, we have more pronounced traces of the influences of Kipling's American residence. In this book the Gloucester fishermen and their ships live—both men and boats. In the matter of ship photography, Richard H. Dana, Clark Russell, Marryatt and Cooper, must make way for the new writer. His is the best story of sea life ever written; and his few errors are purely technical and by no means serious at that. "The Day's Work," which volume has but issued from the press, is made up of a new series of short stories which have all been published at one time or another in various periodicals. It cannot be denied that Kipling is sometimes over prone to listen to the voice of that great Siren, the publisher. Some of his stories in this volume, and elsewhere, will not add to his fame. But "William the Conqueror"—who is no Norse warrior, but a sweet English girl—is remarkable as containing the Kiplingese creation which comes nearest to the conventional type of the heroine, and it must be remembered Kipling has essayed

few heroines. The unique and wonderful "Jungle Books," a captivating series of animal fables, each of which is as well wrought as the best of Æsop, would require an article for themselves. Happy the boy who can devote his days and nights to the marvellous incidents of these "Jungle Books"! Whatever of Kipling crumbles beneath the touch of Time, these wonderful creations, will, I venture to think, survive as long as the language in which they are written.

The particulars in this sketch have been gleaned from many sources, staid reviews, pert magazine notices, rough and ready newspaper articles, and what not. Rudyard Kipling has said a great deal about himself. He could not avoid that since he is a lyric poet and lyricism implies revelations of self. They are in his work; he would not tell them to a reporter. He may have had had Seudery's idea. "I know better than any other writer how to tell anecdotes about myself." To his works, then, the reader who wishes to learn what sort of a man their author is, may be confidentially referred. It is too early to estimate Kipling's place among the writers of our times,—if indeed a writer's place can be settled by the rough comparisons of the critic.



A MODEST AND MERITORIOUS WRITER.

There is a pleasing anecdote related of the late Mrs. Oliphant, to the effect that when a friend credited her with extraordinary mental capacity, the lady blushed deeply, and cried out: "Oh, no; I am not intellectual; not the least little bit." This seemingly humility is a virtue none the less pleasing because not common among authoresses, or among authors either, and, indeed, I would have experienced a difficulty to find another instance; if I except a case long before my mind, and that is the whole useful life-work of that most modest and meritorious writer, one of the editors of that model of Catholic journals "The Pilot" of Boston, Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway.

With this lady humility is truly an interminable practice. "Humility," says La Rochefoucauld, with a sublime morality not too frequently displayed by him, "is the altar upon which God wishes that we should offer him his sacrifices." This commercial age of ours is an advertizing age, when every one is expected to blow his own horn with a vigor the Angel Gabriel will find it difficult to surpass at the crack of doom, and few are they who do not delight in having their ears full of their own airy fame; so it goes without saying that Miss Conway, to whom such ruses are repugnant, no matter what the demand for her books may be, does not receive from our advertisement-reading and advertisement-inspired public anything like the credit which is her due.

I have been led to those reflections by the recent perusal of one of Miss Conway's latest volumes, and though it was obviously if not avowedly, intended for younger heads than mine, I had not read many pages when I found myself unable to lay it aside, and had to read through the work. Furthermore, I turned back and read the book over again with an undiminished relish.

The work I found so interesting has for its title "Bettering Ourselves," and is the fourth number of the justly popular Family Sitting Room Series. The other three volumes of this highly useful and agreeable little Library are: "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life"; "A Lady and her Letters"; and "Making Friends and Keeping Them." As the frank titles indicate, the

books are intended as general companions to young people of both sexes, although they may, as I can testify, be read with infinite pleasure and advantage by spring-hearted grown-up persons.

It has been somewhat paradoxically stated that the most attractive manner is no manner at all; which means simply that the manners of the best bred people are those which are thrust the least upon the notice of others. There is, however, a possibility of carrying this modish manner to such an extreme—all extremes are evils—as to make it the very height of affectation, and to qualify it, it may be said that every person should modify his or her manner by circumstances, and regulate it by good sense and manly or womanly independence. True politeness, it need hardly be said, is not so much a thing of forms and ceremony, as of nice feeling and delicacy of perception. Were I asked to indicate the very best guides in our language in such matters, I should unhesitatingly point to Miss Conway's conscientious "Family Sitting Room Series." The philosophy of these little books is healthy, and seems to aim at producing unexceptionable good breeding by the Christian method; that is, the insistence upon the habitual illustration in word and action of the grand old Golden Rule of the Gospel. Thus defined, good-breeding is an essential to right living. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the man of the world, a boor; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable, selfish, and gross. I know of no other works wherein literary charm and sense are combined with really helpful instruction, warning, and advice in every-day acts and discourse, to anything like the extent they are in these wisely conceived, lively and carefully-finished essays, which, taken together, form a charmingly compiled synopsis of social duty, something really valuable to the mass of people, being different from and superior to the mere so-called "manuals of polite society," generally replete with "that matter needless of importless burden," or the catch-penny treatises on etiquette "for ladies and gentlemen" on the old line, the which is very infrequently the right line.

Miss Conway has also published two volumes of poems; "On the Sunshine Slope" and, several years subsequently, the "Dream of Fair Lilies." The latter volume is distinguished from

the scores and scores of volumes of verse the press produce day after day with appalling regularity, by richness of thought and gracefulness of expression. A quotation from the poem "Success" may be accepted as a full introduction to the spirit of the entire collection. Here it is :

" Ah ! know what true success is ; young hearts dream,
 Dream nobly and plan loftily, nor deem
 That length of years is length of loving. See
 A whole life's labor in an hour is done ;
 Not by world-tests the heavenly crown is won,
 To God the man is what he means to be."

Taken as a whole, there is more strength of thought, condensation, and grace in "The Dream of White Lilies" than are to be found in any collection of poems, known to me, from the brain of an American lady since the death of the highly-gifted, Mrs. Helen Hunt.

The following friendly estimate of Miss Conway's powers quoted from Cullin's "Story of the Irish in Boston" differs from the generality of such production in being subdued and sincere and therefore merits respect :

" She is not more remarkable for her mental qualities than for their large balance and proportion. Her poet's gift, inborn and dominant, leaves her no less a woman of action, a natural helper, a publicist,—one with whom all clan feelings are intense, and in whom no better sympathy is lacking. With her habits of consistency and justice, her perfect temper, her zealous, aggressive pen, she has one distinct Grecian trait—the love for organization and the personality which fits it and succeeds best through it. During her journalistic years in Boston she has made herself a place, special, and yet markedly representative and has worked, with gracious modesty for every good cause within reach."

Katherine Eleanor Conway was born of Irish parents, in the beautiful town of Rochester, N. Y. Her father was a bridge-builder and railway contractor : her mother was a home keeper and book lover. She studied successively and successfully in the schools of the Sisters of Charity and Nuns of the Sacred Heart, in her native city, completing her course at St. Mary's Academy, Buffalo, N. Y. Having left school she did reportorial work and wrote verses for the *Daily Union*, of Rochester, From 1873-78

she conducted the "West-end Journal," a small but praiseworthy publication, and contributed poems and tales, under the *nom de plume* of "Mercedes" to other newspaper and journals, especially in New York. Serious family reverses occurring between the dates just mentioned, she was thrown on her own resources and bravely shouldered the burdens of life. She was for several years teacher of rhetoric and literature in the Normal School of Nazareth Convent, Rochester, and a contributor of short stories to various papers and magazines. My attention has recently been called to one of these tales, sacredly enshrined in the carefully-compiled and most interesting scrap-book of a thoughtful lady, and all I need say is that if Miss Conway's other stories approach the one I read in merit, they deserve to be gathered and published in book-form. In fact, it was the reading of the tale that led me to make the study the outlined result of which is offered in these pages. From 1878 till 1883—with one short break—Miss Conway was assistant editor of the "Catholic Union and Times," and in 1883. John B. O'Reilly, discovering her talents, beckoned her to "The Pilot," sanctum; she came, and has since been instrumental in much of the most useful and scholarly work which has been performed by the great Boston weekly.



THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE MORAL INSTINCT.

This work, in two portly volumes (Longmans, Green & Co.) by Alexander Sutherland, is at the same time one of the most thoroughly attractive and entirely repellent, I have ever examined. The course pursued by the author appears to me to resemble that of a man who allows himself to be suddenly diverted from the broad highway into the tortuous paths and morass and slough by the elusive gleam of the luminous appearance sometimes seen in the air over moist ground supposed to proceed from hydrogen gas, to which has been given the expressive name of Will-With-a-Wisp. In dealing with the intricate net work of problems connected with man's moral nature, Alexander Sutherland remains, so far as I can observe, entirely right for so long a while, and then errs so generously that his "fallings lean to virtue's side;" only to disappoint at last by entering upon the barren desert of the modern ethical process, finally falling into the slough of despond of Darwinian evolution; that the student of Emerson is irresistably reminded of the brave leaves and flowers which the intellectual tree of the Concord philosopher was continually shooting forth only to disappoint all those who would see them supplanted by rare and luscious fruit. The comparison suggested itself, as, for very many years, I have been accustomed to compare every such lengthened and laboriously worked out anti-climax to a speculation by Emerson.

Mr. Sutherland's leading thesis is simple and may be summed up in his own phrase "the preservative value of. . . .sympathy, Here is a bare outline of his reasoning. Life is a struggle for existence. Parental sympathy serves to protect the offspring. This conjugal and parental sympathy, spreading, serves to protect the community; and thus widening and developing, and retro-acting on the individual, emerges as law, duty, self-respect, the "mysterious sense of the innate loveliness of honesty," and the moral ideas. Spread the foregoing over nearly a thousand well written pages, and it will give you some conception of Mr. Sutherland's work.

Were not the claims put forward in behalf of sympathy advanced beyond all reason, they would, indeed, form what in some quarters is claimed they do now, really a beautiful generalization. Had the author stopped short of insinuating that his exposition of sympathy was an adequate explanation of the origin of our ideas of duty, and responsibility, I should be disposed to place his two volumes in a conspicuous position on my favorite book-shelf, which though only a few feet long, nevertheless contains all that is best in general literature.

Sympathy is a thrice-blessed emotion, and it is, fortunately, as extensive in its influences as the blessed light of day itself, but it is not the source of our notions of duty and responsibility, of duty and sin. The claiming too much for mere sympathy is, I think, the first and most resonant false note in the two books, but ere the end, as I have said, all the sweet bells get out of tune. I do not suppose that it would require a load of learning to demonstrate that the pure idea of morality is at least as primitive as the pure idea of sympathy. Using both the terms in their plain, every-day acceptation. I do not know quite everything, like a speculator in philosophy—a fact the reader would scarcely suspect did I not avow it—yet I would undertake to prove that morality came into the world at precisely the moment when sympathy appeared, and that they were, in fact, twin-born in the heart of Adam.

Six years have passed since Huxley discussed what he deemed to be the mortal and eradicable conflict between those two processes of nature which he named respectively the "cosmic process" of strife and struggle for existence, and the "ethical process" of self-restraint, fellow-feeling and mutual aid. Between these, Huxley could find no compromise, as he did not possess the key of the situation, which is Christianity. Modern science—though seeking for a unity in Nature fails to find it, because, from the nature of the case, any large body of knowledge in which all people will agree is limited to small regions of human experience—regions in which very likely no unity is discoverable. What Huxley lacked to cause him to perceive and understand the oneness of Nature was clearly indicated by the great poet who wrote :

"God 's in his Heaven ; all is right with the world."

Only by the cosmic process, Huxley thought, could man have emerged from the brute; only by the "ethical process," so he thought, could man have emerged from the savage; and the catastrophic supervention of a new order of the old seemed to him subversive of the ordinarily accepted views of the doctrine of evolutionary nature. Mr. Sutherland thinks he has found the compromise, although he makes no reference to Huxley. To Mr. Sutherland the "ethical process" is as truly a part of Nature as is the "cosmic process." With him the two processes, instead of being distinct and antagonistic, are into-active and primeval, are both cosmic, and both make for the self-same goal, that, namely, of preserving the highest type. By the way, what is the highest type? Mr. Sutherland is right about the unity of the processes, but when he talks about the preservation of the highest type he simply voices airy speculation. But his attitude towards the processes supplied him with safe premises and one would think he would proceed thence to just conclusions, but he does not. Says Mr. Sutherland:

"My book will follow the growth of sympathy: it will show how in due course parental care must have made its beneficent appearance as an agency essential to the emergence, the survival, and subsequent ascendancy of the more intelligent types, amid a world of ceaseless competition. . . . It has deepened and expanded and. . . there has arisen from it the moral instinct, with all its accompanying accessories, the sense of duty, the feeling of self respect, the enthusiasm of both the tender and the manly ideal of ethic beauty."

The gist of the compromise is this: Every mated pair, every gregarious genus, survive the struggle for existence precisely because, among themselves, they obey the higher law, the ethical law. No new or extraneous law is introduced. We can no more speak of "the impeded action of the natural selection on man," as does Huxley, than we can speak of the impeded action of natural selection on monkeys: both nourish their young, cherish their sick, guard their fellows from their common foes.

I venture to think that Mr. Sutherland's chief mistake comes from having allowed his speculations to tend evolution-ward. Evolution is a mere anchorless theory, which ignores God and His

action in the world. It fails to lead us to ultimates. If it is only a theory, as I take it to be, it is worth precisely its face value and no more. If it is a law, as its patrons proclaim it to be, it must have had a law-maker, as laws do not make themselves, any more than locomotives make themselves. Evolution not only does not lead us to ultimates, but leaves us with mystery for explanation, and, for my part at least, I prefer the old-time mysteries of the Christian faith. Truth, if it come to us at all, must in every case come in a manner conformable to its nature: we can get no knowledge of taste through our eyes, however keen; nor will all our eyes, though piercing as an eagle's, ever convey to our brain a message from the realms of sound and harmony, nor will all our senses put together give us an inkling of the nature of the invisible world, or of the conditions of meriting eternal life.

Mr. Sutherland traces the growth of sympathy step by step with beautiful and elaborate details—details in themselves alone of great interest and marvellously marshalled. This part of the work has furnished me with some of the most pleasant reading I have met with for many a day. But there is a weak link in the categorical argument from evolution, and it exists in Mr. Sutherland's system on that theory founded. Whence arises the preservative variation? Surely not from chance. The whole scientific study of nature is based on the supposition that nature follows law. Well, who formulated the law? As a matter of fact evolution cannot tell whence arises the preservative variation, and the plain reason why she cannot tell is simply because she does not know. As a writer in "Self-culture"—to whom I am under obligations in this article—remarks, after all Mr. Sutherland's efforts, it is only the biological and anthropological "how" that the author has explained; the "why" he has not touched. So it is with evolution, it can talk for years about the "how," but has comparatively little to say about the "why," and that little very generally wrong for the most part.

Human sympathy is certainly a great and noble power. Once we recognize God as the All-Father we are logically bound to recognize all men as brethren, no matter where born, or under which sky, or institution, or religion they may live. A selfish act done by a Christian without regard to the rights of others is an act of in-

justice. But if I do not recognize God as the great All-Father certain it is I owe no kindness to any man. On the contrary my business in the circumstance would be to take care of myself, and paddle my own tub on the river of life. With a Christian, love and death are the two great things on which all human sympathies turn. With the infidel sympathy must depend upon purely selfish considerations. To the former human sympathy is better than human wisdom; it is more preferable to be kind than to be learned. "How much better it is to weep at Joy," says Shakespeare, "than to joy at weeping." It was George Eliot who wisely remarked, that more helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us. As a tie of society, sympathy has no equal, but if the idea of God the Father is eliminated, sympathy will no longer draw its sustenance from religion and charity as it now does in every civilized country, and the principles which will bind men together, and by which will be formed all human friendships, will be fancy, cupidity, and vanity—a most degrading trio.

The moral instinct is, as every reader knows, the instinct which tell us we ought to do this, and ought not to do that. It is conscience. It is God's oracle in the soul. It exerts itself with gentle force, it is "the wee small voice," and if it is not forcibly stopped, naturally and always goes on to speak for right and justice. Since the beginning of history, which is but the unrolled scroll of Prophecy, all religions, even down to the lowest forms of feticism, rest upon an ethical feeling. This feeling is .

"Because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom in scorn of consequence."

The advocates and defenders of some popular systems of corrupt and worthless philosophy—our author is one of them, but unconsciously, I shall do him the justice to say—maintain that Nature and Reason are the supreme law for mankind and that everything necessary to be known are contained within their limits. But this is to exclude Almighty God, who being the author of nature, is consequently apart from it and above it. These people do not recognize conscience, and will not hear of it as the oracle of God; yet not one among them has ever given an adequate reason for the denial. Apparently the sum-total of the

powers or functions of the moral instinct or conscience is limited to telling us simply that we ought ; to explain why we ought is beyond its scope. Now, why does conscience act in this manner ? Modern science will be overlong in finding out. Mr. Sutherland states that the dictates of the moral instinct are based on sympathy. But Duty is one thing and Sympathy quite another, yet the moral instinct always speaks up for Duty. Furthermore, Mr. Sutherland does not tell us how did that sympathy arise, nor does he tell why one should practice sympathy merely to hasten what he calls "the emergence of a higher type." He does not tell this, and until he does so—it will be a long day—he has no right to dub his books, *The Origin of Moral Instinct*. A Christian experiences little difficulty in answering the question, Why does conscience act ? Is it not because that, independent of man, there exists an absolute and supreme standard of right and wrong, of truth and error, of justice and injustice, and this standard is the eternal reason of God. As a direct consequence of this, whispered to him by his conscience, every man—though physically free not to do so—is morally bound to conform his thoughts and deeds and to duly adjust his memory to the aforementioned standard.

Thus the blind following of physical science and the applying it to questions it was never meant to elucidate, lead Mr. Sutherland from the level highway of satisfying fact to the shadowy by-ways of unreasonableness. Not that physical science is bad in itself. Says St. Augustine : "There is nothing in our sacred books which contradicts anything the philosophers have been able to prove regarding the nature of things," and he adds thereto the warning : "Neither suffer yourselves to be led astray by the conclusions of false science, nor disquieted because of a false and superstitious opinions in religion." Those words are more applicable to our own days than the times for which they were written. If modern science is not properly mastered, it masters improperly. As a recent reviewer remarks, too long and too steadily gazing through its microscope produces myopic effects upon the mental eye. The classical myth tells us of Medusa with the snaky locks, upon whom once a poor mortal had fixed his eyes full, he was

certain that very instant, to be changed from warm flesh and blood into cold and lifeless stone! Is Medusa dead like Pan? Gaze into the careers of the so-called men of science, who pursue the modern scientific theories wheresoever they lead, whose high gods are Darwin and Huxley, and then say, if you dare, Medusa is dead.



“Onward between two mountain warders lies,
 The field that men must till. Upon the right,
 Church-thronged, with summit hid by its own height,
 Swells the white range of the Theologies :
 Upon the left the hills of Science rise
 Lustrous but cold : nor flower is there nor blight :
 Between those ranges twain through shade and light
 Winds the low vale wherein the meek and wise
 Repose. The knowledge that excludes not doubt
 Is there ; the arts that beautify men’s life :
 There rings the choral psalm, the civic shout,
 The genial revel and the manly strife :
 There by the bridal rose the cypress waves :
 And there the all-blest sunshine softest falls on graves.”

—*De Vere.*

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THE CORONATION-OATH AGITATION.

The Coronation-Oath agitation inaugurated by Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., is rapidly taking on vast proportions. The Catholic press of Canada and England has already voiced its approval in no uncertain tone; while the American Catholic journals have given the movement strong moral support. The *Catholic Record*, the *Catholic Register*, the *Canadian Freeman*, the *True Witness*, the *Antigonish Casket*, and the *North-West Review* have given editorial prominence to Dr. Fallon's project, and have one and all enlisted in his cause. The greatest of great English Catholic weeklies—the *Liverpool Catholic Times*—has editorially declared that "if the Catholics of the Empire say the objectionable portion of the oath must go, then go it must." The *Philadelphia Standard and Times*, the *Boston Pilot*, the *New York Catholic News* and the *Ave Maria*, have encouraged the agitators by pointed editorial comment. Moreover, from various points in Canada, comes the pleasing news of sympathetic resolutions passed by

widely-separated branches of the Catholic Truth Society, of the A. O. H., of the C. M. B. A., and of other Catholic organizations. The local Agitation Committee has made arrangements for the introduction of the Catholic protest into the Canadian House of Commons; and we feel as confident as the New York *Catholic News*, that "if the Catholics of the other lands that make up the British Empire take up this Coronation Oath insult as vigorously as does Father Fallon, there will surely be a good result of their united protest."

CATHOLIC COLLEGE-CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

The Catholic College Convention recently held at Chicago, marked the opening of a new era in the history of Catholic education in America. Hitherto the relations between different institutions of learning were characterized by an aloofness that savored of jealousy. This policy, however, of "splendid isolation", so detrimental to educational interests, is now a thing of the past. The very spirit of the times has made college-federation a necessity, and so the heads of all the Catholic universities and colleges of the States assembled to formulate measures of unity and to discuss ways and means for the betterment of higher education. The first re-union, of course, was only preparatory and tentative, but permanent beneficial results will certainly flow from the convention called for next year.

It is with pleasure we note and acknowledge the courtesy of the Convention in honoring our Very Rev. Rector, H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., by a kind invitation to be present at the proceedings. Dr. Constantineau was the only college representative from Canada.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY AND CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.

Lately, the Faculty of Ottawa University addressed to the Catholics of Ontario a Plea in Favor of Higher Education. That this plea was favorably received is evidenced by the fact that the *Catholic Record*, the *Catholic Register* and the *Canadian Freeman*

not only reproduced the pamphlet in its entirety, but also gave editorial expression to their hearty sympathy with the views and aims of the authorities of this institution, and drew attention to the exceptional educational advantages offered by the University of Ottawa. This is such a proof of the good-will of the Ontario Catholic press towards our *Alma Mater* that we desire, in the name of the Faculty and of the Students to proffer to our esteemed contemporaries our sincerest thanks. It is, moreover, an evidence that the Catholics of Ontario, at least the educated among them, are alive to the urgent necessity of their working unanimously for the betterment of higher education in their Province. Furthermore, this action of the Catholic papers is a powerful protest against the tendency so general in this Province to consider Protestant institutions of learning as superior to Catholic houses of education—a noble endeavor to recall Catholics from that deplorable state of blind, unreasoning and consequently exaggerated admiration for Protestant colleges and universities, by demonstrating to them that the Catholic Church has ever been, and is, the *true* mother of *true* education:—

“As has again and again been shown by able writers, the Catholic Church during all ages and in all nations has proved herself the zealous custodian of education. With that heavenly instinct which is her great inheritance, she is fully aware how dear to the heart of God are the innocent souls of youth. She knows well how important it is to gather from her extensive fields the tender young plants and place them beneath the shelter of her conservatories before the uncertain temperature of a feverish world has had time to spoil their fairness. Every unprejudiced student of history acknowledges that the Catholic Church kept alive the bright light of knowledge when, but for her, the whole world would have slept in darkness; and just as she was eminent for her scholars in the past, so is she now in the foremost rank of modern advancement. Her education is the right article; not that sickly so-called education which consists merely in a parrot-like acquisition of names and dates, and figures, without those ennobling acquirements which spring from a proper development of the whole man. The Catholic Church imparts knowledge that is sanctified by the serene light of faith. In her system God is never lost sight of in the study of the admirable works of His hands. As her children advance in science they are taught to advance also in love for the Lord of Science. Her system of higher education is especially excellent, and is therefore destined to endure. Notwithstanding all the new-fortifying of the educational lines in spite of the

craze for nineteenth century innovations, and in defiance of a feverish hungering after modern inventions in the great work of imparting knowledge, we see that, at least in the higher courses of study, the old curriculum, the curriculum of the Catholic Church, is still in vogue and still in honor. It can hardly be improved upon. The staid snowy heads that drew out its lines were wiser than those upstart, unsteady minds that seek its abolition. 'Whatever educational theories may be,' says the London *Times*, 'educational practice is evidently in favor of the old curriculum, Latin, Greek, mathematics, and the elements of science.' This statement, coming from the most distinguished of English newspapers, is a strong argument in favor of our Catholic colleges. The curriculum mentioned by the *Times* is the one our Catholic colleges have always patronized. They have always stood by it, and, in its results, it has stood by them. It has formed for the world some of the greatest scholars that the human race can boast of.

But the system of advanced studies in many of our higher educational establishments is praiseworthy for another reason. By imparting to their students a good course of pure and sound philosophy, our universities enable their graduates to meet the great questions of the day with well balanced minds. In dealing with this advantage it may be well to quote a few words of the Hon. William Torrey Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. They are a crushing argument in favor of our Catholic colleges and universities. 'The America of the future,' says this distinguished authority, 'must be fashioned by men of higher education, and the glory of higher education is that it makes Philosophy its leading discipline and gives an ethical bent to all its branches of study. Higher education must direct the student in history and psychology, in the understanding of deep national principles and the aspirations which mould and govern men in their individual and social actions. The really educated man must be a philosopher, and is by that fact the spiritual monitor of the community of which he is a part.' These words, coming as they do from a gentleman holding so responsible a position in the world of education, must be regarded as of no ordinary weight. They are words well pondered before being spoken; they are words that show us what should be the 'leading discipline' of higher education. They tell us that the noble faculties of man's soul must be properly developed and directed by a good course of correct philosophy. Now that philosophy which can thoroughly bring about those grand results the Hon. Mr. Harris has in view, is nowhere to be found save in our Catholic educational establishments."

Again the utterances of learned editors of the above-mentioned journals, show that the Catholic thinkers of Ontario have placed themselves seriously face to face with the question, What can be

done to secure the best results for Catholic higher education amongst us? Is it, as the pamphlet asks, by the multiplication of institutions? The Catholic editors' answer is an emphatic, No. Is it number we require or is it excellence rather? One and all answer: Excellence, most certainly; and then re-echo the words of the pamphlet:--

"Here is where Catholics are sometimes at fault. Instead of bearing up steadily the load which, God knows, is already heavy enough, they seek to place new burdens upon their shoulders, and the result is a general sinking under the accumulated weight. One first-class Catholic University is certainly enough for each province of the Dominion. Catholics in this country cannot afford more, and if they do attempt to erect and sustain a greater number, the result will necessarily be an all-round inferiority. The grand object of Canadian Catholics, of clergy and laity alike, should be, therefore, to have one first-class institution of higher learning in each division of the Dominion; one upon which they can with assurance, depend for as good an education as can be had in any other similar establishment in the world, one to which they will not be afraid to confide the spiritual and temporal welfare of their boys, one which will be a credit to the Catholic name and to the Catholic spirit throughout this land."

Quebec, indeed, has her Laval. But where to find a Catholic University for Ontario? In answer, the Catholic press of Ontario points to Ottawa University; and truly such was the idea of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, had in mind when, ten years ago, he raised the College of Ottawa to the dignity of a Catholic University. Indeed, as may be seen by reference to the Apostolic Brief of erection, the Holy Father expressly designates Ottawa University as the centre of Catholic higher education especially for the Province of Ontario. Notwithstanding this fact, Ottawa University has been regarded as merely a diocesan institution. It has been left to depend, to a great extent, upon the neighboring Republic for its quota of students, as if there were but a few boys in Ontario desirous and capable of mental culture. Now we think this is unfair, first of all to the Catholic youth of Ontario, and secondly to the University itself. There are hundreds of Catholic young men in this Province well capable of filling with honor the highest positions of trust in our country. The only thing to impede their promotion is the lack of a proper mental and moral

training. On the other hand Ottawa University is not merely a diocesan institution—in the far-seeing designs of Christ's Vicar it is, primarily, as we have said, an institution for the higher education of the Catholic young men of Ontario, irrespective of diocesan boundaries; and the recognition of this fact by the Ontario Catholic organs is most gratifying to us, since it proves that the true status of Ottawa University has at length become generally acknowledged.



Events of the Month.

By D. McTIGHE.

**A New
Archbishop.**

The month of April was marked by the appointment of an archbishop to the see of Toronto, in succession to the late Archbishop Walsh. Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of London, is the happy prelate to receive the honor. Dr. O'Connor's appointment is highly satisfactory to the Catholics of the archdiocese and of the country. He is one of the brilliant men of the Church in Canada to-day, being justly celebrated alike for his piety, and learning. It is worthy of note that this is the second time he has succeeded the late Archbishop Walsh—first as Bishop of London, and now as Archbishop of Toronto. In going to Toronto, Dr. O'Connor returns to familiar fields. He left that city, in 1861, a graduate of St. Michael's College, and three years later returned to it and was ordained priest. There he received his first charge, and remained until appointed to the presidency of Sandwich College. In this capacity, Dr. O'Connor displayed those qualities which marked him out as a worthy candidate for the See of London, where his brilliant administration has been such as to merit his further promotion.

**Military
Disgraces.**

The people of this continent are wont to look to France for the highest forms of internal discord in the military organizations, but they will likely soon have to change their direction and focus their vision nearer home. The United States is pressing the European republic hard for first place in the unenviable distinction of furnishing the world with silly spectacles of slighted ambition and wounded pride. When the war with

Spain began, nobody seriously thought it would be a long one. On this account, the various commissions in the army were sought and obtained by men who were perhaps less deserving than some others. This threw the deserving ones aside. Then the latter imagined they had a grievance. Of course they had a grievance, but instead of viewing it in its true proportions, they magnified it enormously. Some of the people sympathized with them, and this encouragement, augmented by the stings of favoritism under which they suffered, prompted them to make all sorts of charges against the ruling powers. Now they are finding these charges difficult to substantiate. So that to-day we find such anomalies as the "embalmed beef" investigation over-topping the war, victories, heroes, and even, in some degree, the march of empire in the Philippines. Verily, tact is a great quality. If the disgruntled American army officers had exercised a little of this virtue they might not, perhaps, have gained so much notoriety, but they would have saved their reputation for common sense. We doubt if the huge "beef" dissertation will result in anything more substantial to the people than a good bulk of expense.

**London's
City
Government.** An interesting change is proposed in the mode of government of the city of London. Years ago when the great English metropolis was smaller than it is to-day, and when the several towns comprising the present city were separate and distinct, each of the latter had its own government. But with the growth of London, and the consolidation of its contiguous places, a single government for the control of the whole city was established. This government was vested in the London County Council, having as its head the Lord Mayor. When the council took hold of the affairs of the city it was not dreamed that anything but a single government would be required for one municipality. Yet London has grown to such proportions, and now contains within its borders such a vast population, that it is deemed inadvisable to let the control of the city remain in the hands of a single body. Accordingly a bill has been introduced into the Imperial Parliament for the subdivision of London into the several municipalities of which it is composed, and to give to each of the latter its own government. This will rob the council of its extensive prerogative, and put it on the same footing with the

ordinary county boards of supervision. The measure is likely to become law.

A Peculiar Decision. Hitherto the Jews have been the only people to possess, without question, the unenviable distinction of being a people without a nation. But they now have some company in their isolation, as a result of the complications arising from the Spanish-American war. Recently a citizen of Porto Rico, desiring to take a trip to Europe, applied to the United States for a passport, on the ground that with the transfer of the island from Spain to the latter country, the people had a right to American protection. His request was denied, and he was practically told that the Porto Ricans were neither Spaniards nor Americans—they are not Spaniards, because Spain has no longer any control over the island, and they are not American citizens because Congress has not yet made them such. Verily the results of war are past comprehension.



Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGGLESON.

On Easter Monday the students at the Juniorate presented in their dramatic hall a play entitled "Le Forgeron de Strasbourg." The cast of characters was as follows :

JEAN-PAUL BERGEAC, Forgeron	- - -	H. GONNEVILLE
THOMAS, père de Jean-Paul	- - -	P. GAY
GEORGES, fils de Jean-Paul	- - -	W. CHAPUT
HENRI, frère de Georges	- - -	W. LABONTÉ
COMTE DE RANDORF, colonel prussien	- - -	W. LANG
LEOPOLD, fils du colonel	- - -	G. LEONARD
FRITZ, soldat prussien	- - -	F. HUDON
JEANNOT, domestique de Jean-Paul	- - -	J. RAINVILLE
JEROME, valet de Georges	- - -	J. DENIS
SOBROWSKI, Polonais	} Saltimbanques	F. HUDON
SOLIMAN, Turc		U. WILSON
ALCINDOR, Espagnol		P. LALONDE
ROBIN, Ecossais		P. LEROUX
EVRAKD, docteur	- - -	R. DEGRANDPRÉ
ANTOINE, serviteur d'Évrard	- - -	A. LARONTÉ
GUILLALME, aubergiste	- - -	A. BEAUDIN

The drama was a happy selection and all the performers carried out their respective parts remarkably well. Mr. H. Gonville in the title *rôle* did full justice to that important part, while Messrs. Gay and Chaput proved themselves quite competent to impersonate the characters assigned to them. Songs and recitations beguiled the time between the acts.

* * *

The annual entertainment which marks the close of the season's work of the Senior English Debating Society took place on Sunday evening, the 9th inst. Mr. J. E. Doyle, '99, president of the society, gave a short introductory address, in which he referred to the successful work accomplished this year, and on behalf of the society thanked Rev. Father Duffy, O.M.I., who had devoted so much valuable time to the interests of the members. The programme opened with a piano duet by Messrs. J. Gookin and J. Ball. Songs were given by Messrs. J. Cunningham and C. McCormac, readings by Messrs. J. J. O'Reilly and D. McTighe. The other items of the programme consisted of a recitation by Mr. T. Day, piano selection by Mr. M. Sullivan, and graphophone selections. The entertainment was brought to a close by the presentation of a farce in which Messrs. Boylan, O'Connell and Foley took part.

* * *

On April 5th Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., lectured before the Scientific Society. His subject was "Ants." The lecture was a real treat and was very highly appreciated by those present.

On the 15th inst. the subject was "The Geological Ages." Mr. J. E. McGlade treated the subject in a most entertaining manner. Mr. H. Herwig gave lime-light views of the different periods described.

On the 19th inst. Mr. M. A. Foley lectured on "Planets," and on the 26th inst. Mr. J. A. Meehan entertained the members to a very instructive lecture on "The Circulation of the Blood."

An error appeared in our last issue in connection with our report of the meetings of the Scientific Society. On March 8th the lecture on "The Osseous System" was delivered by Dr. T. Stuart Albin, '00, and not by Mr. M. Conway, '01. The lecture was of such a nature and the subject so ably treated by the lecturer that no one accepted the position of critic.

On March 15th a lecture on "Peat Formations" was given by Mr. M. Conway, '01. Mr. M. T. Corrigan, '01, acted as critic on that occasion. Mention of this meeting was omitted in our last number. Reference to our manuscript shows that a correct report was submitted for publication, but as frequently happens the printer's devil arranged matters to suit his own taste, and hence the error and omission referred to.

* * *

Monday, the 24th inst. was the patronal feast of the Very Rev. Rector, Father Constantineau, O.M.I., and was consequently observed as a holiday at the University. In the evening the students gave an entertainment in the Academic Hall. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel and many members of the clergy from the diocese were present. The programme was the following :—

PART I.

- | | | | | |
|---------------|---|--------------------------------------|---|---------------|
| 1. OVERTURE | - | "La Légion d'Honneur" | - | <i>Launay</i> |
| | | Cecilian Society. | | |
| 2. SONG | - | "Célébrons le Seigneur" | - | <i>Rupes</i> |
| | | Mr. C. Langlois. | | |
| 3. RECITATION | | (<i>Selected</i>) | | |
| | | Master A. Arcand. | | |
| 4. WALTZ | - | "Malaga" | - | <i>Mullot</i> |
| | | Cecilian Society. | | |
| 5. LA GIFLE | - | Comédie en un acte. | | |
| | | Messrs. Deschênes, Langlois, Lafond. | | |

PART II.

- | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|-----------------------------------|---|----------------------|
| 1. CHORUS | - | "O Power Supreme" | - | <i>L. H. Gervais</i> |
| | | Glee Club. | | |
| 2. RECITATION | - | "Battle of Fontenoy" | | |
| | | Mr. J. O'Gorman. | | |
| 3. VIOLIN SOLO | - | "Landler" | - | <i>Bohn</i> |
| | | Mr. Ed. Carrière. | | |
| 4. RECITATION | | (<i>Selected</i>) | | |
| | | Master A. Pepin. | | |
| 5. SELECTION | - | "La Croix d'Honneur" | - | <i>Bleger</i> |
| | | Cecilian Society. | | |
| 6. SUPPER FOR TWO | - | Comedy in one act. | | |
| | | Messrs. Boylan, O'Connell, Foley. | | |

Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

The April issue of the *Catholic World* has an excellent table of contents. We would call special attention to the contribution entitled "An English View of Brownson's Conversion." The writer (Dr. Gildea) considers one of the most distinguished of American converts and in a lucid, masterly manner sketches the many trials and important situations of his life. The short sketch "A Havana Holy Week" is characterized by serene good humor and a fair amount of keenness in observing local situations and symptoms of character. Other contributions of especial interest to the reader are "A Practical View of Cuba" and "Resurrection and the Ancient World."

* *

The Easter number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains many articles of particular merit. The opening pages are occupied by Brother Paschal's lengthy contribution entitled "Has America a National Literature?" Ultra-patriotism is a serious and complicated disease among a large number of the magazine writers of the Republic, but fortunately it is not a trait of this contributor, for he has the courage to give a plain negative to the question under which the article is written. When he brings forward the "national authors" who have strongly adhered to English traditions which in itself is a necessary dependence on British standards, he shows a strong grasp of the matter and a keen knowledge of English influences on American writers. Taking American literature of our own day as an interpretation of American life, he candidly admits that sectional diversities constitute a powerful reason against the possibility of American literature. Further treatment only makes clearer to the reader the dependence of America on England for literary productions and the non-existence of a national literature. The concluding chapter on the career of Owen Roe O'Neil is an exceedingly interesting paper and one worthy of careful reading. "The Eternal Easter," from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Gasson, S.J., is a luminous essay on the joys and rewards of a happy hereafter. An elaborate sketch of the

career of Pope Leo XIII, and a pleasing presentation of his scholarly attainments form subject matter of a very interesting paper. There is a wealth of word-painting in the description of the cathedral of Orvieto and of the art works it contains.

* * *

The Rosary Magazine has a most creditable number enclosed in an appropriately designed cover which the editor informs us is the work of C. J. Barnhorn, a prominent sculptor of Cincinnati. But a good appearance counts for nothing with the management of this magazine unless the matter be up to the high standard set by its talented editor. Hence the table of contents of the April issue will satisfy the most critical of its readers. In an excellent contribution entitled "The Friars and the Americans," the writer calls the attention of the English-speaking Catholic public to the great importance of the religious question in the Philippines. The insurgent chiefs have, both during the war with Spain and the uprisings against American authority, encouraged and permitted the most inhuman atrocities on their Spanish prisoners, especially on a large number of friars who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Filipinos. After considering the grievances of the rebel chiefs, who indeed had little ground to justify rebellion, the writer reviews some of the false charges made by American Bible Society agents. He protests in no uncertain terms against the introduction of the American public school system, and closes by clearly pointing out some of the grave responsibilities thrown on the Catholic clergy in America owing to the grave situation of the Church in the Philippines. The short sketch of C. J. Barnhorn, the young American sculptor, will serve to bring many readers into greater knowledge of the works of this artist. Probably no dialect poetry has been so favorably received as that of James Whitcomb Riley. In all his works two admirable characteristics appear—his love for humanity and his hatred of all pretense. These and other well-known characteristics of the "Hoosier Poet" are admirably set forth in a short study of his works which appears in this issue under the title of "People I have met."

* * *

"Led into Peace," in the *Carmelite Review*, is an attractive short story told with much vividness of detail. The opening scene

is laid in the region of St. Hyacinthe, and here is revealed that Henry Desmond has a vocation for the priesthood. Unexpected reverses compel him to alter his plans, and thus obliged by the call of duty to abandon his cherished desire of attending college he sets out for Pictou to manage his family's interest in a large coal mine. The ungenial environment did not, however, warp his love for his vocation but steadily by many self-sacrifices and sufferings he was so successful as to lay aside a tidy sum to defray the expenses of his final studies and finally enter the priesthood.

Readers of the *Messenger* ^{**} of *the Sacred Heart* who have in previous issues followed those interesting articles under the caption of "With St. Peter in Rome" will find in the May number of this magazine a continuation of the same series but with a slightly changed title, "With St. Paul in Rome." The contribution derives its interest rather from the religious nature of the subject than from the writer's presentation of his subject. The description of Key West Convent Hospital is a concise and entertaining article by Lydia Sterling Flintham. It conveys a just measure of praise to the devoted Sisters of the Holy Name who so patriotically placed their convent building at the disposal of the United States Government and offered their services to nurse the sick and wounded. Needless to say, every offer of theirs was accepted, but then why not give the religious communities the recognition and credit granted to the Red Cross and other societies of nurses? With scarcely an exception, officers and men were loud in their praises of the good work done by noble bands of nuns. It is to be regretted that not even a mention of the devotedness of the Catholic Sisters was made in the President's Message. The description of Strasburg Cathedral and its famous old clock is one of the most interesting articles in this issue. Seven illustrations giving exterior and interior views of this great structure add much to the reader's information. One of the beneficent results of the onward march of Catholicity in England is the revival of religious interest in the grand old monasteries, abbeys and shrines of pre-Reformation days. These historic places deserve to be better known, and for this reason readers must have welcomed that really exquisite historical sketch "The Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham" which appears in this issue.

Athletics.

The spring football practices of '99 were marked by a departure from the time-honored custom of a four-team contest. In past seasons four teams were selected from the most promising candidates for football honors, and a series of games played for the championship trophy. The warm weather succeeding the disappearance of the snow this spring necessitated a change in the old regime. Two senior and two junior teams were chosen. The seniors were scheduled to play semi-weekly games while the juniors were forced to content themselves with a weekly encounter. The games were hotly contested throughout and were the means of bringing to the notice of the executive several good players whose ability had not been recognized heretofore. Teams A and B carried off equal honors; the first and last matches going to A. the second and third to B. The players of team C proved themselves superior to those of D by an aggregate score of 4-0.

THE TEAMS.

	A.	B.	C.	D.
Backs ..	Bourgon,	Allard,	Hanley,	McDonald,
Halves...	Saunders, Callaghan, Gilles,	Perron, Foley, MacCoshan,	Whalen, Costello, Valiquet,	Dowd, McCormac, Mills,
Quarters	Meindl,	McGuire,	Lachance,	Cavanagh,
Scrimmage...	Herwig, Doyle, M. Boucher,	Hogan, Devlin, Ant. Verdia,	Blackbourne, Shanahan, Ruane,	Lonergan, Coupal, Pinard,
Wings...	Boylan, Day, Breen, Donnelly, Filliatrault, Lynch, Nagle,	Smith, Kennedy, McGlade, Joyce, O. Boucher, Meehan, Cameron.	McTighe, Barclay, Cosgrove, McMahon, Gookin, Sheedy, Kelly.	Conway, J. McDonald, Sims, Hanley, Gonzalez, E. Valiquet, Martin.

Our baseball team is again entered in the Ottawa Valley League. Mr. T. Morin has been appointed manager while Mr. E. McGuire fills the position of captain. The schedule has been so arranged that College plays all its games before the close of the present term, the other clubs continuing to play throughout the summer.

Following is the section of College games:

May 11.....	Hull vs College.
" 13.....	College vs O. A. A. C.
" 20.....	C. O. F. vs College.
" 24.....	College vs Hull.
" 27.....	Capital vs College.
June 3.....	O. A. A. C. vs College.
" 10.....	College vs C. O. F.
" 17.....	College vs Capital.

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The Quebec Rugby Union met in Montreal on Saturday, April 29th. and drew up the following schedule of senior games for the fall of '99.

	<i>Clubs.</i>	<i>Grounds.</i>
Oct. 7... ..	Kingston vs Brockville.....	Kingston.
" "	Montreal vs Britannia.....	Montreal.
Oct. 14.....	Brockville vs Montreal.....	Brockville.
" "	Britannia vs College.....	Britannia.
" 21.....	College vs Kingston.....	Ottawa.
" "	Britannia vs Brockville....	Britannia.
" 28.....	Kingston vs Britannia..	Kingston.
" "	College vs Montreal	Ottawa.
Nov. 4.....	Brockville vs College.....	Brockville.
" "	Montreal vs Kingston.....	Montreal.

College was represented at the meeting by Messrs. T. Morin and J. J. O'Reilly.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

M. A. FOLEY.

Mr. Adrien Brault, ex-'95, writes to renew his subscription to the University magazine and to acquaint us with the fact that he has taken unto himself a better half. Thanks, Adrien, and congratulations.

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From Iloilo, Philippine Islands, under date of February 19, Mr. James McMahon, formerly a student at Ottawa College and now one of Uncle Sam's regulars, writes as follows :

"On the afternoon of Saturday, February 14th, the city of Iloilo was taken by the 18th U. S. Infantry and the 1st Tenn. Volunteers. The insurgents had been previously warned that they must evacuate their position by Saturday night. Early in the morning, however, they were observed digging trenches, so word was sent that if they did not cease, operations would be immediately commenced against them. Their answer was the discharge of an antiquated cannon at the ships, but the effect of their shot was little short of ridiculous. A detachment of men was then landed from the cruiser *Boston* and soon the Star Spangled Banner was hoisted over the fort. Guards were placed over the banks and principal houses. A large number of native huts were burned to clear away dangerous localities, but other than this the town suffered very little damage. The natives retired before the American fusillade to Jarv, a small town on the outskirts of the city, from which place they kept up for some time an irregular fire. We now have them seven miles from the city. Our troops have been on the field of action for the past nine days, and have sustained a loss of 59 killed and 304 wounded. As to the insurgent loss, the official reports place the number of killed and wounded away up in the thousands."

