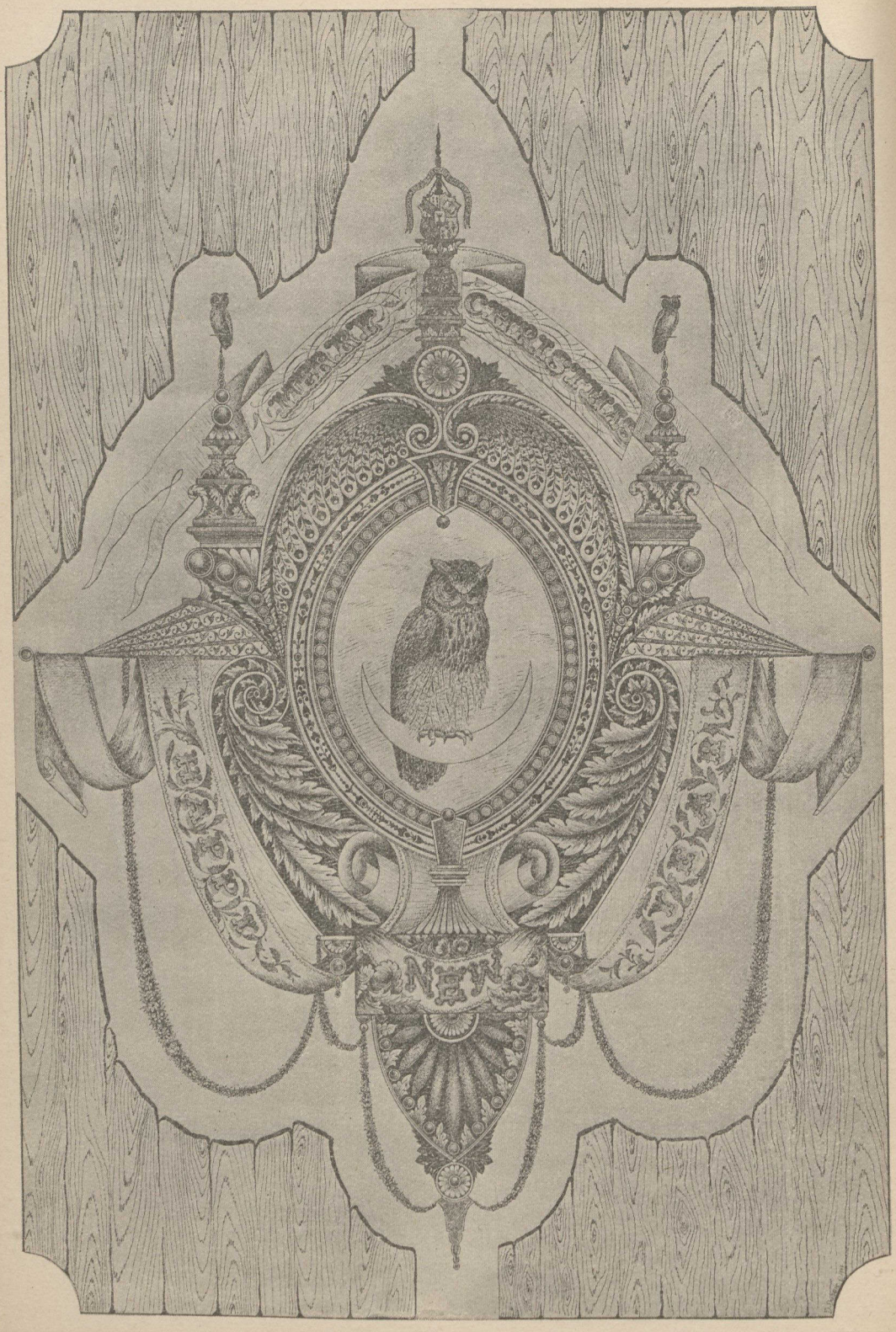
MERRY CHRISTMAS
NEW

# THE OWL.

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## *CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

HOU Who hast formed me from the dust,
And breath'd Thine own breath into me,
Father and King, Whose Throne august
Is based on broad Infinity,
O lend my heart a voice, that now,
At this sweet season, even I
May pierce the distance with a cry
Of song forth-reaching far as Thou.
Cry out aloud, my heart! O hand of God,
Sweep its dull chords to fire, kindling love's music broad.

Arise in joy, thou holy morn!
Blush rosy-red, thou gladsome dawn!
For lo! our Christmas King is born;
And down the asphodel flowered lawn
Of opening heaven the angels tread,
With fo'ded wings, and eyes serene,
To where the Ever-Virgin Queen
Low o'er the Infant droops her head
Be hushed, ye heavens! Be mute, thou earth! Her heart
Alone may speak to His, and no discordance start.

Close, close, She bends above the Child,
And, wrapt in wonderment, adores:
From Heart to Heart the undefiled
Full stream of every Godhead pours.
From hers; for God is throbbing there:
From His; for That is God indeed—
Full-filled with G dhead, as the seed
With the large growth it yet shall bear.
Deep answers unto deep; and Earth to Heaven,
And Heaven to Earth, speaks clear; and Eden is forgiven.

O, Now God walks with man once more;
But not as in the Eden-time:
He cometh from His far-off shore,
He leaveth all His golden clime,
He empties heaven of all His might,
And bides within a little span:
The infant God is infant Man,
Seed and full bourgeon of delight.
Nay, infant Man is full-grown God in Him,
And Mary's Son is King of the throned seraphim.

It is no dream! From east to west,
Around the courses of the sun,
Men's millioned hearts shall have confest
The Presence, ere this day is done.
In every holy Host unpraised
Above God's myriad altars, glows
His full-orbed heaven through softened shows
Of sense to eyes that else were dazed.
God on our alters! Heaven around Him bending!
And, o'er Him bowed, that Heart all else save His transcending!

It faints, it fails, it dies away,
The song that swelled within my breast:
This heart of mine is only clay,
And here its silence speaketh best.
Then clasp with holy silences,
Ye holy heavens, our hearts around,
Thas we may hear your voices sound,
And *think* sweet echoes unto these;
Compassing heaven's full scale, howe'er it vary,
In two brief human Names—Christ JESUS, Mother MARY.

FRANK WATERS.

# THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

*By the Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D.*

THERE can be nothing more conductive to peace, joy and happiness at this joyous season of Christmas, than a serious consideration of the great and sublime fact of the Communion of Saints. The members of the church militant on earth have communion with one another in all circumstances and in defiance of every hindrance. They may have no outward personal relations, they may be separated by vast continent. and tempestuous oceans, but are still in close communion. They partake of the same spiritual, life-giving, bread, and the same spiritual wine of gladness, they are held by the same tie of faith and the holy bond of prayer. There may be sin in this "Kingdom of God" as the church militant is sometimes termed in Scripture--"*necesse est ut veniant scandala.*" But hence communion is only closer. The devout and fervent surround with their love the erring brother, and pray with redoubled earnestness that scandal may be swept away. The church triumphant awaits them in Heaven and holds communion with them by continual prayer that they may be cheered, consoled and aided in their wayfaring here below. They mourn over their losses and rejoice when they conquer in "the fight that is set before them." "There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God," and the happy souls that are associated with them over the conversion of a sinner; and from this it may be learned how important is even one soul in the sight of God when all Heaven is moved on his return to virtue and holiness. What better proof could there be of the Communion of the Saints in Heaven with "the Kingdom of God" below,—of Heaven with earth, than this rejoicing of the celestial hosts? The practice of the church in addressing the saints individually and often collectively the chosen souls of every tribe and tongue and people, teaches that there is Communion of the Saints in glory with their brethren of the church militant. We pray to them that they would aid us with their prayers; and being thus taught by the religion of our Devine Teacher, we cannot doubt but they share with the angels the loving task of offering our humble supplications as a sacrifice of sweet odour in their golden censers before the throne of God. "When He opened the book, the four living creatures and the twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden phials full of odours *which are the prayers of the Saints.*" Revelations v. 8) In the Phrophet Zachary we find the following words: "The Angel of the Lord answered and said: O Lord of hosts, *how long wilt Thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah against which Thou hast had indignation these three score and ten years?* And the Lord answered the angel that talked with me with good and comfortable words." Here, surely, was prayer and a favourable answer to prayer,—an answer which implied that the mercy prayed for by the angel was graciously granted. Zach. i., 12, 13) The saints in Heaven having no need to ask for themselves, as they already possess all that even Seraphs can desire, cease not to offer prayers for their brethren of the church militant whom they love as only the blessed in Heaven can love. "Another angel," writes the inspired Saint John, "stood at the alter having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne; and the smoke of the incense which came with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." (Rev. iii., 3, 4.) Who, therefore, would not

desire the saints to pray for him? And who would not rejoice to find that the prayers thus offered are received like sweet smelling incense, in Heaven's censers, and born aloft by angel hands to God? There could be no more close or intimate communion than that which is here indicated, between the church victorious and triumphant in Heaven and the church militant on earth. The latter portion of the church is no less than the former, "the Kingdom of God," although still engaged in that warfare in the course of which sin and scandal may come. But, is it not His Kingdom of which it is said, "that the Son of Man the Saviour will weed out of His Kingdom all scandals?" and then this earthly kingdom, all impediments being swept away, will come into closer relation with that which is of Heaven and of Heaven only; and thus will become complete the Communion of the Saints triumphant in Heaven and those who are still contending in that great spiritual warfare. Let such therefore, take courage. The victory is more than half won when once they have undertaken to fight for it; and let it be their consolation to reflect that their Lord and Saviour, who loves them, sends His angels to gather up every stone of scandal against which they might dash their foot. One fears to speak of a communion so profoundly spiritual. But, it is impossible to be wrong in using the language of Saint Paul. The Apostle says: "You are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of righteous men made perfect." (Heb. chap xii.)

Let us not forget the suffering Church. "*Have compassion on us you at least who are our friends.*" "Miseremini mei saltem vos qui amiei mei estis." Who are those friends to whom the suffering souls cry for compassion? They are no other than the brethren of the church victorious in Heaven as well as those of the church militant here below. The former love them as Heavenly Spirits love and as the Saviour taught them. This excellent love causes commisseration which is accompanied by prayers that are bourne in angelic cencers to the throne of God. The church on earth is also moved to pity and offers in behalf of the sufferers, sacrifices, alms. giving and other good works. It has been the belief of the church from the earliest times that by such devout and holy practices, souls which may be temporarily excluded from the bliss of Heaven are largely benefited. The members of the church on earth cannot know who they are among departed souls that stand in need of prayer, alms and other good works. Hence they pray alike for all, certain that their prayers will not be lost, but that they will redound to their own spiritual good, if not available for any suffering soul. In this they are guided by the doctrine laid down in Holy Scripture, that *it is holy and salutary to pray for the dead in order that they may be loosed from their sins.* Souls may have departed this life having only some expiatory pain to undergo. Others may have borne with them beyond the grave *sins that may be forgiven in the next life.*

The whole teaching of the church, from the first days of her existence, includes the doctrine here distinctly laid down and insisted upon. It was preached by the earliest Fathers and ecclesiastical writers; somewhat later by Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom: and confirmatory of all they have taught, a voice that cannot be mistaken has been heard from the Catacombs of Rome, proclaiming that *it is holy and salutary to pray for the dead in order that they may be loosed from their sins.*

## *SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.*

*By S E. Dawson, Lit. D.*

In weighing the character and achievements of the earliest voyagers to the northern parts of America the reader is apt to underrate the courage manifested in their enterprises. A Canadian approaching the shore of his native land may reproduce in his memory the hospitable regions concealed behind its stern and forbidding coast, but it is not easy to realize the far different impressions which must have been produced upon the minds of early navigators such as Cartier and Champlain by the forest-clad and rock-bound shores along which they sailed. It is only from the oldest chronicler that we can learn of the wild legends which were associated with these mist-enshrouded solitudes. On all the early Portuguese maps, and on many later, the Isle of Demons (yslas de los demonios) guarded the northern entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the sailors of that age believed that, on the south it was guarded by a frightful monster—the Gougou who, from her lair on Miscou Point, like Scylla, would reach out and snatch from a passing ship some ill-fated sailor while terrifying his comrades by her frightful roaring. Even the sober Champlain lent half credence to this legend, authenticated as it was by the Sieur Prevert of St. Malo, and he informs us that he really believed that some demon resided there who tormented the savages. Lescarbot was more sceptical but we learn from him that during the memorable winter on the shore of Annapolis Basin—the first winter spent by white men on these northern shores—many such stories helped to vary the festivities of "le bon vieux temps" which Champlain had organized to occupy the enforced leisure of the sailors.

These stories have long been forgotten, but when we wish to evoke the spirit of these far-off years we must resort to the picturesque pages of Francis Parkman. The atmosphere of the supernatural encircling our coasts in those early days is described in one of the most vivid passages in his "Pioneers of old France," (page 172) as follows :

"On this dim verge of the known world, there were other perils than those of the waves. The rocks and shores of those sequestered seas had, so thought the voyagers, other tenants than the walrus and the screaming sea-fowl, the bears who stole away their fish before their eyes, and the wild natives dressed in seal-skins. Griffins—so ran the story—infested the mountains of Labrador. Two islands, north of Newfoundland, were given over to the Fiends from whom they derived their name, the Isles of Demons. An old map pictures their occupants at length, devils rampant, with wings, horns and tail. The passing voyager heard the din of their infernal orgies, and woe to the sailor or fisherman who ventured alone in the haunted woods. 'True it is,' writes the old cosmographer, Thevet, 'and I myself have heard it, not from one, but from a great number of the sailors and pilots with whom I have made many voyages, that when they passed this way, they heard in the air, on the tops and about the masts a great clamor of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or a market-place; whereupon they well know that the Isle of Demons is not far off.' And he adds that he himself, when among the Indians, had seen them so tormented by these infernal persecutors, that they would fall into his arms for relief, on which, repeating a passage of the Gospel of St. John, he had driven the imps of darkness to a speedy exodus."

Far different were the circumstances encountered by the Spaniards in the south, and therefore, to our Champlain and to his companions was the greater need of courage. The following sketch of his character is an attempt to give expression to those aspects of the lives of our early explorers which advancing civilization has made it difficult for us to realize. Samuel de Champlain was the first Canadian, and he was the greatest; for whether we have regard to his courage, his simple and unaffected piety, his fortitude, his professional skill as soldier and sailor, his unvarying humanity and his unflagging faith in the country of his adoption, we shall not find him surpassed among the brightest names which adorn the early annals of adventure and discovery in the west.

## *CHAMPLAIN.*

A HUNDRED years had rolled their changeful rounds
Since Spain's bold sailors, following in the track
Of him, the great revealer of the West,
Sailed far into the sunset. Summer seas
Of deepest azure, smiling islands clothed
With densest verdure, cheered their course. The vines,
Gay with strange flowers and twined from branch to branch,
Gave shelter from the scorching rays of noon.
A varied screen of brilliant hues concealed
The rigid outlines of the lofty peaks
From shore to summit, and their shadows sank
Far down into serene translucent depths
Of placid ocean, carrying hues of earth
To deck the coral walls and shell-strewn floors
Where sea-sprites dwelt. They sailed by long low shores,
Which smoked with fatness in the generous sun;
And through the shady groves glanced graceful forms
Of kindly natives—gentle-mannered, frank,
With fearless steps and open child-like mien
They came to meet the strangers—soon to be
Their pitiless oppressors.

All the while,
Far to the North, the lonely ocean surged
'Gainst desolate shores, rock-bound—the summer haunt
Of screaming wild fowl, and the winter home
Of bears and wolves and foxes. Scanty tribes
Of Indians hunted for their hard-won food,
And gained a bare subsistence Ocean raged
Incessant 'gainst that battlemented shore;
And the winds wailed amid the forests black
Of Markland[1]—moaning—weary with lament—
In utter loneliness; for no Christian soul
As yet had dared to tarry in this wild,
Nor tempt its savage sternness. Eastwards far—
Half way to Europe—where the unquiet sea
Heaves aye its bosom 'gainst the clinging mist
Which weighs it down, amidst the twilight grey
And dank, the frequent sail of fishing craft
Or Basque or Breton loomed There, æons long,
Great fleets of bergs, freighted on Arctic shores,
Sailing with rending shock of glaciers vast,
Had dropped their stony burdens in the depth
And shallowed up the black abysm, and made
Fit home for finny tribes innumerable.

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[1] Markland: The name given by the Northmen to the country now known as Nova Scotia.

Beyond this dim and melancholy veil
Of mist, enshrouding all the Western Sea,
But few had cared to pierce; for legends dread
Haunted the rock-bound coast. The Demon's isle
Guarded the northern passage In the thick air
The shuddering sailors heard the shrieks and howls
Of fiends malignant, high o'er roar of waves,
Torturing the souls of men, whose battered bones
Were beaten small in seethe and hiss of foam,
Grinding forever on the shelving rocks
That skirt the dreary coast of Helluland—[2]
Nor there alone, for ghostly teachers told
How, when the blessed saving Cross of Christ
Swept over Europe, all the evil fiends
In terror fled to the West; and still we see
Ill-omen'd and distorted struggling shapes
Of gnomes and goblins frozen into stone
In forms fantastic on the western fronts
Of high cathedrals. So the demons fled,
And, sheltered by impenetrable mists,
Over the whitening bones of drowned men,
On gloomy forest shore or rocky coast,
Held hideous carnival.

With steadfast mind,
Into this hidden world sailed Champlain Few
Had followed up St. Lawrence mighty flood.—
Basque whalers, pressing hard their monstrous prey,
Or traders to a savage rendezvous
At Tadoussac, held for a few short weeks
Of summer; else deserted all the year.
No trader he—our sailor—loftier thoughts
His bosom swelled: to trace the setting sun
Up his broad path of waters to his home
In that far Western Ocean—restful—calm—
Which laves the shores of rich Cathay, and breathes
Spice-laden odours towards the realms of Ind.
Nor this alone;—to bear the Cross of Christ,
Still conquering and to conquer all, until
The demons, routed in their last retreat
In the gloomy North, should hie them henceforth down
To their own seats, nor harass mankind more.

A wide experience trained him for such task.
In Henry's cause he earned a soldier's fame,
When the white plume i' the thick of battle danced
And bore the rising fortune of Navarre
Where conflict raged the fiercest Peace ensured,
The adventurous sailor blood which coursed
In all his race resumed its sway, and urged
Him on to bold emprise i' the Western Sea
His skill had steered his ever-prosperous barque
Through all the mazes of the Spanish main
And all its wealth of islands. He had trod,

[2] Helluland: The name given by the Northmen to Labrador.

Before the Aztec glory died away,
The streets of Cortez' city, and his pen
And ready pencil made report of all
The wonders marked by his observant eye
Northwards, his venturous skill had traced the coast
Of Norembegue,[3] and borne on rushing tides
Had searched the Bay of Fundy to its depths,
And noted Ouygoudy's[4] wondrous stream
Flow in and outwards with a double fall.
Nor was he wanting in those gentler arts
Which bind men each to other. Oft the woods
Which overhang Port Royal's Basin[5] rang
With laughter of his joyous band, and rang
The steeped escarpd barrier to the North
With echoes of their hunter's music. There—
Where the resistless tides of Fundy pour
Swift through a narrow cleft, and sudden fill
To the brim the basin and the long-drawn vale
Far inland—there, with feasting, song, and tale
They wore one winter out, till spring returned
Too soon, to call them from their restful ease
To the great task.

For now the hour had come,
The birth-hour of a nation doomed to pass
Through many wars and changes great, until,
By God's mysterious providences blessed,
The little seedling—planted now in faith,
And through long weary years watered with tears
And blood—deep-rooted, broad and strong, should spread
A stately tree, its branches East and West
From the stern surges of the Atlantic coast
To that mysterious margin—dreamy bound,
Of the great tranquil ocean, where lie hid
The secrets of the sunset, and the sun
Renews his strength to dawn on Eastern lands.

As through the curtain grey of ice and mist
Brake Champlain, on his right emerged Cape Ray,
Repellent with its walls of beetling cliffs,
Their level summits clad with lingering snow.
Brilliantly chill. To the left, clothed with black spruce,
The frowning mountains of Cape Breton rose
Steep from the ocean. Isle St. Paul lay close,
Dense-wooded, scarce distinguished from the mass
Of the larger mountains Through this gateway grim
He sailed into St Lawrence' broadening gulf;
Nor paused until the mighty buttressed peak
Of Mount Ste. Anne, thrust through its robe of green

[3] Norembegue: The name given in Champlain's time to the north-east coast of New England.
[4] Ouygoudy: Indian name of the River St. John, recorded in Champlain's Voyages. It can be entered at half tide only. At low tide there is a fall outwards, and at high tide a fall from the sea inwards over a ledge of rock.
[5] Port Royal: Now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia.

And dyed with iron hues of ochrey red,
Flamed in the sunrise. Percé Rock below,
Like some Titanic ruin, lit by the sun,
Whose rays streamed through the double arches, lay
Its huge mass stretched along; its cloudy top
Clamorous with sea fowl. On he sailed, and passed
The coast of Honguedo,[6] dark with pines,
And high above the river flood, which washed
Its craggy shores. Far north, the cruel teeth
Of Manicougan's fateful reef just showed
Through the long line of breakers Short his stay
At Tadoussac With favouring wind and tide
He stemmed the flowing current, till he reached
That wondrous Strait, where close th' opposing hills
To build the stately portal of the West.
There—at the foot of that stupendous rock,
Which towers above a basin sheltered round
By mountains slowly stooping from their heights
In terraces of verdure to the deep
And ever-tranquil water—in that charméd spot
Of solemn beauty was the cradle placed
Of our Canadian Empire. Grand the site
And great the founder! Mark his forehead calm—
His serious eyes, but prone to gleam with mirth
As fit to gaze on danger—resolute mouth,
Adorned with trim moustache and courtly beard,
Showing a man as skilled and apt to tread
The gallant Bearnais' court as the slant deck,
Slippery with foam and ice, when northern storm
Swoops on the treacherous Gulf, and through the dark
Aloft the demons hurtle through the air
With hiss and shriek. The frozen cordage sticks
In the icy block, and struck by the impetuous seas,
The frail barque shudders to her lowest keel.
One little light, alone, in all that world
Of blackness, gleams to light the magic card
That points the course; and there his quiet eyes
Are fixed. But, in his heart, whether at sea
Or at the court or in the savage camp,
The light of duty ever shone supreme,
Nor swerved his steady course or here or there.
And such a site whereon to plant the tree
Of rising empire! Holds this varied world
No peer to its majestic beauty Look!
Those solemn hills, which close the distance dim
Of the far horizon how their contours, clothed
With summer foliage, smile as they slope down,
Bathed in the sunlight, to the rippling flood
Which laps their bases; and the azure vault
Mirrors its brightness with the changing hues
Of blue and purple in the dimpling waves.—
An amphitheatre, whose circles vast
Rise upwards from the central basin, reared
For high assembly of the earlier gods,

[6] Honguedo: Name for Gaspé in the oldest maps.

And Zeus' high seat might rest upon the Cape
And dominate the concourse  All the scene
Was clad in summer's livery  Blue in the sky
And water; on the hills a living green
Sheening to yellow in the twinkling birch
And glooming in the pines—all glowing tints
Of the upper rainbow, for the autumn hues
Of crimson, gold and scarlet were not yet.

Time fails; nor is it now my task to tell
The labours and the anxious toil and want
Which threatened year by year to crush Quebec—
For so in Indian speech was called the Strait
Where mountains curb St Lawrence' waters in
Before the basin widens, and the name
Was given to the city  Champlain's care
Urged on the work, and his far-seeing eyes
Prepared for every danger  Still he strove
To learn the secrets of that glorious land
Of woods and waters, on whose threshold stood
His infant city; now, by questionings close
Of friendly natives; then, devoid of fear,
In bark canoe, with Indian guides, he dared
To trace Ottawa's[7] rapid current, up
Almost to Lake Temiscamangue, its source;
Then, mounting to Nipissing's weary lake,
Swiftly he sped the rapid river down,
And reached that bay of wizard beauty, where
The frequent islets seem to float, so like,
In calms, the upper and the nether blue;
Thence he explored Muskoka's rocky glens,
Threaded by crystal streamlets and adorned
With lakes of gleaming silver.  West and south—
Still onward—to a lovely garden land,
Fair even in winter.  On its farther verge
A bold escarpment overlooks a plain,—
And, on long summer days, the gladdened eye
Dwells on a scene of beauty stretched below
Still richer.  Like a billowy sea of smiling green
The woodlands wave below, and, far off, sweep
To distant shores of mighty land-locked seas—
The bourne to which the spirits of the dead
Addressed of yore their journey lone; nor reached
But after weary travel  Thence he turned
And dwelt a winter 'mong the guileful tribes
Of Hurons  Joining in their distant wars,
He traversed all the centre of our land.
With a wild swarm of painted warriors fierce
Flocking, in light canoes, like wild fowl set
On autumn journey to the south.  He passed
Up Severn's stream and o'er Toronto's[8] lake,
Whose mirrowed shadows, opalescent, glowed

[7] Ottawa; These Indian words were generally accented upon the penultimate syllable, as Toronto. In Niagara we throw back the Indian accent which pronounced Niagara.

With tremulous colour as the paddles dipped
And turned, disturbing all the magic scenes
Of sylvan beauty in its depths profound.
Still southwards down the rushing Trent he urged
His frail canoe; at times through level lakes,
Shooting at times down rapids. Quick the eye
And firm the wrist to hold the steady course
On the smooth current's crest But where the stream,
With glassy torrent, glides unruffled down
And backwards swirls in foam against the rocks,
Then, landing on the narrow rugged trail,
O'er boulders wet and slippery with spray,
And stooping 'neath the brushwood overhead,
He, with his savage guides, their burdens bore
Down the portage's weary steep, until
The quiet water called them to embark.
At length he reached a place 'twixt verdurous banks—
The loveliest which Ontario's waters hold,
Where Quinté's matchless bay unruffled smiles.

So passed his busy life: unselfish toil
His chief enjoyment Many things he learned
By frequent journeys with his savage friends,
And in campaigns against their Indian foes.
He first explored the lake which bears his name.
First to his eyes the deep pellucid mere
Of Horicon revealed its beauty Much
He learned from Indian hunters All the North
He mapped with rare precision. Known to him
Was that great inland ocean whither flow
The cheerless streams of drear Estotiland;[9]
Where Mistassini trails his sinuous coils
Of waters, circling deserts bare and frore,
And yields again unto the chilling night
The steely glitter of a million stars.
Meantime, by often voyaging to France,
He urged his infant country's pressing needs,
And so his work grew strong. He ever loved
The Ocean, and upon her rocking breast
She bore him always safely; never harm
Befell him there. He loved our country most,
And when God called him, there he laid his head
In peace upon her bosom. And his work
Still prospered—till there came an evil time
When bigot counsels sapped the strength of France,
And drove to exile many a faithful heart
And stalwart arm; and faith grew faint, and fraud
And peculation smirched the lily flag,
And avarice and greed stalked through the land.
Then died the love of duty In its place
Arose the point of honour. Poor exchange!

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[8] Toronto's Lake: The name of Lake Toronto is given in the old French maps to Lake Simcoe.

[9] Estotiland; The old name given to the interior of Labrador which drains into Hudson Bay.

For honour is self-centred—duty lives
From man to God. So all the West was lost
To France. But Champlain's work survives; for still,
Though from Cape Diamond's lofty peak no more
Floats the White Flag, his dear-loved mother tongue
Still flourishes, pervading all the land
He travelled; and his faith still lives—devout,
Yet tolerant here, as in the happy days
Before the fatal revocation knelled
The waning power of France; and still survive
The laws and customs of the France he knew.

*Sans peur et sans reproche*—thou, blest of God!
Thy name still dwells unsullied. Never spot
Of greed, or cowardice, or lust, or hate
Stained thy white scutcheon Swiftly sped thy soul
Up the dread circles, where the healing flames
Purge out the lingering dross and make men pure
To bear the garments of the searching light
In courts of heavenly glory. Worthy, thou,
To be a nation's founder! and may we
Be not unworthy of thee! May thy faith
In our Dominion's fortunes, and thy truth
And love of duty guide us on our course.
So shall our country flourish—thine as ours—
So long—no longer.

S E. Dawson.

# *THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOLS.*

*By John Kelly Barrett, LL.D.*

IN every age of the world's history some great problem has been set, which, by its absorbing interest or immediate influence on society, may be called the question of that age. One instance is the sixteenth century in which the great problem was Reform. The Church solved it in the right way by the Council of Trent; the so-called reformers in the wrong way by what we still call, though in courtesy, the Reformation. Another instance is the eighteenth century, during which the great problem was Liberty. The French Revolution solved it the wrong way; the United States in a way which eventually proved satisfactory. Similarly, I may say, in our own age, in most countries of Europe and America, the paramount question is Education. To Catholics it is one of peculiarly absorbing interest, because of the war that is waged against the authority of the Church in education. That the Catholic Church has been the one bright beacon shining down the vista of the ages, instructing, enlightening, christianizing and civilizing mankind; transforming barbarians into Christians, and by religion and education lifting them gradually from their fierce and grovelling passions to the high plane of the Christian civilization, no man with any knowledge of history, will attempt to gainsay. Macaulay, Froude, Maitland and other Protestant historians have amply testified to this fact. There never was an age, from the beginning of the Church's history on the day of Pentecost, when the Church was not the friend of education. Go back to the cradle of our faith and you will find the Church using all the means at her disposal in the cause of Education.

The first catechetical school was established by St. Mark, the intimate friend and spiritual son of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, at Alexandria. We are told* that "He brought with him the traditions of St. Peter and St. Paul, for he had been the disciple of both. He also brought the Creed, the Apostolic symbol, which in the brief compass of its twelve articles contains more truths than Plato or Cicero had ever known, and which revealed in the certainty of truth that *Eureka* which every system of philosophy had hitherto sought in vain." He brought also the Gospel, particularly his own gospel, and tradition tells us that this gospel was "The one book out of which for long ages the faithful of Alexandria were exclusively instructed." "To St. Mark, therefore, and through him to the Prince of the Apostles," Drane tells us "may be traced up every one of those institutions which were the nurseries of the Christian Schools" Although those catechetical schools were designed to prepare neophytes for baptism, and give religious instruction to adult converts from paganism, yet they soon enlarged their scope and absorbed into the Christian system of education every branch of learning. Among some of the distinguished Christian teachers of those early schools may be mentioned Pantænus, St. Hypolitus and Origen.

There was another class of schools called Episcopal Seminaries, usually attached to and forming a part of the Bishop's residence. The martyr, St. Vincent, is said to have been educated in this way by Valerius, Bishop of Sarogossa: St. John Chrysostom was a student in the house of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch; St. Cyril in that of his Uncle Theophilus: and Athanasius with Alexander, of Alexandria. Thus we see how the Christian schools and seminaries commenced with the very birth of Christianity, grew with its growth and flourished wherever the infant Church was allowed to take root.

Out of these small beginnings grew that mighty Monastic system which filled the Church with learned men devoting their time to teaching, not

*Christian Schools and Scholars, by A. T. Drane, page 4.

only the sons of the nobility, but also those of the poorer classes, who were gratuitously instructed, as we are told, in the art of reading, in grammar and latin. Those Monasteries were the feeders and supporters of the great Universities, and in heir turn Universities were founded, endowed and provided with professors by the Church. What a mighty work the Monasteries did for the civilization and material prosperity of the people! They not only educated them and encouraged art and sciences, but they taught agriculture and other valuable industries. They cleared the impenetrable forests and reclaimed the bogs and morasses of Europe, and who can fitly praise their hospitality? Public paupers and poor-houses were unknown in those days. The Monks recognized in the poor the image of their Divine Master and never allowed them to know hunger. The Church, wielding as she did, the sceptre of supreme power, invariably exercised it to protect the poor from the rapacity of the nobles. She was at once the most conservative and most democratic institution in the world. Her children, whether noble or serf, had a soul to save, and saving souls was her mission. The poorest member of the clergy, by his talents and piety often attained the highest position in the church. When the Roman Empire was crumbling to pieces by its own corruption; when the barbarian hordes were swarming into the gardens of Roman civilization, and, like a pestilent hot storm, were withering everything before them, destroying every vestige of learning and fine arts; during this period of dreadful disaster, the Church preserved to future generations all we have to-day of the literature and learning of the sacred and profane Masters of antiquity. To the Monastic institutions the world owes all this. Not content with preserving those precious relics of a past age, they perpetuated them by the loving artistic care with which they transcribed and illuminated them. In this age of "enlightenment" it is very common to hear "educated" men speak of "monkish ignorance and superstition." DRAKE, a Protestant author, answers this by saying, †"The Monks of Cassino, observes WHARTON, were distinguished not only for their *knowledge of sciences*, but for their *attention to polite learning* and an acquaintance with the *classics*." Another of their Reviewers (also Protestant) says, ‡"The world has never been so indebted to any other body of men as to the illustrious Order of Benedictine Monks," and again says the same authority, "A community of pious men devoted to literature and to the useful arts as well as to religion, seems in those days, like a green oasis amid the desert, like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray." Truly were they a green oasis of goodness, charity, and light in the midst of the desert of barbarism, lust, and brutality.

Such being our debt of gratitude to those intellectual giants of a past age, is it not strange to find men who should know better, men who owe to them all they possess of a knowledge of a past age, men who pretend to revere the Bible as the foundation of all our present civilization, that Bible which was preserved for them by those same Monks; is it not passing strange to find such pretentious sciolists misrepresenting and maligning these benefactors and educators of the civilized world? Can any honest student of history ignore their struggles to evangelize and polish the nations amongst whom they met, on every side, with the bitterest opposition? Where can we find heroism, if not in the conduct of self-denying champions who always ranged themselves on the side of right against might, of justice against injustice, of liberty against arrogant tyranny, of the weak against the strong?

What have churchmen not accomplished in the blessed cause of liberty? It would be impossible for us to enumerate a thousandth part of the glorious struggles of the Church for the liberty of the people as against the oppression of tyrants. We may, however, instance that splendid monument of English liberty, the "Magna Charta," which was wrested from a despot by the Catholic Barons of England through the intrepidity and under the guidance of a Catholic Bishop.

In the domain of exploration and dis-

†Drake, Literary Hours, Vol. II., p. 435.
‡Quarterly Review, December, 1811.

covery, as in that of literature, the Church holds the first place in the history of the world. Throughout the length and breadth of civilization, we witness to-day the universal efforts put forth to do honor to one of her devoted children in the person of Christopher Columbus, the glorious discoverer of a new world. His first act in the moment of discovery, was to raise aloft the Standard of the Church, the Cross, thus publicly proclaiming her dominion over his heart and consecrating his New World to her service. And well might he do so. For, was it not in Rome, among the scientific treasures of the Church, that he caught his first inspiration anent the Western Land? Was it not from some of her devout and learned Monks that he received the first assuring encouragement of ultimate success? Will not the names of Father Juan Perez and the Dominican Diego Deza, Archbishop of Seville, be linked in immortal memory with those of Isabella and Columbus? Will not those names proclaim to all ages the important part which our Holy Mother, the Church, had in giving a New World to the nations?

The human race is debtor to the Catholic Church in every department of knowledge. She was for centuries the only patron of the fine arts. In proof of this it is only necessary to point to the works of the Great Masters, whose genius was directed by the Church and largely consecrated to her service. Prior to the Revolution of the sixteenth century, the Church was the sole guide and teacher of every civilized nation. When the change came, it was brought about by questioning her prerogatives and openly denying her authority. She claimed then, as she claims to day, to be the only infallible guide and teacher of God's law to man. Now if the Church has been in the past such a great and mighty factor in civilizing, christianizing and educating the people; if she has been a friend to the poor and a protector to the weak; if, in a word, she has been the greatest enlightener the world has ever seen, and if, as we believe, there is nothing radically new under the sun, and the greatest needs of mankind are substantially the same as they ever were, why, we ask, is she denied the right of continuing that great work of education? Why is it that the State, calling itself Christian, and pretending that its object in education is the good of the citizen, and, therefore, the good of the state, denies to the Church that right which is a consequence of her mission and position in society?

The only complete answer is that the state is no longer Christian, but practically Pagan. To prove this, it is only necessary to go back to the very first ages of the Church, and you will find on the one hand the objections familiar in our day, raised against Catholic schools by Pagans, and on the other, precisely the same objections raised by the Bishops of the primitive Church against godless schools as are now made by our bishops to similar schools around us. St. Chrysostom, who knew what dangers there were to the faith and morals of Catholics in attending these godless schools, decided "That the risk is too great to be compensated for by any intellectual advantage" (to be gained in them). He declared that he knew of no school in his neighborhood "where the study of profane literature was united with the teaching of virtue." Again he says, "Are we to give up literature? You exclaim. I do not say that; but I do say we must not kill souls. . . . . When the foundations of a building are sapped, we we should seek rather for architects to reconstruct the whole edifice than for artists to adorn the wall. . . . . Which is to gain the day, science or the soul? If you can unite both advantages, do so by all means; but if not, choose the most precious." Sound Catholic doctrine, the application of which is as necessary to day as in the days of the golden-mouthed Archbishop of Constantinople. At that time, too, just as in our own time, the truly Christian schools were bitterly railed at as unenlightened, as cramping the intellect, though they were even then laying the foundations broad and deep of all the real subsequent triumphs of the human mind. This proves that the position of the Church then and now is identical. She adopted an idea hitherto unknown among the Pagans. She selected for her standard the perfect follower of Christ, and she has never altered that standard. God, the Creator of all things, was made the central figure, and His laws the highest form of

knowledge. The knowledge of God and His laws, was made the basis of all learning and was considered essential to the proper understanding of all the other sciences. The relations of the Creator to His creatures were of primary importance, and had to be taken into account in all intellectual pursuits.

The whole Christian theory of education rests on a two-fold truth taught by the Catholic Church; that man is created by God for a supernatural end, and that the Church being the only repository on earth of God's law, is, therefore, the necessary intermediary between man and his sublime destiny. To admit these two axioms and then deny that the Church should control the Christian education of her children were absurd

The aims of the Church are practical, and from the very first she addressed herself not to a few individuals of the highest culture, but to all indifferently, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. The Catholic system is designed for everyone, because everyone has a soul created by God for a supernatural end, and because that soul can only reach its destiny in safety through religion. The Church says to us, in the words of her Divine Founder, "I am the way, the truth and the life." She is, indeed, the voice of God, revealing to all men truths which it is their duty to believe, virtues which it is their duty to practise in this life, that they may deserve, after death, everlasting happiness with God. Her credentials, attesting the mission she has received from Jesus Christ, are writ large on the surface of her history, so that he who runs may read. Her mission is to teach all truth, to point out in all sciences, specially in the science of history, the pitfalls of error. This and no other is the meaning of the Master's words," "He that heareth you, heareth me." "Going, therefore, teach all pations all things, whatsoever I have commanded." From this point of view, which is the only correct one, it is not difficult to understand intelligent multitudes, yielding faith to her teachings, and submitting themselves without any doubt to her infallible guidance. They give the most implicit obedience to her laws, because they are God's laws. Thus Christian society is founded with its methods and objects clearly defined.

Having shown that man was created for a supernatural end; that that end is his one great concern upon earth; that it is attainable only by keeping the laws of God; that the Church is the only divine interpreter of those laws, and, consequently the only safe road by which man can journey to that end, I come to the conclusion, first, that all wise and prudent men, with a due sense of their responsibility to their Creator, and their duty to themselves, will attend to it that the means to that end shall be used; and, secondly, that the Church is bound to evince the liveliest interest in educational matters. If education, to her, means the leading of mankind to God, then it must be a question of vital importance to her, and, consequently, anything that may interfere with or threaten her freedom in this regard must cut her to the quick.

The Catholic Church in Canada has ever been true to this characteristic sensitiveness of the universal church. Catholics first discovered, explored, and settled this country. Catholic Missionaries were the first to bring "The good tidings of great joy" to these shores. The first heroic testimony to the faith was borne by the blood of her Canadian Martyrs. The first Canadian school was founded at Three Rivers by a religious Brother, Pacificus Duplessis, in 1616. Two years later another religious, Father LaCaron, was teaching at Tadousac. The Recollect had also, it is believed, a school at Quebec in 1619. In 1635 the College of Quebec was begun by the Jesuits, almost one year before Harvard was thought of, and three years before Harvard had any students. In 1639, Mother Mary of the Incarnation opened the first boarding school for girls. Fourteen years later, Margaret Bourgeois began to teach in Montreal. Finally, in 1663, Mgr. de Laval founded his theological seminary. In our own province of Manitoba, a Catholic school was established in St. Boniface as early as 1818, which has since developed into the College of St. Boniface, now conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Among the many Catholic seats of learning in our fair Canada, I may refer with pardonable pride to one that has had, despite its comparatively recent founda

tion, a wonderfully progressive and efficient record. I refer to the University of Ottawa. This celebrated seat of learning, at first known as "Bytown College" was established in 1848, by the Rev. Joseph Eugene Guigues, O.M.I., afterwards appointed first Bishop of Ottawa. From the very start this College took a prominent place in the educational world. In 1866 it was granted university powers, which were further extended in 1885. The crowning glory of Ottawa University was reached when, by a brief dated at Rome on the 5th of February, 1889, Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., raised it to the dignity of a Catholic University, with all the rights and privileges which that dignity bestows Many of our most prominent public men, many of the "Men of light and leading" in the learned professions have the honor of claiming her as their *Alma Mater*.

Before concluding this paper, I will say a few words on the School Question in Manitoba. I need scarcely offer any apology to the readers of the *Owl* for doing so. Perhaps in all the history of legislation in this Dominion none has been so disgraceful or marked with such treachery on the part of the Government of Manitoba, or such insensate and blind ignorant hatred on the part of a portion of our citizens. The Government has treated the Catholic minority with shameless duplicity and bad faith. It promised to protect that Catholic minority in all the rights and privileges which they had previously enjoyed, and in view of those false promises the Catholics gave the Government a generous support. These promises were made by the Premier of Manitoba and his Attorney-General; were made both to his Grace Archbishop Taché and to the electors of St. Francis Xavier. Within a year these pledges, given by the Premier and his first lieutenant, on the honor of sworn advisers of the Queen, were all broken and cast to the winds. Previous to the Act of 1890, Catholics and Protestants had their own schools, supported by their own taxes, the Government dividing its grant among them on the basis of the number of children of legal school age attending the schools. The Act of 1890 abolished Catholic schools, confiscated Catholic school buildings and handed them over to the Protestant School Board, which was made by the new law the Public School Board. Thus, while the Act nomially abolished the Protestant as well as the Catholic schools, it actually made all schools Protestant, and transferred Catholic property to the Public Protestant schools.

Mark well the gross injustice and dishonesty of this Act. Catholics, after losing all they had, were required to pay taxes to the Protestant schools which are now called Public Schools, although they retain all the religion, text books, prayers, and Bible reading which they had when they were honestly called what they actually never ceased to be—Protestant schools. So manifest is this injustice that the Manitoba Government's organ is trying to wriggle out of the responsibility for the foul deed, by attempting to prove that the Public Schools of Manitoba are not distinctively Protestant. This hopeless attempt drives the Winnipeg *Tribune* into dishonest perversion of Archbishop Taché's masterly teaching on the question of education. As a sample of the desperate straits to which the would-be Liberal tyrants of Manitoba are reduced, it will suffice to quote one sentence from a leading article of that same tortuous Machiavellian *Tribune*. "In the Romanist Schools for which the hierarchy demands taxing powers, he would hear it taught that priests can absolve from sins, that prayers should be made to the Virgin Mary, that men and women, boys and girls, are to do what seems wrong to them if the Priest tells them that it is right, and commands it."—*Tribune*, Nov. 8th, 1892.

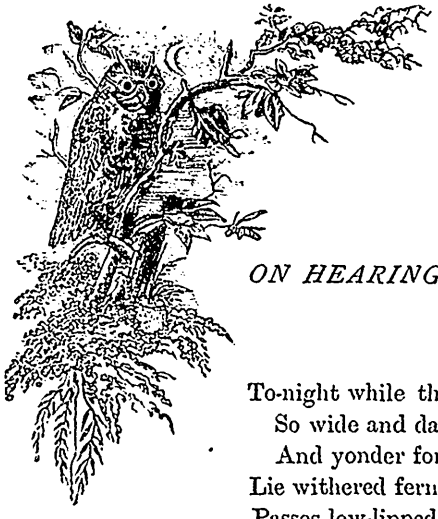
To give your readers an example of how heavily this weighs on the Catholics of Manitoba, I will cite my own case. I am required to pay to the support of the Protestant schools of Winnipeg a tax amounting to $35.00 per annum. Under the old law this amount went to the support of Catholic Schools, where my children are now and have always been educated. Moreover my conscience requires me to pay a second tax of $50.00 per year for the support of our own Catholic schools—the extra $15.00 being necessitated by the loss of the Government grant. In other words, I am obliged to pay $85.00 per year and receive no more

benefit for that sum than I formerly received for the sum of $35.00. This example will give the readers of the *Owl* an idea of the beauties of the School Law or Manitoba, and how it affects their co-religionists. The law is so strikingly unfair, so outrageously dishonest, that it cannot long disgrace the statute books of our Province. We have appealed for protection from so gross an outrage on our liberties to the Govenor-General in Council, and we have every confidence that we shall receive fair play and justice. Justice is all we ask, justice we have every reasonable hope of obtaining.

Winnipeg, Nov. 16, 1892.

Humility! Oh the loved of heaven,
Triumphant in thy holy terror,
By self confiding impulse driven,
Thou dost not tempt the brink of error,
But homeward borne and shuddering still,
Thou keep'st afar thy faithful station,
Thou shunn'st the coming shades of ill,
And flirt as guilt, remote occasion,

—GERALD GRIFFIN.



## *ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF ALFRED TENNYSON.*

To-night while the grey wings of storm are spread,
So wide and dark about the unquiet world,
And yonder for our spring-sought flowers uncurled,
Lie withered ferns and crimson leaves instead,
Passes low-lipped from bended head to head,
Through every English land, mixed with the blind
And ceaseless surge and murmur of mankind,
The word that Alfred Tennyson is dead.

Aye, he is dead! Even as those great ones die
Who yield their sacred bodies to the dust,
Content—lest even death's self should suffer wrong,
Being robbed of his just due—yet deathlessly
Leave us their essence in eternal trust
The word, the power, the vision and the song!

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

5th October, 1892.

## *TO THE RED RIVER HALF-A-CENTURY AGO.*

IN view of the means of mutual intercourse now enjoyed by the several provinces of our Dominion, the following description of a trip to the Red River, nearly fifty years ago, may prove not uninteresting. The facts here related have been gleaned from the *Annales* of the Oblate Fathers; but, as these *Annales* have never been rendered into English, these few pages will, no doubt, present to many readers much that is new and entertaining.

Rev. Father Aubert and Brother Taché were the first Oblates to depart for the Missions of North Western Canada. To reach the field of their future labors, a voyage of about two thousand miles over the highway of the great lakes had to be undertaken. On the 24th of June, 1845, they embarked from the little village of Lachine—their vessel, a frail bark canoe; their crew, six hardy *voyageurs*, inured to hardship and fatigue. They mounted the Ottawa, ascended its tributary, the Mattawan, and, having traversed Lake Nipissing, descended the rapid River French to Lake Huron. Thus far they had pursued the route marked out 230 years before by the intrepid Champlain; and the remembrance of his passage had lent an additional charm to the wild, majestic scenery of the noble Ottawa, of the lonely Nipissing, and of the swiftly-flowing French. But now they had reached a region of yet more romantic and hallowed associations. Here, likewise, had the daring Frenchman passed. These shores which stretched away before them, had welcomed his arrival in the peaceful villages of the Huron, and had seen his warlike departure for the land of the Five Nations. They beheld him again, when, wounded and repulsed by the prowess of the Iroquois braves, he returned to wander from tribe to tribe, from village to village, through the dense forests of this wild and rugged region. They had witnessed the flight of the wretched Hurons before the cruel vengeance of the relentless Iroquois, and had been silent spectators of the trials and afflictions which befel the sad remnant of that once powerful tribe, which had escaped the ruthless attacks of their pitiless foe. These shores, too, had drunk the blood of martyrs, and the heroic example of Brèbœuf, of Lallemant, and of Daniel, inspired these humble Sons of Mary Immaculate with an ardent desire to follow in the footsteps of those noble pioneers in the vast missionary fields of America.

At length, our little band reached the western extremity of Lake Superior, and entered into the maze of waters that forms the source of the St Lawrence. As the young missionary brother receded, as he thought forever, from the headwaters of that mighty river, on whose banks Providence had fixed his birth-place, his emotion for a moment overpowered him. Bending down, he drank of its waters for the last time, and mingled with them some parting tears. He confided to them some secret thoughts and affectionate sentiments. It seemed to him that the bright waves of this majestic river, rolling from lake to lake, would at length beat upon the beach nigh to which a fond, beloved mother was praying for her absent son. He knew that lonely mother would listen to the faintest murmuring breeze, to the slightest beatings of the waves from the far North West, and seek to discover in them the echoes of the voice of her child. In that passionate moment, he understood in all its grandeur the sacrifice imposed upon the missionary, but, calming his emotion, he bade to his native land an adieu tha the believed to be eternal; then, turning towards the benighted West, he vowed a life-long devotion and fidelity to the land of his adoption. How that vow has been kept, the noble, self-sacrificing career of Alexander Taché, Archbishop of St. Boniface, eloquently declares.

Continuing their route, our *voyageurs*

traversed Rainy Lake, Rainy River and Lake of the Woods, descended the Winnipeg River to Winnipeg Lake, and, on the 24th of August, arrived at St. Boniface. Thus it had taken a period of 62 days' incessant travelling, to reach their destination. Yet no time had been lost; they had advanced as rapidly as possible. The early morning of each succeeding day had seen them embark; and the declining sun alone, gave the signal to seek the shore again, unless, in the meantime, they happened to meet with one of the numerous portages which occurred along the route. The evening was spent in preparing their principal daily meal, in erecting their canvas dwelling, and in arranging all things for their night's encampment; and before these duties were performed, the darkness of night had enveloped the wilderness. Ah, what a scene then presents itself—a scene, which, in its unrivalled sublimity and grandeur, can be found only in the vast forest regions of North America. Surrounding objects, seen through the dim, uncertain light, assume huge, unnatural shapes and figures; the dense, lonely forest seems denser and lonelier than ever. Over all reigns an awful, mysterious silence, broken only by the mournful soughing of the breeze in the tree-tops, or by the monotonous sound of the waves beating upon the shore. Strange feelings must have taken possession of the breasts of the little party. Each must have realized a more profound sense of the presence of his creator. Each must have felt a deep, indefinable emotion stir his soul; for he could not resist the sacred influences which from the sombre solitude,

"And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy bough, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power,
And in accessible Majesty."

Nor were perils lacking in this extended voyage. Over fifty rapids, many of them dangerous in the extreme, had to be leaped. Even in the open rivers and lakes, dangers lurked; for the slightest mismanagement in arranging the sail, the least unguarded movement of one of their number, exposed them to the danger of being consigned to a watery grave. The crosses, too, which from time to time they saw planted upon the shores, as they passed, spoke more eloquently than words, of the perils of the way; for each of these marked the lonely grave of some unfortunate voyager, who had met with a fatal accident in his endeavoring to navigate these waters.

Happily, a voyage such as that outlined above, is no longer a necessity. Almost parallel to the great watery highway followed by the early missionaries, runs the steel highway of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Along this route, the vast forests have vanished, and, in their stead, smiling farms have appeared, and thriving towns have arisen. Those profound solitudes of former years are now disturbed by the rumbling and roaring of the iron-horse, as over its narrow roadway it courses madly along from ocean to ocean. Distance and time are annihilated. The remote regions of the West are brought within easy access, and the trip from Montreal to Winnipeg presents, not a two months' voyage fraught with hardships and dangers, but a comfortable, pleasant journey of three or four days' duration.

The fifty years' labors of the Oblates in the far West, have been crowned with success. When, in 1845, the youthful Brother Taché arrived at St. Boniface, he found this, the only diocese in the vast region, and even it was but poorly supplied with priests. To-day, Archbishop Taché rules over an ecclesiastical province embracing the three immense dioceses of St. Boniface, St. Albert and New Westminster, together with the two Vicariates-Apostolic of Arthabasca-Mackenzie and Saskatchewan. His own diocese has now about seventy priests, and numbers among its institutions a Seminary and a College. In 1845 the number of Oblates in the North-West was two; now, about one hundred and twenty five zealous Sons of Mazenod are to be found scattered over the vast territory which extends in one direction, from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and in the other, from the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to the Polar Ocean. The *Annales* of these Missions form a noble page in the history of our country, and present a fund of interesting narrations, upon which the *Owl* may again draw at some future time.

E. J. CORNELL, '95.

## *PICTURES OF BRIGHTNESS.*

SUNLIT valleys fair and smiling;
Winding brooklets, o'er the glades
Low strains singing,—all beguiling,
E'en when flecked with passing shades.

Songs of glory in the thunder;
Tender chords the winds complete;
Loud-voiced harmonies,—the wonder
Ever new the seas repeat.

Fairest hopes in Jesus founded;
Living, working,—all for him;
Beauty in his beauty grounded
Fill Joy's cup e'en to the brim.

Ties of love so sweet and tender
Knitting faithful souls to God;
His the grace, the power to render
Hungry hearts a rich reward.

Faith's royal road,—path unbroken;
Hands and hearts linked by Love's gold;
Death of life is but the token,
We are God's,—the tale is told.

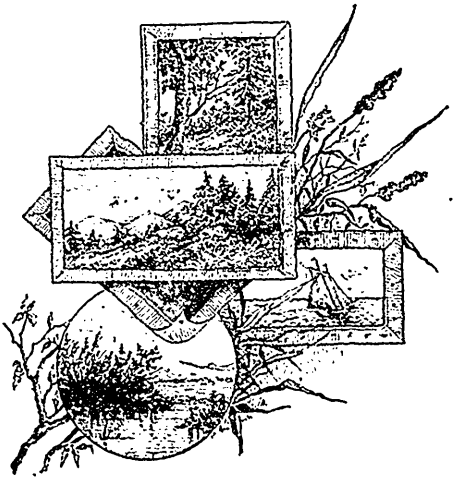
O'er Hope's smile so calm and trusting,
Tears, like dew on lilies, fall,
Bringing neither blight nor rusting,
But new beauty, to enthrall.

Sacred words which Priest-lips utter ;
People filling nave and aisle ;
'Tis the Mass,—glad angels flutter
Through the dim Cathedral pile.

Life with steps to Calvary turning ;
Rough the road, as worldlings see ;
On its height true light is burning :
Take thy cross, and follow me.

Christian soul ! ah ! be not weary ;
Seek thy loving Mother's breast ;
In the Church there's naught that's dreary,
In it find true peace and rest.

—C. O'BRIEN, *Archbishop of Halifax.*



## *SKEPTICISM VS. COMMON SENSE.*

SKEPTIC. I find this world a vast enigma. The stars over my head, the waving trees on all sides of me, the rushing waters I hear and admire, the music of the birds and the life with which this universe teems, are for all I know perhaps the creations of my imagination. I can establish no relations between my inner self and the outer world. I even go farther and state that perhaps my own individuality does not exist, that I may be only the thought of some universal mind.

Christian Philosopher. My dear friend, allow me to remark that it is almost impossible to argue with you, for to discuss any question it is necessary that we should have some common premises whereupon to build our reasoning. But the only principle that you advance is that you doubt of everything. What reply can I make? Whence can I draw my arguments? Where can I find a premise that you will admit? But wait, here is one; you are firm at least on one point, you doubt, you know that you doubt. But of all else you say you have no knowledge. You have thus one certainty in your mind, your doubt. For if you were to answer me that you doubt whether you doubt or not, then you could not assure me that you really doubt. But even in this case you must ultimately come to some certain affirmation or else you would have me fall into an infinite series of doubts, before which absurdity you yourself would hesitate. Upon this frail platform I purpose to build my argument, and if possible to convince you of the absurdity of your belief.

S. Very well, I adhere to my first doubt, as it would be absurd to doubt that I doubt, and if you can use it as the basis of your argument, I will be willing to listen. Proceed.

C. P. You tell me that you doubt, but in your very doubt I behold your existence, for if you did not exist, it would be impossible for you to doubt, as doubt is a state of an existing mind. By the very fact that you admit that you doubt, you must necessarily admit your existence.

S. This seems to be very clear and reasonable indeed, but yet I feel it is not sufficient; what interior proof have we of it?

C. P. You have within you that inner self-consciousness which admits of no doubt concerning your existence. But if you admit your existence and are forced to admit it, I am equally forced to admit mine, and my consciousness assures me that I am a different person from you, or in other words you and I are not the same person. This you also admit by the very fact that you are disputing with me, for if you and I were the same person, a contradiction would result, for you doubt and I do not doubt, consequently, if you and I were identical, we would be the I doubting and not doubting about the same thing, which you see is an absurdity.

S. That is indeed also reasonable. I feel myself forced to admit it; what inference do you wish to draw from it?

C. P. Only this, we have but the same reasoning process to follow to establish the existence of all other persons with whom we come in contact. We may then conclude that we possess certainty at least of the existence of ourselves and of persons distinct from ourselves. And allow me to remark that certainty is a state of the mind that excludes all reasonable doubt. And now, since you admit the existence of the world of human personality, you must also accept the reality of the material world. For we see that it strikes all individuals in the same way.

S. Ah, but wait, I cannot admit your last conclusion, for the senses of very many are often deceived in their relations with the material world.

C. P. I grant you that some people are sometimes deceived by their senses, but it is impossible that the senses of all should be so perverted that they should

be deceived in their primary objects. Such a deception would prove a universal confusion and contradiction in the senses, which would be something unnatural and incredible. A state of things for belief in which we have not the slightest grounds. Hence, for example, when the human race beholds the moon above its head in its different phases, the moon really exists, otherwise the entire human race would be laboring under an hallucination. But, my dear friend, why reason on this subject. Does not our common sense, does not our interior conviction assure us that the outer world has a true, a real existence, that our senses do not deceive us. Even you yourself believe this practically. Listen to your great master, David Hume, who with Berkeley denied the existence of bodies. "I eat, I play backgammon, I speak with my friends, I am happy in their company and when, after two or three hours' recreation I return to these speculations, they appear to me so cold, so unnatural and ridiculous, that I have not the courage to continue them. I see myself absolutely and necessarily forced to live to speak and to work as other men in the common affairs of life."

S. That all appears very reasonable, and I admit your arguments as far as this material world which we see around us and which is in the reach of our senses, but you must stop there. I cannot assume higher to that which is above the senses, for we can know nothing of the spiritual world.

C. P. Will you at least admit that we have the power of reasoning?

S. Certainly, but what is reasoning?

C. P. It is the exercise of the faculty of the mind by which we draw conclusions from certain known principles or facts. Thus, *e. g.*, I walk on the sea-shore and as I look upon the sand I behold impressions of feet. I know without any proof that as there can be no effect without a cause, these impressions must have been produced by feet. I would be unreasonable were I not to admit this. Hence I conclude that someone has been here. But I may proceed further. From the nature of the foot-prints I am able to guess the time when they were formed. It is low tide now; at high tide the place where the footprints are would have been under water. Had they been made at a previous low tide, the water at high tide would have obliterated all trace of them, consequently they have been formed quite recently; and thus from their position I can estimate pretty nearly the time when they were formed. I am also able to know with certainty which way the person went, and from the nature of the foot-prints I conclude they were left by a man or a woman or a child. My conclusions are certain, because they have been logically drawn from evident premises.

S. When I now reflect, I find that I have often used the same mode of reasoning myself, *e. g.*, in zoological, geological and archæological studies. For it is exactly thus that we prove that the earth existed thousands and millions of years ago, what its climate was, what kind of animals wandered around upon its surface, what birds lived in its atmosphere, and what fishes swam in its waters.

C. P. Now then, if it is in my power to reach causes, the effects of which I possess some knowledge of, why may I not by the same process of reasoning arrive at causes of which I have no knowledge; I know that the effect gives evidence of the nature of its cause. If then I study the universe, may I not reason as I do when I behold footprints on the sands? The world did not make itself; I did not make it, nor neither did any being like me. It is a good effect, hence the world must have had a cause.

S. I am willing to admit this, but I must deny that you can obtain any knowledge of the nature of that cause.

C. P. But if you admit that the effect indicates the nature of the cause, you must logically conclude that all we admire in this vast universe must have *eminently* pre-existed in its cause, and that therefore the First Cause must be far more perfect than the world itself. You could not suppose for an instant that it could be less perfect, for no one can give what he has not, and if the cause of the world did not possess the perfections with which the effect is endowed, those perfections never would have existed, for nothing can produce itself, and it is clear that a perfection which is creative is supreme and infinite. But among the perfections found in the universe, I remark intelligence; therefore

the world must have had a cause endowed with intelligence, otherwise it is impossible to understand whence intelligence could have originated.

S. Permit me to remark though, before you proceed farther, that intelligence is only a higher form of material forces, found in the course of ages.

C. P. For the sake of argument I will admit this, but it is at all events an organized development and every organization presupposes an intellectual agent. Moreover that material force which produces intellect must have come from somewhere, it must have pre-existed in the First Cause. Therefore, the First Cause is intelligent. I foresee that you will even reply to this, but your replies will be based on gratuitous assumptions and by no means on experience. If you should assert that intelligence is only an accidental effect of many causes, as Huxley and Darwin assert, it will be my turn to ask for proofs. Moreover, the perfect harmony of the universe convinces me that the world was produced by Intelligence. If, walking on the sea-shore, I were to notice a name written on the sand, how ridiculous it would be were I to assert that the name had been written by the waves, or that it had been produced by accident. Will not everyone conclude that some one had been there to trace the characters? Am I required to be less reasonable when I behold the beautiful universe and trace it to its cause? Whence came the stars and the laws that rule them, the plants, the animals and the mind of man; were they, all accidentally produced by some blind unthinking agent? One must be a fool to harbor such a thought for a moment. Whose mind arranged the laws that govern mathematics? In what intelligence did they take their being? In none. Are they the outcome of chance? Only an insane man could seriously assert this. It is, then, evident that I am able to form some idea of the nature of the world's First Cause. It must be a mighty Intelligence. Let, then, Skeptics doubt, let them grope in the dark, and let Agnostics love their darkness. We thank God that we are children of the light and that the eternal radiance of an uncreated Deity is reflected upon our intellects by the wonderous works of creation. We behold His loveliness in the flowers of the field, His light shines upon us through the starry realms above our heads. We hear His voice in the storm-wind, His whisper in the gentle zephyr; and we love to gaze upon the reflection of His countenance mirrored on the bosom of the deep. We know there is a God; for the heavens proclaim His glory. We know Him because our souls crave Him and are unrestful till they possess Him. We know Him though we comprehend Him not. We know Him, We love Him, and it is our highest ambition to serve Him for ever.

C. J. Sloan, O.M.I., '92.

## *A CHRISTMAS STORY.*

IT was Christmas Eve—a cold Christmas Eve—moonlight, too—the sky was cloudless, and the mellowy rays of the Queen of Night falling on the silvery snow made it almost bright as day. The merry jingle of the sleigh bells, as they dashed rapidly to and fro, lent life to the scene, and made everything without *appear* gay, whether it really *was so* or not.

But everybody was *not* happy, nor even gay—for gaiety is very often only an assumption of happiness—on that Christmas Eve. No, within the precincts of the city there was misery, poverty, sickness, want and hardship—perhaps not so much as usually falls to the share of every large city; but yet a great deal—and the most of which could have been alleviated, if those who had the means and the power, had only had the *will* as well.

There were some, too, who were not sick, and by no means in want, and yet they were far from being happy. Such a one was Mr. F. C. Sterne, as he stood at his chamber window looking out at the moonlight scene we have attempted to describe. He tried hard to make himself believe he felt happy, but the more he tried the more he became convinced that he was really miserable. He turned away from the window, and sat down by the cheerful coal fire, which threw a flickering, ruddy glow on the rich curtains, soft carpets, elegant furniture, and rare pictures of his drawing-room. He placed his feet on the fender, gazed intently into the fire, and in spite of himself became busy thinking, and his thoughts, like a kaleidoscope, changed very quickly from one scene to another. He wondered too what his neighbors thought of him

What did they think of him? Why they *knew* he owned and occupied the most comfortable mansion, with a pretty little garden and trees in front of it, and a large garden and yard in its rear, that there was in the fashionable street in which it was situated. They *knew* too that he had ships at sea, and that his check was good for many thousands of dollars; but they *thought* that the man and his name were extremely well suited to each other. "Sterne by name and stern by nature," was the commonplace and not very elegant remark his neighbors would make about him, whenever it came in their way to remark him at all, which was but seldom, as most of them were families of affluent means, and did not move in business circles. They *knew* he was a man of strict rectitude—that his word was as good as his bond—and against his moral conduct none could whisper a word. Yet they *thought* him callous to pity, deaf to charity, and that mammon was his shrine.

His housekeeper was an old widow lady named Mrs. Jones, and a perfect shrew, who if he had been a man of much conversation or inclined to argument would have scolded him as fast as she did her neighbors' boys, when they climbed her fence or threw stones into her yard, which they sometimes did, just to hear her scold; for, alas! for the depravity of human nature, boys have a propensity that way, for which let them not be censured, when old ladies will be foolish enough to scold. The whole care and management of his house was left to her. Her housekeeping suited him; that was all he wanted, and he asked her no questions. He therefore was not to blame if beggars were spurned from the door, for he did not know it; but his neighbors were not aware of that fact, and so they put *him* and not *her* down for it, and drew their inferences accordingly.

The clock struck eight, and he was still lost in his reverie. Happy he certainly did not feel, and his thoughts at last found vent in words. "No!" he exclaimed, "I cannot think of a kind act or benevolent deed performed by me for the last three years, and where is the aim or purpose of

my life?" "Why not begin, then?" a still small voice within him seemed to say, and then as if answering it, he broke out again, "Ah, but where shall I begin—how make a commencement?" Suddenly a thought came upon him and he resolved to put it into execution forthwith. "Yes," he said, "I will take a quiet walk through the streets, and notice the passers by. I may perhaps observe some unfortunate fellow-creature whom I can in some way assist, or some poor inebriate whom I can at least advise to go home, and this will, at all events, be a beginning, however small,"

He at once arose, drew on his overcoat and gloves, and set his fur cap on his head, with the air of a man who had purposed and was determined to perform

So he sauntered forth. The night, as we have stated, was cloudless—clear and cold, and the hard-packed snow crinking underfoot at every step—but to a person clad as he was the cold was not biting, only free and invigorating. As he passed along the crowded streets, troops of merry little boys and girls; throngs of young men and laughing maidens flitted by in quick succession, all comfortably protected against the weather, and looking gay and happy, and he was almost beginning to waver in his purpose, when he thought of trying another section of the city, the residents of which were of the poorer class. Threading his way along, and just as he was passing a baker's shop window, his eyes became fixed on a little earnest face almost pressed against the glass, surveying the tempting-looking delicacies which were nicely arranged within. He stopped short, and gazed intently on that little form. Was there anything in the features which reminded him of the little girl which had once been his dearest treasure, or was it the peculiar, nay even hungry look, which the child's countenance expressed, as she wistfully, though all unconscious of being observed, peered within. He noticed too, as he viewed her, that though decently and even neatly clad, her garments were very thin, in fact entirely unsuitable for the season, and thought he observed her shivering. He looked again and he was sure of it, and if the thrill which passed through—what his neighbors never supposed he had—his heart, was not pity, then we do not know what 'name to give it.

"Is there anything in there you would like to have, my little girl?" he gently said in a low voice as he stooped to address her.

The little creature looked up, and cowered away from him, but did not reply. He repeated his question again, in such a manner and tone as completely reassured her, and she quickly answered,

"Yes, sir," but instantly checking herself, said, "No, sir."

"Which am I take for an answer, my dear? This is Christmas Eve, you know, and perhaps Santa Claus may not come to your house. So if there is anything in there you would wish for, let me get it for you, and you can take it home with you."

"He used to come, but he don't since Ma died; but——" and she stopped.

"But what, my dear?" he inquired.

"If I were to take anything home with me, I know Susie would be so angry, and if Pa were to find it out, it would be dreadful," she replied.

"Then let me take it for you, and I will explain to them both in such a manner that they cannot be angry with you. Now tell me truly," looking at her earnestly, "are you not hungry?"

She hesitated. It was evident to him that she was unaccustomed to telling an untruth; and the question seemed painful. However, she stammered rather than answered—averting her face as she did so—

"Yes, sir, and so is poor little Willie, and I think Susie is too, although she won't say so."

"Very well then, let us go in," and taking her by the hand, he was in the shop before he himself thought, or she had time to remonstrate.

For a moment, but only a moment, the thought crossed his mind that it might appear ridiculous to see him, the rich merchant, under such circumstances; but he soon dismissed it; he had made a purpose, and having done so, he was not the man to abandon it.

So he inquired of the baker if he had a spare basket, which being furnished, he proceeded to have it filled, not with delicacies alone, but with a liberal share of the more substantial food with which the shelves were supplied.

"Shall I send it home for you, sir?" inquired the baker as he handed him the change of his bill.

"Oh no, thank you, I'll just take it in my hand," he replied, as he again took the child's hand, and left the shop. It was a long time since he had done any marketing, and it began to please him. Meanwhile the child kept close to his side, every once in a while looking up at him with wonder plainly expressed in her large dark eyes; walking to keep pace with him had made her quite warm, and lent a carnation to her cheeks, which they certainly did not wear when he first saw her. A short distance from the baker's, he stepped into a grocery store, where he selected a supply of tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, &c., and two large fowls, which having paid for, and stowed away as best he could, he reached the street again.

"Now then, my little girl," said he, "you must show me the way to where you live; for I intend these things for you."

"Oh, sir, thank you, sir. But what will Susie say?" she artlessly replied.

"We will see when we reach there," said he. "Do you live far from here?"

"No, sir, not very far; just round this corner and a little way along the next street; but we don't live in as nice a place as we used to before Ma died, when you ——" and she stopped.

"When I what?" said he, feeling amused.

"I was going to say, when you used to come on Christmas Eve; for if there is such a gentleman as Santa Claus, you are him, I'm sure," she said.

"Perhaps so," he replied, smiling.

A few minutes' walk brought them in front of a door, which the child pointed to as being the entrance to where she dwelt. It was a tenement house, and he followed her up two flights of stairs, and she opened a door at the top. A light was burning on a small table, just under the only window in the room, over which hung a clean white blind. About half way between the door and the window, and almost close against the wall stood a small cooking stove, cracked in many places, yet shining and clean. What little fire it contained was barely sufficient to emit a ray through its many chinks, and certainly not enough to keep the room comfortable. The floor was uncarpeted, but, like the stove, was spotless. Close up to the stove sat a young girl, whose age could not be more than twenty, and beside her, resting on the floor, with his head buried in the folds of her dress, lay a little boy, whose age might be about five years. Both started to their feet as they beheld a stranger in the room. It was evident the little fellow had been weeping; and the melancholy look of the girl gave way to an almost fierce expression as she exclaimed,

"Oh, Maggie, what have you been doing? Surely you have not been begging?" and the tears stood in her eyes

"No! no! no! dear Susie," she cried, and then with volubility, and in breathless haste, she told her story with a precision and clearness which astonished even the methodical man of business himself, and put him to his wits' end to know how he was going to explain; which, however, he did, by a recital of his meditations while sitting at his fire-side, and of his determination to do a benevolent act of some kind before he slept; of the expression of Maggie's face at the shop, taking care to add of whom it reminded him.

Susie's countenance relaxed its stern look, and she wept as she said, "Oh, sir, it must have been Providence that directed you. For as you *seem* to be what you *look*—a gentleman, I will tell you candidly that we are in real want. But I would have died before I would have told it, or let Sis or Willie have done so, if I could have helped it. And," she added, with a slight falter in her voice, as though she was choking down some feeling—pride, perhaps—"as you have thought proper to relieve our wants of your own accord, and not through any representations made to you, it would be ungrateful in me to refuse your kind assistance, for which, with all my heart, I thank you! Here, Willie, thank this gentleman for the good things he has brought us."

"Tank you, sir," lisped the little fello w and slunk behind his sister again.

"Maggie," she said, "Why don't you hand the gentleman a seat?"

The little girl, who had been his guide handed him a stool, on which he sat down and the elder one proceeded—

"I am sorry, sir, I cannot offer you a chair, but the owner of the house sold

nearly all the furniture we had, for rent, last Monday; and after that I well-nigh gave up in despair. I had hoped that, perhaps," and she stammered, and colored a little, but quickly resumed, "a change might come over father; but now it seems almost like hoping against hope."

"What employment does your father follow, if I may make the enquiry," he said.

"He was a ship-master, sir, but at present he does not do anything. Since mother died, about three years ago, he has hardly ever been himself, and has been out of employment ever since."

"His name, if you please?" said he, and in spite of himself, as ships had been mentioned, this was asked in a business tone.

"Captain Ryle," replied the girl.

"Ah! I remember him," he said. And so he did; although he had never been in his employment, he had heard his name often mentioned as being one of the most reliable and trustworthy captains out of the port; but it struck him also, that latterly he had heard of his having fallen into intemperate habits.

"I got along very well," she continued, until this autumn, but one misfortune followed another. Father was very sick twice, then Willie was ill, and at last I had the misfortune to have my sewing-machine broken beyond repair; and since that I have not been able to earn enough with my needle to keep us in food, not to speak of rent and fuel," and the poor girl, overcome by her own recital, burst into tears.

The business man turned his head towards the wall, but it was not to look at a picture, for there was none there.

"What time would I be likely to see your father?" he said.

The girl hesitated, but at length replied, "You might see him almost any forenoon; towards the evening he generally goes out, and sometimes it is quite late when he returns."

"Shall I call to-morrow forenoon? it will be a holiday you know, and I would like to see him, I may be of service to him," he said, as he arose to go.

"If you please, sir," she answered. "It is so kind of you. Who shall I tell him called?"

He gave her his address, and wished her and the younger ones a kind good night.

"Good night, sir, and I shall remember you in my prayers," she said, as she took up the lamp to see him out.

"And I will too," said Maggie.

"Me, too," cried little Willie.

Quite early in the morning a barrel of coal was brought up the stairs, and left outside their door, and the man who brought it handed Susie a note, stating that Mr. Sterne would be happy to call at 11 o'clock, and requesting her to detain her father at home until his arrival.

She had no difficulty in complying with his request, as he had come home the previous evening much earlier than was his wont, and contrary to his usual custom, nearly if not quite sober. He had listened to the recital which his daughters gave him of the strange gentleman's visit; at first with feelings of indignation, but as they proceeded, and he learnt his name, his indignity gave way to surprise, and he determined at all hazards to wait and see him.

"I only hope," he remarked, "he will not do as all those who professed to be my friends have done,—first lecture me as though I were a child, then tender me good advice, and turn on their heel and walk away. If he leaves all that out and offers me employment, he will find I can yet be A MAN!"

The manner in which these few words were uttered thrilled through his daughter's heart; for with all his errors, she knew her father was truthful, and although in greater extremity than she had ever before known, this Christmas Eve was a happier one to her than any of the three which had preceded it — all through a benevolent deed, accompanied by a few kind words, open to all, and easily performed in various ways, even in everyday life. We will venture to say, too, that Mr. Sterne felt much happier after his visit than he did before it.

True to his promise and up to time to the moment, he knocked at Captain R's door, and was admitted by little Maggie, who had posted herself behind it, and had been in waiting to open it, for a full half-hour previous. The Captain had shaved,

and dressed himself with more care than he had bestowed on his toilet for a long time past, and notwithstanding a little redness about the eyes and other slight traces of debauch, he yet bore the unmistakeable impress of what he had once been—a gentleman.

"Good morning, sir," said the merchant, walking straight up to where he sat, and extending his hand, merely bowing to the girls, and patting Willie on the head, as he brushed past.

"Good morning, sir, with all the compliments of the season," replied the Captain, taking the proffered hand, which he shook warmly.

"I suppose your daughters told you of my strange freak last evening, for which you must forgive me, as it seems as though I was impelled to it, providentially I believe; for I have been looking for a man of your ability for some time past, and if I had not by some fortuitous chance happened in here last night, I should not probably have thought of you. You are, I believe, out of employment, at present," said Mr. Sterne.

"Yes, sir, and have been for a considerable time," replied the Captain.

"You know the bark *Sea Gull*," the merchant continued." "She has been rather unlucky of late, more I believe through ill-management on the part of those who had charge of her, than from any ill luck on the part of the vessel. She is at present in port, fitting out for a West India voyage, and is in want of a master. Will you take charge of her?"

The Captain started to his feet. Here was his offer without the accompaniment of lecture or advice. This was coming to the point in earnest. He grasped the merchant's hand again, with a grip that only a sailor can give, and looking him straight in the eyes, as though to read in them whether he actually understood the words, he replied in a firm voice,

"I know the vessel. She is reckoned one of the fastest sailers belonging to this port, and if you are willing to give me a trial, God helping me, I WILL BE A MAN, and do the best I can with her, for you."

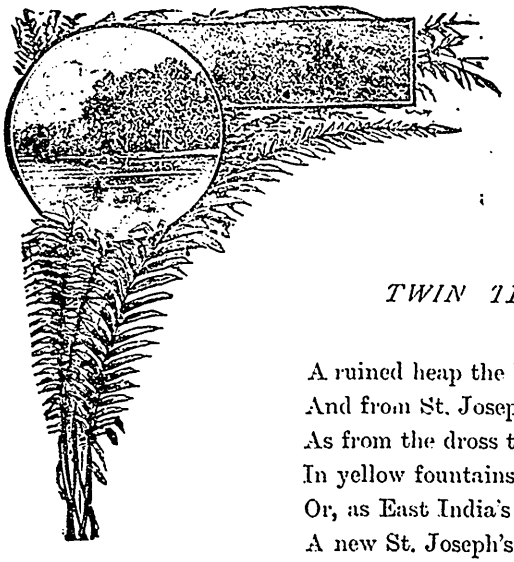
"Then you may as well take charge tomorrow, for she has been detained some time now, and we will want you to superintend her outfit, and get her ready for sea as soon as possible. I want you to order everything she may possibly require, so as to give her a fair trial."

"Providence, surely!" said the Captain with a smile, "vessel and master alike run down a little, but fitted out staunch as ever, starting on a fresh voyage, I hope, sir, before they make many, both may render a good account of themselves."

The merchant had now some time to bestow on Susie and the children, and after a little pleasant chit-chat with them, rose and took his leave, requesting the Captain, as he did so, to call at his office at eight next morning.

If Christmas Eve had been pleasant to all concerned, Christmas morning was much more so. The next morning found Captain Ryle seated in the merchant's office at the time appointed, and a few hours after, he was in full charge of the vessel. Within two days his family was removed to a comfortable house, thoroughly furnished in a manner suited to their wants. A week later, their father sailed for Cuba, the merchant promising meanwhile to look after their needs, which promise he fulfilled in a manner that proved, although a business man, he *had* a heart.

S.



## *TWIN TEMPLES.*

A ruined heap the builder stirred,
And from St. Joseph's Church of old,
As from the dross the molten gold
In yellow fountains flows,
Or, as East India's fabled bird,
A new St. Joseph's rose.

Near by, a sinner bent his knee,
And a stained, crumpled sheet unrolled
That ten years' crimes and mis'ries told;
When the Arch-Builder's hand
Drew from the spiritual debris
A living fane more grand.

C. C. D '91.

## *PANAMA AND de LESSEPS.*

IN France to-day, there is going on a prosecution that may perhaps bring sorrow to the gray hairs of him, to whom the completion of the Suez Canal brought glory and renown. The artificial waterway that unites the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, made famous its constructer, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was since titled a count, and dubbed "le Grand Français." But,as other men in other pursuits have often outlived their reputation, so does it now seem that "le Grand Français" attempted to dig just one canal too many. When one considers the difficulties to be contended with, and the many radical changes from the original plans, that an actual experience on the Isthmus showed to be necessary, it looks as though it was the ardent desire of repeating the success achieved at Suez, and of doubling the fame won therefrom, rather than the evident practicability of the scheme itself, that induced de Lesseps to so enthusiastically take hold of the Panama Canal. The crown of success in the distance was so brilliant, that it dazzled the eyes of the man that tunneled through the sands of Egypt, and he was blind to all obstacles. Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour, in his article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, which has been made use of as the basis of the present attempted sketch, puts it nicely, when he says, that "'le Grand Français,' who constructed the Suez Canal, would have been either more or less than human, had he not felt elated by its success, and, when the first blush of his triumph was over, had he not looked around, and in doing so felt that its sister achievement remained undone, and that an equal wreath was to be acquired and worn by him who should unite the great Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." This, he says, is perhaps the best apology that can be offered for M. de Lesseps undertaking the construction of the Panama Canal. Then, in a very readable essay, the Admiral goes on to give the history of the work, paying particular attention to the misrepresentations, which, either deliberately or through lack of proper examination of the Isthmus, were made to the public with regard to the difficulties to be met with in the construction of the projected canal.

Though there is nothing certain about the matter, the honor of having taken the initiative in the work, is generally conceded to Lieut. Bonaparte Wyse, who departed this life on the fourth of the present month. He it was, however, who brought the question before the International Congress of Geographical Science, held in Paris in 1875. A committee was formed, the Isthmus was explored, and permission was received from the United States of Colombia to construct and work a canal for ninety-nine years, provided that the company would pay to the government 50,000 l. per annum. This much being done, M. Wyse attempted to start a company in Paris. It is at this period that de Lesseps becomes connected with the scheme. As soon as he does, he assumes complete control of the enterprise. A Congress met in Paris in 1879 and discussed the project for two weeks. De Lesseps proposed an ocean level canal, argued the point and carried it. Public subscriptions were then asked for. The amount asked for, $80,000,000 (800,000 shares of $100). The subscriptions, however, netted but $650,000. De Lesseps then visited Panama for the first time. In his report afterwards, he said that the work at Panama would be easier than at Suez. He then went to New York, and while there he learned the opinion of the United States, on the matter, to be as follows: "It is the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-ocean canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America, as will protect our national interests." The President also said, "the capital invested by corporations or citizens of other countries in such an enterprise, must in a great degree look for protection

to one or more of the great Powers of the world. And no European Power can intervene for such protection, without adopting measures on the continent which the United States would deem wholly inadmissible," whereupon de Lesseps Sr. wired de Lesseps Jr.: "The message of the President assures the political safety of the canal." Returning to Paris, he resumed the work of encouraging the subscriptions. With this end in view, de Lesseps corrected an estimate he had formerly made, and reduced the entire cost of construction to $106,000,000. This was the fifth and lowest estimate, the highest being that of the Congress of 1879, which was $208,800,000. It is now considered that the latter, the highest of the five estimates, was too small by one-half. A reliable firm of contractors, de Lesseps said, had offered to do the work for more than $5,000,000 less than his rectified estimate. Say what he pleased, no one ventured a word of contradiction or criticism. The press furnished praise and the public furnished francs. The subscriptions swelled till the shares reached more than double the number intended.

The prosecution, now going on in France, is based on figures, which show, that out of $260,000,000 only $94,200,000 can be satisfactorily accounted for. Of the remainder, it is said that $4,000,000 went to newspapers, and $1,600,000 to politicians. In his testimony, M. Rossignol furnished a list showing that $165,000 were given to seven papers, in sums ranging from $8,000 to $60,000. One of the seven papers denies the charge, and the remaining six observe a scornful silence.

In 1881, the first general meeting of the Company was held, when de Lesseps announced that all difficulties had been considered, and they were prepared to meet them. In 1880, de Lesseps had said the canal would be completed in 1887. Then in 1884 the completion was deferred till 1888. In 1886 an extension was made till 1889, and finally in 1888 it was said to be changed from an ocean level canal to a lock canal, and its completion was promised for 1890. The first intention was to build an ocean level canal without locks. From Colon, at the Atlantic end, to Panama, at the Pacific, the canal was to take a south-easterly course, following the route of the Panama Railway. The total length was 47 miles, made up of half a mile of sea dredging at the Atlantic end, three and a-half miles at the Pacific end, and forty-three miles of cutting through the intervening land. The total excavations were estimated at 125,000,000 cubic metres.

Work began in 1881, but the progress made fell short of de Lesseps' estimates. In 1882 the total excavations amounted to but about one-eighth of what de Lesseps had promised for the same date; and it was not until 1884 that the amount promised for 1882 was really completed. It was promised that the average monthly excavations in 1884 would be 2,000,000 cubic metres, but, instead, it was only 600,000 cubic metres. At the end of this year the company claimed to have done but one-twenty-sixth of the total work. Another estimate gives one-thirtieth as the amount done at the same date, and says it was the easiest part of the work. At this time the work was going on nearer the middle of the canal, and the Colon and the Panama portions were being neglected. On the isthmus proper, men were constantly employed keeping the road clear, as the vegetation, especially rank in the rainy season, would grow in a few months to a height of from eight to ten feet. There were between eleven and twelve thousand men employed on the works. Twenty thousand men were required but could not be had.

The obstacles to be overcome in the construction, are: 1. The difference of ocean level. 2. The height and nature of the hills to be cut through. 3. The floods. 4. The climate. The tides at the Atlantic end never exceed a foot-and-a half, whilst at the Pacific end they often attain a height of about twenty feet. A tidal lock was proposed to counteract the tide at the Pacific end, and de Lesseps himself approved of the suggestion, but no such item appeared in his first estimate, and on his attention being called to the omission, he referred to the Suez as having no such tidal lock. The Suez, however, does not furnish a parallel case, as its tides never exceed seven feet. It is more than 90 miles long, thus offering more area for the distribution of the over-

flow. It has two or more large lakes that absorb the surplus, and yet the comparatively small tide of less than seven feet does cause a noticeable current. It is evident, then, that in the case of Panama, where the canal is not half as long, the tide three times as high, and where there are no bitter lakes, that a canal without locks would not do. The tide difficulty is now eliminated by the altered plans which propose a lock canal.

The difficulties of excavating are at Emperador and Culebra, two hills, situated about thirteen miles from the Pacific end, and thirty-three miles from the Atlantic end. At this place there would have to be a cut of from 300 to 350 feet, and very little of this has been done. These hills are very rocky, and do not fracture satisfactorily. Some of the material excavated has been deposited on a portion of the works, from which it must be removed, and a great part of the excavations will have to be carried out to sea.

The third and chief difficulty, and the one whose counteraction will necessitate great engineering skill, is that of the floods. The River Chagres gives the most difficulty in this respect. This river, flowing south-westerly, strikes Obispo at the middle of the canal, and changing its direction to a north-westerly one, empties into the Atlantic. Between the place of its meeting and that of its leaving the canal, near the Atlantic, the Chagres crosses and re-crosses the canal some thirty times, in less than that many miles. South of Obispo, a river of the same name as that place, crosses ten times in five miles, and further south, on the canal's course to the Pacific, the Rio Grande intersects the waterway eighteen times in nine miles; so that those three rivers alone intersect the canal more than fifty times, and the distance between intersections of the same river is, on an average, half a mile. In time of floods these rivers rise very high, the surface of the Chagres, for instance, being at such times from ninety to one hundred feet above the surface of the proposed canal. Together with the force of the seething waters, must be considered the amount of earth, stones and trees that are carried along with the floods. To stem this excessive flow, it has been proposed to build a dam 130 feet high and 5,000 feet long, whose capacity has been given, at a rough estimate, to be about six billion cubic yards, and whose cost, also inaccurately figured, was to be about $20,000,000. As yet, however, the problem of the floods is not considered satisfactorily solved, and there remains an open field for the exercise of inventive genius.

The fourth difficulty, was that of the climate. Dr. Tomes says, that "the alteration of wet and dry seasons, a perpetual summer heat, and the decomposition of the profuse tropical vegetation, must of course generate an intense miasmatic poison." Such is the case on the Isthmus. De Lesseps claimed that the place was healthy. A previous experience, however, should not have allowed this statement to go uncontradicted. The experience referred to was that of the builders of the Panama Railway, whose course the canal was to follow. When the Railway was built in the early fifties, the number of deaths from fever was something incredulous. It was a common saying that a man was buried under every tie. The writer was one day conversing with an old railroader who had been a time-keeper on the Panama Road, and, in relating experiences of the Isthmus, he said that very often he would take men's time and, on enquiring for the same men next day, would find that they had gone from the land of time to that of eternity. In accounts of the building of the road it is stated that "at times more than half the laborers were in the hospitals, many deserted, and work at times had to be suspended." An idea of the number sick may be had when it is said that at one time 7,000 was the maximum number of hands. According to Mr. Tome, the African stood the climate the longest, then came the Coolie, next the European and the last in order of endurance was the Chinese. The experience of those engaged in the canal work was equally severe. The company built large hospitals at a cost of over two million dollars. In the first three years forty-eight officers of the company, died and the average death of laborers was not uncommonly one hundred per month. In the dry season a person died after four or five days of fever, but during the wet season a day or a day-and-a-half would see the end.

In 1889, about nine years after it had been begun, the work was suspended, and the company went into liquidation. The probable expenditure up to that time was about $60,000,000. There had been about thirteen-and-a-half miles of cutting at the Atlantic end and five miles at the Pacific end. Culebra had been cut to a depth of sixty feet, and in some places to about one hundred feet. On the whole, about one-third of the originally proposed work was completed, but the expenditure for that one-third was about three times the estimated cost of the entire work. Since then, the work has been going backwards, as the earth fills in where the excavations were made, especially at the ends, where the work was all dredging. The vegetation springs up unmolested and is rapidly choking up the passage that has been made.

During the progress of the work, money was spent quite lavishly. Reference has already been made to the amounts said to have been paid to newspapers and politicians. Besides this, there were large salaried officials, both in Paris and on the Isthmus. The Director General, resident at the latter place, received a salary of $100,000 per annum together with a house and other perquisites. "Plant" was strewn across the Isthmus and no care taken of it, and, in a tropical climate deterioration is rapid. It was even said that machinery often arrived and after lying on board ship for a considerable time was thrown overboard to prevent accumulation of charges.

Since the liquidation of the company, *La Commission d'Etudes* published 'Rapports' on the subject of the canal. In these 'Rapports,' the unhealthiness of the climate is referred to as an obstacle to any work on the Isthmus. The floods and the deep cuttings to be made are likewise mentioned. Note is also made of a concession on the part of the Colombian Government, in virtue of which the time for completion of the work has been extended to January, 1899. They declare that an ocean level canal is impracticable, and recommend a lock canal, to be constructed with eight locks and two large lakes in the middle. The locks would do away with the difficulty of the tides, and it is proposed that the lakes would help to feed the locks and also swallow up the floods. The expected cost, according to the 'Rapports,' would be $180,000,000. Comparing the statements made in the 'Rapports,' which have been compiled from experience, with the promises of de Lesseps before the work began, it is seen that de Lesseps erred in choosing an ocean level canal in preference to a lock canal. He was wrong in his statements with regard to the facility of the work, in his statements concerning the climate, and in his estimate of the time and cost of completion.

The prosecution going on to-day is for the purpose of proving that de Lesseps and the others concerned in the Company made false representations to the public in order to secure the required funds and also that they misspent the funds thus acquired. When the prosecution was decided on, it was necessary to amend the then existing laws of France, as de Lesseps wears the cross of the Legion of Honor, a distinction which formerly shielded one from arrest for cause.

When the question was brought before the Chamber of Deputies the result was that the Ministry fell.

There is talk now of another Company taking up the work where de Lesseps left off, but, if they do so at all, it is likely they will build a lock canal rather than complete the originally proposed one. In the United States, also, much attention is being paid to the question of an inter-oceanic canal, but the Americans favor the Lake Nicaragua route, in Central America, in preference to that of Panama. A letter appeared in the Boston *Herald* the other day, furnishing figures to prove the advantages of the Nicaraguan route. The writer says that from New York to the following places: Yokohama, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Auckland and Melbourne, the advantage of distance is in favor of Nicaragua, but to Valparaiso the distance is in favor of Panama. From London, also, to San Francisco, Yokohama, Honolulu and Auckland, the Nicaragua route is stated to be the shorter one, but Panama is again given the preference when the objective point is Valparaiso.

The Nicaragua canal would be longer than Panama. The extra time required in going through would be about eight hours, but the *Herald* contributor contends this eight hours would be more than made up for by the time saved in the total

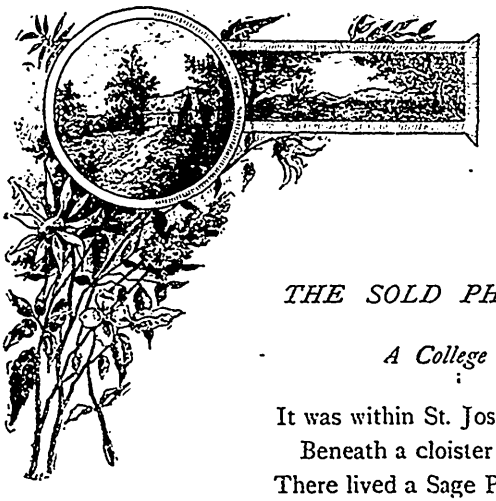
distance. Nicaragua would not be all the way an artificial canal, but a great part of it, about half, would be on the open surface of Lake Nicaragua, and there would thus be the advantage of having a wind, a very desirable thing in any case, but especially so when the vessel is a sailing one. The climate is more salubrious in consequence of the prevailing ocean breezes and this is worthy of consideration when the unhealthiness of Panama is not forgotten. Admiral Seymour, however, thinks Panama is the better route. He claims that as it would be the shorter canal, less time would be lost in going through; it is in a direct line between England and New Zealand, and furnishes the most direct route between England and Australia, and that, traversing a small Power, the U. S. of Colombia, the neutrality of the canal would more easily be secured and preserved. He points out, moreover, that as there are different seasons for different trades, there will undoubtedly be a number of ships delayed at one time, waiting their turn for transit through the canal. Harbors will thus be necessary. In the case of Panama there is a natural one at the Pacific, and the Atlantic end is such that a harbor could be easily constructed there. Still, after considering all things, the Admiral predicts a canal at Nicaragua within twenty-five years.

Until the prosecution of de Lesseps and the canal contractors is concluded, "Panama" will no doubt be a permanent heading in all the papers of the country, and the testimony of those who have been interested in the scheme will show the people just where all the bungling was and to whom the blame must be imputed. From information on the subject gleaned up to the present, it seems that de Lesseps undertook the work without having made due previous examinations and surveys, but whether or not he wilfully and knowingly made false representations is a question, on which, it is to be hoped the pending investigations will throw more light. No doubt the inter-oceanic canal work will be resumed and North America will be cut off from her southern sister, but it remains to be seen who will do it, and where the separation will be effected. Will the lock canal at Panama materialize or will the Nicaraguan route receive the preference, and will it be done by American dollars or by French francs?

J. P. SMITH, '93.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
The wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

*Longfellow.*



## *THE SOLD PHILOSOPHER.*

*A College Rhyme.*

It was within St. Joseph's walls,
Beneath a cloister grey,
There lived a Sage Philosopher
The subject of my lay.
With crucibles and chemicals
His tables o'er were covered,
And stories ran from mouth to mouth,
That bones lay in his cupboard.
Around the walls of his dark cell,
Strange hieroglyphs were hung.
And books there were of mighty size,
In many a hidden tongue.
From morning grey to evening dusk,
He read with all his might;
From evening dusk to morning grey
He read with great delight.

In Ottawa his name and fame
Were known to all around,
And from their "rooms" the students came
To hear his words profound.
But one of those young men there was,
Who hied his arts to learn;
That was far wiser than the rest,
Yet who for facts did burn.
And when the sage had told him all
That he might dare to tell;
He wished for nothing more on earth
Than this wise man *to sell.*

Accordingly he published forth,
To all the students round,
That he a mystic science had
Most wondrously found;
That dark mysterious signs he used,
Whereby, from man to man,
Most strange sensations did proceed,
And through their senses ran;
That Hypnotism was the name
Of this transcendant art;
And that he would unto them all
His science soon impart.

A day was named, and to the room
Of this young student prest
A crowd of friends, and e'en the sage
Philosopher was guest.
A feast was spread, and at it they
With seeming ardor toiled,
Although it was not richly set
But only roast and boiled:
And much they thought of what that day
Was to be shown to them,
And some looked round with eager glance,
Some coughed, some said "a hem!"

But now the linen cloth was drawn
From off the massive board,
And each one had into his glass
Some pleasant liquor poured;
Then rose the master of the feast
And unto them he said:

"In all things that take place to-day
You must by me be led;
For I possess a mighty charm
Which you will quickly see,
If this most wise philosopher
Will but attend to me.
If you, most mighty sir, will deign,
To do what I now tell,
Sit down on yonder rocker there
The while I work my spell.

And you must fix your eyes on mine
  And watch my every motion,
And of the change that will take place
  You cannot have a notion."

He ceased, and at his call were brought
  Two china platters rare,
And two glass vessels, and in each
  Water was sparkling there.
Then spake the student:
  "In your hand
  Now take the china plate,
And on it place the crystal cup
  And do as I dictate.
I will the other platter hold,
  The crystal cup likewise.
And now before I work the spell
  I must this thing premise:
Whatever you may see me do
  With this right hand of mine,
That must you do with your right hand
  And make the self-same sign."

The wise man laughed a scornful laugh,
  But took the proffered seat,
Which when the student saw he said
  That all things were complete.
And now the magic spell begins
  And straight the student dips
His finger in the crystal cup
  And touches his own lips,
And then to Heaven his finger points,
  With many a look profound,
And now in circles on the plate
  He moves it fast around;
Above and now below the plate
  He draws his right fore-finger,
And now upon his forehead high
  His hand appears to linger.

Meanwhile, the Sage Pphilosopher
  Followed his motions through,
And did in all respects obey
  What he was told to do.

But not one moment had elapsed
Since the dark spell began,
When groans and loud cries of surprise
Through all the gathering ran;
For as the man of learning did
The signs thus quickly trace,
A thick black shade did leave itself
Upon his solemn face.
No ebony mark or dismal line
Did o'er the student creep,
But lo! the sage philosopher
Was black as chimney sweep.
And yet when he his finger dipt
Into the crystal vase,
No tinge was left, nor could they see
Of such results the cause.

But now the yells and screams around
Were terrible to hear;
Gross laughter seized on some young men,
Though others paled with fear.
Nor did the wise Professor stay,
But starting to his feet
Dashed down the crystal cup and plate,
And rushed forth wondrous fleet,
And through the haunted corridors
He ran, and often fell,
But never stopped till he had gained
His solitary cell.
There, in a mirror he beheld
The cause of laugh and fright,
And found that he had made himself
To Ottawa a sight.

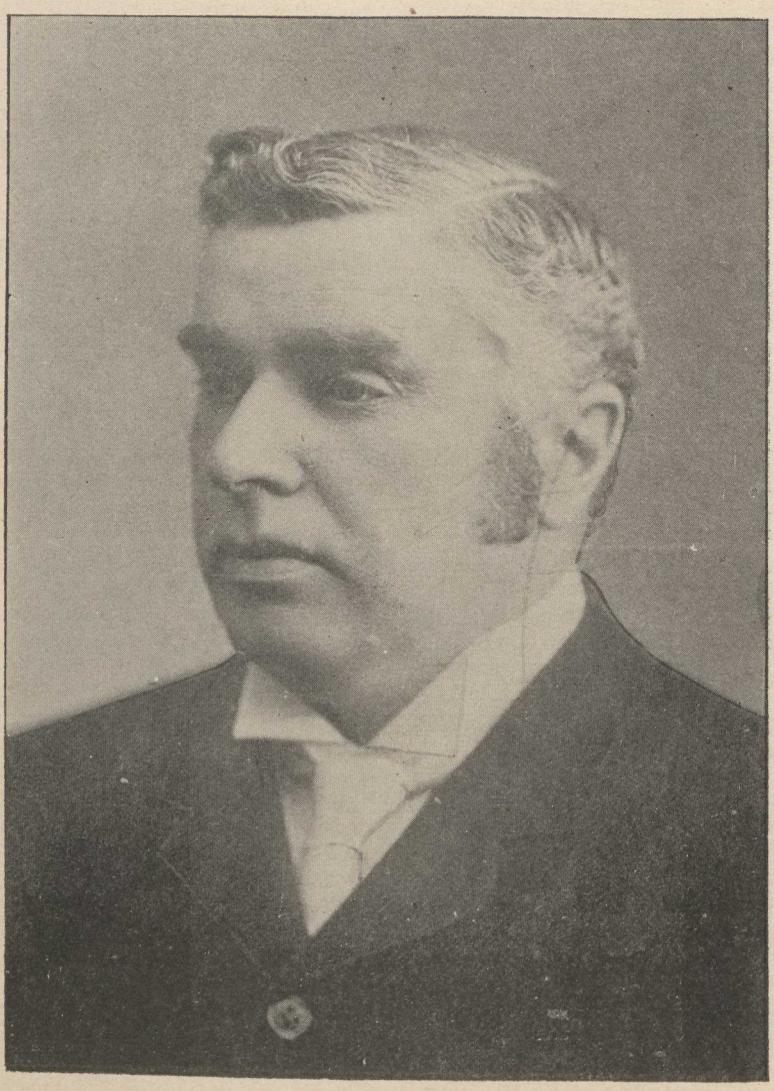
The students left so suddenly,
Now gathered round the man
Who worked the spell, and thus to them
He laughingly began:

"Two plates I used, the *one* I held
Was clean as angel's breast,
The *other* was lamp-blacked, and now
Behold the artful jest;

The plate he had I did myself
Over a candle hold,
And now you see the way that this
Philosopher was 'sold.'
So now by this one secret learn,
But keep it safe and snug,
That every science, more or less,
Contains a like humbug!"

And when the Sage found out the trick
Which on him had been played,
It must have tickled Satan much
To hear the words he said.
Alone he passed the evening long
That none might him behold;
Nor light had he to break the gloom
Nor fire to chase the cold.
He tarried till the whole town slept
Beneath the moon waxed low,
Then hied him like a hunted thief
Unto the far Rideau.
In that swift tide so chill and dark,
Near by a grim cliff's base,
Without one moment's pause, he dashed
And—washed his blackened face!

M. W. Casey.



## *CANADA'S NEW PREMIER.*

IN its issue of June last, the OWL announced the establishment of a faculty of law for the University, with the Hon. Sir John Thompson as Dean. It is with pleasure then we take advantage of the occasion of Sir John Thompson's elevation to the Premiership of the Dominion to present our readers with the excellent portrait of him which has been prepared especially for the Christmas number of the OWL. In doing so a few remarks on the Premier's past career and its present promise may not seem out of place in our College journal.

No single event of recent times in Canadian politics has created such widespread interest as the accession of Sir John Thompson to the first place in the Government of Canada. So widely, indeed, has it been commented upon in the daily press of America that anything we can say must sound to our readers as a repetition of what they have already heard. The event was not unexpected, and the honor comes as no capricious stroke of fortune, but as the recognition of genuine ability and the reward of undoubted service to his country and his party. When the failing health of Sir John Abbott necessitated his retirement from a position which was never rightly his the elevation of Sir John Thompson was inevitable. He was so indisputably qualified for the position that to deny it to him from any considerations of party exigency or unwarranted prejudices would be to deprive him of his natural place in the social fabric. As long as party government is in vogue the party leader must be for a time the national leader. And sometimes there appears in the party ranks a man whose ability, no less than his energy of character, his honesty of purpose, and his devotion to the great principles on which the party politics are based, places him out of the reach of the usual competition to which men are subjected in the race for office.

It seems no exaggeration to say that Sir John Thompson stood in this relation to the Conservative party since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. As a lawyer in his native province of Nova Scotia, as Attorney General and leader of the local government of that province, as a judge of its Supreme Court, and for seven years as Minister of Justice in the Canadian government, he has given such proofs of ability, integrity and disinterestedness as entitled him to the first place in his party left vacant by the death of its veteran head. There seems no good reason to doubt that the position was his then, if he had so desired it. Wisely, we believe, for the Dominion and for himself, he chose to wait. He demonstrated his fitness for the office by declining it at a time when his acceptance might have proved detrimental to the interests of the country. He has not sought the position. It has come to him, and his moderation has its reward to-day in the general approval with which his elevation is hailed by all except a few bigoted individuals that still find a home on Canadian soil.

Of the public services of Sir John Thompson opinions must necessarily differ as they are viewed from the standpoint of Liberal or Conservative. As the OWL has no politics we venture no opinion, but from the standpoint of his own party it seems to us Sir John Thompson is deserving of the highest praise. Parties are not solely based on expedients. No party has existed for any length of time that does not stand for some principles which at bottom are the ruling motives of the honest party man. Given a party, then, having well-established and well-understood principles, loyalty to the party means loyalty to these principles, and loyalty to the principles, of whose truth a man is firmly convinced, is but loyalty to himself. Manhood itself demands that for no reasons of private interest, from no motives of personal aggrandizement, he proves faithless to those basic principles which are his own as well as his party's, since he shares the general conviction of his party in their truth. But loyalty to a cause implies

willingness to make sacrifices for it, the want of which the modern political life gives it too often the character of mere self-seeking and intrigue. For which reason also, it gives a new interest to a public career in these days when a man appears who is capable of devoting himself to the interests of his country or his chosen party. To the merit of party loyalty, no trifling one we feel confident, if rightly understood and rightly applied, Sir John Thompson is pre-eminently entitled.

But we would not wish to be understood as implying that the new Premier is a partizan who labours solely for the advantages of his own party. Such a character does not enter our conception of an honest party man, much less of a statesman such as we conceive Sir John Thompson to be. In fact, whatever the future may bring, his past career would warrant us in expressing the hope, which with many is a conviction, that he will give Canada a strong, clean, able administration of public affairs, and will so demean himself in his high place as to deserve, at least, the esteem and confidence of Canadians of every class. The present is a time of trial for Canadian institutions, and, from recent indications, it would seem a time of trial even for Canadian nationality. As a people Canadians are not yet firmly welded together, nor feel that assurance of their unity and strength, they must have, ere Canada can claim a place among the nations. To Sir John Thompson Canadians look to give them a broader basis of nationality than has yet been attained, and a firmer conviction of their own strength. For such a task a strong man is needed no less than an honest one, and it is no slight tribute to the new Premier that by many true friends of Canada, irrespective of party, he is considered not unequal to the task.

It may be expected that we refer to the fact that Sir John Thompson is a Catholic. We do so, but wish to be as brief as possible. The OWL is a Catholic journal, but it never asks its readers to judge of its literary merits by the orthodoxy of its religious views. We would wish to see Sir John Thompson judged in a similar manner. There is no essential connection between the qualities that befit a statesman and the religion he professes. Naturally, Catholic rejoice to see one of their number at the head of affairs in this country; just as Protestants are pleased when a Protestant leads and are chagrined, to say the least, when a Catholic comes to the front. But our pleasure should not affect our judgment any more than we should expect the chagrin of our separated brethren to affect theirs. Let Sir John Thompson be judged as a statesman. Let him be judged by the members of his own party by his fidelity to the principles which are the basis of their system, by his justice and firmness in his treatment of his followers. Let him be judged by the independent voters who stand aloof from parties, and decide the fate of administrations, by the ability and devotion to Canadian interests which he displays in dealing with great public questions. Let him be judged, in fine, by his countrymen as a whole from the broad standpoint of Canadian nationality, not as a member of the church of the minority or the majority, or the leader of one party or the other. The OWL, as we have said, has no party, but it is the product of a Canadian institution that aims at making good citizens of Canadians who enter its walls, and hence it rejoices to see as leader of the Canadian government the one man in the broad field of Canadian politics that can sit in the first place and behold no superior in he ranks beneath.

## *REASON AND FAITH.*

GOD is essentially a God of light. He is all-knowing, all-searching. Whatever comes from Him should be clear as the noon-day sun, and intelligible to all men; for just in proportion as a man's mind is clear and well developed, so will be his teachings on the subject of his studies.

While the vain pedant mystifies his audience with bits and scraps of sensational information illogically connected, and full of contradictions and wild fancies, the really educated man, can adapt himself to the capacities of all. Should not this be the case when God speaks? Surely the God of light can not expect his frail creatures to believe what is not clear, what is unintelligible, what is directly contrary to human reason. To think so would be the height of folly. Man's reason is given to him to be used, and what impedes or is contrary to such use is all nonsense, and can in no manner be required. Such, in brief is the argument of Rationalists, or of such as have not gone so far as to deny the existence of God, and such is the growing spirit of our age. Well may we apply the words of the prophet Jeremiah, to that vast multitude of human beings, who, overpowered by the pleasures, joys and pursuits of this life, take no heed of the future, "With desolation is the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart."

This rapidly growing spirit of unbelief, this so-called glorious privilege of free-thought, is not and cannot be the offspring of long study or serious reflection, for though reason is the God of Infidelity, it is not its teacher,. Reason, even when unaided by any light from on high, could never stop at a principle so low and debasing as that of modern Positivism and Agnosticism, namely "that God is the great unknown and unknowable." Let the poor ignorant scoffer of revealed religion but look about him, and try to ascertain whether or not the hand of God is disclosed, by reason, in the visible things of this world. He has no need to go far, for nature is full of such evidences. Let him stop at the first blade of grass he meets, and stooping, gaze at it, as it unfolds its tender sprouts before him. Whence come these sprouts? What gave them first activity? They are apparently lifeless, and yet they grow, and will in time produce seed. What is this seed and what is that stored energy which it contains? Here reason stops, and here it points to a power higher, greater and nobler than man can wield. What is this power and whence comes it? Our unbelieving friend has all along been reasoning, but what is reasoning? What is that principle of thought, of action, of volition, of deliberation which is within him? His eye sees the plant, but what is sight? Can any earthly power give to matter the power to see? Thus might we continue to multiply examples, and thus would we come to the self-same conclusion, namely, that though reason unaided, can lead us to the knowledge of an All-powerful Being, guiding all, ruling all, and sustaining all, still, as both the subjective medium (human reason) and the objective medium (creation) are finite, the knowledge it gives must necessarily be imperfect. This natural revelation is nothing else than the action of God as Creator, giving and preserving to nature its existence, form and life, thus keeping alive in man the power of knowing the image and through the image Him whom it represents. Thus "God is the light in which we know all truth," meaning thereby, not the light which we see, but the light which creates and preserves in us the faculty of knowing things as they are. Or, as St. Paul says, "God has written His law upon our hearts, and speaks to us in our consciences," which signifies that by the light of reason God makes us to know His will, better by far, than human lan-

guage possibly could. Natural revelation, then, embraces all those truths which we can apprehend by the light of reason,—creation, the immortality of the soul, the invisible things of God, especially His eternal power and divinity. But is this enough, and shall God require more of us? Shall he require of us to sacrifice reason, and follow blindly in the path of faith? We have said that reason can give us but an imperfect knowledge of God, that the study of nature can only give us a knowledge of those truths which are necessarily connected with it, but tells us nothing of the free acts which this Infinite Being may have performed above and beyond nature, and which we are bound to know. How then can we know these acts? Not by the unaided reason, for before us lies the vast, bottomless, impenetrable gulf, which the human intellect with all its modern contrivances has failed to penetrate. God alone by direct communication, not with all men and at all times, but immediately only to individuals, has been pleased to dispel the dark clouds which envelop the human mind. Christians believe that God has given this Supernatural Revelation of Himself, for the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, Grace, and many other mysteries of our religion can be explained by no other means. Catholic Christians maintain that this Revelation, partly written, partly given by word of mouth through our Divine Redeemer, has been intrusted to the Church's teaching till the end of time, and that the teaching of the Church is helped and enlightened in preserving and explaining this Revelation by the Holy Ghost constantly abiding in Her. Such a Revelation is absolutely and physically necessary for the attainment of the supernatural end to which God has destined us, and hence arises the necessity of blind faith, or the belief in truths beyond our comprehension. It is necessary, for in order to reach our destined end, we must tend towards it supernaturally, which not only pre-supposes a knowledge of the end, but likewise a knowledge of the means whereby we may attain that end. But, as both the end and the means are Supernatural, they can be known only by direct intercourses with the Author of the Supernatural Order. It is absolutely necessary because it extends to all truths above the powers of reason, and physically so because of man's incapability to know God as He is in Himself. But we must not stop here, for not only is positive revelation necessary for the attainment of truth of the Supernatural Order, it is also necessary, at least morally and relatively, for acquiring a knowledge of those truths of the natural order bearing upon religion and morals. We learn from actual experience, that, though God and the moral law may be known by the human reason, few men can be found whose talents and opportunities will justify a proper study of such a subject, and, even when these are had, how many doubts, errors, and contradictions will arise owing to man's fallen nature and the manifold influence to which he is subjected. What then is our evident duty? Merely and solely this, to believe in mysteries, those sublime truths subjectively above reason, and objectively above nature, which are the gratuitous gifts of God, and which must be used by man as the true and necessary means to reach his last end. That such mysteries exist, the Church has expressly declared in the following words: "Besides those things which natural reason can attain, there are proposed for our belief the mysteries hidden in God, which unless they were divinely revealed could not be known". Scripture likewise testifies to their existence, for St. Paul in the second chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians tells us: "We speak wisdom among the perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world, neither of the princes of this world, that come to nought, but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, which is hidden, which God ordained before the world unto glory, which none of the princes of this world knew. For it is written, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, &c., but to us God hath revealed them by His Spirit." Christianity by its very nature requires such mysteries, for the essence of Revelation is to be mysterious, and he who denies the existence of mysteries must likewise deny the supernatural character of Christianity. Moreover, without revealed truths springing as they do from the love of Christ for man, who tells us the secret things of His Father, faith would not be meritorious and could never be the "evidence of things that

appear not." With respect then to the existence of mysteries all professing Christians must agree, and it is well, in this age of doubt and confusion something can be found in support of which all will unite in saying, this at least is certain. But no sooner do we come to consider the mode by which it pleases God to transmit His truths from generation to generation, than we find divisions and endless disputations. The Protestant, basing his arguments on the words of Holy Writ, denies to any living, visible power the right to impose obedience in matters of faith, while the Catholic regarding Revelation as the fruitful source of supernatural knowledge and life, and as the means intended by God to gather all men unto His kingdom of truth and holiness, looks to that divinely constituted authority, accredited with power to teach all mankind. We shall not stop here to consider which is right or which is wrong, for that would be going beyond the sphere of this brief essay, but let us rather revert to those points on which we have said both can agree. Our age demands all the strength and energy which the united forces of Christianity can bring to bear against the common foe. Our danger is greater than we can rightly anticipate The thousands, yes millions of so-called Christians, in France, England, America and elsewhere, who never darken the door of a church prove this statement to be just and true. In the days of Voltaire and his hellish crew the doctrines of Christianity were reviled, twisted and torn into tatters at the sacrifice of justice, honor and truth. The Voltarians were wits and scholars, great readers, and thoroughly familiar with the Sacred Scriptures, which they contorted into every imaginable shape to gratify the taste of their devoted and admiring followers. How different is it to-day with the preachers of *free-thought?* They preach *free-thought* but seldom think. They are ever conscious of living in the *light* of the nineteenth century, when the old-fashioned superstitions are things of the past, and when telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, railways, telegraphs, and all the other apparatus of human ingenuity, are daily and hourly disclosing to their delighted vision the stability and reliability of man's reason to penetrate the depths of bygone mysteries. Mysteries! what have we to do with such things! Reason is our rule of faith and what is beyond that has no interest for us, can have no possible existence. Thus it is that belief in God, and in the religion established by His Divine Son is despised by the laughing, jeering, mocking crew of unbelievers, who, unrestrained by any serious thought, give free vent to their pent-up feelings of hatred and scorn in cries of "Down with the Church!" "Away with Christianity, mysteries and popery!" The glare of the world, with its numerous interests and allurements, is rapidly corrupting the hearts and stealing the minds of our young men. Religion, as is painfully evident, has but a slender hold on them, for the loss of faith means the loss of all. Can nothing be done to secure them from the path of error? Is Christianity so barren of consolation as to necessitate recourse to other means? It was not so when its divine Author and His chosen few preached it to the millions, nor would it be so to-day if preached, but sectarian animosities, foolish, unwarranted and uncalled for invectives, constitute no part of Christianity. The Christian pulpit is a sacred place, and he would dishonor and profane it who, instead of preaching from it Christ and Him crucified, should use it to slander and vilify the beliefs of his fellow-Christians. The mental pabulum weekly meted out to many an intelligent congregation consists of little more. Is it any wonder that many waver in their faith? The faith must needs be strong that can escape unscathed. It matters a great deal that Christians cannot agree as to the true manner of worshipping God, but it matters still more that many who should be Christians do not worship Him at all. Whatever tends to swell the ranks of the latter, must be injurious to religion and, consequently, displeasing to God. But nothing can be so admirably adapted to fulfil this nefarious end as the abominable practice, now all too prevalent, of slandering the belief of others. Hearers become indifferent and weary of listening to such uncharitable and unchristian remarks, and the result is that in many cases the Church is abandoned, and with it all faith in the efficacy of religion. The same direful effect is often

produced in our schools, but by different means. Protestants are often much puzzled to know why it is that Catholics are so reluctant to send their children to public and high schools. Are not, they will say, our schools as good as yours? Are not our teachers as well trained and as well qualified to impart instruction to the young? Are our teachers not Christian and gentlemanly enough to abstain from saying aught that might wound the feelings of your children? Catholics grant all this and even go further and say that, not only in many cases are your schools better equipped, but that your teachers are often better qualified, for you seem to follow the more sensible idea, that the teacher is not born but made, and that a change of habit does not of itself suffice to transform the ordinary man into an instructor of youth. But Catholics do maintain that your schools tend to infuse a spirit of indifferentism into the minds of their children, not so much by what is said as by what is left unsaid. Moreover, your literature is protestant, often containing ideas which no liberal, fair minded protestant of this age would or could for a single moment believe. But your best writers, and the ones most frequently used in your schools, have penned such false ideas. These ideas the teachers must explain, not as they may think proper, but as the author wished them to be understood. We do not blame the teachers, for they are only performing their duty. But what is the result to the Catholic child? After listening for five or six years to explanations, lauding the writings of Protestants, he at last begins to think that Protestants have a monopoly of everything that is worth possessing. And then his teachers know so much more than his poor ignorant parents, who are his only other instructors, that he begins to feel doubtful concerning the truth of what they have already taught him regarding religion. These doubts continue to multiply, till finally he loses all faith in religion and turns a deaf ear to the advice of his parents. He is no longer a Catholic, neither in heart or in practice. He does not become a Protestant, but simply disregards religion altogether. Can any sincere protestant, who loves his religion and is ready to make any sacrifice to maintain it, approve of an education which produces such sad effects?

Yet this is frequently the case, and it is to ward off such effects, and to keep alive in the hearts of the children that spirit of faith "without which it is impossible to please God," that Catholic parents plead so earnestly for, and labor so hard to maintain their Separate Schools. Could Protestants bring themselves to consider this question in its proper light, we cannot see why they should be so bitterly opposed to concede to Catholics the right to educate their children when and how they please, for to deny such a privilege is equivalent to saying that the Catholic religion is worse than no religion at all, which no honest Protestant ever thought to assert.

Let us then, by all means, see that faith is strong in the hearts of our children, and let us listen to the words of our Divine Redeemer, who, after having revealed to his apostles all the truths he thought proper to be made known concerning the kingdom of His Father, and having commissioned and authorized them to teach these truths to all mankind, concludes by saying: "He that believeth not shall be condemned."

M. F. FITZPATRICK.

## *THE FIRST LESSON.*

HE poet wrote into the night;
Nor noted how the hours slipped,
Until the waning moon's pale light
Its fingers on his manuscript
In warning laid. Not until then
He ceased, and laid aside his pen,
And passed his hand across his eyes;
And noted, with a dull surprise,
The far-off herald chanticleer
Proclaiming that the morn was near.
Then on his couch his eyes he cast
Half gratefully and glad; but turned
His glance, as if some longing burned
To trace a chapter to the last.

But ere he bowed to health's decree,—
Which says a man must surely sleep,
And temperate in all things be,
If he her legacy would reap,—
He turned his lamp's flame low, and crept
With stealth to where another slept;
And shielding from the feeble light
The sleeper's lids, he bent his sight
With anxious look, as if to trace
Her dreams upon his mother's face.
And in *his* face there glowed a prayer
To God to guard her, and to make
His deeds unselfish for her sake;
And all his thoughts serene and fair.

Then stealing back into his room,
He took from out a treasured place,
The picture of a girlish face
Half hid in curls; and with the bloom
Of health upon the dimpled cheek,
And on the lips that seem to speak,

And as he looked, into his eyes
There crept the light of tenderness
And longing, such as can but rise
From the heart's passion's sweet distress.
He loved her. Loved her? She should know
How he had toiled with bateless might
For fame, for which he hungered so!
But all for her—and her alone!
For had she not, in glowing tone,
Applauded honor won by toil;
As though her very blood did boil,
To think that woman ere had sold
Herself for sordid love of gold.

So he raved on; until he heard
The twitter of an anxious bird,
Impatient for the tardy sun.
And then the poet knelt and prayed
For these two that he loved; and laid
Upon his bed—and dreamed of one.

So passed the nights; until the days
Ran into Autumn; and the leaves
Dripped down, and on the hills the haze
Of Indian Summer lay. The eaves
Grew peopled, till the air was rife
With all the talk of sparrow-life.
November went, with sharp, shrill winds;
And still the poet, with his mind's
Best influence to guide his pen,
Did labor; but impatient, when
Necessity of food and air
Impelled him from his desk and chair.

It was not good, his mother said,
To slave like this. If she might ask,
What was this thieving, nightly task
That stole health's roses from their bed—
Her darling Arthur's waning cheek?

He could not tell her now; a week
Or two, he said—at most but three,—

Must intervene till she should see—
With all the world—he had not been
A slave to any purpose mean.
But for a time his task, he said—
The while his mother shook her head,—
A secret to himself must be.
And so he kissed her laughingly,
And told her not to fret again;
But could not kiss away the pain
Of anxious love, nor jealous smart
That gathered round her mother-heart.

And so December, in a cloud
Of snow, came in. To Christmas week
The short'ning days drew. Still he bowed
With growing pallor in his cheek,
Over his reasons and his rhymes.
He scored the wrongs of current times
With earnest hand, that knew not fear;
For eager as the coming year,
And all-impatient as the young,
His anger on his page he flung.
But while he glowed, in honest mood,
O'er hate of wrong, and love of good,
And stamped his faith in ruddy lines,—
He did not know the world declines
To relish truth, or good advice,
Unless 'tis larded o'er with spice,
And warped with condonation's lies.
And so, all-innocent, he smote
Convention; seeing as he wrote
A girl's praise glowing in her eyes.

There came unto his door one day
A dainty, perfumed note. He knew
The writing well. She wrote to say:
What cause, or fair attraction, drew
Him so away; and what excuse
Had he for playing the recleuse?
Was she so dull, so starved of looks,
That e'en the prosiest of his books

Was far more welcome to his eye?
Must she, forsooth, her pride put by,
And say indeed she had not slept;
And that one bitter night she *wept?*

And had he written on her hair,
Or framed a sonnet to her eyes?
But what need ask? *He* did not care,
Nor cared that others cared to prize
Her lightest word. She had some news—
She added, as tho' half-forgot,
And in that postscript women love—
Which he, perhaps, might care to use
To weave into some magic plot;
And which she hoped perchance might prove
Of interest; though she dared to say
He felt none in herself. To-day
Her cousin Alfred home had come—
Her cousin, who had run away
When quite a lad, to reap the sum
Of fortune—Alfred, big and brown!
The lad with whom she used to play!
And Alfred—nay, he must not frown—
Had grown quite rich. She would not dare
To say *how* rich. 'Twas vast, she knew.
But they should shake each other's hands;
For he must see her cousin, too,
Aud hear him talk of Eastern lands,
And all the things that chanced him there.

And Arthur, pale and trusting boy,
Kissed this vain missive in his joy.
Thought it sincere; and could not guess
Himself the dupe of wantonness.
But wrote a glowing answer, rife
With all the heart and strength of life,
And all the tenderness of tears;
Of his ambition, hopes and fears,
For her and of her—at whose feet
He poured the love of twenty years!

Meanwhile the manuscript, complete,

Had journeyed swiftly to its fate;
And he, all eager and elate,
Grew vexed as days went by and brought
No answer to his sanguine thought.
For he had proudly hoped to take
His triumph as an offering.
For written love doth seem a thing
As cold and shallow as a rill;
And he had yearned his love to slake
In kisses, and her ears to fill
With rosy speech. Now he could stay
No longer; and with eager tread
He found her. All he had to say
And ask, she heard with drooping head
And changing cheek, and downcast eyes
That widened in a feigned surprise.
She was so grieved and pained, she said,
To think he had misunderstood.
She had his letter, and she would
Have answered in his sparkling mood,—
For she had thought 'twas all in play—
But that the morrow was the day
Set for her wedding; and her hands
Were overburdened with demands.
She thought, indeed, he had feigned love
In such a bright yet serious way.
'Twas all a jest. Would he not stay
A little while, and he should meet
Her husband, *Alfred*, hand and glove
As they had been, and yet would be?
The friendship would be trebly sweet.
Or else, perhaps, to-morrow he—
A welcome guest indeed—would come.
But still so silent—Was he dumb?
Or ill? For *why* did he not speak?

Dumb? No! For now he turned his face,
And she with an affrighted shriek
Drew back; for from his lips there ran
Such fearful oaths that all the place
Re-echoed, while his livid cheek
Waxed like a madman's; till each man

Came running at a frightened pace ;
And seized, and held, and threw him down,
And cast him to the staring town.

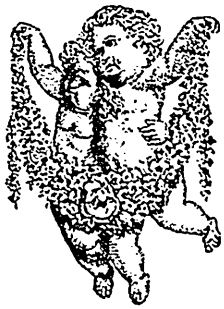
Somehow—he knew not—but alone,
With garments torn and haggard face,
And naught of mind to call his own,
At length he reached his dwelling-place.
A note, upon his dressing case,
Told that his mother thought to spend
The old year out with some dear friend ;
But on his table he would find
That which was foremost in his mind.
She hoped it bore good news ; but still
She feared its bulk foreboded ill.

He turned about the reeling room,
And found the letter—'twas his doom.
He read it, mingling curse and smile.
It said that he must wait awhile ;
His work gave promise—full of strength,
As well as errors—high and pure,
But over-coloured—immature,
And reason lacking. He must wait ;
Be brave and patient, and at length
He should write something truly great.

'Twas kind—and longer than most men
In such positions oft can pen.
He knew it not ! God ! he had given
His health, his days, his all for this !
For this—and for that other—riven
His heart—all that was best of his !
He tore the pages into shreds,
And flung them to the winds of heaven.
Had all conspired with mocking heads,
To rob him thus, with Judas' spell,
Of faith in God and man, and make
His very inward life a hell ?
Was there not one for whose own sake
He yet might strive ? Awhile he stood,

And through his window saw the stars
Gleam frostily upon the street;
And heard the bells ring fast and sweet
The new year in. And lo! his mood
Grew changed and softened; and the wars
Melted within him, and his eyes
Grew wet and tender--for he seemed
To hear his mother; and there beamed
Her eyes upon him; till he felt
That prayer within him he had made
One night beside her. So he knelt,
And with contrition turned his eyes
Upon the calm and patient skies:
Then bowed upon his hands, and prayed.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



## *ECLIPSES.*

"As when the sun, . . . . .
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."—(*Milton.*)

THE ceaseless panorama of the heavens has, since the creation of the world, presented yearly its quota of eclipses. The view of an eclipse is certainly a spectacle as beautiful as it is interesting. But the interest now taken in eclipses is far different from that which was felt in ancient times. The feelings of the ancients with regard to eclipses are well described in the above quotation. They considered an eclipse as something beyond the natural order, and therefore believed it to be a prognostication of some dire calamity. This accounts for the consternation caused by the occurrence of an eclipse.

The theory of eclipses is based upon a knowledge of the solar system, and the understanding of one necessarily implies the understanding of the others. An eclipse is an obscuration of one of the heavenly bodies, by the interposition of another, either between it and the spectator, or between it and the sun. Stars, planets and satellites of planets may suffer eclipse, but what is generally understood by eclipses are occulations of the sun and the moon, commonly called solar and lunar eclipses. Eclipses of the sun are caused by the passage of the moon between the earth and the sun, so that the light, or part of the light of the sun, is cut off from the earth. Eclipses of the moon are caused by the moon passing through the shadow which the earth makes when it comes between the sun and the moon. Consequently, solar and lunar eclipses are due to the relative positions of the sun, moon and earth. The earth revolves around the sun once a year, describing a path called the ecliptic. The moon revolves about the earth in a little less than a month, and it accompanies the earth in its motion around the sun.

Since an eclipse of the sun takes place when the moon passes between the sun and the earth, it can therefore occur only when the moon is in conjunction with the sun, that is at the time of new moon. Also, as an eclipse of the moon is caused by the earth passing between it and the sun, it can occur only when the moon is in the opposite position, that is, at the time of full moon.

The moon's orbit, in consequence of its inclination, cuts the ecliptic in two opposite points in the heavens, called the moon's nodes. Whenever the moon overtakes the sun at or very near one of these nodes, the sun and moon will be near enough together to cause an eclipse of the sun. When we have an eclipse of the sun at one node, it frequently happens that at the next full moon, two weeks later, the shadow cast by the earth will extend sufficiently close to the other node of the moon to cause an eclipse of the moon. This is what happened in the last two eclipses of Oct. 20th and Nov. 4th. Lunar eclipses are either total or partial, accordingly as the moon completely or only partially enters into the shadow of the earth.

Before anything was definitely known about the occurrence of solar and lunar eclipses, the Chaldean priests found, by observation, that eclipses recurred at regular intervals of about 18 years and 11 days. They called this cycle of eclipses, *saros*, which means restitution or repetition and they made use of it in predicting eclipses and imposing on the ignorant classes. They could predict only lunar eclipses, for, although solar eclipses occur in a fixed order within the same cycle, yet they are not always visible at the same places when they recur as where previously observed.

Although solar eclipses are of more frequent occurrence than lunar eclipses,

still they are not as often visible at any one place as are lunar eclipses. The reason of this is because solar eclipses can be seen only from a limited portion of the globe, whereas a lunar eclipse is visible over considerably more than half the earth.

Before better methods were found, lunar eclipses were used as a means of determining longitude. For an eclipse of the moon is seen at the same moment in all parts of the earth where the eclipse is visible. Consequently the difference of longitude between two places may be determined by finding the difference between the times at which the beginning of the eclipse was observed at each place. This method is not very accurate as it is difficult, on account of the darkness of the penumbra, to determine the precise time at which the eclipse begins. An eclipse of the sun also furnishes a means of determining longitude. For the times of the beginning and end of a solar eclipse depend on the position of the place.

Eclipses give astronomers an opportunity of making numerous observations of great importance which at any other time are impossible. In historical researches, eclipses are very useful in determining dates of events with which eclipses are associated.

With the aid of the Chaldean Saros or cycle of eclipses or of solar and lunar tables, modern scientists can compute eclipses either forward or backward for thousands of years, and they can identify any eclipse of which any record is kept. This has been done in the case of the total eclipse which is said to have occurred during a battle between the Medes and Lydians. This battle is spoken of in ancient history as the battle of the "eclipse," because it terminated the war, the combatants being terrified threw down their arms and made peace The date of this battle has been accurately found to be 595 B.C., because it coincides with the occurrence of a total eclipse in that year.

By means of a lunar eclipse which happened the night Herod died, the date of the beginning of the Christian era has been determined.

J. A. FRENCH, '93.

Friendship is the holiest of gifts;
God can bestow nothing more sacred
upon us!
It enhances every joy, mitigates every
pain
Everyone can have a friend,
Who himself knows how to be a friend.

TIEDGE.

## *GERALD GRIFFIN.*

NE of the most interesting figures in the literary history of the nineteenth century is that of Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet, novelist, and dramatist. The ardour of his devotiton to literature in his early career, the sufferings he underwent before success crowned his efforts, his position in the front rank of novelists before he had reached the age of twenty-four, his subsequent abandonment of those pursuits so dear to him in youth and which had procured for him a fame he no longer cared for, and his retirement from the world while still young to the humble life of a Christian Brother, have all combined to give an interest to his story that is wanting in the lives of most authors.

Gerald Griffin came before the pubilc for the first time in the capacity of editor for a small local paper published in Limerick, his native city. He was then a youth of eighteen, and the position would seem to have been ample for the ambition of so young a writer. He held it, however, only a few months. The proprietor was desirous of keeping on good terms with Dublin Castle in order to be eligible for some of the good things at the bestowal of this power in the land. But he found it very difficult to persuade Griffin to tell as little truth in his editorials as the Castle would care to hear, and Griffin found it hard to acquire the versatility of principle so useful to a writer of leaders in a pocket organ. So he parted company with this loyal paper, and spent a year or two with his brother in the beautiful village of Adare, about ten miles from Limerick. Near this village are the ruins of a castle of the ancient Earls of Desmond, so famous in Irish history, and not far off the remains of more than one great abbey of the olden time. It was Griffin's delight to wander amongst those tokens of the heroism and piety of the past, and to muse on their departed glories. To his residence here was owing, no doubt, the interest he took in the ancient history of his native land, and the knowledge he had thus acquired of the history and legends of his race he afterwards turned to good account in his tales. These were happy days well spent, and in the retrospect of after years were rendered doubly sweet by contrast with the dark days so soon to follow.

His whole time was, however, by no means spent in visiting ruins or in musing on their past. He studied assiduously and wrote much all the while, and his passion for literature was now so great and his genius so manifest that he determined to adopt it as a profession. He had long been in the habit of writing short dramas for acting in the private circle of his friends. Now, in his nineteenth year, he wrote a lengthy drama for public representation and submitted it to the judgment of his friends, who knew fairly well what a drama ought to be, but were ignorant of the public taste of the time. Their applauses decided him, and with one finished drama and two or three begun, with a few pounds in his pocket he set out for London, with the modest intention, as he pleasantly expressed it, "of rivalling Scott and throwing Shakespere into the shade."

The task he set himself might well discourage even the sanguine hopes of youth and genius. Without means other than what he could create with his pen, without friends—in London in fact he knew no one except the Irish novelist and playwriter, Mr. Banim, a truly useful friend but struggling towards success himself—with no better grounds for hope than the strong faith he had in his own powers and his wild enthusiasm for his art, he undertook to reform the British stage.

He possessed many of the elements of success,—originality, enthusiasm, energy, industry, heroic perseverance, generous faith and strong self-reliance. He would have succeeded, and did succeed, when success was possible. Had he been content, indeed, to hold literature in the light of a trade, from which he could make a comfortable fortune by catering to the public

taste whether good or bad, his success would have been sure. A dramatist who wrote a play that caught the public ear in those days was well rewarded for his labors. But the public taste was vitiated. Theatre-goers looked more for scienic effects and thrilling situations than for moral or literary excellence in a piece. The actors of the day appealed to the grosser senses of their auditors. It was no part of Griffin's plan to suit his drama to the prevailing demand. Such plays could be produced by anyone of average ability and some experience, and had scarce a higher aim than to fill the writer's pockets. Griffin rated his own ability and the dramatic art at a higher rate. He believed that the theatre might be made a powerful means of improving the public relish for good literature, and better still, an invaluable aid to the more orthodox modes of inculcating the moral virtues. He thought the stage should be reformed, and that the work of reformation was one worthy his ambition. A little more knowledge of the world, especially the world he was now entering, would have assured him of the hopelessness of success. It would have needed more than the prestige of a great and honored name to succeed in what he undertook, but no amount of genius or goodwill, or energy, or self-devotion could carry him to success, so young, so inexperienced in the ways of winning public favors, so little acquainted with the actual theatre of the day. Then came a time, much later when he could see how futile and ridiculous had been the hopes he entertained, but now they were the very breath of life to him and he endured everything to realize these cherished dreams.

The finished play he brought with him to London he read before a select coterie of literary celebrities who had been got together by his friend Banim. Their plaudits were sweet encouragement, but they were not the public nor yet the owners of theatres. He was introduced, however, to a leading actor, who took his play, promising to report on it without delay. In the meantime Griffin continued to write, and among others completed Gisippus, a noble tragedy in blank verse, acted after his death with great success. But writing tragedies, however pleasing in itself, was very unprofitable while the managers or actors refused to present them. And as weeks lengthened into months and the play on which his hopes rested still lay in the actor's hands and was neither returned nor accepted, Griffin was compelled to do something for a livelihood. But it was no easy matter for one so little known to secure literary work, that would suffice to raise him above want. He wrote, indeed, assiduously for the daily papers which cheated him, and for the great magazines that published his articles but never paid for them. All was insufficient, and more than once he was forced to receive assistance from his friends. At length, after months of heart-sickening waiting, his play was returned with a world of excuses for the long delay but not a word of comment. It was a cruel blow whose force can be measured only by the strong hopes it dimmed and the enthusiasm, almost fierce, that it chilled. To add to his misfortunes, the sickness of his brother now threw him entirely on his own resources and for more than a year he had to battle for life. Writing to his mother after he had succeeded he says :—"Until within a short time back I have not had since I left Ireland a single moment's peace of mind —constantly, constantly running backward and forward, and trying a thousand expedients, and only to meet disappointments everywhere I turned. I will never think or talk upon the subject again. It was a year such as I did not think it possible I could have outlived." It was not mental suffering only that he had to bear. For a time he could go out only at night-fall for want of clothing fit to appear in daylight. And on one occasion a friend, at whose house he had been in the habit of calling almost every day, missing him for several days, paid him a visit late at night and found him writing busily, but without a shilling in his pocket, and having eaten nothing for three days. Sufferings such as these drove the gifted Chatterton to a suicide's grave, but they could not weaken the resolution or destory the hopes of Griffin. Eighteen months elapsed before he had solved the problem of bread-winning by his pen. He was earning sufficient to live in affluence now, but what was that? He had come to re-

form the drama, to do something worthy to raise himself above the common herd, to make for himself a name. "That horrid word, failure," he exclaims, writing to a friend, "no, death first!" At length in his twenty-third year he had an opera accepted. It had been the work of his leisure hours for a fortnight and he received fifty pounds for it. It was a welcome recognition of his talent, but late, very late, for his early hopes. The rapture of success was worn away by the long waiting. In fact he had almost ceased to look to the drama for the realization of his ambition, and this late success could not win him back. In the same year in which his first opera was presented he issued a series of tales under the title of "Hollandtide." They were completely successful, and thenceforward he neglected the drama for the more popular field of novel-writing.

We have dwelt longer on this early portion of Griffin's career than our space would perhaps warrant, but the rest is so easily understood in the light of his early experience that it seemed necessary to enter somewhat into detail. We have seen that Griffin longed with a passionate longing, and toiled in the face of great suffering for fame. His was no ignoble ambition, however, but one fully worthy the utmost efforts of human endeavour, the strong hope of being numbered among the greatly good, the few in whom genius, worth, and energy combined to bless their race. For this he labored, and suffered, and hoped against hope. For this he performed the lowest literary drudgery, working all day and far into the night to get the wherewithal to live, but never losing sight of his original plan. Success came at last, if not the success he anticipated, at least such as few had attained so early, and it was only the dawn. But now when he had bought fame at the price of great suffering, mental and physical, he found it little worth the sacrifices he had made. And it was all he hoped to make him happy in this life. It was dearer to him, he said, than health or home, both of which he had sacrificed to attain it. Even while he was still in the pursuit, and was filled with a strong, ardent, glowing hope, his happy dreams were sometimes marred by the unwelcome thought that perhaps when he had won, the joy he would feel in success, would be but a feeble copy of the anticipation. How it startled him, then, to find that it was indeed so. It came to him with the conviction of the worthlessness of all earthly triumphs. The laurel crown might now adorn his brow, but it could not bring peace to his heart. He wrote still, but with an altered purpose. It had been a pleasure, a delight; it was now a task conscientiously, faithfully done at the stern bidding of duty, but his aspirations were for some work into which he could again put his heart and soul, and he found it at last with the Christian Brothers.

There was another influence leading him in the same direction. In the early part of his career he had entertained some religious doubts, but about the time of his first great success by earnest study and prayer he had cleared away all his misgivings. His early convictions returned, strengthened by the ordeal through which they had come. He does not appear to have gone very seriously astray or to have been long in error, but his sorrow was extreme. He did all he could to repair any mischief his conversation might have effected. In writing to the friends with whom he had associated when his faith was wavering he informs them of the change in his opinions, and endeavours to remove the bad impression his conversation might then have produced. And nothing can exceed the joy he feels, when a friend who had shared his mistaken opinions assures him, that he too has come to see the error of his way. His religious convictions were now deep and strong, and the ardour with which he formerly devoted himself to literature was exercised in the duties of religion. His ambition now seemed to him poor and selfish, and he doubted whether his literary labours, correct as they are in morals and doctrine, were not productive of as much evil as good. He gave up much of his time to religious exercises. He devoted himself to works of charity, such as teaching the poor children of the village where he resided. The conviction grew upon him that his right place was in the service of the Church, and that there finally he would find that peace of heart and really accomplish the good he had aimed at all his life. He

had been willing in his youth to make every sacrifice for fame; he was now willing to endure more for God. He could not understand how self-sacrifice, self-devotion, and mortification were so admirable from motives of ambition, but were by the world despised when exerted for God. For him there was only one rule of conduct—to do what seemed to him right. He had followed it through life, and now, when it pointed to the humble work of a Christian Brother, he hesitated not to embrace it. He entered this order in the year 1838, in his thirty-fifth year. Here he was truly happy. "The more I see of a religious life," he says in a letter to his brother "the more I feel the truth of what is said by one of the scriptural writers; that if God did not please to keep its happiness secret the whole world would be running into it." But his sands of life had nearly run out. His health had been completely shattered by the hardships of those early years in London. Less than two years after donning the garb of a Christian Brother, he died at the North Monastery, Cork, and his requiem was tolled by the bells of Shandon.

We have little space left to speak of his works which are deserving of more generous treatment. But his life has so many passages to interest us apart from his literary labors that it seems necessary to separate the man from the author. Whatever he undertook, however, was stamped with his own individuality. In all his work he is original, the true mark of genius. He had strong faith in his own ability and what he accomplished was done by himself alone, with no adventitious aids from friends or fortune. "It is odd," he says in one of his letters, "but I have never been successful except when I depended on my own exertions; when I set to work anonymously." This self-reliance was joined with an unbounded enthusiasm for his work, and that spirit of self-sacrifice necessary to accomplish great things when great obstacles are to be surmounted. He possessed all the fire and passion of the Celtic temperament with its strong affections coupled in him with an excessive sensibility that often caused him needless pain. In temper he was habitually gay and lively, and his humor had in it no tinge of bitterness or sarcasm. His industry was very great and he wrote rapidly, so that short as was his literary career his works are numerous. The most valuable from an artistic standpoint are the novels, "The Collegians" and "The Rivals" and the tragedy "Gisippus." Many of his shorter tales likewise abound in beauty of description, in vivid characterization, and are especially praisworthy for their high standard of morality.

"The Collegians" is a novel of great merit and exhibits in its clearest light the peculiar strength of Gerald Griffin's pen. The descriptions, the dialogue, the incidents are all true to nature, and the characters are drawn with skill and spirit. Though evidently written for the purpose of showing the superiority of the steady over the showy virtues the progress of the story is nowhere hampered by the necessity of keeping the moral in view, but proceeds naturally to the end. It was in depicting passion that Griffin excelled, and some of the scenes in "The Collegians" are unsurpassed for their passionate vigor of language, and the truth with which the terrible secrets of a tortured heart are laid bare by outward signs. The characters in this novel are types, but they have nevertheless an individuality of their own. The novelist possessed the dramatic faculty of creating living beings to people his imaginary world, and no two characters in his novels are distinguished only by the accidental differences of surroundings or circumstances. Eily O'Connor, the ill-fated heroine of "The Collegians," is a beautiful creation which would be true to nature nowhere perhaps but in her native land where her characteristic virtue is so highly cherished. Hardress Cregan and Kryle Daly represent opposite types of human nature, the creature of generous impulse but unsteady principle, and the man of stirling worth whose passions are under the control of reason. The more brilliant parts of the former only serve to hasten his ruin, while the latter with less ability attains the happiness and success which is the reward of industry and virtue. Of his other novels, the most valuable from its historical interest is "The Invasion." It is an attempt to place before modern readers the Ireland of the time of the Danish invasion. It is a pioneer work in ancient Irish history, the materials of

which were then to be had only in the Irish language and in manuscripts hidden in the recesses of the Dublin libraries.

We have seen that Griffin's first efforts were devoted to the drama, and how ill those efforts were rewarded. That his failure was not from lack of talent, is evident from the success with which "Gisippus" was acted after his death. He had written several tragedies and a comedy besides "Gisippus," but he destroyed all but this before he became a Christian Brother. The interest in Gisippus is centred in the misfortunes of the hero who sacrifices his own happiness to secure that of his friend. The conflict between nature and virtue when sustained only by the teachings of Pagan philosophy is forcibly pictured, and we are enabled in the course of the dramatic action to see clearly how much superior are the motives with which Christianity supplies us, for consummating a sacrifice, and the means it provides for supporting the pangs of earthly ills. This drama, written in his twentieth year, displays ability that might have accomplished great things in an age more favorable to the art, and makes us regret the destruction his pious zeal visited on his other productions of this kind. Much of his poetry met the same fate as his dramas. "Matt Hyland," his best poem, was destroyed with the rest, but from fragments found elsewhere, and from the recollections of a friend who had read it in manuscript, it has been in part recovered. The story is that of a fair and virtuous daughter of the Desmonds, who loved and wedded a poor tiller of the soil, in the vicinity of her father's castle. The tale has an interest of its own that is heightened by the pleasing touches of Griffin's fancy. His lyrics, however, are his best work in poetry. Their subject is never trivial, and the singer's whole heart is poured forth in them. We will look elsewhere in vain for the tenderness of "Aileen Aroon," or "My Mary of the Curling Hair," or the deep pathos of "Old Times."

Oh, come again ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! Old times!

P. CULLEN, '93.

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

## *UGANDA.*

*By the Very Rev'd. Æneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., &c.*

The case of Uganda, East Africa, is still a good deal discussed in England. From an article which appeared lately in the OWL the readers of this periodical may have an idea of recent proceedings in that African kingdom. It may not now be inappropriate to give an idea of the country about which there has been so much writing and discussion. Uganda has a very extensive territory and a population of at least three millions These millions consist of three rival tribes, which, notwithstanding their rivalry, acknowledge the same king, who dwells in a large palace and keeps up considerable state. He is the head of a regularly organized government, and something like the feudal system prevails. There are leading chiefs, secondary chiefs and peasants. The chief officer of the kingdom is called the Kaikiro, whose office is analogous to that of our Lord Chancellor. He is appointed by the king and taken from any class of the people. There is a grand council, mainly composed of the leading chiefs, three of whom hold their places by hereditary right Each chief is, to a certain extent, a monarch in his own district He decides on civil and crimimal cases. But more serious causes are referred to the king, or the Kaikiro, or one of the three hereditary chiefs. There is no written law; but everything is settled by strict and fixed rules. The council is generally summoned by the king; but the chiefs may insist upon convening it This is certainly a very advanced state of affairs for Africa; and we are at a loss to see by what right this independent kingdom was by a treaty with some European powers handed over to Great Britain. A trading association called the East African Company was then established in the land This company, it is a sad thing to tell, through its agent, Captain Lugard, forced on the king, at the point of the bayonet, a treaty which in reality, gave up the government of the country to the company. Their rule was such as was to be expected. The British officer and servant of the company, Captain Lugard, attacked the king, drove him from his throne, massacred many of his people and completely destroyed a Catholic mission which enjoyed the king's favour, and had been for some time in a flourishing condition. To this outrage was added, as we learn from the best sources of information, the murder of some of the missionaries. There was in the country also a Protestant mission. The Protestants, however, were the minority. But this mattered not. They were the English party, and so considered by the officials of the company. A law was passed in their favour, declaring that any Protestant who fell into the "errors of Rome,"—that is, went over to the Catholic or opposition party—should forfeit all his property. Feuds, disorder, fighting and bloodshed have generally prevailed under the unnatural rule of a few English traders over a free, and until their advent, independent African nation.

It certainly is not matter for astonishment that the company is under orders to withdraw from Uganda. The question now is, will that country be left to itself or will a British Protectorate be established? Such a protectorate as would not interfere with the internal rule of the native king and chiefs, it may be supposed, is desirable. It would, however, be attended with considerable cost. The presence of a numerous military force would be necessary in order to defend the country, maintain peace within its borders and suppress the detestable slave trade. A railway might also be required for establishing communication between the interior of the country and the sea coast. Whether thus protected or left to itself, Uganda would be an open field for Catholic missionaries. In the latter case the good will of the inhabitants would guard them; in the event of a British protectorate the spirit of the age would save them even from the shadow of persecution. An English writer says that if Uganda were left to its inhabitants, "the Catholic missionaries would remain there, as they do not believe in propagating the Faith by means of an armed force; and they are quite ready to risk—if risk there be—their lives."

## *CHRISTMAS EVE, 1872.*

*A reminiscence of old St. Joseph's.*

*TWENTY golden years* have passed, and to-night, seated with my recollections of the days when the present glorious University of Ottawa was the humble but promising St. Joseph's College, I conjure up the shades of former companions, and lo! at my mandate, I am back again amongst the "scenes of long vanished joys." It was Christmas Eve, 1872; nearly all those who took part in the scene I am about to describe, have since been scattered like leaves, to the four winds of heaven, and not a few have gone over to the silent majority. It is not of the present imposing structure I would speak; the college was very small compared to the University of this day. Let us try to recall the surroundings.

The west wing, the centre portion, where are now the parlors, and even the extension to the east wing, were not in existence. Brother Cooney kept his tailor-shop near the main entrance, and the parlor was very small. The important event I am about to record took place in the wing that faces Cumberland street and St. Joseph's Church. The ground floor was an infirmary, a refectory, a furnace cellar, and the unexplored region where good old Sister Leblanc played the Delphic Oracle. Over these were the chapel, community room, Father Tabaret's apartments, the "Econome's" office—(Rev. F. Mauroit,)—and a general hall. On the next flat was the study hall; we had only one, and it served as a theatre at times. Father Chaborel held sway, and copied music while his eagle eye scanned the heads of the students. Above this were the professors' rooms; and on the top flat was the dormitory.

The late Father Faford, who fell a victim at duty's post, when the Indian Big Bear's camp attacked Frog Lake, was then a Brother, and had charge of the dormitory. In order to better understand the situation, I would remark that the downstairs passage that ran along the furnace corridor, led into the kitchen and thence into the small yard where the old roan horse and a couple of ancient cows "held the fort"

I believe that I remarked already, that it was Christmas Eve, 1872. At eight o'clock everyone was sent to bed, at eleven the bells rang, and each one jumped up to prepare for mid-night Mass in the little chapel From the Superior to the last lay-brother, from the oldest to the youngest student, all had to attend that important feature in the Christmas celebration. Even Brother Cooney locked his doors and moved to the chapel, while the German Brother who took care of the furnaces and the yard, was in his place in the house of prayer. There were two exceptions to the rule; two seemingly sick boys—one, Alec Mallette, of Montreal; the other, ——, it is unnecesary to recall his name, he has long since left the college, and he could not now be brought to account for that night's doings. These two were in the infirmary. Naturally, the clang of the bells awakened them; the hurry of hundreds of feet along the corridors startled them; and it is not wonderful to relate that they sat up, and "held deep and long council" in that infirmary.

It was the mid-hour of night, all the lights burned low, the whole community was safe in the chapel, it was a time meet for exploration. Who can blame? Boys will be curious. The two lads soon formed their plans and soon proceeded to put them into execution. They sallied forth and paused at the door of the big furnace to watch the embers, and to listen to the "Adeste" that came down from the chapel overhead. They moved into the refectory, thence into the kitchen, and finally out into the cow-yard There, in the cold of a December night, they found a calf—the poor creature was shivering, and the humane boys succeeded in driving it into the kitchen. By some mysterious spirit driven, they continued to

drive the calf, until they had it in the furnace passage. Finally, they reached the infirmary door. By this time the calf felt the heat and gave evidence of a desire to jump about and celebrate Christmas Eve This did not suit their purpose. But what were they to do with the little nuisance? They had a "white elephant" on their hands.

One suggested to take it up stairs. Up stairs it went But, when they reached the first floor, there was immediate danger of detection. Up the second, and third, and fourth flights they lugged their prey. Finally the dormitory was reached. The door was open—by good luck—and in they drove the calf. Alec found a cord that was around poor Jim Burns' trunk, and with it he soon fastened the calf to the foot of Brother Faford's bed. Around that bed and the accompanying washstand, was a blue and white striped curtain that hung from small iron rods. With a portion of this curtain they hid the calf, then, swiftly but noiselessly, retired As they descended into the infirmary the choir was singing the "Sanctus" of the first Mass. In a few moments the two sick boys were in bed and to all appearances very sound asleep.

So much for the first act in this little farce. The second one is somewhat more boisterous. I try to tell it as rapidly and as clearly as I can. Of course, there are a hundred details long since forgotten.

Midnight Mass, like everything else in life, came to an end; and about half-past one o'clock the boys were marched back to the dormitory. By two o'clock everyone was in bed and the lights were all out—all except one that still burned in Brother Faford's "cell," where he still read or prayed. Just as he was about to close his volume and retire, the cry of a calf resounded throughout the dormitory—Bawh! bawh! bawh! "Silence reigned supreme," and "the boldest held his breath for a time." Again the cry came "fearfully loud." "Silence!" shouted the Brother, "Bawh!" shouted the calf. By this time everyone was sitting up in his bed, and, were it not so dark, wonderment might have been traced upon all features. The Brother was nervous; he cried out, "I know you; I know the one that plays the calf." "Bawh! Bawh!" replied the calf. "You will be expelled," shouted the Brother; "Bawh! ha! ha!" shouted the calf. It was more than human nature could stand. One chorus of yells went up that woke the echoes of that dormitory and resounded in the astonished ears of Father Tabaret, three stories below Meanwhile, by some means or other, the calf got loose, and with one bound he dashed through the curtains, carrying rope, curtains, iron bars and all with him. Away he rushed, galloped, hopped down between the lines of beds; immediately forty lads, in their night clothes, were after him The boys cheered, the calf bellowed, and pandemonium was let loose for ten minutes. At last the beast was captured. Then began the work of taking the calf down stairs. The Brother, lamp in hand, led on; two score boys—in white—followed, having the calf in charge. Just imagine that procession, at half-past two, of a winter's morning, descending the college stairway! The ecclesiastics heard the racket, and heads, with night-caps on, looked out in wonderment from half-open doors, as the weird cortege, the noisy crowd, descended from flat to flat. At the parlor floor, poor dear Father Tabaret met the procession Will I ever forget the look upon his face! His voice was silenced by the overwhelming force of circumstances, and in mute astonishment he gazed upon the scene. His face resembled a storm-sky at sunset—a scene that Claude Lorraine so loved to paint. The dark clouds of anger swept over his broad forehead; while, from beneath his eyes, shot rays of uncontrolable mirth. Unable to preserve the requisite gravity for the occasion, he turned on his heel, and entered his room.

There was no more sleep that night. The calf was the subject of conversation all next day, in recreation, at table, and even until bed time. Many attempts were made to discover the perpetrators of the joke; but it seems to me that it was so good a one, that enquiry was not pushed to its extreme point. Thus was it that Christmas Eve, 1872, was celebrated in old St. Joseph's. Since then many a change has taken place. Our College home has expanded into one of the grandest Catholic Universities on the continent. Many of the students of that day are pulling against the stream of life; some at one oar, some at another; and a few have fallen over-

board, and have been swept away by the current, and are forgotten: a score, or may be more, remain; and if any of them read these lines, they will probably recall many another reminiscence of the dear old *Alma Mater*. The great, large, fond heart of Father Tabaret has since become dust; Father Faford fills a martyr's grave in the wild North-West; Brother Cooney sleeps in the quiet of a holy grave; James Burns —afterwards a priest, whose cord served to tie the calf, has years since gone to the bosom of God; several of the students that took part in the nightly procession, are with the silent ones beneath the sod; and with mingled feelings of pleasant recollection and sad souvenir, the writer recalls their names and their faces. If anyone doubts the authenticity of this hurried account of a memorable event, there is yet living a witness whose mind has surely not lost the impress of that wonderful night: Rev Father Chaborel can vouch for it all.

J. K FORAN,
Class of '77.

Editor *True Witness*, Montreal, Que

Knowledge is proud that he has learned
so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

## *CHRISTMAS.*

HAIL to thee, Christmas, with thy goodly cheer,
Hail to thee, crowned with love and joy and mirth,
Hail to thee, fairest feast of all the year,
"Glory to God on High, and peace on earth!"

Come with thy festive board and blazing hearth,
Come with thy joyous song and merry tale,
Well do we know of gaiety no dearth
Thy advent marks, and so we cry thee,—hail!

Crowd round the fire, and let the chorus song
Ring to the rafters, while the ruddy blaze
Creeps 'tween the logs, and skims their length along,
Bathing bright faces in its lurid rays.

Hang high the holly-bough and ivy green;
Dance now a measure,—let the jest go round.
Hearts must be light, and spirits gay, I ween,
And sadness in a sea of joy be drowned.

What though the icy fetters bind the stream,
And icicles to eaves suspended cling,
What though the leafless trees with hoar-frost gleam,
They enter not into our wassailing!

What though the wintry wind blows fierce without,
Whirling the snow in eddying drifts away,—
Reason the more why we should, singing, shout
Our welcome to thee, dear old Christmas Day.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.

## *LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.*

.....Sundry jottings
Stray leaves, fragments, blurs and blottings.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

That able theologian, learned scholar, captivating novelist and well and favorably known man-of-letters, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Barry, recently, in a lengthy paper, read before the Catholic Truth Conference, of Liverpool, expressed himself in such an intelligent and outspoken manner concerning the Catholic Press, as to deserve the undeviating attention and heartfelt thanks of every individual in the entire community, who desires to see good newspapers, journals and magazines prosper and grow numerous. The essay was, in substance, a strong appeal to Catholics, all over the world, to create a great Catholic literature, and to support it with their money. I consider the paper so valuable that I should gladly insert it here without curtailment, only, unfortunately, I find myself in much the same position as the country gentleman with only two spare beds in his establishment, when a large number of city folk pay him an unhearaled visit, because, like him, I am obliged to stultify myself for want of room. All I can do just here is to give such a synopsis of the paper read by Dr. Barry as will omit none of its more important suggestions.

The power of the press, said Father Barry, consists in the knowledge—or even in the ignorance cunningly disguised as knowledge—of those who write in it, multiplied into the number of those who read the writings. Its purpose should be the greatest enlightentment of the greatest number; so that, while we enjoy a free constitution, we should not degenerate into what Burke has denounced as a "frantic democracy," and that while art and science is a sound material civilization, the Christian Faith may carry it up to Divine and everlasting heights. On this view the Catholic writers are entitled to found their claims, and the prospect held out to them, if they do their part worthily, should be large enough to tempt the noblest ambition. There are, as I reckon, in the British Empire and the United States, at least fifteen millions of English-speaking Catholics. Those fifteen millions are not the stupidst of mankind. On the contrary, they have quick brains, and an unmistakable sense of literature. But can we maintain that literature, among Catholics, has a recognized position, or is a career in which we should recommend a man of genius to embark with any confidence? There is, I fear, a great difficulty in truthfully answering in the affirmative—a difficulty such as only strenuous exertions in our schools, colleges, seminaries, reading-rooms and pulpits will remove.

We Catholics have, I venture to say, an excellent material from which to make our writers—lay, popular and unofficial, for this is what the time requires—as any body of men in the three kingdoms. But that list would be far longer could all those who happen to be Catholics and writers for the press, add their signature to it. Men and women exist among us whose talents for literature are undeniable, but when they look for an audience or a market, they must look elsewhere than at home. They would willingly serve the altar on the apostolic condition, which is fair in their case as in that of the clergy, that they should live by the altar. To this subistence, one would suppose, they were entitled. Yet this, from all I have seen and heard, is what they find most difficult to secure. A Catholic man of letters who would devote his services to Catholics alone would, I fear, fail disastrously.

Now, I am well aware that literature is no mere mechanical art—that genius is born and not made, nor soon recognized even where it really exists; and, though I am not talking of genius, but of the more discernable thing called talent and average literary power, still I say that Catholics have not done their duty by it, and that it is the audience, not the teachers, who are wanting. What is the explanation? Is it not such as this—that few among us have realized the changed conditions under which religion must be preached to the modern world? We have not marked the

advance made since the good old days when it required nothing but a church and a pulpit in it. We still believe in fighting modern artillery with bows and arrows. We know it is the business of the clergy to explain or defend the great truths of religion, natural and supernatural, and we go on to argue, most blindly and illogically I always think, that it is not the business of anyone else beside the clergy; and even the clergy themselves are frequently misled by this idea. So we feel a sort of indignation, when in addition to our already pressing burdens, we are asked to give material support—that is, to pay definite sums of money—to pay our writers on a decent, if not an adequate scale.

We have all heard of Victor Hugo's famous saying about the cathedral and the printing press: "This will make an end of that"—the press will be the church of the future. I am not now concerned with what is false or misleading in that prophecy; but we are all very much concerned with what is true in it. What do I ask for Catholic writers? Recognition, first, as exponents of saving truths, religious, philosophical, scientific, political and social. Recognition from their own; and, with recognition, honor and support. All this we could give, were our fifteen millions at home and abroad of one mind in the matter.

We have had, and still have with us, contemplative orders, preaching orders, missionary orders. Why should I hesitate to avow that the Catholic writer, who lives worthy of his own vocation, is at once a contemplative, a preacher and a missionary. But in what colors shall I print the prospect—how speak of the future of our Catholic writers? Can I hold out any hopes that they will win that honorable place and rewards, to which, I believe, they are entitled? Were I to argue simply from the record, I should feel by no means hopeful. There has been much earnest work done which has had small recognition, and that little when the great public has given the signal; but seldom before. On one side, happily, the prospect is cheering. I need not enter into names, whether of the books or those who have written them. But I do know that Catholic ideas, and *ideals*, are making a way for themselves outside the limits of Catholicism; and that while so many of us are careless and indifferent, there is a stir, an agitation, a return to principles and practices which for centuries were held in contempt.

The layman of to-morrow will be trained in our schools, the priest in our seminaries. If literature is to flourish, the roots of it must be planted in both these wide fields. Would it not be a grand thing, if from the beginning it were submitted on all hands that the career of a Catholic writer is not only honorable, but worthy of reward? It can be made such only by the multitude of Catholic readers, willing and even eager to accept what the Catholic writers offers to them, and prepared to pay a price for what they take. Persons in authority can do much—the Hierarchies of Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, Australia—what could they not do if they thought it advisable to stir in the matter. We, the priests and laymen, the men and women of the Catholic community, if we but try, can in time do something.

I conclude that we require, first, a Catholic Treasury in prose and verse, for our elementary schools, — a primer of Catholic literature; — second, a higher course for colleges and seminaries, which should fairly judge modern literature, and exhibit the spirit of our own; and lastly, as the shortest way to this consummation, and access of members to our literary societies. Numbers are not wanting to us, nor material resources, not talent, nor industry in those who possess talent. Why then should we fail? But if we are to succeed, I affirm that literature must be recognized as a sacred calling, with its own place and prerogatives, and a befitting sustenance.

Oscar Wilde once said of George Meredith: His style is chaos, illuminated by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate.

Mr. James Francis Hogan's new book, *The Convict King*, recently issued in London, is a veritable romance of real life. It is the first complete account of the eventful career of Jorgen Jorgenson, one of the most remarkable adventurers of the

century. Hogan can put more dash and adventure between the cover-boards of a book than any other writer, not excepting even such consummate masters of the thrilling in literature, as Rudyard Ripling, or the author of *She*. The tales which Mr. Hogan wrote illustrative of life in Australia, have done more to make that wonderful country known to the civilized world than all her public men have said, or all her historians have written. I hope the time is near when a James Francis Hogan will be born for Canada. Our history abounds with splendid materials for the romancer and the painter; but, like our wealth of mineral, they are allowed to remain almost untouched.

The great poet who, the other day full of years and of honors, died in England, had long ago a literary tilt with Bulwer Lytton. I present here, as a curiosity, Lord Lytton's attack on Tennyson, and Tennyson's caustic reply in "*Punch*." The lines by the latter are remarkable, as they are almost the only specimen of the personal satire which the author of *In Memoriam* has given us. The fight was a great deal too well carried on to last. Bulwer *log.*, but anonymously, as the "New Timon" was published as a mystery:

"Not mine, not mine (O muse forbid!) the boon
Of borrow'd notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
The gingling melody of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats;
Where all the words of patch-work pastoral chime
To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme!"

As if this was not enough Lytton returns to the charge:

"Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On 'darling little rooms so warm aud light;'
Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,
Aud catch the 'blue fly singiug i' the pane;'
Tho' praised by critics and adorned by Blues,
Tho' Peel with pudding plump the puling muse,
The' Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles."

The concluding allusion was to Sheridan Knowles, the great dramatic writer, who, born an Irishman, was made to feel the curse of loathed birth by the English, among whom he lived, more by necessity than choice. The other lines need but little explanation. Tennyson, who had had £200 a year granted him by the Queen, at the request of the administration of Sir Robert Peel, was touched to the quick, and wrote, for once and only once in *Punch*, as follows:

"THE NEW TIMON AND THE POET."

We know him out of Shakespeare's art
And those full verses which he spoke;
The *old Timon*, with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old, here comes the New,
Regard him: a familiar face;
I thought we knew him: What! it's you,
The padded man that wears the stays.

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote;
O Lion! you that made a noise
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the muses too,—
You failed, Sir; therefore now you turn;
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sing.

An artist Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have a great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please,
You never look but half content,
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears—
They call this man as great as me.

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! Why, we see
Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks.
You prate of nature! *You* are he
That split his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man to take *his* name—
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

As those lines are not to be found in any of the recent editions of Tennyson, I give them in full. They must have proved gall and wormwood to the supersensitive dandy—dude he would be called in our day—whose influence drew upon himself such a severe chastisement.

It seems that there was a little spice of love romance in Whittier's life. His sweet poem, "*In School Days*," is one with which even school children are familiar. It is said that the one romance of Whittier's life was woven about the tangle-haired girl hwo long years ago had said she loved him; and Whittier's batchelor life is traced by those who delight in such episodes in the careers of distinguished men, to his love for her. Iconoclasts take great pleasure in contracting and ridiculing this story; but those who believe in it are much happier in their romautic faith, than those who deny it in their historical accuracy.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, we learn from the "Quebec Chronicle," has in the press, and will shortly publish, his *Ode for Centenary of Shelley's Birth*. It is entitled *Ave*, and competent judges pronounce it Prof. Roberts' most praiseworthy poetic production.

I am reminded by the foregoing notification, that something remains to be said in these columns anent Shelley, in this his centenary year. But the author of *Alastor*, *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, cannot be crushed into a line, nor disposed of in a short paragraph. Should opportunity offer, I shall, in the near future, devote a whole series of notes and notices to the works and life of this great poet, and dazzling but unfortunate genius.

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.—DAWSON.

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## *TO KIND FRIENDS.*

Our frontis-piece portrays a greeting which the OWL sincerely assures its readers, it addresses to them in no spirit of blind obedience to time-honored custom. The editors are pleased indeed to have this occasion to tender a small return, in good wishes, for the loyal support and encouragement which they have met with on all sides during the past few months. Long may our College journal find its readers and contributors as generous as those to whom we wish: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

## *ELOCUTION.*

At present a decided movement is on foot for the furtherance of elocution in American universities. This step is one in the right direction, and deserves commendation. Manifold are the advantages to be had from an elocution class properly conducted. Not only does such a class afford valuable means for elocutionary development, but it also promotes thought, imparts to the student a mastery of words, develops and sharpens his powers of literary criticism, and furnishes him with not a few useful hints as to how he is to master difficult studies. The stepping-stone to all knowledge is intelligent reading. Every applicant for admission to a university is supposed to know how to read correctly, but the fact is, not more than one out of ten has mastered this art before entering college. Intelligent reading implies a thorough knowledge of the vocabulary of the language in which one reads. It supposes even something more —power on the part of the reader to penetrate an author's mind and lay firm hold to the thought thereof. Not until the student has mastered the art of reading can he relish serious studies. And the class in which this art is to be acquired in its perfection is that of Elocution. There, if he who is speaking does not show a just apprehension of the meaning of a sentence, he is at once stopped by his professor and furnished with a better expression of its sense. There the student's powers of apprehension and attention are exercised and he is obliged to discriminate shades of meaning before he can express them by inflection of the voice. Words are there explained and analysed, the different shades of meaning which words have in different connections are commented upon, the style and plot of the poem or oration at issue are criticized—in a word, an elocution class under prope

management is a rhetoric course highly practical and almost complete in itself.

Many are the opportunities afforded the students of Ottawa University for elocutionary training. First, we have our regular elocution class twice a week. It was placed on the curriculum last year for the first time. The results obtained in a few short months surpassed the most sanguine expectations of our able professors. The masterly delivery of the valedictories at the commencement exercises of last session, reflected great honor, not only on the class of '92, but also on the faculty and teaching staff of our Alma Mater. Again, the ably conducted debating societies have witnessed the first attempts at oratory of not a few of those graduates who now occupy prominent positions as clergymen, statesmen and lawyers. Our Philosophical Circle and Scientific Society, which hold their meetings weekly, are excellent oratorical training schools. All these societies are now in first-class running order. The students—at least the majority of them—seem to fully appreciate the advantages placed at their disposal by the faculty. What is required now is perseverance unto the end. It is all very easy to attend the meetings of these societies for a time, but when the novelty of the thing wears off, it will require an effort to do so. Let no one shirk the effort, and when a member is called upon to take a debate or to defend a philosophical thesis, let him make it a point of honor to do, to the best of his ability, what is required of him. On such occasions it is no excuse to plead want of time. We must make time to discharge these duties faithfully, and it is well to remember that one of the most important lessons to be learned at college is how to economize time.

## *DEATH'S EMINENT VICTIMS.*

In the late Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage, France has lost a great patriot, civilization an energetic apostle, and the Roman Catholic church an illustrious prince.

When he took possession of the diocese of Algiers, few and poor were the churches in the cities; there were none in the country. A few missionaries, daunted neither by the Moors' cruelty nor by the burning sands, attended to the spiritual wants of the European Catholics scattered from the Mediterranean Sea to the Sahara. The natives had not yet had their eyes opened to the light of faith.

Soon, France, from north to south and from east to west, heard the eloquent voice of Mgr. Lavigerie. The names of patriotism and religion wrought miracles. The rich opened their treasures, others gave up the joys and hopes of their homes. Who will count the young many men; who will tell the names of the many heroic virgins who bid a last farewell to their native land? Famine and the horrors of the pest could sweep over the *Mitidja;* the *Pères Blancs* would send the dying to heaven; the *Sœurs Blanches* would nurse the sick, and the *Maison Carrée* adopt the orphans.

Missionaries and nuns, under the guidance of the great African apostle, plunge into the unknown plains of the Soudan; the natives become worshippers of the cross and learn how to die rather than renounce their new faith; many, in fact, like the martyrs of old, conquered by their death their obscure but not less ferocious heroes.

In these dark and remote regions, in spite of the decrees of the powerless legislation of the civilized world, the slave trade is carried on on a large scale. The energetic successor of St. Augustine is equal to the occasion; a new knighthood is founded; soldiers of the cross, protectors of the weak; in the name of God and civilization, the African crusaders drive

out the despicable merchants of human flesh.

After a long life of increasing labors and wonderful success, Cardinal Lavigerie had not as yet accomplished his greatest deed.

Twenty years had passed since the fall of Napoleon III. and the proclamation of the Republic in France. Twenty years, during which the young Louis Napoleon is killed by a Zulu, Henry V. dies in exile, and the Catholics, divided into headless parties, most imprudently fight against the established form of government. Always on the right line of progress, in a speech and on an occasion long to be remembered, Cardinal Lavigerie publicly proclaimed his sincere adherence to the Republic and urged all French Catholics to do likewise. His example has been followed, and let us hope the day is near at hand when the Catholics of France, recognizing the Republican form of government, will unite their divided forces and bring back to their fair land her noble title of *fille ainee* of the church.

That will be a glorious day for the great apostle and patriot, Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage.

***

Liberatore is no more. An humble and pious religious, he has been, in the hands of the Almighty, an effectual instrument for the restoration of St. Thomas Aquinas' philosophy in the Catholic schools. He was one of the founders, and has always been one of the monthly contributors of the well known *Civiltà Cattolica*. His numerous writings deserve the careful attention of economists and philosophers.

## "*OUR SCHOOL BOYS.*"

So many subjects of public importance has the Montreal *True Witness* dealt with during the last few months, and so ardently has it labored to reform our Catholic schools, that we were not surprised when in a late edition we read an editoral entitled, "Our School Boys," which, by the way, might have been more properly named, "Reminiscences of Our College Days." But, however the article may be named, the intention of the writer evidently is to strike a blow at injudicious corporal punishment—a very laudable intention indeed. But we are surprised at the means which the *Witness* proposes for remedying the evil. It appears not to have gone to the root of the difficulty, but to have contented itself with giving a picture of the old schoolmaster, with all his sins,—if in him sins they may be called. But we should not deal too severely with the old schoolmaster; he did what he could, and punished as it was the custom to punish in his day. He is dead now. Let him rest in peace. To conjure up his ghost as a witness cannot aid us in our case, for no teacher worthy of the name would now attempt to adopt his tactics in school-government. With regard to the college days of the *Witness* man, we have not the least doubt that he was subjected to all the indignities and abuses of which he so bitterly complains; we are perfectly satisfied that his head was used for a tack-hammer, &c.; for we also—and perhaps we are younger than he—have seen in our large public schools of Ontario, boys subjected to punishments scarcely less humiliating than those of which he writes. But any one who should *argue* against these punishments now-a-days in this province would be told that he was putting up the straw man in order to get a slap at him, or that he was calling *fire* where there was none. However, we may take it for granted that these punishments are still in vogue in some parts of this fair Dominion, otherwise, there would be no necessity for the *Witness* to argue against

them. But, granting that they are still practised, and that the *Witness* wishes to remove them, has it taken the proper method of doing so? Has it gone to the root of the evil? We think not. In the first place, it deals particularly with the evil as existing in colleges and graded schools, and, as will be seen from the remedy suggested, it is applicable only to these larger institutions. And here we are surprised to find that no remedy is proposed to counteract the same evil in the smaller schools, where it is far more frequently found than in the larger institutions. But passing over this, and considering only colleges and graded schools, we are still more surprised at the means it proposes for removing the evil from these institutions, namely, to re-establish the old office of "whipping master." Does not the *Witness* man know that by advocating such a method of punishment, he is taking a step backward? Does he not know that such an office is not even thought worthy of mention in any of the great American works on education? If he does not know these things, his knowledge of educational matters must be very limited indeed. And if this be so, he should not commit himself, by treating subjects which he does not understand. At least he should hesitate before offering such an antiquated, long-forgotten method of administering punishment, lest he draw on himself the derision of all practical teachers. In fact, it does not require a practical teacher to see that punishments should be administered by the one against whom the offence is committed, provided always, of course, that this one have the right to punish. Now, although there may be no law which gives the teacher the right to inflict corporal punishment, yet custom makes it law, for it follows from the very nature of his position as teacher that he must maintain authority, and must, therefore, have the means at his disposal of maintaining this authority. No court has ever denied the teacher this right. Experience proves that he should have it, and, if the *Witness* man had any experience in practical teaching he would know that one of the best ways of lessening a teacher's influence over his class is to take away his right of inflicting punishment; and he would also know that if a teacher have to send a boy out of his class to be punished, that teacher will never obtain complete control over his class. If the *Witness* can point out one school, conducted according to modern methods, in which this system is adopted, we are willing to admit that our experience with boys has served us to no purpose, and that we are absolutely ignorant of child-nature. True, the plan may be serviceable to the unskilful teacher; it may be a boon to the weakling who is utterly incapable of administering an effective punishment; but for the weakling we have no room in the teaching profession. And here we see where the *Witness* has failed to go to the root of the difficulty. The mistake is not in granting to the teacher the right to punish, for, as we have said, this right grows out of the very nature of his profession. But the mistake is in admitting that those teachers who punish injudiciously have the right to occupy positions in the schools. It is these so-called teachers whom the *Witness* should have attacked. The very remedy which he suggests shows that he considers them unfit to govern themselves, and therefore unfit to govern orhers. Why, therefore, does he not attack the teachers themselves, for abusing their right, instead of attacking the right itself? We think if the *Witness* will look into the case more thoroughly, it will find that it is the abuse and not the use of corporal punishment by the teacher, against which it should make its crusade. Let it be remembered that it is only bunglers, and not teachers, who resort to corporal punish-

ment on every occasion. The good teacher scarcely ever uses it, and the ideal teacher, never. Therefore, against bunglers let it be spoken, but take not away from the good teacher the right to use corporal punishment, as a last resource, not even to give this right to a more competent person, for, it is impossible for the latter to understand thoroughly the nature of the offence, and consequently equally impossible for him to inflict an adequate punishment. "Grant the right, but avoid the use" should be our motto with regard to corporal punishment Let the *Witness* commence a crusade against the right of bunglers to teach, and not against the right of teachers to punish, and it will have our most earnest support in its crusade.

## *THE STUDY OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

History is undoubtedly one of the grandest of sciences, and, perhaps, the most potent of all in promoting man's intellectual development. For history, if it catches up and reflects the spirit of great ages, noted men and important events, is a philosophical treatise intelligible to all, and pregnant with useful information for all. A history of this kind sets before our delighted view the momentous events of the mighty past; bids us hold sweet converse with a Plato or an Aristotle, and leads us far beyond the limited confines of the present.

The Canadians, more than any other people, should make a special study of our own history, for by deeply reflecting upon the events of the past we shall be the better enabled to guide our fair young Dominion through the troubles that now threaten her with destruction. For, though every true Canadian must regret it, the fact nevertheless remains, that our country is almost torn asunder by religious fanaticism and racial bigotry. In Canada we have those who call themselves English, French, Scotch or Irish, as the case may be. They celebrate their own national feasts with all possible zeal; yet, they never dream of calling themselves Canadians; they look with cold indifference upon our strictly Canadian festivals. The natural result is, that instead of a thoroughly Canadian sentiment being fostered, a narrow provincial hatred is engendered. Ontario is up in arms against Quebec; Quebec in turn regards Ontario as her foe.

The old saying holds him to be the strongest man who fully acknowledges his faults and takes the proper means of correcting them. No Canadian will deny that there exists in our midst a great evil —the demon of discord. Admitting, then, that there is a weak spot in our armor, we must, as rational beings, strengthen it; knowing what our disease is, we must use the proper remedies. Instead of discord we must have unity; instead of religious fanaticism we must have religious toleration; instead of provincial hatred we must have a common cause to unite us. But how is this much-desired result to be accomplished? We maintain that one of the most powerful means of attaining this end is the study of our history, thereby becoming thoroughly imbued with the noble sentiments of the "Fathers of Confederation." These liberal-minded men met the same difficulties as we; they were born with the same racial prejudices as we, but they rose above them; they relinquished them for the common welfare of their country. They knew that each party had to make concessions in order to ensure the prosperity of both.

This train of thought leads us to the query: are our educational institutions performing their duty in this respect? As a graduate of our public schools, as a graduate of our collegiate institute, we can

make but one reply—they are not. The public school teachers entirely neglect the study of Canadian history. The high school teacher considers his time too precious to waste any of it in teaching his pupils the history of their own country. An instructor will frequently deliver a learned discourse upon English, French or German history. He will paint the glories of Nineveh and Babylon in glowing colors; Canada and the Canadians are beneath his notice. The result is that our high school graduates can enumerate every important event in English history, from the "Invasion by the Romans" to the introduction of Gladstone's Home Rule bill; he has an almost perfect knowledge of the great statesmen of England; but of the events in Canadian history, of Canadian statesmen he is ignorant, The ordinary college graduate can enter with zest into a lengthy discussion upon the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;" he can explain to a nicety the causes that enervated the Grecian character, but the deep blush of conscious ignorance mantles his brow when any event in Canadian history is being discussed. The consequence is that our college graduates are on terms of the most intimate acquaintance with the great men of ancient times, they know not those of to-day; they live in the past not in the present; they are learned men, therefore not practical. We know that some of our colleges are not to be included in this category; we are aware that a few, a very few of them, take a correct view of history; we are aware that these make us familiar with the great geniuses of the mighty past, that our intellects may not be dwarfed and stunted, but broadened and extended, that we may draw from our reflections upon the past the knowledge that will enable us to study our own history intelligently. An intelligent study of our own history will indicate to us the best means of avoiding the ills that now beset us. Experience is said to be the best teacher. The lack of experience can be best supplied by the study of our own history.

The common schools, therefore, must teach our youth the facts of Canadian history, the high schools must prepare them for entrance into the more extensive field of education, the university, where they will be taught the philosophy of our history. When our educational institutions do this, then, and then only can we hope to see the chivalrous scion of sunny France, the sturdy descendant of England, the "gude bairn" of Auld Scotia, and the impulsive generous-hearted descendant of the Emerald Isle agree to drop their petty prejudices and unite in forming a great Canadian nation that will exert a mighty influence upon the destinies of mankind.

## *PROFESSOR FROUDE OF OXFORD.*

The succession of Mr. James Anthony Froude to the chair of modern history in the University of Oxford rings in another of the changes that time has worked in the great centre of intellectual activity. Mr. Froude connects, in himself, a past Oxford with the Oxford of the present. As he remarked recently in his inaugural address, "he came back, but not to the Oxford of his undergraduate days." These, indeed, were times of great mental animation, when Newman was a shining light and when Keble and Pusey, and others of the wisest and best, were anxiously searching for the course to which duty pointed. Newman, alone, did not tire of the struggle, however; he alone carried on the conflict with principles until doubt disappeared, but, unfortunately for Oxford, the clear light of day did not fall upon him whilst he was

one of hers, and the great change that was effected in him was not more than momentarily felt in the University. Froude gave himself but little trouble in the solution of the intricate problems which the religious upheavals of the time threw in the path of the seeker after truth. Even then he seems to have had the very faith that is in him at present. In his address, already mentioned, he makes light of the philosophy of history by saying that "theories shift from generation to generation, and one ceased to believe in any one of them." As for himself, in teaching history, his highest object, it appears, will be the one that animated Carlyle, when he said that "the history of mankind is the history of its great men; to find out these; clean the dirt from them, and place them upon their proper pedestal." We are none too sanguine about the thoroughness with which Mr. Froude will acquit himself of his self-appointed task. In the case of Oxford alone, he has a vast field for the exercise of what energy he still possesses, but we rather fancy that his aim will be to draw tighter still the curtain that hides from view that brilliant past when Oxford was not only a famed seat of learning for England, but the centre of thought and energy for the whole of Europe. These were the days when *Aemula Parisiensis* was Oxford's watchword, not in the thousands that were accustomed to flock to her standard, but in the purity of doctrine, the solidity of labor, and in the generally high standard of excellence which so long characterised the Paris university. Behind that curtain, also, Mr. Froude will see that galaxy of brilliant intellects from Duns Scotus to Roger Bacon, and that long list of titled teachers, masters in all of the arts, at whose feet the pupils of every land sought abiding truth and wisdom. It will, furthermore, be within the mission of Oxford's new professor of history to point out that the very time in which she burst forth into such extraordinary richness—the richest of all her days—was also the time when the two mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis acquired a dominant influence in the university; the time when the public examinations for degrees were held alternately in the houses of these two orders. *Dominus Maminatio mea* is Oxford's motto, and the best that we can hope from her new professor, or ask of him, is to honor it and follow its teaching.

## *BOOKS AND MAGAIZNES.*

HARRY DEE OR MAKING IT OUT. *By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York.* An excellent schoolboy's story, we said, as soon as we heard of "Harry Dee," for surely the unqualified praise that fell to the lot of "Tom Playfair" and "Percy Wynn," a year ago, is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of subsequent stories by the gifted Father Finn. When it reached us we read it through with interest, from cover to cover, and found it all that we expected. "Harry Dee" tells his own story, and there is not an incident in it that might not present itself in the life of any of our schoolboys, not all of them, however, nor yet half of of them, would acquit themselves with anything like the credit which "Harry Dee" has won. Our boys are not to be blamed for this, they do better, as a rule, than their ideals, but these being devoid of almost all that goes to make an ideal, the result cannot but be unsatisfactory. That no one is more thoroughly convinced of this than Father Finn himself is settled when we hear one of "Harry Dee's" companions speak as follows: "What we want just now is a good Catholic magazine for boys and girls. Instead of having Catholic writers growl at the books boys read, we must get them to write something that they will read instead. American boys don t care for translated French stories and I don't blame them. They want stories about themselves, and that's why they go to Oliver Optic and Harry Castlemon. Instead of running these writers down,

our writers ought to go to work and give us the American Catholic boy; he is the best boy in the world. One good Catholic story will do more than a dozen volumes of snarling against books that boys ought not to read." Catholic boys *are* the best boys in the world, and it is the *best* Catholic boys that we must emulate. This is the mine that Father Finn has so successfully opened up; it should be as vast as that of Oliver Optic or Baynes Reid. A series co-extensive with either of the last mentioned, and of a kind with "Tom Playfair" or "Harry Dee," would infuse a new and a nobler spirit into our boys, for no boy can read either the one or the other without being sensibly improved.

*Conferences sur la question ouvrière, par le R. P. Gohiet, O. M. I., Th. et Ph. D.—Leclerc et Roy, Québec.* Many have been, in all parts of the Catholic world, the comments published on the Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., regarding the condition of laborers. We are proud to announce to our readers that the first extensive treatise in Canada, on this subject is due to the gifted pen of one of the professors of our University. In a series of six lectures, delivered in Saint Sauveur's Church, Quebec, the Rev. Father Gohiet has covered all the ground of the momentous problem of Capital and Labor, and treated of it in all its philosophical bearing. True it is that, owing to the religious character of his *conferences*, he could not view the subject in its purely economic and financial bearing, and that, eminently practical men may regret. But his object was to explain the principles of justice and charity on which the solution of this question rests and to render clear to all the teachings of the Pope; and in this, we must say, he has succeeded, not beyond our hope, for we knew what might be expected from him, but fully and completely. His logic is unassailable, his erudition vast and sure and his style natural and elegant. Several Bishops have already approved the work in the most flattering terms and the press has been lavish in its praises. We sincerely hope that this first well-deserved success will encourage our young and hard-working Doctor to enrich our Canadian literature with other works of an equal or still greater value.

*Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals, by Ths. Davidson.* Seldom has the reviewer more enjoyed the reading of a technical study than while perusing this work. An admirable order pervades the whole, and to each school, a place in keeping with its importance on the question at issue, is steadfastly granted, and the language, though strictly scientific and concise, lacks neither elegance nor elevation. After having delineated the character and ideal of Greek education, and rapidly stated what its branches, conditions and subjects were, the author initiates the reader to the minutest details of education as carried on in the different States of Greece and as advocated by their most celebrated rulers and philosophers, from the time of Homer to the Alexandrian Schools. Space does not permit us to quote any page of this valuable work; but it is our sincere conviction that every teacher of Greek literature and philosophy would read it with profit and delight. Many a thought of Plato, Aristotle, and others, is as practical to-day as two thousand years ago, and it is more useful than ever, owing to the modern tendency to push young men to a practical and consequently, one-sided education, to remind teachers of this principle of Lucian: "Above all and by every means we provide that our citizens shall have good souls and strong bodies."

*Current History.*—This is a quarterly published in Detroit, Mich., but by no means should it be confined to its native land, for it is full of instructive reading matter concerning every country in the world—large and small, civilized and uncivilized, all get a mention somewhere in its many pages. If you are interested in the general topics of the day, you may read in the first ten pages, devoted to international affairs, all about the Behring Sea dispute, the Silver Conference, the political relations of the Vatican, the Uganda trouble, &c, Under the heading, "Affairs in Europe." no question of importance on that continent is left untouched. Justice is done to Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain and Italy, while socialism, strikes, cholera, &c., come in for more than a passing notice. With regard to socialism, *Current History* gives

us a sign of the storm that is brewing, when it says: "A few years ago, with the exception of Germany, no European country felt called upon to give any great attention to the development of an organization and the spread of ideas which had not yet sensibly affected either the prospects or the policy of its Government. Now, however, * * * * * the policies of Cabinets are modified, consciously or unconsciously, in deference to those radical ideas whose extreme advocates have adopted as their symbol the red flag." Naturally, less space is devoted to Asia and Africa than to the other continents; still, it contains all that a well informed man should know about these countries. The thirty-five pages which are devoted to the two Americas are replete with useful information on every country from Bolivia to Newfoundland. *Current History* may be read with profit by all classes, but busy men and students who have time to read only a few magazines should make it a special point to have it on their list.

*The Catholic Family Annual, New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.* One of the most complete publications of its kind that has come under our notice this year is the 25th number of the *Catholic Family Annual*. To say that its general make-up is all that could be desired is unnecessary, for the Catholic Publication Society does nothing by halves. As to the contents, there is not a single article that may not be read with profit and interest by all, from the simple laborer to the theologian. Among the writers who cotribute are Brother Azarias, well known in American literary circles; Rev. John Talbot Smith, who says something before unsaid about Cardinal Manning and Bishop Wadhams; Wm. J. Onahan, identified with everything Catholic and American, who gives a short essay on the "Columbian Year;" Francis T. Turey, who writes an account of a missionary tour in Michigan, and also of the beginning of the Trappist Colony in Nova Scotia. Besides these, that well known scholar, Dr. Brown, who has done so much to give a higher tone to Catholic literature in the States, contributes something interesting on Rev. Father Preston. Wm. Seton has an essay on the first French consul in New York after the revolution, and makes his subject more interesting than might be expected from the title. The story of the "Maid of Orleans" has never been anywhere put in better shape than by Dr. Madden in this annual. John Gilmary Shea is made the subject of prose and verse at the hands of Richard Clark and Maurice Francis Egan, while justice is done to that ideal Catholic layman, Daniel Dougherty, by Chas. Gillespie. Even putting aside this vast amount of reading matter. The *Annual* is most valuable as a book of reference.

## *NOTES AND COMMENTS.*

The sessional examinations in the university, collegiate and commercial courses will begin on December 19th. Vacation commences on December 23rd and lasts until January 7th. It is earnestly desired that all should return at the appointed time; that is, all those who intend to work. Those who have not this intention should save time and money by taking an extended vacation.

The *Catholic Record*, commenting on Archbishop Cleary's proposal to found a Catholic college at Kingston, remarks that Catholics are unfairly dealt with in regard to Catholic high schools, since the Ontario government provides for no financial aid for such institutions. And, no doubt, this is true; but, before throwing the whole blame on the government, let us first found a good Catholic high school, and, having equipped it with regularly qualified teachers and all other requisites, it seems to us that the chances of obtaining the government grant may be very good. Many other rights whose concession at one time seemed far less probable have been recognized in the past.

If any of our students would learn of Mexico and its people, and would, at the same time, read a first-class novel written in elegant English and abounding in descriptive passages whose beauty is seldom surpassed, they should read "The Land of the Sun," written by Christian Reid, and now being published in the *Catholic World*.

Rev. Father Whelan's paper on "Cardinal Manning and Civil Allegiance," read at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, held in the University hall on December 6th, was one of the clearest expositions of the rights of Church and state that we have ever heard. Father Whelan has he knack of knowing how to say what he wishes to say. Dr. Campbell, we understand, puts forth no argument in defence. He has not even the "staying powers" of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, who, "though vanquished, could argue still." We hope to see Father Whelan's paper in print at an early date.

After monster meeting in Sohmer park: "Is it you, Miss Canada? Good morning; come in."—*Chicago Tribune.* "But it was not Miss Canada knocking. It was only the manager of a ten cent concert-garden drumming for dollars"—*Montreal Gazette.*

At a meeting of the general council of the catholic Summer school, held in New York November 19th, it was decided that the winter course of study should begin in January, 1893.

The Kaw Faculty of the University has the honor of having two of its members prominently connected with the Dominion government. Sir John Thompson, premier, is dean of the faculty, while Mr. J. J. Curran, solicitor general, is also a member of the faculty. Mr. Curran graduated in the arts course here in '59.

F. M. Edselas, writing on education in one of the American magazines, incidentally remarks concerning the great curse of intemperance, that if public opinion, the mighty wedge, the irresistible torrent, be educated in the right direction, the evil of intemperance will be found no more in our midst. We believe this is the only remedy. Let it be instilled into the minds of our school boys that temperance is the mark of a gentleman and a Christian, and that intemperance is but a relic of barbarism found only in the weak-minded and ill-bred. Let this be done incidentally by the teacher, who gives good example by practising what he preaches, and in after years he will be surprised at the result of his own work.

## *PHOTOGRAPHS.*

The excellent portrait of Sir John Thompson, which appears in this number of the OWL, is from a photo of the premier by that accomplished artist, Mr. S. J. Jarvis, of Sparks Street. We regret that a fine, large-sized photo of Sir John, which Mr. Jarvis finished specially for the OWL, did not arrive in time to be made use of; it will, however, make a prized addition to the excellent collection of photographs which adorn the walls of the Reading Room. Mr. Jarvis has always been generous in presenting class-groups and other photographs; we take this occasion of tendering him our thanks for his many acts of kindness.

## *ROMAN NEWS.*

The calendar of the Gregorian University, which the European mail brings us every year about this season, always chronicles great success obtained by the O. M. I. Scholastics in that famous institution. The calendar for 91-92, which has just reached us, shows that the young Oblates have done better than ever before. Out of sixty-one medals offered in competition to the eight hundred and fifty students who attend the lectures on philosophy, theology and law, the Oblate Scholasticate counting thirty-three students gained twenty-one medals; the college next in merit gained nine medals. The Oblate students won all the honors in philosophy and higher mathematics, and ranked high in dogmatic and moral theology, in Holy Scripture and ancient archæology; none of them followed the course of law. Rev. A. Poggiale, O.M.I., received the degree of D.D.; five other Scholastics that of D.L.; four, among them Rev. W. Patton, who was at one time a student in the Scholasticate attached to the University of Ottawa, had conferred upon them the title of Ph. D.; four others, that of Ph. L., and four that of Ph. B.

## *EXCHANGES.*

"Will the Universal Prevalence of Socialism Advance the Interests of Hu-

manity?" is the heading of an article in the *College Echo*. The subject is somewhat hackneyed, however, the writer presents it under a form quite acceptable. He concludes thus: "Hence we must conclude its (Socialism's) efforts for humanity are futile. The world is vastly better off to-day than it was a thousand years ago. Whatever has been accomplished has been the result of frank unselfishness and true religion on the part of individuals, and whatever is accomplished in the future must be in the same line."

The *Haverfordian* has dispensed with its exchange department, having introduced instead a department entitled "Hall and Campus." It cannot be said that the change is for the better. The "Hall and Campus" column in the issue before as may be very interesting to its editor, but it has no well founded claim to any one else's attention.

Under the heading "Literary" in the *Albert College Times* appears a peculiar conglomeration of stray thoughts expressed in a simple natural style. For the benefit of those of our readers who are just forming their style we cull the foliowing: "Well, we have come back to Albert College, some of us at least, who were here last year, and although we were all quite anxious for home and a rest after our examinations, we are equally glad to get back to our work again. It is in one sense much pleasanter to be "coming back" than to come as a perfect stranger, yet in the latter position there is something novel and interesting in watching the strange faces, and to people who are fond of change, experiences of almost any description are interesting. We also find that experience is one of our best teachers, and this is one of the advantages of college life,—coming in contact with so many different characters strengthens our own."

In the *Oberlin Review* appears President Ballantine's address to the students of Oberlin College. The president therein gives his students much sound advice as to how they are to conduct themselves while at college. In his address he declares that he objects to secret fraternities, because they are irresponsible, clannish and selfish, because they shield bad men and neglect good ones, because they kill literary societies, because they enter into the faculty and alumni and make discord."

The editors of the *College Rambler* seem to think it a duty to be true to the very letter to the name of their journal. Verily they do ramble in some of their productions. In an article on William II, Emperor of Germany, we read: "As the Jesuits used to hold to the doctrine of supreme infallibility for the purpose of influencing the Pope for themselves, so Bismark steadily held to the idea of reposing supreme power in the hands of the German Emperor, in order that he himself might exercise authority through him." The Jesuits do not enter into the question the writer is discussing at all. Why does he thus attack them? Why does he make such assertions without adducing one word in proof of what he says. Perhaps, in the locality whence the *Rambler* hails it is assumed as a fact, that the Jesuits are dark intriguers, but remember brother writer the institution, the city, the state in which you live form but a very small part of this great world. In the *Rambler* also appears a prize oration on "The English Bible: Its Study as Classic in College." The orator thus expresses himself: "Its (the Bible's) teachings of religious liberty, finding expression in the Reformation in Germany and in the Puritan revolution in England created a new world; a purer civilization; a more exalted manhood." We venture to say the orator was too young to make such a bold assertion. On what does he base his assertion? Does he pretend to know thoroughly the state of the world previous to the Reformation? Such a knowledge would require years of painstaking research. For argument sake, suppose civilization was purer subsequent to the Reformation than it had previously been would the orator be justified in attributing the improvement to the revolutionary movement in religion? Such an assertion to be of any weight would necessarily require proofs. Such proofs,—supposing for the moment that they really exist—could be had only by a careful study of the Reformation in all its bearings. And this again would imply years of patient investigation. It is safe to say

that the juvenile orator never made an exhaustive study of the question at issue. In all probability he heard his father or some of his professors say that the world was regenerated by the Reformation, and he believed the assertion with that faith characteristic of the lisping child on its mother's knee. Having made the assertion he should at least have been consistent with it throughout his oration. Yet further down we read: "Moreover, a large percentage of the young men who are seeking a college education are outside of the churches and are amazingly ignorant of Biblical knowledge." We fail to see how civilization has advanced so wonderfully, if a large percentage of the leaders in modern society—for such, in fact, present students will be in the near future—make so light of the first essential of civilixation, viz., religion. The editors of the Rambler should bear in mind that rule in rhetoric, which says: "Before attempting to write on a subject study clear ideas thereon."

The *Queen's College Journal* is one of our best weeklies. It records in a neat, concise manner the doings of the institution whence it comes, and, in addition, it contains from time to time essays and lectures of real literary worth.

A new arrival on our table is the *McGill Fortnightly*. The contents of the *Fortnightly* are varied and interesting. We pleased to see the names of several of our erstwhile feilow students on McGill's best football team.

In the *Varsity* from Toronto University, we read a spicy little article entitled "How I wrote my First Great Poem.' Feeling it a duty to do our utmost to draw forth that vast store of latent poetic power, of which stray bits, *de temps en temps*, manifest themselves in our lecture halls and debating rooms, we call the following: "The first hint I got was from Aristophanes. I remembered well how the thought thrilled me to the very heart, when I first read his description of Euripides writing tragedy with his feet on the table. Here was the secret I had been looking for. Filled with this new idea, I hurried to my sanctum, and, drawing up an easy chair, sat down with my feet on the table in the full assurance that presently the divine afflatus of poetry would come. Keeping my eye, which I now felt sure was beginning to roll in fine frenzy, steadily fixed on my boot toes, I waited, hushed and breathless, as wave on wave surging through me, the wondrous emotion thrilled my soul." The *Varsity* is newsy and interesting throughout.

A new aspirant for fame in the field of college journals is the *Fortnightly Review*, from the Harbord St. Collegiate Institute of Toronto. We are favorably impressed with the general 'get up' of its first issue, and we wish its editors all success in the noble work they have so well begun.

## *SOCIETIES.*

The members of the Society of the Blessed Virgin held their annnal meeting for the election of officers, on the 5th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen: Prefect, J. A. French; 1st Assistant, J. J. Meagher; 2nd Assistant, A. Bedard; Secretary, O. W. Clark; Treasurer, J. Murphy; Sacristans, T. Fitzgerald and J. Foley; Councillors, F. Owens, L. Raymond, A. Bourke, T. Rigney.

Rev. Father McArdle has kindly consented to act as Director for the ensuing year. On the 8th inst. the formal reception of the new members took place. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided at the ceremony, and preached an able sermon on the Immaculate Conception.

Through an oversight on our part we neglected to make any mention of the Reading Room in our previous issues. This association was re-organized shortly after the return of the students. The following officers were elected:—President, J. A. French; Secretary, J. Murphy; Treasurer, J. Raymond; Librarians, E. O'Reilly and A. Bedard; Curators, A. Bourke, E. McCabe, E. Plamondon, T. Leveque.

The principal English and French newspapers, as well as the leading magazines of Canada and the United States, are now on fyle.

Much useful work has been done in our St. Thomas Academy during the past season, under the directorship of Rev. F. McArdle, Ph. D. Be it said to the credit of the members of the committee, throughout the whole term they have not allowed a single week to pass without having a thesis read and thoroughly discussed before the assembled members. Special credit is due to Mr. Cullen for the lucid manner in which he dealt with a very difficult thesis. Mr. Newman, Mr. F. McDougal and Mr. J. P. Smith proved themselves thorough masters of the respective questions allotted to them for discussion. During the next term the members of the 6th Form will be called upon to take an active part in the Society's weekly meetings.

The first meeting of the Scientific Society was held on Wednesday, Nov. 30th, and its success must have been gratifying to the well-wishers of the Society. The spacious Science Hall was crowded, and several members of the faculty were present. The séance was conducted by the Seniors, and proved most interesting and instructive to all who attended.

The first paper, an elegantly written essay on the history of Astronomy, was read by Mr. A. J. McKenna, who traced the advancement of the science from its birth to the present day. Mr. F. McDougall, by means of charts and practical experiments, explained the various systems of levers and pulleys. The clear and forcible manner in which he handled his subject proved that he had thoroughly mastered it. Mr. J. A. French, by a number of well-chosen experiments, demonstrated the various laws that govern the pressure of liquids. His lucid explanations evinced a deep study of his subject. The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a series of lime light views of astronomical phenomena, which were explained by W. E. Cavanagh. At the close of the séance, the Rector and Father Constantineau addressed a few words of encouragement to the students, and urged them to continue their good work.

The second meeting of the Scientific Society was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14th, and was conducted by the Juniors, who gave their audience a veritable scientific treat. Mr. Anthony Burke gave a clear and comprehensive explanation of the different methods of reckoning time. He was followed by Mr. Jos. McDougal, who demonstrated the laws that govern falling bodies, by means of a number of well-arranged experiments with Atwood's machine. Mr. M. Abbott, by a series of practical experiments, demonstrated the laws of floating bodies. Mr. Jas. Murphy brought the evening's entertainment to a close by the thorough and interesting explanation of a number of lime-light views, on comets and other astronomical phenomena.

The success of the Senior Debating Society for 1892-'93 is assured, if the enthusiasm so far displayed continues. The debaters themselves have prepared their subjects carefully, and moreover the attendance has been good. Last year the Society did not organize till after the Christmas holidays, but as several of the members had not an opportunity of being on a debate, it was thought better this year to begin immediately after the football season. The number of members is even larger than last year, and those from the Sixth and Seventh Forms are especially requested to attend regularly. Let the senior members file in as often as possible and assuredly the others will imitate them.

Rev. Father Murphy, O.M.I., the director, will be assisted by the following committee :—

A. Newman, '93, President; L. Kehoe, '94; C. Mea, '95; J. O'Brien, '96, Secretary.

The first debate took place on Nov. 27th, when W. Cavanagh, '93, and M. Johnson, '95, upheld that "Free-trade is preferable to Protection for the American continent," against Jas. Murphy, '94, and M. Sullivan, '95. The debaters did full justice to their subject, although the time given them for preparation was rather short. Messrs. Cullen, F. McDougall, Kane and Meagher, spoke from the audience, and adduced some interesting arguments, both for and against free-trade. The vote favored the negative by a small majority.

At the next meeting an important question was discussed: "Resolved that Voting

should be compulsory." Affirmative, Messrs. L. Kehoe,'94, and M. Griffin,'96; negative, Messrs. McKenna, '93, and J. O'Brien, '96. After an animated discussion, in which the speakers from the house again took an active part, the negative was declared successful.

The last meeting of the Debating Society for this session was held on the evening of Dec. 10th. The question at issue was: "Resolved that corporal punishment in schools should be abolished." The affirmative was ably upheld by Messrs. J. McDougal and Fallon, whilst Messrs. Newman and Walsh argued for the negative. For the second time in the history of the Society, the voting resulted in a tie, and the chairman gave the deciding vote in favour of the negative.

The five minute speeches from members in the audience is an admirable feature of the debates, and we sincerely hope that it will be no less conspicuous at meetings in the future.

The Juniors, determined not to be behind the Seniors in an early organization, have met and selected the following officers:—

Director: Rev. J. M. McRory, O.M.I.
President: J. McGarry.
Vice-President: E. McCabe.
Secretary, J Foley.

Committee: J. Kenny, T. Clancy, T. Clancy, J. O'Meara, A. McDonald.

On December 4th the subject for debate was: "Resolved, that women should be admitted to franchise." Although Messrs. M. McKenna and P. Peters nobly upheld the affirmative, the Society gave a majority of votes to R. Christopher and J. O'Meara, who fought less bravely for the negative.

The last meeting before the holidays was held on Dec. 11th. Messrs. Bolger and Fitzgerald upheld that a Republican form of Government was beneficial to France, and Messrs. Fleming and Ely sustained the contrary. Messrs. Christopher Smith, McCabe, Foley and Murray spoke from the house. The vote favored the negative. The Rev. Father Rector was present, and at the close of the debate congratulated the members on the interest displayed.

The members of the French Debating Society have also deemed it advisable to begin before the first term closed. The following are the officers:

Director: Rev. A. Antoine, O.M.I.
President: L. Raymond, '93.
Vice-President: J. Vincent, '94.
Secretary: Mr. Plamondon.
Committee: Mr. Gagnon, '95; A. Leduc, '96; J. Tassé.

No debate was held on December 4th, but in its place an interesting entertainment was given by the leading members. It consisted of speeches and recitations. A speech from the President, Mr. Raymond; a well rendered selection by J. Vincent, entitled "Vive la France." Messrs. Plamondon and Jacques gave a scene from Molién. Messrs. Choquette, Leger and Robert also contributed to the success of the evening. Debates will be held regularly in the future, and with the reverend director's well-known good judgment in selecting them, and a continuance of the interest already displayed by members, they cannot fail to be most interesting.

## *JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

With this issue another link is added to that ever lengthening chain of union which binds the present occupant of the junior editorial chair to his host of young and appreciative readers. That our association has been one of mutual benefit, is, we take the liberty of saying, a fact too overwhelmingly evident to be denied. A mere glance at the immense progress made by our young friends, during the past year, will reveal ample testimony of the truth of this assertion. Firm believers in that time-honored proverb "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" on assuming the arduous duties of this responsible position, we at once directed our attention towards the removal of certain grievances under which the junior students were alleged to be then laboring. The results of our efforts in this direction were enumerated in our holiday issue of last year, and are too well known to require repetition. Having obtained for our young friends that recognition and respect to which they were justly entitled, we then employed our energies in the development

of that literary ability which we were confident many of our young readers possessed. As to whether we were too sanguine in our expectations we feel sure that the enumeration of one or two instances will justify the holding of but one opinion on the matter. It is true that few productions from the pens of our young patrons have appeared in these columns, yet it must not be inferred that this is owing to a lack of ability in those to whom our time and talents are devoted. It can be accounted for by the fact that we considered it advisable to make our standard a rather elevated one, and we are pleased to be able to say that our young friends have displayed a great deal of energy and perseverance in their endeavors to meet its requirements. We were of opinion that the towering cliffs and limestone hillsides of Cataraqui would not fail to inspire a less poetic imagination than that of Rufus, and a glance at the voluminous productions of his prolific pen attests the fact that we were not mistaken. Our efforts in the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts have also been attended with results equally successful. We hoped that one who had spent his youthful days amid the verdant hills and pleasant valleys of New Hamsphire would have concealed within him a fountain of divine music which needed bnt the opportunity to burst forth in harmonious vibrations alike pleasing to the ear and alluring to the soul. Those melodious strains which, responsive to Claude's magic touch, flow out upon the early morning air, tell in eloquent tones that we had not hoped in vain. We might pursue this enumeration further, but we feel satisfied that what we have said is sufficient to show that our promises have been faithfully kept, and our expectations, sanguine though there were, have been fully realized.

In a few days we shall enjoy a brief respite from our labours and participate in the joy and good cheer with which this festive season is attended. The Christmas season is truly one of universal happiness, and the cloud of sorrow would indeed be dark, through which one ray of sunshine would not penetrate on 'Xmas day. To the young especially, this season is a time of joy. Too soon the sacred circle around the fireside will be forever broken, and we shall then love to recall those happy faces which were wont to gather there. But amidst all this pleasure and enjoyment we should not fail to remember that the closing of the year is another mile-stone on the journey to eternity. It marks an epoch in onr lives, which, with its opportunities, is gone forever. And as success depends in a great measure on the use we make of our opportunities it behooves us on the approach of the New Year to pause and consider in what respect we may have in the past been wanting, and, as far as lies in our power, take the steps necessary to secure success for the future.

At the approach of winter the balls and bats are relegated to a top-shelf in the store room, and the managers of the association devote their attention to those games and pastimes peculiar to the winter season. A short review of the work done by the juniors dnring the season which has just passed may be of interest to our readers. In the curriculum of College sports each season has its particular game to which a great deal of attention is given. During the autumn season the most popular of the games is football. At the beginning of the term which is just drawing to a close, the management of the Junior First Team was placed in the hands of R. Beaulien, and the record this team has made during the past three months shows clearly that the officers of the Association acted wisely in so doing. The number of games played was nine and in seven of these the Juniors were the victors. The total score made by the Juniors was 93, and by their opponents 47. The baseball team also had a very successful season. Out of 13 games 10 were won by the Juniors.

For the next few monthe Hockey will occupy to a great extent the attention of the members of the Junior Athletic Association. Immediately on the re-opening of college a commodious open air rink will be constructed and an opportunity will be aflorded those who desire to participate in this pleasant and exhilarating pastime. The management of the hockey team will be in the hands of "Beennie"

Kearns and Eddie Burns, and judging from their success in the past the coming season will be an exceptionally brilliant one. The greater part of the old team is here this year, and among the available are many who have shown their efficiency in the other branches of sport during the past season. There will be, in all, three teams organized. The first team will likely be chosen from the following players: Kearns, Burns, O'Connor, Glasmacher, Martel, Fortin, Brophy, Fahey, Copping and Baskerville.

The music classes, under the direction of Rev. Brother Georget, O. M. I., are making great progress and are largely attended. A considerable amount of hitherto latent musical talent has been brought to light since the beginning of the year.

Messrs. Hayes and Finnegan have been appointed to draft out plans for the hockey rink and are at present bnsily engaged in so doing. The rink will be 150 x 50 feet. Work will commencc, if the weather is favorable, immediately on the opening of the next term.

It will be learned with deep regret that Brunette, formerly of the class of '98, but late of '03, has severed his connection with the University. He intends, we understand, engaging in mercantile pursuits for the futnre.

Collins is determined that no future attempts in the shape of a Thanksgiving dinner will resnlt in a wild goose chase.

We are instructed to announce that Finnegan's orchestra has disbanded nntil after the holiday season. It is the intention of the manager to reorganize with an increased membership. All persons desiring a position in this musical aggregation must hand in their names before December 22nd, as only a limited number will be taken.

The hockey players are losing no time in getting into condition for the coming season. On Wednesday, December 6th, a game of shinny was played between two teams captained by D. Kearns and R. Fortin. The team captained by Kearns won by a score of nine to four.

The class in physical culture, under Professor Cowan, is still doing excellent work. Jimmy Cunningham claims to have increased his chest measure by one-eighth of an inch during the past month. The wrestling championship still belongs to Tommy Powers, bnt he is closely followed by O'Neil and the Chinaman. Phaneuf with the gloves, says he is prepared to meet all comers.

The rank in Fourth Grade for the month of October which was unavoidably omitted in our last number is as follows: (1) A. Belanger; (2) C. Brophy; (3) A. McDonald.

The following is a list of those who occupied the front rank in class for the month of November:

| | |
|---|---|
| First Grade | 1. G. McCabe.<br>2. J. Gleason.<br>3. E. Gingras. |
| Second Grade | 1. J. L'Etoile,<br>2. L. Lanthier<br>0. F. Stringer. |
| Thlrd Grade B | 1. E. Donegan.<br>2. C. Hayes.<br>3. H. Rocque. |
| Third Grade A | 1. D. Kearns.<br>2. J. Carr.<br>3. M. Murray. |
| Fourth Grade | 1. A. Belanger.<br>2. H. O'Rourke.<br>3. C. Brophy. |

## *ATHLETICS.*

The annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union was held in Toronto on Saturday, December 10th, and every club with the exception of Stratford, was represented. There were but two changes in the playing rules proposed, and both propositions were rejected. The first and most important change in the game that was suggested was the reduction of the number of players. A motion to that effect has been brought at the Union's meetings in former years, but never met with much support. It was expected,

however, that the motion would meet with less opposition this year than was previously the case; but the men of Ontario have shown themselves as loyal as ever to the "grand old game." There were but four clubs whose representatives favored the proposal of the reduction of the number of players. They were: Petrolia, whose representative made the the motion; Ottawa, whose delegate seconded it; Toronto University and Ottawa University. The opposition to the proposed change was so strong, that the mover, foreseeing the impossibility of its receiving the required two thirds vote, withdrew his motion. The second change in the "Rules of the Game" that was proposed, was a motion to the effect that a goal kicked from a free kick should count two points instead of four. This motion also was lost. These are the only changes that were proposed to the "Rules of the Game" and as both were defeated, the rules of 93 will be the same as those of '92.

A motion was carried, giving the outgoing Secretary the sum of $75.00 for his trouble in discharging the duties of his office, and a clause was inserted in the constitution, whereby an annual grant is to be made to the Secretary-Treasurer. The amount was not specified. It was also unanimously decided that the union seek incorporation. The formation of an intermediate, as well as a junior, series was agreed to and a rule passed, prohibiting from playing on an intermediate team, any player, who has played, or intends to play, on a senior team, and also, that the junior series be confined to players under nineteen years of age. This completed the business of the meeting, and the election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows:— President, J. F. Smellie, Osgoode Hall; First Vice-President, R K. Barker, Toronto University; Second Vice-President, H. R. Grant, Queen's University; Sec.-Treas., W. J. Moran, Osgoode Hall; Executive Committee—Wolf Thomas, London; F. Dumoulin, Trinity University; B. P. Dewar, Hamilton; George Clayes, Toronto University; G. A. Griffin, Ottawa University; A. B. Cunningham, Osgoode Hall; J. N. Mowat, Queen's Univrsity.

From the above it will be seen that Toronto has no office nor has it a representative on the Committee, and it will also be noticed that Osgoode holds two offices besides having a representative on the Committee. According to the Montreal *Gazette's* Toronto correspondent, this state of affairs has given rise to a feeling of discontent among the members of the Toronto Club. The Toronto Club consider that they have been unfairly dealt with. Still we think that Toronto ought to be the last to grumble. For years they could have had any honor or gift that the Union could confer, save alone the Union's cup. In the past they have often lived up to the principle "might is right;" and if they in the past, found that principle sufficiently sound to be guided by, they ought not now be the first to complain of others doing business on the same lines.

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Did it ever occur to any of the football men of Ontario who love sport for sport's sake, and who, in contemplating any proposed change, profess to lay aside all prejudices and selfish considerations, and look to the interests of the game alone, did it never occur to them, we wonder, that it would be "a wholesome thought" and a by no means unwholesome act, to occasionally change the headquarters of the Union from Toronto, to Kingston, Hamilton, Ottawa, or some of the other cities, that have contributed, in no small degree, to the fostering and advancement of Rugby football.

True, Toronto is very central place for a great many of the clubs, and Toronty city alone, furnishes four clubs. There is no other city that can back its claims with such many arguments as can Toronto. We know all all the arguments in favor of Toronto and admit them, but it must also be borne in mind that the clubs that are away from Toronto are, always somewhat, and often greatly, inconvenienced in fulfilling their engagements in the Union, the spirit of self-sacrifice thereby shown deserves some reward, or should at least, be a reminder to the clubs of Toronto that an occasional display of a similar spirit on their part, would not be considered amiss.

To have the annual meeting in some

other city and to give some club, other than a Toronto club, a majority of offices for a year, would lead people to believe that Toronto clubs had the interests of the game more at heart than their own, and would tend to remove the impression that the epithet applied by a Hamilton paper to Toronto last fall, was not an inappropriate one. It may be said that there is more lively interest taken in football in Toronto than there is in any other city. That may be, but there is certainly not much more than there is in any of the afore-mentioned cities and what little more there is, is certainly due to the fact that Toronto has been made the centre of football. The headquarters of the Union are in Toronto, the final games are all played in Toronto, and all this tends to make Toronto the hub of the wheel. Distribute the patronage somewhat, change occasionally the headquarters of the Union and it will be seen that in the cities in which the annual meetings are held, there will be a greater interest taken in the affairs of the Union and the game will become more popular. Football is so popular in Toronto to-day that the occasional removal from it of the herdquarters of the Unions would not cause a material decrease in the interest taken in the game while it would greatly quicked the interest taken in it in other cities.

To Mr. W. C. McCarthy, who was our representative on the Executive of the Union last year, the OWL extends the thanks of all our footballers. Mr. McCarthy was a painstaking representative and devoted much time to looking after our interests. Last fall, previous to our trip to Toronto, there was, as is usually the case, much negotiating with regard to officials and other arrangements Had we been obliged to do it all ourselves, it would have been a saving of money to have invested in a D. H. privilege in some telegraph company, but instead, the old captain was our plenipotentiary to the court of Toronto and well did he bear himself in the *role* of the diplomat. Pressure of business necessitates his retirement this year, but he has an able successor in him who has an able predecessor, Mr. G. A. Griffin, who, after a few years absence, resumes his seat among the football legislators of Ontario.

On December 3rd the black and white wearing champions of Canada were wined and dined in Toronto. Their successes were all recounted, and their praises were sung and spoken. And they deserved it all. To the many congratulations that were showered upon the men of Osgoode, we would add those of their predecessors in the foremost place of Canadian football. The hours stolen from Blackstone and spent on the sward, have not been wasted, and if the embryo barristers can, in after years, score on juries as they have on football opponents their future is indeed bright.

## *FLORES.*

Revd. P. J. Griffin, who at one time belonged to the class of '88, and who attended the Catholic University at Washington last year, is stationed at St. Louis Church, Webster, Mass

Mr. T. F. Black, ex-'93, is a practising physician at Providence, R. I.

Bernard Murphy, who was here in '89, has entered on the study of medicine in Philadelphia.

George Boucher, '85, is now an M. D. at Brocton, Mass.

Mr. R. W. Ivers, '91, has entered the Seminary at Baltimore, Maryland.

Maurice McKenna of last year's rhetoric class, is in the Montreal Seminary.

Dr. P. J. Gibbons is successfully engaged in his profession at Syracuse, N. Y.

A. G. Senecal, a commercial graduate, is numbered among the dentists of Plattsburg, N. Y.

W. P. Hayes, ex-'89, is meeting with success in the practice of law at Springfield, Mass.

Leon Gagnon, of last year's commercial class, has obtained a position in one of the Montreal banks.

C. F. Kennedy, '87, is an M. D. at Springfield, Mass.

A. W. Reddy has passed with success his entrance examination to the Bar, and is practising in Newburyport, Mass.

Revd. F. A. Brogan, whose famous "low tackle" is a record here, is attached to St. Vincent's Church, Boston, Mass.

## *SUBRIDENDO*

### THE WORM TURNS.

Editor—"There are not enough feet in this line, sir."

Poet—"Feet, sir! Feet! I don't sell it by the foot. It's a poem—not a cord of wood."—Life.

### THE LONGEST WORDS.

Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing, and they are orthographical monsters too. Here they are; take off your coat and engage them for a round or two.

Suticonstitutionalist.
Incomprehensibility.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Honorificibilitudinity.
Anthropophagenerian.
Disproportionableness.
Velocipedestrianistical.
Proantitionsubstationist.
Transubstantiationableness. — Ex.

### THAT HORRID CHILD.

"Good morning, my boy, is your father in his study?"

"No, sir, papa has gone to the dentist's to have mamma's teeth attended to."

"Oh, indeed!"

"But mamma is in."—Petit Parissien.

### A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

Mr. Goodman—"You should tell our doctor to call on the washerwoman's family."

Mrs. G.—"Dear me! What's the matter there?"

"Influenza, I think."

"Who told you?"

"No one, but I notice that only two of my handkerchiefs came back this week."—New York Weekly.

### DULL OF COMPREHENSION.

Customer—I want a suit of clothes.

Salesman—Well, sir, we have them.

Customer—I want boy's clothes.

Salesman—Oh, that's another story.

Customer—Don't you have them?

Salesman—Certainly; up another story. Take the elevator.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

### IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Mr. Gotham—"Did your ship break the record this time?"

Sea Captain—"No, we met with too many interruptions."

"Icebergs?"

"No, only barks and schooners and things. We lost speed every time we hit one."—New York Weekly.

### A BARON.

"And so he is a real baron? What is he baron of?" "Ideas, I think."—Yankee Blade.

### MAIL AND EXPRESS-IONS.

A letter carrier—The alphabet.
"Green goods" men—Hucksters.
"Free silver"—Church collections.
Early type-righters—Proof readers.
Cuts across lots—The Panama Canal.
Song of the farmers—"Wheat, by and bye."
Taken to task—Convicts.
Marry for money—Clergymen.
Canine poetry—Dog-gerel verse.
A free fight—The Revolutionary war.
Draw the lines—All architects.
A doubtful state—Uncertainty.
The overland route—Via balloon.
Goes through the mill—Grain.
One-sided affairs—Women's saddles.
A peer glass—My lord's monocle.
Fair to medium—Women spiritualists.
Grave yard insurance—Salvation.
An old thoroughfare—New street.
Appeals to women—The Isle of Man.
Holds its own—The scabbard.
"Extra dry"—Shipwrecked sailors.
Right before your eyes—Spectacles.
Shouldered by the women—Suspenders.
Must be kept under foot—Horseshoes.
Work on "shares"—Brokers.
Gets the cut direct—Watermelon.
Does eye service only—The optician.

### A FINISHING TOUCH.

Wife—John, dear, I have spent the whole day in re-arranging the papers in your desk. Is there anything more you would like to have done to it?

Husband—Yes. I wish you would throw it out of the window.—Brooklyn Life.

"Is my son thorough in his school work, Mr. Pedagog?" asked Bosbywell. "Yes, he is," said the teacher. "He shows a tendency to go to the bottom of everything. I think he will be at the foot of his class in a few days."—Harper's Bazar.

It is a curious fact that dull weather is generally wet, and dull lectures are generally dry.—Varsity.

## *ULULATUS.*

"The spirit of strife is rife among us."

What time does your train leave?

They were talking of hockey, and one of the crowd remarked that he had a "puck" up in the study-hall. "Then," said Jimmy, "why did you not lend it to me this morning, when I asked you for something to read?" Of course, they had a big laugh on him, but he did not get *rile*- over it.

The following notice was lately handed to us for publication: "Whereas the last snow prevents us from using the hand-ball alley any more this term, we are now willing to allow any of the other boys who may wish to do so, to play thereon. We cannot furnish hand-balls, however, and we shall require them again next spring. Yours condescendingly, The P——s Bros."

### A DAY-MARE IN CLASS.

Reflection o'er me had her mantle flung,
The printed text could claim no thought from me,
Suspended by my will I dangling hung
In that obscure abyss, philosophy,
About the chasms walls I blindly groped
To find some precious gem,—in vain, I hoped,
The walls seemed nothing but a thirsty clay,
Which, when I touched, would crumbling fall
away.
While thus I perseveringly toiled on,
My sole support gave way, and I was gone,
The book before me swelled to awful size,
Then suddenly it vanished from my eyes.

Methought a form of majesty and might
Loomed up in mystic way before my sight,
Like to some monstrous Ethiop appeared,
And with his blood shot eyes at me he leered.
Set in a countenance so ghastly grim
Were those wild eyes, I could not look at him.
But as I dropped my gaze, in thund'rous tones,
Which caused a very quaking of my bones,
He bade me rise and follow him away,
Where'er he wished to lead, without delay.
Marked I, with awful trembling and with dread,
Two horns projecting from his massive head;
Clawed were his hands and cloven were his feet
Forked was the tail suspended from his seat,
And as he spoke to me those words so dire,
Forth shot his breath in tongues of blasting fire.
Sickening sulph'rous fumes then filled the air,
And brimstone pattered round me ev'rywhere.
From all these facts immediately I gleaned,
My visitor was the Incarnate Fiend.
To move a step too much o'ercome by fright
Of that grim hideous spectre of the night,
Shivering, I shrank before the stare
Of those red eyes, lit up with hellish glare,
"Come!" roared the fiend, "nor tarry longer
here!
Let not thy heart be overcome by fear;
Only a warning would I give to thee:
Rise from thy seat at once and follow me!"
Faster than light'ning darting through the sky,
Fled we along, that spectre grim and I.
On, on, through space interminable, on,
We sped, nor spoke my guide a word, not *one!*
My ears refused to hear, my eyes to see!
Where could this spirit dark be leading me?
Suddenly we stopped, my eyes and ears
Were opened to make true my direst fears.—
Below me mighty flames leaped toward the skies
Whereon we stood, dazzling my frightened eyes.
From the unfathomable depths below,
Borne on the leaping flames, rose cries of woe!
Cries that would rend the stoutest heart in twain
Cries that I hope I ne'er may hear again!
No doubt was in my mind that this was hell
And this the devil too, I knew full well,—
For so had they been pictured in my youth,
By those whose tongues knew nothing but the
truth.
And as I gazed in wonderment and awe,
Grasped he my shoulder with his fearful claw,
And held me dangling o'er that awful maw!
But as he spoke, imagine my surprise,
Instead of fire appeared before my eyes,
One word extending to the farthest sky,
A word not new to me, "Philosophy."
Again, in place of fire far down below
"Mundus existit non a seipso."

'Twas real—a well-known hand my shoulder
pressed,
A well-known voice to me these words addressed,
"Wake up,—you're called,—he left off at note
three."
I saw the open page in front of me,
And there the words I'd seen in depths below,
"Mundus existit non a seipso."

It dawned upon me as these words I scanned,
And felt the impress of that friendly hand,
That I had been asleep, and while I slept,
Into my dreams had all these horrors crept.

A common tippler peopled all the air
With snakes and slimy reptiles everywhere,
A most distasteful hideous company;
Then hiccoughed forth this wise soliloquy.
"When such a sight presents itself to me,
What must a poet's hallucinations be!"

Teacher of Mathematics—Can you increase your quantity any?

Student—Yes, sir!

Teacher—Well; how?

Student—By getting away with this II (Pie.)

The regular holiday promenades were well patronized during the last few months, each participator therein appearing promptly, accompanied by his walking-stick. Now that these have ceased for the time being, the boys have formed a cadet corps and *kane* drills are all the *go*. Success to your efforts!

Some of our prominent day-scholars have suggested the removal of the college clock from the top of the stair-case, as in that position it has a tendency to run down, thus accounting for their never being on time.

"This is rather a hard sit I enjoy at present," as the tramp remarked when he slipped on the icy pavement.

Tennyson had better confine himself to his profession, as he is a failure with the gloves, especially when he encountered that colored chap.

No wonder! John would break the ice, when he weighs nearly 200 lbs.

"*Ladies* and gentlemen!" began the student lecturer in a late meeting of the Astronomical Society. The applause he here received was something "*munsto*-ous." "That the earth is round may be proven in many ways. A young American, Nelly Bly by name, has circumnavigated it; so also did *another gentleman*——"; but here the audience could control itself no longer, and roar upon roar of laughter greeted the bewildered student, so that he could hardly proceed. At length, however, he succeeded in again arresting their attention and kept it without interruption until the end.

Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.—CONFUCIUS.