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POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ITS MISSION.



OF all the sciences that are contained in the curricula of our universities, perhaps there is not one which is more frequently talked about and whose principles are more frequently appealed to than that of political economy. And as a paradoxical consequence, perhaps there is no science so imperfectly understood in this age of popular instruction. When we attempt to enquire into the causes of this singular fact, we are somewhat surprised to find so few practical explanations of the widespread misconception concerning the object and scope of political economy. It is still more astonishing when we remember that political economy after all, must be appealed to in all discussions upon political, financial or social questions. The explanation is offered by those who pretend to despise the science that the divergence of opinions as to its object, is due to the fact, that the public have never become familiarized with the study, that its principles have never been clearly defined. This explanation is a fallacy, a mere subterfuge, and vanishes immediately when honest investigation is brought to bear upon the real facts of the case. It must be admitted that a full exposition of the subject was never attempted before 1775. In that year Adam Smith, a Scotchman, gave to the world his famous work "An Inquiry into

the nature and causes of the Wealth of Nations." However, from this it does not logically follow, that before his time the science was altogether unknown and uncultivated. In fact, we have evident proofs to the contrary. For social wealth has been written about as far back as Aristotle, hints pertaining to which, are found in the first three of his eight books on politics.

But the reason why no works on this science have been handed down from antiquity is quite obvious, when we learn that the philosophers of those days considered political economy to be only a branch of the science of statesmanship, as did the school headed by Quesnay, called the Physiocrats. They investigated and developed one point only, such as commerce or money, and thus when political economy made its appearance upon our modern curricula, the idea became prevalent that it was an entirely new science, while in fact it has existed for centuries, if not in form, at least in substance.

The mission of political economy is indeed a singular one, in as much, as instead of conciliating those who might oppose its progress, it rather tends to create prejudices. When people first realize that its object is the acquirement of wealth, they very often grasp at the conclusion, that an economist is one who wishes to enrich the few at the expense of the many. Henry Fawcett of Cambridge

University; in his work on political economy writes thus concerning the origin of these prejudices. "Hardhearted and selfish, are the stereotyped epithets applied to this science. Ill-defined antipathy is sure not to rest long suspended upon a mere abstract idea; it seeks some concrete object, and therefore the epithets, applied to the science are speedily transferred to those who study it, and a political economist exists vaguely in the haze of popular ignorance, as a hardhearted selfish being, who wishes to see every one rich, but has no sympathy with those higher qualities which ennoble the character of men." The injustice of these ignorant prejudices becomes manifest to every reasonable person, when we conscientiously examine the true object and scope of this science. For we then discover that the political economist may be the most useful of philanthropists, in as much as he seeks, and acquires that information which will enable him to improve the moral and physical conditions of all classes of humanity. Far from being desirous of enriching the few at the expense of the lower classes, which after all constitute the great portion of the human race, the true economist should seek to increase the material advantages of the poor, and by so doing heighten their intellectual status, which has deteriorated through lack of cultivation. Viewing the mission of the political economist in this light, which is the only true one, the economist should be looked upon, not as an egotist, but rather as a zealous benefactor, deserving of our esteem and gratitude.

Liberator, that beacon light in the arena of philosophic learning, defines political economy as "the science of public wealth with regard to its rightful ordering as a means of common well-being." "Let it not be interpreted to mean that a nation has no other mission to fulfil, than to become rich. For no one, other than a sensualist will contend that wealth should be the one absorbing aim of life. Notwithstanding the many assertions to the contrary, the great political economists recognize that in dealing with the phenomena connected with the production and distribution of wealth, the other phenomena of man's social

existence must not be ignored. If therefore, an economist considers that the sole aim of this life is the hoarding up of colossal fortunes, by means of the formation of powerful combines and monopolies, then let the individual be blamed, and not the science of which he professes to be an exponent.

When it is considered that the object of political economy is the acquirement of wealth, an objection is raised by some that the tenets of this science are in direct contradiction to the christian doctrine "Blessed are the poor." And as many even among the educated classes imagine that this repugnance really exists, it may not be inopportune to show the absurdity of such a contradiction. It is true that the Catholic Church says "Blessed are the poor," but it is not true that she disapproves of acquiring riches. Christianity teaches that the riches of this life are not the sole end to be attained, but that there is another life hereafter, which can be enjoyed by the poor and rich alike. And in the sense alone that the attainment of this end is less difficult for the poor than for the rich does the church rightly exclaim "Blessed are the poor." To accuse Catholicity of fostering poverty among her adherents is a base calumny, that will not bear the light of investigation. History affirms that civilization and Catholicity have always gone hand in hand. Religion has been the plant as it were and civilization its flower.

We recognize two factors in the acquirement of wealth, labor and saving. Who dares to say that Catholicity does not prescribe labor; and what is saving but self-denial, and the restraint upon our sensitive appetites; and are not labor as well as self-denial prescribed by the Church. It is obvious then that the true Christian spirit leads to wealth, and the nation which is faithful to the precepts of Christianity must eventually become prosperous. Idleness, moral corruption or political oppression, not religion, are the causes of poverty.

As an active factor in society, and wielding an influence of its own, political economy has been in evidence only since the time of Adam Smith. And the thoughtful reader is likely to inquire whether this, comparatively new science

has in any measure fulfilled its mission of bettering the condition of the human race, and advancing civilization. When we look around us and behold the amazing progress that has been made in all the arts and industries in those countries, where the principles of political economy have been applied, we cannot but admit that this science has achieved wonders in the way of material development.

What a striking example do we find in England, the foremost industrial nation of the world! There was a time when England was as poor as any country which is now confined to the wandering Bedouins. But notwithstanding that she possessed then, the same natural resources which now sustain her vast wealth, yet under the economical regime she has attained to industrial proportions that have never before been equaled by any people. In France and the United States the same progress has marked the introduction and application of economic systems. While in countries where economists have been ignored, it is found that this modern progress is sadly lacking, and an English economist referring to the fact remarks that "the village communities of the east remain instructive examples of the patriarchal type of life, the stereotyped condition of China exhibits the features of a remote civilization. These great differences in wealth are partly due to physical causes, but mainly depend upon social circumstances, and thus afford another link in the long chain of proofs, that where the principles of economy have been ignored, there civilization has not progressed." But if we find that magnificent results have been achieved by political economy, we must not be led to believe that all has been sunshine in the march of this science. The truism, that nothing in this life is perfect, has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the history of this social study. While it is admitted that the poor have been greatly benefitted by the economic systems, in as much as it has been shown to the world that the working classes hold the balance of power in their hands, and by uniting, may make the state herself tremble. Yet it cannot be denied that during the last century, its most remarkable results have been the enrichment of the few, and the impoverish-

ment of the lower classes, notwithstanding that it has had for object the betterment of general society.

In no country do we find the truth of this fact more obviously borne out, than in England, where industrialism has reached its maximum development. For in this Commercial Emporium of the world, statistics show that twenty per cent of the population is in abject misery. As the ordinary individual gazes upon the magnificent results of modern industry in our great cities, it very seldom dawns upon him, that these productions are often the occasion of untold miseries, aye—of the slavery of millions of poor people. But to the Christian economist the continual buzz of machinery and the dense volumes of smoke arising from the factory chimneys, tell the tale of the drudgery and sufferings of thousands of human beings.

These economists are often accused of indulging in sentimentality, when they pity, and endeavor to ameliorate the lot of the poor man. No accusation could be more unjust and uncalled for. Those who make it their business to malign the commendable effort, of economists, who base their aims upon Christian principles are very often grossly ignorant of the real condition of the working classes in our large industrial cities. Let them but visit the cellar life of the poor in England, or the tenement houses of American cities! Let them but spend an hour in the great coal mines, those subterranean horrors into which the light of day never enters! There they would see wretched men, women, and children working twelve hours, day in and day out, year after year, without even once breathing the blessed air of heaven. After having witnessed the physical and moral degradation of these wretched creatures, if some economists still persist in accusing their more Christian brethren in science, of undue sentimentality, we can only publicly proclaim them in the words of Liberatori as "sense-worshippers and self-worshippers who find in human society nothing higher than wealth, to be produced anyhow in the largest possible quantity, and who see in the operative nothing more than a machine." Pellegrino Rossi, another eminent Italian economist accuses the sense worshippers "of abstracting from-

the moral nature, and lowering man to the condition of a brute." Then it would seem that the evil which political economy has wrought greatly overbalances the amount of good that has been derived from its influence. The great evils that have sprung from the science within the last fifty years, are mainly due to the abuses of the means employed to achieve its mission. A little investigation soon reveals that the main sources of these evils are, the too minute division of labor, and the indiscriminate introduction of machinery. Such has been the calamitous effect of the former that the economist Sismondi in a fit of indignation went so far as to exclaim, "In spite of all its benefits in the social order, one is sometimes tempted to curse the division of labor, and the invention of manufactures, when one sees the state to which they have reduced beings who are our fellow creatures. Animals do nearly all the agricultural work of man, and machines do his work in nearly all the operations of manufacturing." It might not be uninteresting to investigate some of the evils which Sismondi cites down with such vehemence. The first and perhaps most deplorable inconvenience arising from the too minute division of labor is, that it tends more and more towards the undermining and neutralization of man's noblest faculties. For can it be denied that when a workman spends his whole time in performing some trivial mechanical operation, that his intellect must necessarily become deteriorated from lack of exercise? Who will say that mental development can proceed in one whose daily occupation is the sharpening of the point of a needle? Such labor for day after day, and year after year, makes man a mere machine, and he becomes so proficient in his occupation, that it requires no mental exertion whatever. The evils which will inevitably arise from this continual disuse of the rational faculties of the working class, can be easily imagined and no other explanation is necessary, to account for the awful outrages of socialism that have been perpetrated in the great manufacturing countries of the world. But there is happily a remedy for this evil and Christian economists who know their duty are urging its adoption. They suggest that previous

education, both secular and religious be required of all workmen before they can become operatives. Thus when a young person's intelligence has been sufficiently developed, there is little probability of it ever afterwards becoming debased by monotonous labor.

The hours of labor might also be shortened, and thus the workman would have more leisure time at home amidst family joys, during which he could cultivate his intellectual faculties. Operatives should not have to work more than ten hours a day at any kind of labor, and even nine hours is thought sufficient by economists. But some will say that by thus shortening the hours of labor, production must necessarily be lessened. Those who argue thus are none other than sophists, for it has been proven that in those countries where operatives work between twelve and fourteen hours a day, production instead of increasing has decreased.

The fact is evident when we compare England with Russia, the one, the foremost industrial country in Europe, the other the most backward. In England employees work on an average about fifty six and one half hours a week while in Russia they labor eighty hours per week and yet no one will say that Russia is the richer for it. This fact is admirably exposed by Lord Macaulay in his famous speech on "The Ten Hours Bill" delivered before the British Parliament in 1846. He says, "You try to frighten us by telling us that, in some German factories, the young work seventeen hours in the twenty-four, that they work so hard that among thousands there is not one who grows to such a stature that he can be admitted into the army; and you ask whether, if we pass this bill, we can possibly hold our own against such competition as this? Sir, I laugh at the thought of such competition. If ever we are forced to yield the foremost place among commercial nations, we shall yield it, not to a race of degenerate dwarfs, but to some people pre-eminently vigorous in body and mind."

Another grave difficulty which arises from the division of labor carried to such extremes as we witness at the present day, is that it makes slaves of the workmen; in as much as they are unable to make an entire article by themselves, but can only

perform a certain part of the work required for the product. The working man is thus entirely dependent for his daily sustenance upon his employer, and is obliged to accept, without murmur, the conditions and wages offered by the master. If this state of affairs is to be regretted for the sake of the male portion of society, it is doubly so for the women and children, who on account of the lighter work to be performed, obtain employment in many of the large factories. What ever dignity the employe may have, is entirely lost when he is reduced to such circumstances. The difficulty might be overcome, if the manufacturer would compel his employees, after they had spent considerable time at one operation, to pass on to another until they should become proficient in all. In this manner the workman would not confine himself to any special feature of labor, but being able to perform several kinds, could more readily assert his independence and thus be on a more equal footing with his employer.

These are only a few of the inconveniences arising from the division of labor, as carried on at the present time; but still greater inconveniences arise from the indiscriminate introduction of machinery. The number of hands that are required is greatly decreased by the use of machinery, where but a few years ago handicraft alone was employed; and thus thousands of men are thrown out of work, with the deplorable consequence that their families come to the very brink of starvation. This difficulty is admitted by many economists; they claim that the end justifies the means, and that the inconvenience is small, when compared to the immense advantages that accrue to society in general. "But" says Liberatori "It is all very well for those who think of the social body only as a whole,—which by the bye, often means nothing more than the well-being of the few,—but not for those who remember the individuals, and remember the poor, who especially ought to be protected in a well ordered society." The only possible remedy for this evil is, that the State should interfere and prevent the introduction of such machinery as will cause this discharging of men from employment; and after all, it is but reasonable that the State should

take action, and thus prevent the miseries of starvation among the working people. There is one other evil which seems to grow from the exigencies of production, and that is Sunday labor. This question has involved economists in a controversial war. Some contending that factories should run all day Sunday, while others protest against this desecration of the Lord's day; and are of opinion that it is a crime against humanity, to thus deprive the poor of their only opportunity of enjoying domestic happiness. This latter view of the matter cannot be too strongly commended, and to every right thinking person Sunday labor must seem a curse to society; the evils resulting from it are so evident, that they hardly need mention. It breaks all family ties; father, mother and children spend their whole time working in the different apartments of the factories, and thus are never afforded the happiness of each other's society, for more than a few hours each night. Moreover the continuous strain put upon the physical constitutions of those who work for ten or twelve hours each day, year after year, without a regular intervening day of rest, soon become weakened and premature decrepitude is the result.

But still more serious are the evils from a moral standpoint, which follow; the intellectual faculties become dull through want of exertion, the nobler instincts debased, and the keenness of perception destroyed. In fine, the life of a workman becomes a burden to him: the few sparks of ambition that may have glowed within his bosom, are slowly extinguished, never more to rekindle, and from a rational being, endowed with the noblest faculties, he becomes a mere machine. Lord Macaulay realized this fact, and in his speech for the "Ten Hours' Bill," in a fine burst of enthusiasm exclaimed, "Man, man is the great instrument that produces wealth. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labor one day in seven. The day is not

lost, while industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and the Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigor. Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger, and healthier, and wiser, and better, can ultimately make it poorer."

The dreadful evils which arise from Sunday labor demand redress, and it is justly contended that the State should interfere, and erase forever one of the darkest blots upon our modern civilization. Thus, it is evident that political economy has a vast deal of wrongs against society

to shoulder, a vast deal of human misery to answer for. But still we have the consolation of knowing that through its agency, the humble laborer, has been raised to such a position, that he may not only make his voice heard, but even his influence felt.

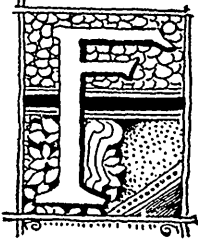
He is not dictated to as of old, but rather takes a share himself in the dictating. It is not exaggerating in the least to say that political economy has accomplished far more good, than it has caused evil. No one will contend, that a science which has proved a boom to society should be abolished on account of its abuse. It would seem therefore that there is sufficient reason for political economy holding a place in our University curricula. For it has fulfilled its mission at least in part, directing as it has done, all its resources to the one great end, the conservation and development of humanity.

WALTER W. WALSH. '96.

God neither progresses nor changes, dear, as
I once heard you rashly say :
Man's schools and philosophies come and
go, but His Word doth not pass away.
We worship Him where we did of old, with
simple and reverent rite :
In the morning we pray Him to bless our work,
to forgive our transgressions at night.
To keep His commandments to fear His name,
and what should be done to do—
That's the beginning of wisdom still ; I
suspect 'tis the end of it too.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.



FOR centuries past a famous institution has exerted an immense influence on the literature of France. Established with the view of making of letters a last-

ing national monument, the French Academy has gloriously achieved its purpose. When the society was founded, the nation had already produced several remarkable authors. Rabelais and Montaigne in prose, Marot, Rousard and Régnier in poetry, had displayed a witty and sparkling style. However they had that particular disadvantage of writing in a language that was yet in its period of formation. A standard authority was needed to give it the finishing touch. Then arose the Academy which, removing the literary barrier, was the vanguard of that wonderful Augustan-age army that was to cast such immortal splendour on the reign of Louis XIV.

It is interesting to see how the Company originated. Already in the most brilliant salons, French litterateurs had discussed the existing evil. The Hotel de Rambouillet had seen gathered in it the most illustrious men and women of the seventeenth century. Rousard and Malherbe had each been the head of a school devoted to the same cause. But the task was too arduous and too long to be finished by these single efforts. It was reserved to the Academy to become the authority by which all difficulties concerning language were henceforth to be settled. When Richelieu, that enterprising politician, heard that a literary club had been founded by Conrart and his friends, he asked if these persons would not assemble regularly and under a "public authority."

It was evidently not an institution of short duration that the Cardinal wished to establish, nor an elegant salon where letters are not at home. The state was to recognise it as a new order in the kingdom. The offer was accepted, the society took the name of "l'Académie Française" and Richelieu was appointed protector. The patent letters were received early in 1635.

Thus that penetrating genius, perceiving that the intellectual grandeur of France was about to take gigantic strides, came to its assistance and led it in the path of fame. If in all his actions the domineering spirit was seen, yet Richelieu had a patriotic instinct of what tended to his country's glory. The founding of the Academy would have been of itself sufficient to immortalize him. And the Cardinal's hopes have been realized. Two centuries and a half have consecrated the Academy in the respect and admiration of the world. It would be too long to give even its abridged history; in fact it is that of French literature. Let it suffice to point out the changes which this illustrious company had to undergo. After the death of Richelieu, the protectors were successively Ségnier, Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. The revolution, which then broke out, showed no more regard for literature, than it had done for the king and for religion. The Academy, suspected of fostering monarchical ideas, and accused of constituting an intellectual aristocracy, was suppressed in 1793, by order of the Convention. Two years later, however, the "Institut national" was founded, which, incorporating the Academy, gave also a part to arts and science. Yet such was the enmity held towards everything of Bourbon origin, that the academy was not allowed to take its

former name. The Restoration gave back the ancient privileges, and the second empire and third republic brought no more changes to this famous society.

Thus, to-day, the Academy forms a part of the Institut national, but preserves its primitive appellation. It is composed of forty members, often called "The Forty Immortals," probably from the motto on their crest, "À l'immortalité." They are elected by the company, but they must themselves seek that honor. A refusal must be a hard blow, yet we see that Zola is not yet discouraged though he has made thirteen attempts to gain admission. To become a member is this epicurean novelist's greatest ambition. As he thinks his work entitles him to that distinction, he says that he will present himself on each successive vacancy. But the society has too much decency to accept him. Neither Zola nor Daudet can succeed in their attempts. Only eminent talent or indefatigable labor opens the doors of the academy. Thus the greatest honor that can be conferred on a French writer is to be elected a member of it. If the institution can be accused of having sometimes (and it is very seldom), admitted authors unworthy of such distinction, chiefly on account of their rank and political influence, it can on no ground be blamed for having accepted those who have worn the green coat and cocked hat since the establishment of the republic of our days. These are writers of undeniable merit, whose works form by themselves a whole literature.

The Academy's first object was to purify the French language. In this task it has nobly succeeded. The first edition of its celebrated Dictionary appeared in 1694, and the sixth, which is also the last, in 1895. Each word of it was discussed by the members, so that the work was exceedingly long, but the innumerable services it has rendered, have amply repaid the labor spent in its composition. The speeches of reception, of which one is made on the admission of each member, have afforded many masterpieces of modern eloquence. But do these orations, and the other works of the laureates, or even the Dictionary itself, give the true measure of the grandeur and utility

of the company? No, we must not consider it under this head, if we wish to estimate justly of what use it has been, and is yet to-day. In a country where letters have had such an extraordinary influence, it is at the Academy that they have found the most complete organization, as well as the most striking and lasting association of their strength. A public character, a regular and well-recognized authority, independence, dignity, all these conditions of power the Academy has possessed and through it they have been insured to letters. This is really the great work of the Academy. By its constitution, by its liberties, by the spirit it has given to letters, by the place it has conquered for literature in French society, it has bestowed invaluable gifts on literature. Besides it encourages in the nation the taste for intellectual effort. What young writer, thinking that perhaps he may one day become a member of that renowned society, does not exert himself to the utmost, to create a masterpiece? What honor for him when he has produced a noble effort, to see it crowned by the Academy? Already a few of our French Canadian writings have obtained that distinction. Is not this the greatest commendation they could receive? It may be well to say in reference to the crowning of a book, that two conditions are necessary, besides, of course, the rare merit it must possess; firstly the author must be living, secondly, the work must be in its first edition.

The most famous exponents of French literature have entered the portals of the Academy and immortalised it. We name but a few; Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bossuet, Massillon, Fenelon, Lacordaire, Mirabaud, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Dupanloup. Strange to say, many eminent authors, for some reason or other, have never belonged to it. Such are Molière, Descartes, Pascal, Piron, J. B. Rousseau. The Academy, however, repaired the injustice done to Molière, by having his bust placed in its room with the inscription:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre.

Pirou avenged himself by numerous satires, the best of which is the epitaph he wrote for himself :

Ci-git Piron qui ne fut rien,
Pas même académicien.

Another, wifably, too modest to offer himself as a candidate, with great wit answered those requesting him to do so ; " If I was of the Academy, people would perhaps say, ' why does he belong to it.' I prefer that they should say ' why does he not belong to it.'" The illustrious company, however, has possessed nearly all the famous writers of France. In the world of letters those worthy authors who were not its members, are often called with reference to it, the possessors of the forty-first seat.

Among contemporary writers let us remark Alexandre Dumas, fils, Francois Coppé, Jules Simon, Victorien Sardou, Louis Pasteur, Cardinal Perraud, Jules Claretie, Pierre Loti, F. Brunetiere, and Paul Berget who though elected, has not yet been received. France has been accused of producing nowadays but atheistical writers. Here is a startling proof of the contrary. The Paris *Figaro*, which can be regarded as the best authority in this matter, published in November '94 a list of the Academicians and their religion. They were then but thirty-seven, three having not yet been replaced. Of these, thirty are Catholics ; three, Cherbuliez, Léon Say, and de Freycinet, protestants ; one Challemet Lacour, atheist ; one, Dumas, free-thinker ; one, Meilliac, Jew ; and one, Pasteur, without any known religion. This last, however, we have the consolation of knowing to have been a true Catholic. Thus adding one more to the above, we have thirty-one Catholics out of thirty-seven members. It would be beyond our compass to treat of each of these distinguished authors in particular. We will speak but of the two men of wonderful genius who have just died, Pasteur and Dumas.

France can boast of having produced the greatest scientist of the century, the greatest, perhaps, the world has yet seen. Pasteur created, alone, a science that has totally revolutionized medicine in its theories and applications. For cen-

turies scientists had sought the secret of contagion, which they knew by its effects, but whose nature and cause they could not discover. More skilful and more fortunate, Pasteur has demonstrated his theory by a few striking experiments. He proved that a contagious disease is produced by the transportation of a living microbe from one organism to another, just like the sowing of a seed in the ground. He no sooner gave this general explanation than he also gave the means of preventing it by the inoculation of a virus, which recalls the vaccination of Jenner. Victorious over innumerable obstacles, Pasteur has completely changed medicine ; diseases till then supposed incurable, he has succeeded in checking. Proceeding, like a mathematician, from the simplest forms and ascending gradually, he has arrived at the most difficult. From mere lacteal fermentation to hydrophobia, all secrets have been penetrated by his untiring genius. The greatness of the system of Pasteur is that it is an inexhaustible mine. Every disease caused by the action of microbes can and will be cured by the same principles. Dr. Roux, the worthy co-worker of the dead scientist, discovered a year ago the serum to cure diphtheria. Other remarkable men are now seeking the microbe of consumption. Thus all the future discoverers will be indebted to him who was the originator of the theory and who put it into practice with such success.

Pasteur has said : " I invincibly believe that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war, that nations will act in concord, not to destroy but to edify, and that the future will belong to those who have done the most for suffering humanity." If such should be the case, no one will have better exemplified it than Pasteur, and no name is engraved deeper in the tablets of immortality. He must ever be regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. As soon as he made a discovery, he gave it to the world, and his disciple, Dr. Roux, has followed this admirable example. How different from those scientists who, for the most part, first regard the money they will derive from their labors. The researches of science enjoy the privilege that the

more disinterested they are, the better they serve the interests of humanity. Pasteur was disinterestedness itself. With but a single motive—that of saving lives—he considered it his duty to make use of all his genius to carry out his noble designs. "Whether our efforts," he writes, "be more or less favored in life, every one, when he approaches the great day of reckoning must be able to say: 'I have done what I could.'" Pasteur was the most modest of men. What in most natures would have caused a just pride, seemed in him to increase his humility, with the satisfaction of having done his duty.

Though he is renowned chiefly as a scientist, Pasteur possessed great literary abilities. His speeches and writings on the explanation of his theories are masterpieces of clearness and precision. Moreover the orations he delivered in '70 on the causes of his country's severe defeats at the hands of the neighbors from the banks of the Rhine, and on the means of remedying the disasters are of a vigorous and very elegant style.

If some nations have not shown gratitude to great men during their life, no such blame can be laid at the door of the French people with regard to Pasteur. The 70th anniversary of his birth was celebrated in Paris with unusual pomp and splendour. The Pasteur Institute is the most gratifying monument that could have been erected to his memory. There the illustrious president continued his labors, there he leaves Nocard and Roux to continue his task. It is reported that a subscription, and an international one, has just been started in Paris to erect a statue. No doubt it will be abundantly contributed to, for if every a bronze memorial was deserved by any man, that man is Pasteur. The illustrious scientist has been praised as much abroad as in France. Perhaps the highest praise we could offer him, would be to quote those beautiful words from the pen of the late Prof. Huxley: "The discoveries of Pasteur would have sufficed to pay the five milliard ransom of the Franco-German War." Pasteur, so long believed to be an atheist, has closed his career a fervent Catholic. As the sun about to sink below the horizon, he has put on his garb of the

richest hue and the last ray he cast has disclosed another phase of his greatness.

France and the Academy have recently lost another man of genius in the person of Alexandre Dumas fils. It is very seldom that we find in literature a father and son become so famous, and the world-wide reputation of the elder Dumas has probably been eclipsed by that of the younger. Dumas fils was born at Paris 1824. The author of "*Monte Christo*" long refused to believe, it is said, that his son would become a writer. He acknowledged it with great pride, however, when "*La Dame aux Camélias*" was produced first as a novel, and then as a play. It alone has secured immortality for its author. Brought before the public by the renowned actress Sarah Bernhardt, it is perhaps the most popular drama of the day. It also obtained great success as an opera by Verdi under the name of "*La Traviata*." Dumas' other productions are; *Diane de Lys*, *Le Demi-monde*, *La Question d'argent*, *L'Ami des femmes*, *Affaire Clémenceau*, *Les idées de Mme Aubray*, *La Princesse Georges*, *Monsieur Alphonse*, *L'Etrangère*, and *Les Danicheff*. All these works are unfit for perusal on account of their immortality. They have, however, great merit with regard to style and conception. The *Journal des Débats* says: "M. Dumas was a man of extraordinary genius and the greatest man our theatre has seen since Corneille, Racine, and Molière." No praise could be higher than this, nor could it come from a more competent authority. It is certain that Dumas' works have wielded an immense influence. All the play-writers of the day pronounce him their master. He is also said to have done more than any other author to make the French national spirit shine in foreign lands. Compared with the elder Dumas, he surpasses him by a closer and more accurate observation of life, a greater depth of thought, and a more polished style. Dumas fils was elected an Academician in 1875, and was appointed officer of the *Légion d'honneur* in 1867. He died on the 27th of November last, and requested that he be not given a military funeral, and that no speeches be pronounced over his grave. He was a business man, leaving a fortune of 5,000,000 francs.

Thus the French Academy, by its own importance and that of its members, commands the attention of the literary world. From it spring the just appreciation of genius and of all remarkable writings, and the noble encouragement in the people of the taste for letters. France alone possesses such an institution, which has the consecration of more than two centuries and a half, and will continue to exist and grow in grandeur as long as France remains what she has been in the past, the country of letters, arts, and sciences. No nation ever displayed greater zeal and disinterestedness in the pursuit of beauty and truth. The Institut national, where the poet, the historian, the critic, the mathematician, the physi-

cist, the naturalist, the musician, the sculptor, the painter, act in concert, realizes the idea that all the productions of the human mind are related to one another, that they are a state affair, and that the country must encourage and reward them. France alone gives to letters and arts the rank which they occupy by right, the first, the highest of all. To us the Academy is of supreme interest and importance. Let us not forget what Pasteur has said of it: "Les quali és de notre race, celles qui vont de l'enthousiasme à la finesse en passant par la grâce et la mesure, aboutissent toutes à l'Académie française."

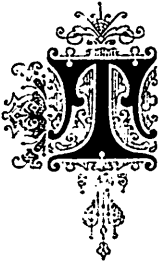
LEON GARNEAU, '98.

BENEDICITE.

Brother Benedict rose and left his cell
 With the last slow swing of the evening bell
 In his hand he carried his only book
 And he followed the path to the abbey brook.
 And, crossing the stepping stones paused mid way,
 For the journeying water seemed to say,
 Benedicite.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN CANADA.



THE tree of Canadian Catholicity, whose seed was first planted by the early Recollets and Jesuit fathers, whose growth was blessed by the sainted Laval: the tree for which a Brebœuf and a Lalemant, following the footsteps of their Heavenly Master, shed the last drop of their martyred blood; the tree under whose spreading branches so many fearless soldiers of Christ fought and died: the tree whose increase and progress, probably no other country can equal, that tree indeed is worthy of the veneration of every true Canadian, and its history should hold no mean place in the annals of our country.

Confined in its early history to the fertile soil of Quebec, its branches continually multiplied and its falling seeds were slowly yet steadily borne to every point of the Dominion, until to-day each province boasts, and proudly too, of its Catholic Churches, Catholic educational institutions, Catholic clergy, Catholic statesmen and its Catholic representatives in every trade, business and profession.

A glimpse at our past and a word regarding our present position, with a fair view of ourselves in Protestant Ontario, will form the matter for our present essay.

History tells us, that, left in the hands of a few worldly, profit seeking adventurers, slow indeed would have been the growth of Christianity, in the land first sighted by Cartier, in 1534, had it not been for the endless entreaties of a few self-sacrificing missionaries. The governors and their minions, all absorbed in the fur trade, thought little and cared less about the souls of the poor heathen Indian so long as each season added more to their ever-increasing, ill-gotten gains. Time and again was the scum of Paris and other cities sent out to people the colony: year after year, in search of liberty from the "galleys," came crime laden prisoners to build up a colony in the newly discovered

North. But dissatisfaction, discontent and laziness soon compelled them to relinquish their labors and in time they sought to enrich themselves either by plundering the Indians of their winter's earnings or by following the pursuits of the Indians themselves.

Thus went things from bad to worse until the Church, ever mindful of her duties towards civilization and Christianity, sought to rescue from the fangs of paganism, the poor American tribes, and to bring the consolation of religion to the then exiled sons of France.

With this intent, in the year 1615, four priests of the order of Recollets, became residents of New France. These are the first mentioned in history as being permanently stationed in Canada: but with the advance of the colony more Recollets followed, and then came the much-abused Jesuits. Quebec, Three Rivers and Tadoussac, were the stations that witnessed the first Catholic services in Canada. About the year 1617 the first Catholic Church was erected at Quebec; to this church a monastery for the priests was attached. Recollets and Jesuits were employed at the stations mentioned. These same fathers engaged in missionary work among the Indians. Thus were laid the foundations of Catholicity in Canada.

Although we charged the authorities of that period with seeking more after personal gain than after the welfare of the church and colony, there is one to whom no such charge can be imputed. Champlain, notwithstanding the fact that a few modern writers would claim him as other than Catholic, was ever ready to serve the few heroic priests and ever active in the advancement of the Catholic religion and doctrine.

In 1625 a band of Jesuits sailed over to assist in the blessed work of converting the savages. With these holy men came the future martyrs, Lalemant and Brebœuf. Now indeed the Word of God began to extend from the shores of the St. Lawrence, along the waters of the

Ottawa, and through the vast forests of the Huron district. Soon from all quarters of the continent flocked the savage tribes, to listen breathlessly to the inspired words that told of the promise of salvation and eternal glory, or to hear again and again the history of the Passion and Death of Christ preached by the ever zealous "Black Robe."

Through the neglect of the French Government, New France was captured in 1628 by the English under Kirk, and now all the hopes of the missionaries seemed lost at least for a time. But prospects looked brighter in 1632 when the country was ceded to France. In 1633 no less than twenty priests were attending to the spiritual wants of the colonists and converted Indians. The first *parish* church was built about this time near Chateau St. Louis: it was named *Notre Dame de la Recouvrance*.

In 1639 the first convent was founded in the present city of Quebec, and the Ursulines were soon engaged in the charitable work of educating the French and Indian children. In the same year the *Hôtel Dieu* Hospital was built. In 1644 the Sulpician Fathers secured the land known as the island of Montreal, and within five years had brought over fully five hundred immigrants.

But now a fierce enemy assailed the French and in assailing them hindered materially the progress of the church. Champlain incurred the enmity of the Iroquois and aroused their hatred against the French and everything pertaining to French rule. The missionaries scattered throughout the land were assaulted and slaughtered by this blood-thirsty tribe, whenever an occasion offered. Among the many that suffered martyrdom at this time, and who suffered it with all the atrocities that Indian hatred and resentment could invent, were the Jesuit Fathers; Jogues in 1647, Daniel in 1648, and Breboeuf and Lalemant in 1649. The sufferings of the two latter are probably without a parallel in the history of the world. Both were tied to stakes, strips of flesh cut slowly from their limbs, heated irons applied to their bodies, and their lips torn apart in the vain hope of drawing a groan from the sufferers. Breboeuf's feet were hacked off, his chest clove in and his

heart ripped out and devoured before the eyes of his companion. Lalemant was kept in continual suffering until the next morning when a blow from a tomahawk ended his pains. Yet, indeed, not in vain did the blood of these men flow so copiously on Canadian soil.

In Montreal in 1642 another Hotel Dieu was erected and placed in charge of the nuns of the order known as "*la Congregation de Notre Dame de Montreal*."

Up to this time no acknowledged head of church affairs had been appointed, and to fill this position a priest named Queylus was sent out to take charge of affairs. This father was the founder of the Montreal Seminary. Queylus disagreed with the other priests and became very unpopular, and now more than ever was felt the want of a head. France therefore in 1658, appointed François Laval as Vicar Apostolic of New France. But it was not until 1672 that Laval was appointed Bishop of Quebec.

Laval's fierce denunciation of the liquor traffic—that abominable curse of mankind—made his career in Canada a stormy one. He and his clergy vigorously opposed governor d'Argenson, to such an extent that the governor was recalled to France. But the same policy was followed by succeeding governors, until the Bishop in despair was forced to appeal to the home government for redress.

In answer to this appeal the colony was declared a Royal Government. The first Governor (De Masey) of the new *regime* was averse to Laval, but his successors proved more friendly, yet many difficulties had still to be removed, before the work of the church could advance smoothly. However notwithstanding this, progress marked the general state of the church at every stage. Most encouraging reports came in daily from the far away Indian missionaries, who as yet did not despair of even converting the fierce Iroquois.

Education of which little has been said, deserves at least passing attention, as it is closely connected with the advancement of the church. As early as 1637 the Jesuits founded a college at Quebec. Thirty years later, the students of this institution numbered one hundred and twenty, one half of whom were resident.

Here also, was made the first attempt to educate and instruct the Indian children, an attempt followed with fair success. Laval himself founded the Seminary of Quebec for the education of clerics, he also established what was called the Little Seminary, in which lessons of "science and piety" were to be imparted. This modest little institution has since become famous under the title of Laval University of Quebec. Small schools were formed wherever a "Black Robe" was stationed. In such schools Indian children were accorded the same rights and privileges as the children of French settlers.

About 1670, five Jesuit Fathers, were actively engaged in spreading the Gospel, among the hitherto unapproachable Iroquois. A still greater number of priests labored amongst the tribes of the Ottawa and the lake regions of Illinois. One of the last mentioned was Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi.

Thus went on the good work of the Missionaries, firmly and more firmly, planting at each step, the seed of Catholic Faith, until in 1759 they had their little missions and chapels established everywhere within reach of the settlers and Indian encampments.

But the year 1759 marked the siege, fall, and surrender of Quebec, and the government of Canada passed into the hands of Protestant England. The treaty that ceded Canada to England, allowed all the French subjects to depart, within two years, should they dread their future treatment at the hand of their new masters. But the object of the new rulers, was not to destroy Catholicity. The laws which at first prohibited a Catholic from holding public office were amended, and one special article in the Treaty of Paris guaranteed the French inhabitants who should remain, all their former religious privileges.

Under the new *regime* the church continued to flourish, and her children became not only a credit to herself, but a very useful acquisition to the state. They at once settled down and lived at peace with their new Protestant neighbors; their increasing efforts helped not a little to bring about numerous reforms of immediate and lasting benefit to the

young colony. Side by side Catholic and Protestant struggled manfully against the abuses of the Family Compact. To a man they refused aid to the Americans in their war of Independence. Shoulder to shoulder we find them shedding their blood in defence of Quebec, against Montgomery. Hand in hand they succeeded in driving out the American invader in 1812-13-14. Catholic and Protestant alike followed Papineau and Mackenzie in 1837-38, and though defeated in rebellion, lived to see and enjoy the benefits that resulted from their uprising.

About the year 1790, M. Plessis became Bishop and under his wise government churches, schools, and convents, sprung up and flourished everywhere. This Bishop and his flock, united with their fellow citizens shortly afterward in welcoming the first Anglican Bishop to Canada.

In 1759, the number of Catholics in Canada was 65,000, but at the passing of the Union Act of 1841, that number had increased to 585,000, and by this time Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then called, claimed her share of toiling papists. Even the walls of the legislatures resounded in echo to Catholic voices, as often as they echoed back the applause of Protestant speeches. Everywhere now the sounding Angelus proclaimed the spread of our Holy Faith, to the very day when the great and let us hope the last change of our constitution proclaimed the Dominion of Canada.

Too much space would be filled, in minutely marking each step of the onward stride of Catholicity in Canada. A few statistics with a short account of ourselves in Protestant Ontario will fully suffice to show our present position.

In all Canada we have 1 Cardinal, 7 Archbishops, 23 Bishops, nearly 2,000 priests, and about one third of the population Catholic. In 1783 the Catholic population was 113,000; priests, 135; and nuns, 234. Only 4 priests were stationed in Western Canada (Ontario) to administer to the wants of 4,000 Catholics.

Canada is now divided into seven ecclesiastical provinces: Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Halifax and St. Boniface. To these Archdioceses are

attached as suffragans, 22 dioceses, vicariates and prefectures.

Let us begin with the Province of Quebec, the scene of early Catholicity in Canada.

The Archdiocese of Quebec has for suffragans the dioceses of Chicoutimi, Nicolet, Rimouski, Three Rivers and the Prefecture-Apostolic of the St. Lawrence. His Eminence Cardinal E. A. Taschereau, consecrated Bishop in 1871, is the present Archbishop, and is assisted in the arduous work of the diocese by his Coadjutor-Bishop, Right Rev. L. N. Begin, who was consecrated in 1891. Under their jurisdiction are about 270 Regular and Secular priests, with convents and Catholic schools in nearly every parish. The renowned Catholic University of Laval is situated in Quebec.

Chicoutimi.—Right Rev. M. T. Lebreque, D.D., Bishop, was consecrated 1892. Priests about 60; parishes, missions, chapels and convents, nearly 100.

Nicolet.—Right Rev. Eiphege Gravel, D.D., Bishop, was consecrated 1885. Priests about 100; churches, etc., 105; seminary, 1.

Rimouski.—Right Rev. A. Blais, D.D., Bishop, was consecrated 1890. Priests, 100; Churches, etc., 115.

Three Rivers.—Right Rev. L. T. Lafèche, D.D., Bishop, was consecrated 1867. Priests, 75; Churches, etc., 100.

Prefecture-Apostolic of St. Laurent.—Administrator Right Rev. M. T. Lebreque, Bishop of Chicoutimi. Priests about 30.

PROVINCE OF MONTREAL.

The Province of Montreal comprises the Archdiocese of Montreal and the dioceses of Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinthe and Valleyfield.

Montreal.—Most Rev. E. C. Fabre D. D. Archbishop, was consecrated 1873. Clergy regular and secular about 250. Seminaries 2.

Sherbrooke.—Right Rev. Paul Larocque, Bishop, Priests 80.

St. Hyacinth.—Right Rev. L. Z. Moreau D. D. was consecrated in 1876. His Lordship is assisted in his labors by Coadjutor-Bishop Right Rev. Maxime De Celles. Priests 175.

Valleyfield.—Right Rev. J. M. Emard D.D. was consecrated 1892. Priests about 60.

PROVINCE OF HALIFAX.

The province of Halifax embraces the archdiocese of Halifax and the dioceses of Antigonish, Charlottetown, Chatham and St. John.

Halifax.—Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop, appointed 1883, with jurisdiction over Bermuda Islands. Priests 50.

Antigonish.—Right Rev. John Cameron D.D., Bishop, was consecrated 1870. Priests 70.

Charlottetown.—Right Rev. J. C. McDonald was consecrated Bishop 1890. Priests 50.

Chatham.—Right Rev. James Rogers D.D. was consecrated Bishop in 1860. Priests 50.

St. John.—Right Rev. John Sweeny D. D. was consecrated Bishop 1860. Priests 60.

PROVINCE OF ST. BONIFACE.

The province of St. Boniface comprises the Archdiocese of St. Boniface and the dioceses of New Westminster, B. C. and St. Albert, N. W. T., with the Vicariates-Apostolic of Athabaska Mackenzie and Saskatchewan; these latter three are situated in the icy regions of Northern Canada.

St. Boniface.—Most Rev. A. Langevin O. M. I., Archbishop, was consecrated Bishop 1894 and received The Pallium shortly after consecration. Priests about 100. Missions, churches etc. about 200.

New Westminster, B. C.—Right Rev. Paul Durieu, O. M. I. was consecrated Bishop 1875. Priests about 60.

St. Albert N. W. T.—Right Rev. V. J. Grandin, O. M. I., was consecrated Bishop 1859. Priests 50.

Vicariate-Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie.—Right Rev. E. Grouard O. M. I. Vicar-Apostolic and Bishop *I. P. I.* was consecrated 1894. Coadjutor Right Rev. I. Clut, O. M. I. consecrated 1867. Priests about 35.

Vicar-Apostolic of Saskatchewan N. W. T. Right Rev. A. Pascal, consecrated 1891. Priests 50.

So much for the surrounding provinces, now let us glance at our situation in Ontario. There are three ecclesiastical

provinces; Toronto, Ottawa and Kingston with four dioceses and one Vicariate-Apostolic.

PROVINCE OF TORONTO.

This province embraces the Archdiocese of Toronto and the dioceses of Hamilton and London.

Toronto erected into an Archbishopric 1870 comprises the counties of Cardwell, Lincoln, Ontario, Peel, Simcoe, Welland and York. The present Metropolitan Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D. late Bishop of London, succeeded to the See, at the death of the late Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, in 1888. Catholic population 57,000; clergy secular and regular 80; Educational institutions 19; Churches, Chapels etc. 84; Hospitals etc. 7. Parishes 43.

Hamilton, erected into a bishopric 1856, embraces the counties of Brant, Bruce, Grey, Haldimand, Halton, Waterloo, Wellington and Wentworth. The present Bishop Right Rev. T. J. Dowling D. D. was consecrated in 1887 and promoted to Hamilton in 1889. Catholic population 50,000; Priests secular and regular 55; educational institutions 16; Hospitals etc. 6. Parishes 60.

London, erected into a diocese 1855, seat transferred to Sandwich, 1859, and transferred back to London 1869. This Bishopric is composed of the counties of Bothwell, Elgin, Essex Huron, Kent, Lambton, Middlesex, Norfolk, Oxford, and Perth. Catholic population 60,000; Clergy, secular and regular, 75; educational institutions 13, hospitals etc. 4. Parish 41. The present Bishop Right Rev. D. O'Connor, was consecrated 1890. and succeeded Right Rev. J. Walsh, now Archbishop of Toronto.

PROVINCE OF OTTAWA.

This province includes the Archdiocese of Ottawa and the Vicariate Apostolic of Pontiac.

Ottawa erected into a diocese 1847, and made a Metropolitan See 1886, embraces the counties of Carleton, Lanark, Prescott, and Russell on the Ontario side and Argenteuil, Ottawa, Terrebonne and Montcalm on the Quebec side. Most Rev. T. J. Duhamel D. D. was consecrated Bishop 1874 and raised to the dignity of Archbishop 1887. Catholic population 117,-

000; Clergy secular and regular 155; Catholic University 1; other educational institutions 19; churches, chapels etc. 104; hospitals, 9.

Vicariate-Apostolic of Pontiac, erected 1882, embracing the counties of R and part of Hasting and Nipissing in Ontario Pontiac in Quebec and the territory lying between 88° and 72°; the height of land at the south: the Hudson Bay, James Bay and the great Whale river at the north. The present Vicar Apostolic, Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, consecrated titular Bishop of Cythera 1882, resides in Pembroke. Catholic population 35,000; Priests, secular and regular, 40; churches, chapels, etc., 57; Hospitals 3; Parishes 21.

PROVINCE OF KINGSTON.

Including the Archdiocese of Kingston and the dioceses of Peterborough and Alexandria.

Kingston erected into a diocese 1826, constituted a Metropolitan See 1887. It comprises the counties of Addington, Dundas, Frontenac, Grenville, Hasting, Lanark, Leeds, Lennox and Prince Edward. The present Archbishop Most Rev. J. V. Cleary, consecrated at Rome, 1880, was named Archbishop, 1887. Catholic population 65,500; clergy, 40; convents, 18; hospitals, etc., 4; churches and chapels, 66; parishes, 30.

Peterborough erected into a diocese 1882, having for some time previously been a Vicariate Apostolic. It now comprises the counties of Durham; Northumberland, Peterboro', Victoria and the districts of Algoma, Muskoka, Parry Sound, and the western portion of Nipissing. The present Bishop, Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor was consecrated Bishop, 1889. Catholic population, 36,500; clergy, secular and regular, 60; churches, 60; hospitals, 2; parishes, 25.

Alexandria erected 1890, embraces the counties of Stormont and Glengarry. Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese the year it was erected. Catholic population, 22,000; clergy, 14; educational institutions, 4; parishes, 18.

In 1892 the Catholic population of Ontario was 358,300; Separate schools, 312; number of pupils attending same 37,466, and teachers 662.

There are at present in Canada representatives of 27 Religious Orders of Priests.

The highest honor that Canada can confer was bestowed upon a Catholic, Sir John Thompson, when he was appointed First Minister in the Federal Cabinet and premier of all Canada. Many other Catholics are numbered among the Cabinet Ministers, the Members of the House of Commons and the Judges of our higher and lower courts. Hon. C. F. Fraser represented the Catholic element of Ontario in the Mowat Cabinet until his death in August, 1894, when he was succeeded by Hon. W. Harty of Kingston.

In Canada, Catholics are free to educate their children in their own schools except probably in the province of Manitoba, where the school question is yet unsettled, with good prospects of a favorable settlement for Catholics.

In writing of Catholic Canada our data have been few indeed and our statistics are open to correction, where unintentional mistakes may have occurred.

With the above account before us we can truly say that the Catholics of Canada have no reason to feel ashamed of their progress. The Church is steadily gaining ground, and year after year new families are being added to our already large population; month after month sees the completion of some new church or chapel. Catholic education is daily becoming more efficient. The only drawback is an insufficient supply of priests to fill the many fields of labor in Canadian missions, but the supply is becoming greater year after year. Long may our Bishops and missionaries live to spread the One, True, Holy and Apostolic Faith.

JOHN RYAN '97.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove,
 There's not a sweet note warbled here,
 But minds us of Thy love.
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
 There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows.

KEBLE.

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan who saved her country and her throne
And gained for price of all her deeds, a grave.

—DELAVIGNE.



It has been often and truly remarked that in the greatest crises of human affairs, when genius and might had been foiled in their endeavors to overcome the difficulties of the hour, when despair had seized the most sanguine and everything seemed tottering on the brink of destruction, heroes or heroines (whence they came the world knew not) have stepped forth, and seizing with a firm grasp the helm of a foundering state, have steered it triumphantly into the haven of safety and success. At their approach the world looked on in awe: their bearing called for respect and admiration; their looks had a magnetic power; their voice, though soft, was commanding and exerted an irresistible force on their followers. The scientist raised his head from his absorbing books and wondered at these beings not subject, it seemed, to the ordinary laws of nature; the rationalist attempted in vain to make reason explain those living phenomena; the atheist stood spellbound and deified them. But he who believed in God exclaimed in an enthusiasm of faith: "*Digitus Dei est hic.*" Yes, it has often been the case that God has chosen as the instruments of His providence in temporal affairs the lowest and weakest of mankind. Nay, He has often intrusted the destinies of nations to the hands of women, as if to laugh to scorn the boast of human genius and power and to manifest to man the omnipotence of His all-ruling will. History recalls the feats of a Deborah and a Judith, of an Esther and a Volumnia, who saved their people from imminent ruin. But nowhere in the annals of the

world do we find a more striking example of this fact than in Joan of Arc, a young maid yet in her teens, who, guided by the hand of God, saved the kingdom of France from the power of the usurper.

At the time of which we write, France was in a desperate condition. The English charger was quenching his thirst in the waters of the Seine and the Loire; his hoofs were resounding on the pavements of the principal French cities; and over every citadel floated victoriously the British standard.

Charles VII., *the little king of Bourges*, then residing in Chinon and steeped to the lips in luxurious pleasures, daily received with seeming indifference the news of ever-increasing losses. Nevertheless there were still in France some great and patriotic hearts, who contemplated with a sorrowful eye the victories of the enemy and the apathy of their own countrymen; there were yet some strong and ready arms to fight to the shedding of the last drop of their blood for king and country. Such hearts and such arms Orleans contained within her walls, and she was now holding the invaders at bay. In this valiant city were now concentrated all the hopes of France. She had already been resisting for a long time all the horrors of a long and vigilant siege. But at last exhausted by her prolonged efforts, she would have to surrender. And Orleans lost to France, meant the destruction of all that was French. It meant the loss of language, institutions and national manners. But Divine Providence wished only to punish France, to humiliate her; He desired not her ruin. And so He raised up Joan of Arc, the virgin of Domremy. The life of this heroine is

a succession of Raphaele tableaux. First we see the poor ignorant girl with her rustic spindle, list'ning, in celestial rapture, to mysterious voices; then the scene shifts and we find her at the head of the army, clad in snow white armour, mounted on her charger and holding in her hand the banner studded with fleur-de-lys. But how sad and gloomy is the unravelling of this touching tragedy! There is Joan of Arc in prison; Joan of Arc at the tribunal; Joan of Arc at the stake; Joan of Arc the martyr for her country and let us hope, the saint!

O Domremy! well mayst thou boast of having been the birth-place of Joan of Arc, the deliverer of her country; well mayst thou pride in that statue that adorns thy public square; for never has there been a maiden more pious, more pure, more noble, more heroic than thy 'gentle Joan.' These virtues adorned her life, from its quiet dawn in the humble hamlet to its blood-purpled close at Rouen. The chronicles of the age relate in idyllic admiration the first stages of her life in the Vosges. Her childhood was divided between domestic work and the altar; her duties towards her parents and her duties towards God. But why dwell on this? Is it not self-evident? How candid, how stainless, how virtuous must have been this maiden, since God chose her from amongst the whole realm of France, to fulfil a grand and holy mission, and marked her brow with the sign of martyrdom.

When rosy childhood passed and Joan entertained higher sentiments, when she understood the meaning of those two sublime words, 'Deus et Patria'; when her heart bled at the recitals of the woes of France, told by the wounded soldiers who fled through her village and whose sick-bed she attended, she felt herself as if surrounded by a mysterious circle. Her sleep was haunted with dreams of armies and bloodshed; she saw the English sitting amidst the havoc of the French, and a pang of anguish pierced her heart. How often did she weep 'on the fair realm of France!' She then recalled the old prophecies — that a maid from the borders of Lorraine should save the land. One day she was thus brooding over the misfortunes of her country when suddenly,

in a dazzling light, appeared at her side the archangel St. Michael, who came a messenger from God, with the sublime command:

"Jeanne, Jeanne, debout! va délivrer la France!" Her first terror passed, Joan answers: "Messire, I am but a poor maiden. I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead men-at-arms." But the heavenly envoy bids her: "Go to Beaudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs, and God will help you." Who can imagine the doubts and fears that must have assailed the mind of the simple peasant girl at this apparition? But a continuous correspondence with heavenly voices soon comforted her and confirmed her in her mission. She assures her parents, her friends, Beaudricourt and all those who try to dissuade her from her project that she would rather stay at her humble cottage, but it is not of her own choice. It is her Lord that commands and she must obey, she must go to the king, were she 'to wear her limbs to the very knees.' "But who is your Lord?" they ask. "The God of Heaven." Beaudricourt hesitates for a long time to give her aid. But at last won by the air of candor, truthfulness and authority displayed in her entreaties and answers, he swears to lead her to the king. She starts for Chumon. Her journey hither is a real moral triumph, she wins minds and hearts as she is afterwards to win battles. Many are they who, at the strange news of the girl who pretends to have received the divine mission of saving France, come incredulous to meet her, to scoff at her; but at her sight change their minds and return home full of confidence in the protection of God.

At the court, Joan, not in the least intimidated by the brilliant crowd of courtiers, thought she has never seen him before, recognizes the dauphin, disguised as a simple nobleman. In vain does he deny his dignity, she insists firmly: "I tell you in the name of God, you are the son of the king, the true heir of France." The learned doctors of the University of Poitiers, who examine her, are astonished at the simplicity and correctness of her answers, and declare her to be "a good christian, a true catholic, and a very good person." The

court is persuaded; the patriotic fire is rekindled in the hearts of all. Joan is then given the command of 6000 men. She girds on the miraculous sword brought by her order from St. Catherine-de-Fier-à-Corvais. And then with her snowy banner waving over her head, she marches without further delay to Orleans.

The besiegers of the city are a mere handful compared to the forces of the besieged. But such is the terror they inspire in the Orleanais that not a sally is attempted. The army is completely demoralized. But the appearance of Joan of Arc gives another turn to the war. Her first care is to re-establish discipline, to correct the morals of the soldiers, and to free the army from the crowd of plunderers who follow at its heels; and such is her prestige over the soldiery that they comply without murmur with all that she commands.

Before attempting any attack, Joan writes to the Duke of Bedford, summoning him in the name of her Lord, King of Heaven, to deliver into her hands the keys of all the French cities which the English troops occupy, or else she will drive them out perforce. The English amazed at this assurance and new apparel of war, let the convoy approach unmolested before Orleans, where the Pucelle enters without striking a blow. The presence of Joan of Arc in the besieged city, her words, her very looks and deportment, breathe into every soul a new vigor; the soldiers are ready to follow her wherever she wills. Numerous sallies prove successful, and one by one the surrounding forts fall into their hands. The strongest yet remains. The French generals hesitate but Joan has received the command of her "Voices"; she orders the attack. The English, though inferior in number, fight vigorously, and repulse the first onset of the Orleanais. Joan is wounded. At the sight of her blood, the woman weeps, but seeing the French retreating towards the city, she resumes her manly character; "Stop! stop!" she commands, "eat and drink! as soon as my banner shall touch the wall, you will enter the fort." It is done as she said, and the next day the enemies raise the siege and fly towards Paris.

The fame of Joan of Arc is now scattered far and wide. The two camps are filled with the relation of her deeds. While the one sings her praises the other shudders at the mere mention of her name, and flings at her the worst epithets ever invented by hateful and revengeful hearts. But in the midst of her triumphs, where was the Pucelle? Was she priding herself on her victories? Follow her through Orleans, follow her to the Church, where, kneeling before her Lord, she bursts into a passionate flood of tears! She weeps over the loss of her peaceful life; she weeps over the blood that was shed, though she herself shed none; she weeps over the foul taunts which the enemy throws in her face; she weeps over all she has yet to do, but not for a moment does she harbor the thought of leaving her mission half-completed. She has begun the sacrifice, and she will accomplish it even at the cost of her life.

Joan is restless under inaction. At last she persuades Charles to proceed directly to Rheims. All the cities that lie in her way either open their gates or are taken at the first onset. The army thereby increases more and more every day. With what satisfaction and lightness of heart does not the Pucelle hail Rheims as one bright morning the city rises before her. There is to be completed her mission. She anticipates in thought the joyful hour when resuming her peasant's dress, she will be on the road to Domremy. But what cruel deception awaits her!

The joyous chimes spread throughout the land the welcome news, "France has a king! Charles VII is the king!" Numerous cities swear allegiance to him.

Joan of Arc has fulfilled her twofold mission: the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation of the king at Rheims. To all who have carefully studied the facts there is no possible doubt about the more than natural character of her mission. How could she, a poor peasant-girl, naturally timid, have undertaken such an enterprise of her own movement? How could she have deceived the learned doctors of Poitiers? Whence comes the wonderful influence she exercises over all those who approached her? How could her

womanly nature have supported all the hardships of camps and war? How could she have so well foretold the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation of the king? By means of the powers of darkness? No, for how could the devil desire the salvation of France, when it was rather to his advantage that it should be blotted off the map of the world.

How many such questions remain unanswerable, unless we see behind this weak instrument the directing hand of the omnipotent Providence!

The Pucelle, her mission accomplished, throws herself at the feet of Charles, and begs leave to return to her peaceful village. The king and his council are well aware of the deep influence that she exercises over the army. Joan gone, they fear to see the soldiers relapse in their former habits of indolence and immorality; they are afraid of losing what Joan of Arc has gained for them. Joan is the soul of the army. Her presence is necessary: the King refuses her request. She must obey: for the order of the king is an order of God; and her 'Voices' are silent. Such sadness comes over Joan, that all contemporary writers say that it was 'a pity to see the Pucelle.' Ominous presages haunt her mind. She knows the fate that awaits her, if she should fall into the hands of the English. However she loses none of her energy. Always foremost to attack and last to retreat, she is still an object of dread to her enemies, who fly at the simple sight of her standard.

The march of the French is now an alternation of victory and defeat. At last Compiègne is besieged by the English. Joan throws herself into the place, directs vigorous sallies, and inflicts great losses on the enemy. But in the last of those engagements, while retreating toward the city, she falls from her horse, and is obliged to yield herself to the Bastard of Vendôme, who confides her to John of Luxembourg. This last sells her to the English who, from prison to prison, drag her to Rouen. Here history cries for shame at the sight of the mournful events that follow, and which has inspired one of the most eloquent panegyrists of this century, Mgr. Daparlou, with the following words: "And what! all the gates of the

cities of France remained barred behind her! and no one to rush out of them to defend her! to die for her!

Ah! that is what I cannot pardon! I pardon the traitors, I pardon the executioners, I pardon the English, but I can never pardon the cowards, I can never pardon the ungrateful! Ah! I ask you! should not all the knights and all the soldiers—I do not speak of Charles VII and his courtiers—and for want of knights and soldiers, should not the women and children, who often can still be moved, when men are heartless, should not all the castles and houses have risen, marched on Orleans, and delivered the deliverer of France!"

Whoever reads the story of the capture, trial, and death of Joan of Arc, cannot fail to perceive the strong resemblance she bore to Her Saviour. The money for which she was sold was the gold of treason, the price of blood, the transaction of a Judas selling his saviour to his enemies. Like Christ, Joan was dragged from prison to prison; like Him she had to undergo a mock-trial. In this trial, the parallel between the two expiatory victims is most striking. It is sufficient to give one side of it to see the immediate application on the other. See Joan of Arc standing before her judges! her accusers are those she has saved, those who should defend her. Among them are seen princes of the Church '*Principes Sacerdotum.*' The most monstrous crimes are imputed to her; and what should prove her innocence, is brought to bear against her; her very glories are sources of accusation. Nor is this all: thousands of lying subtleties are invented to entangle her; but by simple answers, by one word, she destroys the long and painfully-wrought arguments of her prosecutors. She is also insulted, notwithstanding the fact that she is the accused, and thereby entitled to the protection of the law. However convincing the evidence of her innocence, yet the cry is raised, "To the stake! To the stake!"

How vivid is the resemblance so far, but it does not end here! It exists to the consummation of the sacrifice. Like Christ she is condemned to an ignominious death; like Him she dies forgiving

her enemies and praying to God. After her death an English soldier exclaims : "We are lost ! we have burned a saint ! " as of old in Jerusalem, the Centurion prostrated before Calvary exclaimed : "This was verily the Son of God."

The crime was accomplished, and Pierre Cauchon, the miserable bishop of Beauvais, and the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all who had a share in her condemnation, went off bearing a life-long remorse in their hearts.

But let not the evil-minded attribute the death of this martyr to the Church. For as we cannot impute the cruelties of Warren Hastings to the whole English

people or to its king, so we cannot impute the crime of the bishop of Beauvais to the Church or to the Pope. They are innocent of the death of Joan of Arc ; and well have they proven it by rehabilitating her memory, and by since declaring her 'Venerable.' May we soon see her placed on our altars ! May France repair its ungratefulness towards her by making her its patroness, and stamping her image on its banners, as it is deeply engraved in the heart of every true Frenchman !

AURÉLIEN BÉLANGER. '97.

THE RECRUIT.

So much to me is imminent ;
To leave Revolt that is my tent,
And Failure chosen for my bride.

And over life's highway be gone,
Ere yet Creation marches on,
Obedient, jocund, glorified :

And last of things afoot, to know
How to be free is still to go
With glad concession, grave accord,

Nor longer, bond and imbecile,
Stand out against the gradual Will—
The great "Fall in !" of God the Lord.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HOW LARRY McFURY HELPED TO DEFRAND THE QUEEN.

“ Hail, horrors, hail ! Welcome, Cimmerian cellar !
 Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine !
 Cumean cave !—no Sibyl thy indweller :
 Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine !
 Pleased I explore this Sanctuary of thine,
 A humble votary, whom venturous feet
 Have brought into thy Subterranean Shrine ;
 Its mysteries I reverently greet,
 Pacing these solemn vaults in contemplation sweet.”



If you ever have the good fortune, or bad fortune perhaps, to visit a certain locality at East Tyrone, not far from Ireland's greatest lake, and if you are gifted

with even ordinary powers of observation, you cannot help noticing the curious tumble-down ruins of what was, once upon a time, a very comfortable farmhouse. It is situated only a short distance from the public highway leading into Cookstown, a place so named, peradventure, on account of the great culinary abilities of its inhabitants. The dilapidated structure in question possesses many attractive features, well calculated to arouse the attention of a tourist. It is a long one-story building, having at its south western end a combined barn and stable to which is attached a kind of shed, formerly used as a shelter for calves during stormy weather. The massive walls of stone and lime, lashed by the storms of many a succeeding winter, are now so cracked and crumbling that they threaten with instant destruction anyone fool-hardy enough to venture within their time-hallowed precincts. The thatched roof has so far gone to wreck as to serve but very poorly the end for which roofs are generally intended. It is overgrown with grass and weeds, which, together with the half rotten straw, form a tolerably comfortable nesting-place for many a winged messenger of song. Indeed this same roof is of such a spongy nature that it keeps up

a constant rainstorm within the building for at least forty-eight hours after rain has stopped falling outside ; so, taking into account the number of rainy days annually allotted the Green Isle, you can imagine how much fair weather there is to be had inside the whilom comfortable mansion we are describing. The interior is divided into three apartments of about equal size. The middle one which once served as the kitchen, can be easily distinguished from the others by its ample fire-place, now, alas ! colder and drearier looking than the bleak mountain-side that rises in the distance. When we last visited the building, half the window glass was gone, and the only commodity one could find inside, was a liberal supply of ozone, carried by the strong fresh breezes from Slieve Gallion's noble brow. The former occupants of this once comfortable home, crushed by pitiless and repeated reverses for fortune, had, a few years previously, abandoned the cherished scene of childhood's joys and sorrows, and followed thousands of their exiled fellow-countrymen to the great Land of Promise in the West.

Nor is the locality in which this structure stands entirely devoid of interest to lovers of the thrilling and supernatural. Every glen, country lane and lonely tree around has its blood curdling and ghostly associations. A stone's throw away stand the ruins of a forge where, one wild winter's night, old Archy Doris shod a three-footed horse for the fairies. Here on the other side is a lonely lane where a strange man of extraordinary stature used

to take his regular midnight stroll ere returning at cock-crow to the mystic regions of the unknown. Even the house itself has attached to its rain-battered walls many ghostly rumors and apparently impenetrable mysteries. During the dead hours of the night, strange and unaccountable sounds used to be heard within the darkened rooms, and queer stealthy figures were occasionally seen moving in unearthly silence about the premises. That these marvellous nocturnal sights and sounds can be attributed to other causes, altogether different from the midnight revels of either ghosts or goblins, this present sketch will satisfactorily show. Denny McShane, the former proprietor of the place, used to assert most emphatically that the old building and its surroundings was indeed "infested with *spirits*" but then a close observer could notice a peculiar twinkle in his left eye as he pronounced the last word.

For some of us this ancient farmhouse is an object of special and memory-honored interest. It is where many a pleasant evening was spent in the good old times, and, moreover, it was within its walls, or rather under them, that Larry McFury, an intimate friend of the Owl, once had the bold audacity to aid in defrauding Her Most Gracious Majesty. How, and to what extent, Larry offended against the mighty British Empire will now be briefly and lucidly explained.

As was said before, the south western end of this quaint old building was formerly used as a barn and stable. As you enter the barn and examine it more closely, you cannot help remarking something that at once calls forth an exclamation of surprise. A portion of the earthen floor has given way revealing a dark cavity the mysterious depths of which our eyes can hardly penetrate until they become accustomed to the unusual darkness. It is evidently a kind of cellar, but, from all appearances, was never intended to serve the ordinary purposes of a cellar. The solid clay of the barn floor has been quarried out to a depth of six or seven feet. The opening thus formed is carefully roofed over with heavy beams, laid close together, and these in turn are ingeniously concealed by a heavy coating of clay, so as not to offer the least possi-

bility of detection. The sides of this curious celler have never been built up, so its only walls are the slimy clay banks from which water is continually oozing. In one end is a primitive looking fire place, above which there is a big hole in the damp clay bank, evidently leading into some overground apartment, and answering as a very poor apology for a chimney. Not far from the fire place a spout admits a constant stream of clear water, which escapes through a sewer located on the opposite side. A few queer looking utensils, now almost completely demolished by the action of time and damp, are lying carelessly around. These tell-tale articles alone can give one any idea as to the use for which this primitive excavation once served. The vats, half-casks and other vessels scattered about the muddy floor, combined with the general appearance of the place, lead one to the legitimate conclusion that, this secret subterranean apartment was formerly employed for the purpose of illicit distillation. Such in fact is the solution of the mystery, although forsooth, be it granted that such distillery never brought very serious detriment upon the great British Empire, nor did it ever cost Her Majesty a single sleepless night.

Now at the time we speak of, Larry McFury was of an age and size, which, had he the happiness to be at Ottawa University, would entitle him to no higher position than that of Captain in the Short-pants Brigade. He lived only a little distance from Denny McShane's farmhouse, and was a constant visitor there during the time that the above mentioned illegal proceedings were carrying out in the silent depths under the barn floor. Still, for obvious reasons, he was never given to understand that said underground operations were in progress on the premises. This precaution, at least in Larry's opinion, was altogether unnecessary, for there never once entered his mind the slightest idea of doing or saying anything calculated to aid, even remotely, the unwelcomed representatives of British law. Now, although generally regarded as a kind of quiet chap, with no very marked tendency towards mischief, still Larry then had, and perhaps still possesses, a noticeable ability for finding out important

secrets. Consequently, from close observation and a combination of circumstances, many and varied, he came to the conclusion that there was something not entirely supernatural, but yet extraordinary, going on around Denny McShane's farmhouse, and, without delay, set his mind upon solving the mystery. The fact that shortly before, during hours supposed to be occupied in serious study, he had read 'Old Cap. Collier' and other detective yarns, made him all the more eager in his work of discovery. He gazed wistfully at his short pants and wondered if they were a disqualification for such an onerous undertaking. Evidently they were not for he soon got to work with a skill and determination that would have done credit to many of his more pretentious elders. He blamed these same short pants for, so far, depriving him of a participation in the secret, and now he was going to prove satisfactorily, for the enlightenment of all whom it might concern, that full-length trousers were not at all an essentiality in the composition of a man.

Larry noticed, in the first place, that quite a large amount of red clay, evidently serving no earthly use for farming or other purposes, had lately made its appearance upon Denny McShane's premises, without leaving the least trace to indicate whence it came. He also remarked that the barn door was kept very carefully locked for several weeks, and, although he boasted himself on being a favorite visitor at the farm-house, still, on no pretext whatever, could he obtain admission to that prohibited part of the premises. Now it must be confessed that Larry was far from being an able logician then, not having even once heard of Zigliara's Philosophy, nevertheless he had common sense enough to understand that no such effects could exist without some sufficient cause. A cellar was evidently constructing somewhere, and that somewhere must be located within the four walls of the locked barn in question. Now cellars are rare things in Ireland, especially in country districts, and, supposing one had to be excavated, there could be no ordinary reason for keeping the matter so absolutely secret. Then, when many a key-hole investigation proved fruitless, the door was at length thrown open revealing to Larry's eager

eyes, nothing more wonderful than a new earthen floor, carefully graded and leaving no trace of an underground apartment. His curiosity however far from being allayed, was now rather considerably augmented, for he had just finished reading some thrilling tales of underground mountain still-houses and their accompanying risks; so, putting the information thus acquired along with what he had seen, and a few unguarded remarks he had heard made by some of those involved in the secret, he came to the conclusion that under the aforesaid mysterious barn, and in secure defiance of the mighty British Constitution, there existed a manufactory for the unlawful production of *potteen* whiskey. Notwithstanding the many objections under which this bold conclusion labored, Larry strengthened it by additional proofs, until finally circumstances so far favored its veracity that he really imagined he could detect the savory fumes of *potteen* punch in every nook and corner of the premises. Every shade of mere probability having now given place to certainty, Larry resolved to make a telling hit. One Sunday afternoon, during a friendly visit to Denny McShane's comfortable kitchen, as he was snugly seated before the big fire-fire only a few yards distant from the scene of subterranean operations, and being well aware that all those present were custodians of the secret, he gave them plainly to understand, by various hints and circumlocutions, that he too, despite his short pants, now knew all about the matter. The general amazement and consternation was, at first, too noticeable to be concealed, but after Larry had explained that nobody but himself knew of his discovery and that no blamed peeler or still-hunter would ever be a bit the wiser, they were well satisfied to give him full particulars as to what was going on. That afternoon as Larry returned home, the imaginary laurels of victory on his brow, he seemed, at least in his own estimation, to have completely outgrown the short pants, and to be capable of greater detective achievements than those which had rendered famous the name of any Old Cap. Collier who ever walked the streets of New York.

Two days afterwards was the date fixed for Larry's formal introduction to the

scene of active operations. He was led, not to the stable where he expected to go, but to the little addition, which has been described as a shelter for calves during unfavorable weather. As Larry entered this rather primitive looking shed, Denny who was acting as his guide, seized a large shovel that was standing against a post and began removing a huge heap of manure, carelessly piled near the side-wall. Larry began to remonstrate, saying he hadn't come there to assist in cleaning out the calves' lodgings, but to visit one of those underground fairy palaces he had so often read about and meditated upon with youthful wonder. Denny thereupon told him to practise a little Christian patience, and hold his tongue, otherwise he would be liable to lose it, so Master Short-pants, thought it the best policy to keep a respectful silence and await developements. After quite a number of immense shovelfuls were removed, something giving a hollow sound was struck, and a trap door slowly appeared. Larry stared with wide-open eyes as the proportions of the trap were gradually revealed, but actually started back in boyish terror as the wooden covering was itself raised. Underneath there appeared a perpendicular, pitchy-dark hole about three feet in diameter, into which, Denny said, one had to let himself drop, as there was as yet no other means of descent. To make matters worse, Larry had to go first as it was Denny's business to close the trap behind them. He repeated whatever prayers he remembered, and then, mustering all his courage, let himself drop, resolved to explore these mighty underground regions or to die in the attempt. The drop was not so bad after all as it was only about six feet, but, instead of the handsome velvet carpets with which his fairy-haunted imagination had clothed the floors of these underground palaces and halls, Larry found his feet sunk in about three inches of very soft mud which splashed rather uncomfortably around his ankles. Then began a march, or rather scramble, through a dark passage not more than two feet broad, and about four and a half feet high. There were clayey wet banks on either side and plenty of mud everywhere, so Larry, for once in his life, expressed satisfaction at being small. As

it was however, he managed to collect upon his person a sufficient amount of red clay to make one believe he was an animated pottery statue. At length after many ejaculations, not at all complimentary to private distilleries in general or to this one in particular, Larry and his guide arrived in the one only apartment of the underground manufactory. It was lighted by a solitary candle, stuck in a sconce hung up at one end, and so dense was the smoke, which had no exit save a very defective flue, that one could hardly distinguish objects two steps ahead. A few rough planks, one thrown across another, offered the only means by which one was kept from plunging knee deep into the muddy water, which gave the floor the appearance of a very dirty pond in which ducks are accustomed to waddle. The roof was so low that full-grown people could barely stand erect, and dirty water, oozing from above, and dripping between the rough beams, added considerably to the uncomfortableness of the place. The big still, placed over a brisk fire on a slightly elevated hearth, was doing its work in a very encouraging manner, whilst the long crooked copper worm, connected with the still-head, and coiled up in a spacious barrel, filled with water kept constantly cold by a continuous supply from the above mentioned spout, looked like some dangerous serpent panting with rage and spitting forth its fiery venom. A couple of young men with whom Larry was well acquainted were busily occupied attending to the various requirements of the work on hand. They gave their young visitor ample information regarding everything he saw, and, to tell the truth, he was glad when they got through with their description, for his unaccustomed eyes, under the influence of the thick smoke with which the place was filled, were giving him considerable pain. Moreover he dreaded that the undermined buildings overhead might momentarily topple down about his ears, thus abruptly ending a career, destined, peradventure, for many a noble and heroic achievement. Larry returned to the upper world by the same way as he had entered, but had to make use of some hastily formed incisions in the clay bank in order to elevate himself at the place where he had jumped

down. When he got into the fresh air, it seemed like coming back to life from the depths of a musty tomb, and, although what he had witnessed had fallen far short of his expectations, still he was proud of the boast that in sweet security from the prying eyes of every British spy in the Green Isle, he had explored a celebrated private distillery and had thus become master of an important secret which any promotion-seeking official in Her Majesty's Service would give a good deal to know.

A few nights after this subterranean expedition Larry happened to be on one of his accustomed visits to McShane's farmhouse. Denny being, on that particular occasion, in need of help to prepare for another night's disilling, asked his young friend to descend with him to "the hole" in order to lend a hand in the work. Larry, like most other youths of his age, had a special tendency towards anything that might possibly give a little chance for excitement, so he readily consented. The still and other utensils had to be thoroughly washed, and arranged in their respective places. Although Larry worked as earnestly as he ever did before, still a considerable time had elapsed, and he was feeling fairly well tired ere everything was in readiness. He often relates that this is the greatest extent to which he ever had the audacity to aid in defrauding Her Most Gracious Majesty, and adds with a smile that such a terrible disregard for law and order did not go long unpunished. Just as the work was completed Denny noticed something that gave very good reason for the utmost alarm and dismay. The water on the floor had risen considerably and was still slowly but surely mounting. The exit sewer which was composed of very small pipes, had evidently become choked up, and now the water was coming in from above without there being even the remotest possibility of its getting out. All the *poten* manufactured for some time before, not a great deal indeed, but still too much to lose, was rather carelessly stowed away, and so was in imminent danger of being spoiled by the rising water. But this was only a minor consideration. A thousandfold more painful and embarrassing was the fact that Denny,

before descending, had given instructions for the trap door to be carefully fastened and covered from above, and not to be opened until "the boys" would come to begin the night's work. Moreover it might possibly be several hours yet before "the boys" could arrive. What was to be done? Denny and Larry found themselves locked up in their underground prison, with the water gradually rising around them. There did not exist the slightest possibility of escape; they might shout themselves hoarse without anyone above ground hearing the least sound. Denny tried to open the sewer but his efforts were unavailing, as the obstruction had lodged at a considerable distance inward. He next attacked the trap door but here too, his attempts to escape the threatened danger were ineffective. The water soon covered the elevated hearth where a bright fire had burned only a few minutes previously, and still continued to mount higher, higher, higher. Although Larry stood in the most elevated position he could find, the water soon reached above his knees and he began to shiver from cold and fear. Bitterly did he lament the day he had discovered the still-house secret, and many a solemn resolution did he form that he would never again take part in such unlucky subterranean operations. When the still-house was about half full of water Denny caught hold of a floating vat, and, jumping into it, padded his way by means of a rather superannuated broom stick to where the sewer mouth was located. Here he made one more attempt to let the water go, but this final effort, like the former, was utterly useless. As he returned sailing across the apartment like some modern Noah in a roofless ark, his clumsy boat suddenly capsized pitching him headforemost into the muddy depths. Had both not been in so serious a predicament, Larry could have burst his sides with laughter at this comical mishap, especially when Denny sent forth a volume of ejaculations concerning the dangers and disadvantages of underground navigation. But under the circumstances there was no place for laughter, as the position now seemed almost deperate. Denny took Larry in his arms in order to keep as much of his body as possible

above the icy water. The minutes seemed hours to the anxious waiters, and nothing could be heard in the deep stillness save the trickle, trickle, of the water from the spout, as it gradually collected its forces for the utter destruction of two imprisoned and helpless victims. This sounded to Denny's ears as the nailing together of the hastily improvised scaffold sounds to the ears of a condemned criminal whilst, silently within his cell he awaits the hour of doom. At length there is something kind enough to break the dreadful monotony; a noise is heard in the direction of the entrance; somebody is opening the trap door; the two prisoners are saved. Yes, saved! saved! they both joyfully cry out as they make their way to the end of the narrow passage. Then a great splash is heard followed by a string of oaths, each one of which is strong enough to shock the conscience of a Cromwell. The boys had arrived to begin their night's distilling, and one of them, on jumping into the hole in the usual way, had of course landed in about three feet and a half of water. In about

five minutes the two prisoners were hauled out to fresh air and freedom, and you may be sure it required more than an ordinary quantity of *poteen*, hot, to restore animation to their benumbed limbs. That was the last night's work ever performed in the famous distillery, and it was only about the fourth time it had been used. The proceeds never paid half the expenses incurred, so owing to the difficulty of running the business with profit, it was finally abandoned. Shortly after his narrow escape from being "drowned like a rat" Larry donned a new pair of long pants, and even to this day the thought of Denny McShane sailing in his tub, with an old broomstick for a paddle, is sufficient to put him into roars of laughter, no matter where, or under what circumstances such a thought presents itself. The old farm-house, with its mysterious barn, will long be regarded as an object of interest, nor will Larry McFury soon forget the night he helped to defraud Her Most Gracious Majesty.

J. F. RUSTICUS.



THE ANGELUS.



man with anxious eye and haggard face,
 Lost in an unknown forest, hurried on
 While growing dusk involved in deeper maze
 The half seen terrors of the lonely ways—
 He shuddered as he passed the wild beast's den,
 And drank the foul breath of the savage fen.

But, hark ! the Angelus melodiously
 Sounds thro' the gloomy forest from afar—
 As if a spell had fallen, rock and tree
 Appear transfigured into shapes that bar
 All apprehensions of calamity ;
 Altars and pillars of a domed church are
 Around him as he hails on bended knee
 Her who is traveller's guide and mariner's star.

E. C. M.

HIAWATHA.



THE mythological tales and legends of any nation, race, or time have always proved very instructive and and interesting to their readers, and the mythology of the North American Indians, the aboriginies of this continent is no exception to the general rule ; it has been read and re-read with intense interest and manifest pleasure by many thousands of people.

The Indian with his simple life and vague superstitions has found an excellent and faithful portrayal in that nearest approach to an epic to which Americans can lay any just claim, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. Mr. Longfellow, after much patient toil and careful research, aided by his lively imagination and poetic instincts, has gathered up and woven together the traditions and legends of the Indians into the wierd and beautiful word-picture of the life and customs of the original Americans. He saw the absurdity of attempting to portray the Indian in the conventional style and ideas in which the Knickerbockers poets has written, and sought for some meter which should be entirely proper, but still would be different from any which had been used in the composition of any similar work. At length he determined to employ the meter used in the composition of the Finnish epic *Kalevala*, and that he did so with great success is very evident from a careful and intelligent perusal of the poem.

This meter was a rhymeless trochaic dimeter admirably adapted to *Hiawatha*, because "Indian traditions are but the myths of an untutored race, and would seem puerile and affected in any but the most primitive of chanting measures." Great strength was shown in this part, which is the most frequently criticised

piece of verse work, for he displayed a subtle sense of the requirements of his simple story of a primitive race, in choosing the most fluid of measures that lets the thought run through it in easy sing song style such as oral tradition would be sure to find on the lips of the story-tellers in the wigwams.

Longfellow's apparent mastery of the Indian tongue is wonderful, and his use of their dialect is charming, and is one of the most admirable and admired points upon which a criticism is based.

The simplicity of the style, and the seeming disregard in the matter of metrical precedents in the same line of work only lends additional charm to the natural music inherent in the words and meter. This strikes the reader from the very beginning to the last line of the poem. The rising and falling cadences of the lines elevates the peruser into almost an ecstasy of delight, and only relinquish their firm grasp upon him when with a sigh of regret he closes the book ; but even then he is cognizant that they have left a deep and indellible impress upon his mind.

A striking instance of this is had in the verses which contain the plaintive farewell of *Hiawatha* to *Minnehaha*, his wife, after her death.

Farewell, said he, *Minnehaha*,
Farewell, O my Laughing Water,
Come back not again to labor,
Where the famine and the fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of *Ponemah*,
To the land of the Hereafter.

The soft and melancholy music of these lines must often move a sympathetic reader to tears. And again in the response made by *Nokomis*, the grandmother of *Hiawatha*, in answer to his query as to what was the rainbow which

he saw in the heavens, the following lines are so simple, yet so beautiful that they deserve special mention.

'Tis the heaven of the flowers you see there
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

Longfellow in *Hiawatha* displays great powers of description and word painting, and pictures the scenes where the incidents related are supposed to have taken place, with such true color and vividness, that through the maze of our reflections we can see the woodland with its trees adorned with the golden hued leaves in Autumn, the green fields decorated with the gay flowers of Summer and Spring, and the bleak, desolate forest and the barren mountains, where "Mudjekeewis the west wind, reigns supreme, as though we were there. Steadman, our ablest American critic, says on this particular point: "Hiawatha is the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and the oak, the heron and eagle, and deer as they seem to the red man himself, and join for a moment in his simple creed and wonderment." Although not familiar with the wild wood life, Longfellow nevertheless describes the places and objects with such minuteness of detail that we are translated to the very spot.

To prove that Longfellow is no mean rival of Cowper in descriptive poetry I have chosen a passage which has never a "touch of grandiosity," but is so simple that were we not attracted by the musical names and words, we should pass it over with a mere glance.

The lines relate to Minnehaha who was to become Hiawatha's wife.

Was it not to see the maiden
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Longfellow is very versatile in his descriptions, and he pictures the wild, rugged rocks, and the silvery falls and babbling brook of Minnehaha, the sombre forest, and gay fields with an equal degree of facility and beauty.

We shall take another instance of his scenic pictures in the verses in which he describes the origin of the maize. It was during Hiawatha's fasting that a beautiful young man appeared and challenged him to wrestle. Hiawatha accepted and they combated for three days and on the third Hiawatha vanquished the young man, who before wrestling had requested that when he should fall his grave should be guarded and watered for seven days. Hiawatha concedes the request and guards the grave

"Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward
Then another and another
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty
With its long soft yellow tresses."

Longfellow thus beautifully relates the tradition which is generally accepted as the origin of the maize.

We shall now consider some of his pictures in his descriptions of woodland or mountain scenery. First, that of the building of his canoe is too well known and too long to quote in full, so I shall content myself with a few lines chosen for their particular force and beauty.

Hiawatha says to the birch tree

"Give me of your bark O Birch Tree
Of your yellow bark O Birch Tree
I, a light canoe will build me
Build a swift Cheewan for sailing
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn
Like a yellow water lily.
Lay aside your cloak O Birch Tree
Lay aside your white skin wrapper
For the summer time is coming
And the sun is warm in heaven
And you need no white skin wrapper.

In the struggle between Mudjekeewis and Hiawatha, Longfellow is seen at his best. Hiawatha became acquainted with the espousal and desertion of his mother by Mudjekeewis, and inflamed with anger, he sets out to punish him, and meets him

"At the doorways of the West Wind
At the portals of the Sunset."

They exchange greetings, and then Mudjekeewis vexes Hiawatha by his continual boasting, and is accused of the murder of Wenonah. He acknowledges the crime, and now ensues the dread fray.

And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock
On the fatal Wambeek laid it
With his mittens Mirye Kahwun
Smote and crushed it into fragments
Hurled them madly at his father
For his heart was mad within him
Like a living coal his heart was.

Hiawatha at last gains an advantage and pursues his father

To the doorways of the West Wind
To the portals of the Sunset
To the earths remotest border,
Where sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall
In the melancholy marshes.

There is a beautiful simile contained in the last lines of the above quotations, and is but one of the many instances of the forceful but still beautiful style of Longfellow.

The beauty of the above selections is greatly tarnished by the separation from the no less beautiful context. The last point which shall be discussed in this paper is one of absorbing interest. "The Catholicity of Hiawatha."

Longfellow expounds and glorifies in a very touching manner one of the most beautiful doctrines of the Catholic Church. Death is regarded by the doctors of the Church, not as thing to be feared, but as a blessing, because by it we are relieved from the cares, afflictions, and temptations of this life. If we have battled bravely as true henchmen of Christ are we not taken to our true "patria" where we enjoy all the inconceivable happiness of Heaven?

In God we shall find the highest perfection of the art, science or occupation in which we are engaged, be what it may, and we shall only go nearer to the Master of Life and Death who shall reward or punish us according to our deserts.

Longfellow's conception of this doctrine is remarkably clear and correct for a lay-

man and one outside the fold of the Church, and the praise of his readers is unstinted in regard to this point. I cannot praise it well enough, so I shall not cloud its bright and chaste passages by any criticism, but shall merely quote it, and let the readers judge for themselves.

The words are taken from the verse in connection with the death of Chibiabos.

He is dead, the sweet musician
He the sweetest of all singers
He has gone from us forever.
He has only moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music
To the Master of all singing
"O my brother Chibiabos."

There are very many other doctrines which are expounded but which are too lengthy to quote. Notably among them are the commands of God to be charitable and unselfish, and never to despair of his mercy, and to live always in His Holy Grace and never fall into sin.

In conclusion, to avoid disappointment, the persons about to read this poem should not expect an exciting work, because Hiawatha is not a stimulating poem, nor is it a poem with which to while away an idle hour. It is a poem which demands an intelligent reading, nay more, a careful study in order to derive all the benefits from it. Few persons read it completely; to read here and there at odd times is indeed a pleasure, but as has been said before it should and must be read completely, intelligently and carefully.

And now mysterious Hiawatha withdraws, departing

"In the glory of the sunset
In the purple mist of evening
To the regions of the home wind
Of the north west wind Keeway din
To the Islands of the Blessed
To the Kingdom of Ponemah—"
To the land of the Hereafter."

M. A. FOLEY, 3rd Form.

MY MOTHER'S ONLY SON.



HE rain is falling heavily to-night. It has a dull, desolate, lonely sound, as if it were bent upon reminding me of another night more desolate, dull, and lonely even than the present. What right have I, who have so much happiness about me now to be searching the dark annals of past sorrow? Yet that rainy dismal night does come back to me with a force and terror I would rather not remember. I would rather not remember it, because my son just budding into manhood, has left me to-night, for the first time, and gone to take his place in an old firm in a neighboring city.

The world and its allurements are temptingly laid out before him. He is a noble handsome boy, so bright and promising. They tell me he will always have friends, plenty of friends; that he has all the elements of popularity, and is destined to become a general favorite. My own brother was all this. We had everything to hope from him; he had everything to hope for himself.

With prospects fair and bright an old banker, a friend of my father's, gave him an eligible situation. It was an office of trust; he was proud of the confidence placed in him, and left home with the full resolve of filling it with honor to himself and credit to the good man who had placed him there. His letters were pleasant and joyous, full of new pleasures he had never dreamed of in our quiet life at home. His grateful manners and natural gentleness soon established him as a favorite in society; his social pleasures were daily increasing, and his attention to business was both active and energetic.

My mother had a slight misgiving. It was only the shadow of a thought, she said—that Arthur in the new pleasures that surrounded him, might become

weaned from us or might learn to be happy without us. In her deep love for her gifted boy she had never thought such an event possible, and instantly reproached herself for the thought,

In going from home, my brother had left a great waste, an empty place behind him, and his letters were our only comfort. There were only three of us, and while his letters were so fresh and vigorous, they almost kept up the delusion that we were not separated; but there came a change. We may have been slow in discovering it, but we did discover it, and then to miss him as we missed him through the long winter nights seemed like losing a star that had led us, that we had followed, until it passed under a cloud and left us, still waiting, still watching for it to come again. He paid us a flying visit now and then, and my mother unconscious of the cause of his disquietude—for he was both anxious and disturbed—would redouble her exertions to bring back his waning love, making every allowance for the indifference, the coldness and the neglect that were so glaringly apparent to other eyes, yet so delicately obscured from her motherly vision.

Her beautiful boy seemed to carry the sunshine of her life with him; she thought him caressed and petted, the favorite of society, and the embodiment of all that was noble. He has seen so much of the luxury and elegance of life in the great city, how can we expect him to be contented with our home where everything is so different? Thus she would reason with me, and thus, I sometimes thought, she would reluctantly reason with herself.

One day a letter came to us from the banking-house, where my brother had gradually risen to an honored position. It was from the banker himself, our dear old friend, he told in the tenderest manner, that Arthur had acquired a habit which rendered him unfit for an office of trust.

He deeply regretted the necessity of making this known to her; he ended by suggesting that the gentle influence of home might do much towards bringing him to a sense of his condition. My mother read the letter, folded it carefully, reopened it and read it again. She then handed it to me without speaking a word. When I had finished reading it, I looked at her; she was still immovable, helpless as a child in this her great despair. Her apathy was the more distressing to me as I was entirely alone. I dare not consult anyone, dare not ask the advice of our kind neighbors. She had roused herself just enough to tell me it must be kept as secret as death. I was only sixteen. I had grown up under my mother's guidance, had never been five miles away from home, and now this great journey lay before me. There was no one else to go; I must take it alone.

We were both ignorant of the nature of my brother's disgrace. Mr. Lester had made no mention of it. I could only conjecture in my own mind what it might be. Of course I thought of dishonesty; what else could have driven him from a situation where he was so honored and trusted? The railroad was some miles distant from our village; despatch was necessary; I must meet the evening train. My brother was ill; I was going to him; This would quiet our neighbors, and put an end to curious speculations.

Again and again reassuring my mother that I would bring him back, telling her in all sincerity that I knew he would be able to clear himself in her eyes so that not a spot or blemish would be left on his fair name. I became so preoccupied, so entirely absorbed with the object of my journey, that the journey itself had no novelty for me though everything was new and startling. Now I was hurrying to the great city that I had so often thought and dreamed about. It was only in a confused way that I could settle it in my mind that I was really going there. My brother—would he come home with me? He might be angry that I had come. Could I ask him to tell me the truth? No I could not see him so humiliated; I would rather hear the story from other lips than his.

It was near midnight when I reached his lodgings.

"Is Arthur Graham at home?" I, trembling, asked of a kindly looking woman who opened the door.

"He is, miss, and sorely in need of some one to look after him."

She desired me to enter, and we approached his room, I opened the door cautiously. The woman's manner was so mysterious, I trembled and began to be afraid; she had told me he was not sick. Of course I thought he was a prisoner and perhaps chained in his own room. The light was very dim, and, as I advanced, I stumbled and was near falling over—what?—over the prostrate form of my own brother, lost, degraded, fallen.

As I bent down to see why he did not speak to me, I discovered the truth. He, the pride and hope of our lives, had sunk into a drunkard. I uttered no cry; I was no longer terrified; I thought only of my mother.

I was all that was left her now, and, as I bent over him, wondered if that face was his, so changed, so sickening; I tried to smooth the heavy hair, that lay in thick, dark masses about his reeking forehead. How old, how terribly old, he had grown in so short a time! I dare not cherish a feeling of loathing; he was my brother and needed my love as he had never needed it before. A conviction settled upon me, as I sat there with my travelling wrappings: all unremoved, that his case was hopeless. I could see a lonely, dishonored grave, far away from us in a strange land. I know not why this sight should rise before me, my brother was young, and others as debased as he had risen to a good and noble life. Thus I reasoned with myself, and yet that lonely mound of earth would come before me, and I was left powerless.

The night was far advanced, and I was trying to gather up my new found energies, when I felt a kindly hand removing my bonnet. It was the good woman who had met me at the door; she was waiting to show me my room and to offer me some refreshment.

"You can do no good here," she continued as she assisted me to arise, "until morning." She shook her head doubt-

fully as she whispered, "you are very young, yes, quite too young to undertake it even then. But if you are afraid he will give you the slip before you are up, (he often does that,) just lock the door."

She did so and put the key in her own pocket. The little room assigned me was cleanly; it had an air of comfort about it greatly in contrast with the slovenly chamber I had just left. I had made no allusion to my brother as yet, I could not speak to him, and only ventured to ask the woman as she was leaving me, how long he had been in this condition.

"I might ask you the same question, Miss, for, surely it is not a day nor a month that has brought him to this."

To this! What a world of misery there was in that one simple word! It seemed to carry with it the low wailing of a lost soul.

We were to have paid my brother a visit soon, my mother and I. It was to have been a surprise, and I had gone so far as to arrange the dress I should wear for I was anxious to appear at my best before Arthur's friends, and here I was spending my first night in New York. No kin of mine had bid me welcome. No brother had folded me in his loved embrace, and held me out to see how pretty I had grown, proudly kissing me again and again, and telling me how happy my coming had made him.

I arose early, but, early as it was, the woman had apprised Arthur of my arrival. I found him morose and sullen. He demanded my reasons for coming so abruptly upon him. He had not asked after my mother, nor given me one word of kindly greeting; and when in a harsh tone, he asked why I thus intruded myself, my great reserve of womanly strength fled from me, and I cried long and bitterly.

He was naturally kind and gentle. He came to me, wiped the tears from my cheek, and told me he did not intend to be cruel. "Come home with me Arthur dear," I whispered. "You can soon change your life, and be your own self again."

I ventured to tell him that mother had been taken very ill, when, with a look, he begged me to say no more. He could not bear even an allusion to his condition, and I had no wish to harass him. What

a slave he had become to the one ruling passion of his life.

Regardless of my presence, he drank again and again from a bottle near him. Once when I laid my hand upon the glass, he told me that he needed it to steady his nerves, and he would be alright soon. It was in vain that I urged him to accompany me home. He told me he had another situation in view, not anything like the one he had just left, but very good in its way. I could tell my mother this; it might comfort her, 'twas all the hope I had to carry home.

As years went by our sorrows were softened. We had become accustomed to Arthur's manner of life. At times he seemed changing for the better, and again he would go back to his old habits.

It was in early summer time, when everything on our little farm was at its best. I was not yet old, only twenty-two; and on this lovely summer night I was planning our quiet future, when a carriage stopped before the door, and Arthur came in, leading, or rather carrying a delicate young girl, with an infant in her arms.

"Mother," said he, "this is my wife! Grace this is my mother and sister."

"Your wife!" we repeated.

"Oh yes," he replied, "We have been married nearly a year, and I hoped to better my circumstances before I should make the fact known to you."

We saw that the poor child, for such she seemed, was sadly in want of woman's kindly care, so pale, so sorrow-stricken, so young, yet so bowed down disappointed. My new found sister and her wailing infant had our tenderest care. She staid with us our home was hers. Arthur returned to New York. Her history was soon told. She was an orphan, entirely dependent upon the bounty of an aunt who had daughters of her own to be settled in life, She met Arthur. The fascination of his manners and the interest he took in her friendless condition won her heart. The misfortune of his life was well known to her, but she trusted to her love, feeling sure that a life's devotion must redeem him. For her sake, he did try to be firm and strong, and manfully combated his besetting sin; but an hour of weakness came; old associates returned, and old habits with them. In a moment of

hilarity and pleasure all his firmness gave way ; his delicate young wife was forgotten, and she awakened all to soon to the knowledge that her husband's love for liquor was greater than his love for her. The dear, sweet girl and her pretty infant had lived with us nearly a year, when, one cold drizzly night like this, Arthur came home. He had grown so reckless of late, that we were not surprised when he came reeling into our presence. He began by demanding a small amount of money which Grace had been husbanding with care. She made no reply to any of his angry threats, nor did she give him the money. Dead to all sense of manhood he rose to strike her. Her infant was sleeping on her breast. She leaped to flee from him, but before we could save her, he struck her. She fell heavily, the sleeping babe was thrown against the iron fender. It uttered one feeble cry, and closed its eyes for ever.

The mother rose, and with a desperate effort snatches her dead child from my arms, pressed it to her breast, and rocked it to and fro. My mother and I spent that terrible night with a dead infant, a frenzied mother, and a father lost in hopeless despair. Was my brother a murderer? His own tender infant had fallen dead at his feet. The act must pass without a name, for in our woe we had none to give it.

He sat there through the weary hours of the night, a haggard, desperate fear settling upon him. He dare not approach his wife ; the sight of him increased her frenzy, and she prayed that she might never see his face again.

Misery had made my mother strong and she could help me, calm, cool, and deliberate action was necessary now.

Arthur must leave us before morning.

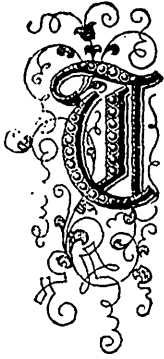
No one had known of his coming. The child's sudden death must be in some way accounted for, in what way I knew not. My mother whispered God would help us.

Arthur slunk away in his guilt and misery. He took no leave of us, but silently crept out in the darkness. There was darkness on every side, it was bearing down upon him with the weight of avenging fury. I watched him, bowed and desolate, stealing away from us, away from all that was dear to him, from all that had loved him, and could not, even now, cast him off. I lingered until the last sound of his foot-steps died away. I knew then as I know now, that we should never see him again. The rain fell upon him as he passed out, it fell upon me as I stood there, and I thought it was falling far away where I had seen a lonely grave.

I washed our martyred babe and dressed it for the burial. There was a mark upon its little neck that the solemn wrappings of the grave must cover. It might be bared before the judgement seat to plead for an erring father. My mother died soon after of a broken heart. She never recovered from the shock of that terrible night. The curse that settled upon her poor, misguided son made him none the less her child ; and she would try, with all the tenderness of her wounded spirit, to think of him as he was ; innocent, true, and noble, when first he left her. When we learned that he had died on foreign shores, and was buried on a lonely island, she thanked God that he was no longer a homeless wanderer. My sister Grace is with me still, loving and cherishing my young children, leading them and me to a better life by the chastened beauty of her own christian character.

C. W.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



THE book which bears the above title does not require to be chewed and digested, according to Bacon's prescription, but it is swallowed and tasted with great relish. It is not bread and meat to sate the craving for truth, it is light claret which may be swallowed after, which tickles the palate and aids the digestion. That is all the author meant it to be, for one does not choose a quiet breakfast table as a place for saying astounding things. The autocrat has somewhere in his talks intimated that it was summer reading, by which we usually understand something of an entertaining nature, which does not require much mastication on the part of the reader, but slips down easily like his ice-cream. The proper mood for reading it is that which commonly comes on after breakfast. After you have read it you will probably set it on that shelf in your memory labelled "Humorous," but you will not forget that there is much in it that is beautiful, a great deal that is wise, and many things that are curious. It is a mosaic of wit, wisdom, pathos, and a myriad of unclassified curiosities. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a man of most happy turn of mind and this book is simply a record of its products for a time. Its work is not at all bookish in form, it is rather conversational. It has no unity of topic or plot, each paragraph is a new subject. It is only a record of conversation held over the breakfast table and was not intended for book form when written. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, James Russell Lowell accepted the editor's chair only on condition that Dr. Holmes would be a contributor. The genial

doctor consented and contributed this series of familiar talks. It was an eminent success, his wit caught the fancy of the people and he became their favorite.

In the *English Literature* recently issued by the Christian Brothers, Holmes is introduced with the remark—"extremes meet. The staid New Englander becomes a world's wit: the straight-laced Puritan gives society a son whose mission is to sow mirth broadcast as he passes along, to send merry laughter a-ringing wherever he is read." It is indeed remarkable that the people's humorist should spring from a stock whose traditions were so sombre. However, we must remember that Holmes is a Puritan of the nineteenth century, and that the staid New Englanders are now something more than the rugged farmers of Independence days. The activity which has become a national characteristic pervades their literature, and the keen discernment, ingenious analogy and pleasant satire which distinguish Dr. Holmes are not, after all, such a paradox in the son of a Puritan minister. He is the "nation's humorist" not only because he has pleased the people, but because he has produced wit peculiar to the people. There is something about his wit that is refined and delicate; it does not excite a sidesplitting laugh such as pleases the vulgar taste, but only a quiet laugh or a good-natured smile.

Although the book consists principally of lectures by the autocrat, it has other features which enliven it a great deal, and contribute to the spirit of it. In the characters he has drawn around the breakfast table, one is reminded of Chaucer's company in the *Canterbury Tales*. Of course the autocrat handles the characters as though they were mere chance listeners, but second thought reveals a purpose in the personnel. There

is a variety among them, though all are the most ordinary, everyday persons, such as one would be likely to meet across the table at a boarding house. There is the old gentleman opposite, who sleeps comfortably when the conversation is uninteresting, makes ejaculations of incredulity when the autocrat gives vent to extravagant notions and emits a tender pathos at the touch of the autocrat on such topics as old age and boyhood memories. The autocrat, in his asides to the reader, handles the old gentleman very tenderly, and always speaks of him in a tone of pity. The divinity student seems to have happened into the circle as a target for the autocrat's speculation on learned topics, and to fulfill the function of indicator of the soundness of those opinions. On one occasion when the lecturer had been propounding a theory of doubtful orthodoxy, he tells us the divinity student honored himself by the way he received it. He took it as a pickarel takes the bait, and went of with it to his hole (in the fourth story) to turn it over.

His finest clay, the creator of this little world reserved for "the school mistress." She is one of those patient, quietly suffering little women for whom the autocrat has a tenderness. She is also, like the old gentleman, treated very kindly by him, probably because she listens so attentively and is such an admirer. She is the occasion for some of his best remarks. When told that she was mourning for her recently deceased mother at whose side she had watched and wasted for a year, the autocrat sighs, "Well, souls grow white as well as cheeks in these holy duties: one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel,—God bless all good women!—to their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last." The landlady's daughter is a contrast. She has a new dress on one morning and is in humor for conversation; asks if the verses just read were impromptu; autocrat takes a side glance at her which he crystallizes into words thus: "(Act 19, Tender-eyed blonde Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the

puddings. Says 'Yes?' when you tell her anything)." Another member of the board is designated as "the economically organized female in black bombazine." Some one was rash enough one day to pass a remark, though of no derogatory nature, on the buckwheat cakes. "Buckwheat is skerce and high," she remarked, and the autocrat makes the aside "[must be a poor relation sponging on our landlady--pays nothing,—so she must stand by the guns and be ready to repel boarders.]"

There is a conceited young fellow at the table whom they called John, who is the source of great annoyance to the monarch. A young man strongly addicted to "cheroots" and jokes, of limited education, and less good breeding is hardly apt to appreciate the fine moods and lofty sentiments of the lecturer, and is continually drawing wrong inferences and unwarranted conclusions from them. For instance, the autocrat was once explaining that when John and Thomas were talking together there were really six persons involved, thus:

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| "Three Johns" | } | 1. The real John: known only to his Maker. |
| | | 2. John's ideal John: never the real one, and often very unlike him. |
| | | 3. Thomas's ideal John: never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either." |

And likewise three Thomases.

"A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow answering to the name of John who sits near me at the table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding houses, was on its way to me *viz* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches."

Holmes has a peculiar facility for ferreting out and describing accurately those feelings, or rather shadows of feelings, that everyone has experienced

but which are so difficult to describe or recall. Here is his diagnosis of one: "*All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present, once or many times before.*" Everyone was interested in this and especially the irrepressible John. "He knew all about it; he had just lighted a cheroot the other day, when a tremendous conviction all at once came over him that he had done just that same thing ever so many times before." "I looked severely at him," says the autocrat, "and his countenance immediately fell—*on the side towards me*, I cannot answer for the other, for he can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half knowing it."

It is difficult to extract samples of his wit; the best of it is a quiet vein running along through his conversation and not often displaying itself in outbursts. Here are a few bright sayings however. "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system, you couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." "The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city." Coming home from deer-shooting he "brought home one buck shot." "A visitor, indigenous to the region (country), looking pensively at the figure (a statuette of Cupid) asked the lady of the house if that was a statoo of her deceased infant? What a delicious, though somewhat voluminous biography, social, educational, and aesthetic, in that brief question!" In the opening number of a new volume of the monthly he greets his readers thus. "The Atlantic obeys the moon, and its luniversity has come around again."

The feature of Holmes' writings is his power of illustrating by analogies. He thinks in figures; the most abstract thoughts are embodied in familiar concrete examples, and every idea is coupled with a counterpart. The whole book would not be badly estimated as a collection of beautiful analogies. A few extracts will best convey an idea of this aptness of his. He speaks of a model club he has in mind as "strung like a harp with about a dozen ringing intelligences," and mentions among the delights of a dinner there "that

carnival-shower of questions and replies and comments, large axioms bowled over the mahogany like bomb-shells from professional mortars, and explosive wit dropping its trains of many colored fire, and the mischief making rain of bon-bons pelting everybody that shows himself." Another—"If I had not force enough to project a principle full in the face of the half-dozen most obvious facts which seem to contradict it, I would think only in single file from this day forward," A dull speaker with a lively listener is compared to a crow with a king-bird after him, flying all around him and occasionally plucking a feather until the victim drops down exhausted. Such expressions as "narrow streaks of specialized knowledge," "speckled globes of falsehood," and "white angular blocks of truth" are characteristic of his pictorial language.

There are some men who, by dint of natural delicacy of mind and constant contact with well trained intellects acquire such a delicate sensibility that they can detect the slightest unevenness of thought. Holmes was one of them. He was a most accomplished conversationalist and had this keen discernment in a high degree; *verbi gratia*, "scientific knowledge," says he, "even in the most modest persons has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind,—not of manners perhaps." "Who does not know fellows that always have an ill conditional fact or two which they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion or pleasant fancy," and he continues to justify himself by an illustration that entirely acquits him of cowardice. "Because bread is good. . . shall you thrust a crumb into my wind-pipe when I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?"

Holmes is known as a poet quite as much as a humorist and a very finished poet at that. His verse is not voluminous but it has an exquisite finish and smooth-

ness, excelled by few modern poets. "The Last Leaf" is a fine blending of humor and pathos, the "Wonderful One Hoss Shay" is humorous; "Sun and Shadow" and "The Chambered Nautilus" show that there was room in the genial autocrat's soul for most elevated, religious sentiment. Here is the concluding stanza of the last named poem:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

He had the rare gift of writing verse to order, and every annual class meeting found him with his sparkling gem prepared. I am only restrained from quoting through respect for the copyright.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was not a giant intellect, and *the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* may not—to apply a stereotype—live as long as the language in which it is written, but it is certainly a very companionable book to have on one's shelf and will furnish many an hour of good mental recreation.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.

PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live.
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges, when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat?
For there never was a pitcher that wouldn't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LEAVES FROM A STUDENT'S LOG.

"I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out."

Milton - at the age of 19.

10—"William J. Fitzpatrick, the Irish scholar and historian, died at his home in Dublin on Christmas eve." The announcement could scarcely have been briefer, had the subject of it been a tradesman or a shop-keeper. It would certainly have been much more complete, did it deal with the passing away of a dishonest financier or a titled malster. But being simply a scholar and merely an Irishman, Mr. Fitzpatrick was vouchsafed the cable tribute of two lines. Such is the whimsical disproportion of the world's rewards. And yet Fitzpatrick was deserving of more generous treatment. He was one—almost the last—of a small group of great Irishmen, who have given their lives and talents to increasing our store of information on historical question as interesting and important as they had hitherto been obscure and neglected. O'Hart and O'Donovan, Madden and O'Curry have had their day; their places are now vacant save for the rich store of historical and antiquarian lore their researches have brought to light and left for the benefit of posterity. So long as Fitzpatrick was alive we knew that the sacred torch was still burning; now that he is gone, there is no one left to whom a prudent seeker after truth dare safely entrust himself for further investigation in the labyrinth of Irish antiquities, even—paradoxically—of modern date.

William J. Fitzpatrick was the son of a successful and highly respected Dublin merchant, and was born in that city some 66 years ago. He enjoyed all the benefits incident to a thorough course of studies at Clongowes Wood, and early in life decided to adopt literature as a profession.

A large fortune inherited from his father relieved him from the embarrassment of bargaining with publishers and allowed him to take his own time with his work. Yet he never acquired an elegant or even easy literary style; to the last he remained ever involved, sometimes turgid, often heavy. It is the matter, not the manner that gives value to his works; had nature or art blessed him with the gift of dressing facts in elegant form, there is no height to which he might not have aspired in the fields of biography and history. As it is, he has paved the way and made easy the work of a future truthful Froude or Macaulay.

Yet it would be unjust to conclude that Mr. Fitzpatrick has not won for himself a high and permanent place in the Irish corner of English literature. Who has not been charmed and instructed by his brilliant biography of Father Tom Burke? His lives of Bishop Doyle, the famous J. K. L., of Dr. Whately, Lever, Dr. Langan and Father James Healy are faithful and interesting. Of his memoir on O'Connell Mr. Gladstone said that it enabled Englishmen to see O'Connell as "a great and good man," and the historian Lecky, while constantly referring to Fitzpatrick as an authority of the highest rank, frequently acknowledges his own indebtedness to his painstaking countryman's researches. The two works on which Mr. Fitzpatrick's fame chiefly rests are "Ireland before the Union," and "The Secret Service Under Pitt." We all remember the sensation they created on their appearance only a few years ago. It was their perusal that led Mr. Gladstone to denounce the "blackguardism"

by which the Act of Union had been carried, and perhaps did much to confirm the Grand Old Man's sympathies for the Sister Isle. Taken all in all there can be no reasonable dissent from the Dublin *Freeman Journal's* assertion that Mr. Fitzpatrick "has rendered valuable service to Irish National literature and the Irish National cause."

11—There is a very sympathetic article in a recent number of the *Rosary* on the late Rev. James J. Moriarty. Though but an unassuming and hard-worked parish priest, Father Moriarty found time to enrich the religious side of American literature with several excellent doctrinal works. I have never been able to understand why his books have not had a more extensive reading. Father Moriarty is the American Faber. There is nothing cold or repulsive about his treatment of points of Catholic doctrine. "All for Love" and "Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones" read like novels, though they discuss the highest points of our creed. "Wayside Pencillings" and "The Keys of the Kingdom" are as poetic as their titles. Their gifted author throws around his subjects such a wealth of glowing imagery and such a delicate charm of style that the most abstract topic appeals to us with a definiteness and concreteness that are simply overpowering. Father Moriarty died in 1887 at the early age of fifty-three: literary efforts had been but a recreation with him, for like the poet-priest of the South, his feet were more used to the lowly steps of the Altar, than to the perilous heights that lead to Parnassus.

12—At last after years of unexplained and, to the general public, unnecessary and unreasonable delay, a poet-laureate has been named for England. It is difficult to discover with what feeling the appointment of this new official singer has been received by the English people. The general conspiracy of silence regarding the laureate may be due to his poetic mediocrity or to his religion; for Alfred Austin is both a poor poet and a Roman Catholic—neither of which is a quality to commend him with the people of "the tight little isle." Coming after Wordsworth and Tennyson, Austin is certainly a disappointment from the point of view of

poetry, though we have simply returned to the standard that existed for generations previous to Wordsworth's laureateship. It is, moreover, doubtful if Austin is not as deserving of the honor as any of his contemporaries and competitors. Taken all in all he is infinitely preferable to the indecent and scoffing versifier, Swinburne; he is not more commonplace or prosy than Sir Edwin Arnold; and he will honor the position quite as highly as William Watson's too often turgid verse could possibly have done. Coventry Patmore or Aubrey De Vere, though undoubtedly "of less desert" than Tennyson, would have worn with credit the laurel, again "greener from the brows of him that uttered nothing base." But reasons of state decreed that the crown should rest on another head.

It is a matter of real pleasure and pride to us to see one of the ancient faith officially recognized as poet laureate. Two hundred and seven years have elapsed since the only other Catholic laureate John Dryden—was similarly honored, so even length of deprivation would seem a sufficient ground for our laying claim to the title. But the fact is that Catholics were very prominent amongst those who were mentioned as possible successors to Tennyson. While Swinburne, Morris, Watson and Sir Edwin Arnold almost exhausted the Protestant list, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Mrs. Meynell and Alfred Austin headed the Catholic contingent, with Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson finding considerable public favor. A glance at this array of names shows how in England even the Muses are moving Romewards. There never was a time since the days of Blessed Thomas More when English poetry was so completely at the service of Rome.

Alfred Austin, England's laureate for better or for worse, was born at Headingley, near Leeds, in 1835. He received his education at Stonyhurst and Oscott, from which latter college he took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and four years later was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But the law was distasteful; at the age of eighteen he had already shown the bent of his mind by the publication of the poem "Randolph"; his life was to be dedicated

to literature. He began his public career as a man of letters in 1861 with his first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Season, a Satire." A third and revised edition of "The Season" appeared in 1869. His other poetical productions are :

"The Human Tragedy" 1862, republished in an amended form in 1876, and again finally revised in 1889; "The Golden Age: a Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "Rome or Death," 1873; "Madonna's Child," 1873 "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Leszko, the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief," 1877; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881; Soliloquies in song, "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's Widowhood and Other Poems," "Prince Lucifer," and "English Lyrics," all published between 1881 and 1890.

He has published three novels, "Five Years of It," 1858; "An Artist's Proof," 1864, and "Won by a Head," 1866; also "The Poetry of the Period," reprinted from *Temple Bar*, 1870 and "A Vindication of Lord Byron," 1869, occasioned by Mrs. Stowe's article, "The True Story of Lord Byron's Life."

He has written much for the *London Standard* and for the *Quarterly Review*. During the sittings of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican he represented the *Standard* at Rome, and he was a special correspondent of that journal at the head quarters of the King of Prussia in the Franco-German war.

His political writings include "Russia Before Europe," 1876; "Tory Horrors," 1876, a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Bulgarian Horrors," and "England's Policy and Peril," a letter to the Earl of Beaconsfield, 1877. In 1883, in conjunction with Mr. W. J. Courthope, he founded the *National Review*, and continued to edit that periodical till the summer of 1893. In 1892 Messrs. Macmillan issued a collected edition of his poems in six volumes, since which time they have published "Fortunatus, the Pessimist," "England's Darling and Other Poems," and a prose work entitled "The Garden That I Love."

13—It is said that the following poem on Armenia lost for its author, William Watson, the poet laureateship of England. The circumstance, if it be true, is as

creditable to the poet as it is shameful for Her Majesty's advisers. But Mr. Watson can console himself with the reflection that he has earned the gratitude of the Christian World for his energetic protest against the outrageous abandonment of the Armenians to their cruel fate at the hands of the unspeakable Turk. The poet does not mince his words in condemning England.

Never, O craven England, never more
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayed of a people, know thy shame!
Summer has passed and autumn's threshing
 floor
Been winnowed; winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and
 flame
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou might'st have stanch'd
 yet runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's
 tone

To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.
You in high places; you that drive the steeds
Of Empire; you that say unto our hosts,
"Go thither," and they go: and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world; lo! from a land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon your faltering at your posts--
Upraid you parleying while a people bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your
 hand?

A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand,
On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!

Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the
 breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate
Fire and the plague-wind are compassionate,
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them
 room?

How long shall they be borne, O England?
 UP,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

14—The laureating of literary men is a custom of no recent date. Every classical scholar knows the significance of the laurel wreath in the Greek and Latin

authors. The ceremony became later allied with the universities of Europe, where the degree of *poet-laureate* was conferred on the student who gave satisfactory proofs of scholarship in grammar, including poetry and rhetoric. It is difficult to determine just when and how the office of poet-laureate was first established in England. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, speaks of a certain John Kay, who bore the title of King's versifier to Edward IV, and to whom was paid a yearly stipend of one hundred shillings. But though Kay styled himself "hys humble poete laureate," he was nothing more than "a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the King." Chaucer's royal pension is no indication that the formal title of poet-laureate existed in his time. Indeed, it is only from the days of Spenser that we may trace an almost unbroken line of official poets-laureate. He held the position from 1591 to 1599. His successors have been: Samuel Daniel, 1599 to 1619; Ben Jonson, 1619 to 1637; a vacancy of 23 years then occurred; Sir Wm. Davenant, 1660 to 1668; John Dryden, 1670 to 1689; Thomas Shadwell, 1689 to 1692; Nahum Tate, 1692 to 1715; Nicholas Rowe, 1715 to 1718; Lawrence Eusden, 1718 to 1730; Colley Cibber, 1730 to 1757; Wm. Whitehead, 1757 to 1785; Thomas Warton, 1785 to 1790; Henry Pie, 1790 to 1813; Robert Southey, 1813 to 1843; William Wordsworth, 1843 to 1850; Alfred Tennyson, 1850 to 1892; Alfred Austin, 1896. A glance at this list of names proves that there are no traditions of literary greatness clustering about the English laureateship. Spenser, Johnson, Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson have taken a place in our literature. The remaining ten are not names to conjure with.

15—I have never been able to understand the enthusiasm that the name and fame of Alexandre Dumas, fils, have been able to arouse, even among intelligent, well-meaning, Christian men and women. The amount of gushing sentimentality that has been written of him since his death would lead one to believe that he was the great moral and intellectual giant of the age; whereas his influence in every line has been distinctly pernicious and subversive. Honor in men and purity in

women, the ideals to which even this end-of-the-century generation clings, were for him either non-existent or mere shams and by-words. Dumas' absolute want of reverence for women, while it was a sad commentary on the condition of his own heart, proved him entirely unfit for the role he attempted to play. Had he confined his scoffing cynicism within the limits of decency, there would have been less cause for scandal and offence. When he wrote "Pooh-pooh, a woman marries a man because she likes him, or doesn't marry him, if she does not; that's the beginning and the end of their analysis. . . . What is more farcial than the institution called marriage? Women regard it as a liberator. It prefixes "Madame" to their name, and takes them away from papa and mama, of whom they are no doubt very fond, but whom they are delighted to leave," Mr. Dumas might be dismissed with the remark that he evidenced very little regard for his own mother. But in his attack on her whom Christians consider as the sublimest exemplar of womankind, he unnecessarily outraged the most sacred feelings of the vast body of men. In his prefatory letter to the anonymous pamphlet "*Le Retour du Christ*," Dumas wrote as follows of the Blessed Virgin: "I think that without Mary, Christianity would have triumphed more rapidly; it is she who embarrasses it. She shall never be my intermediary between my God and myself." The same spirit of blatant free-thought urged him to pen the following directions for his funeral: "No priests, no soldiers, no speeches." He was taken at his word, and his burial at Père Lachaise resembled the putting out of sight of a museum-favorite or circus-attraction.

16—Dean Harris has an article in the Christmas number of Walsh's Magazine, which for force and elegance of style, energy of expression, extent of knowledge and rare depth of thought is not surpassed by anything we have seen in recent magazine literature. The Dean is not unknown in the field of Canadian letters, but this article leads us to remark that we are only too little acquainted with him. Of course it is too much to expect that a priest actively engaged in the ministry and having the charge of souls should

give much of his time to literature. Yet, if Walsh's Magazine can only induce Dean Harris to become a regular contributor to its pages, it will have done much to prove that it really fills a long felt want.

The Dean's article has a striking title: "Infectious Novels." We all know that novel reading is a disease, whose propagation may be explained on the germ theory. The Dean does his best to sequester the baneful microbe. Here is how he pays his respects to the variety that inhabits the sensational novel:

"There is a school of novelists which would seem, deliberately and with care, to have selected the very worst features in the style of great writers, and to have adopted them, exaggerated, deformed, distorted and unbalanced, as the characteristic of their own system. They have stolen from Kingsley his admiration of physical strength. They have purloined from Dickens his occasional confusion of grotesqueness with humor, and of passion with strength. They have plundered from Bulwer his perception of the strange fascination of crime—his habit of coupling and contrasting physical beauty with moral deformity; and from Thackeray they have appropriated the mistrust of humanity—the hopeless sense of its infirmity, that runs, in mournful undertones, beneath the sparkling current of his wit and satire. And having thus, unlike bees, skillfully extracted the poison from the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, they have stored it in cells, of which the framework has been adapted from Gauthier, Zola, or Dumas the younger: and like dealers in quack medicines, coining a word to express the rubbish they sell, have ticketed the product of their labors with the label of "sensational" literature.

All ideas of nobleness or elevation are absurdly out of place in association with this school of novel manufacturers—for they can hardly be called writers. Under its hands, Fiction might be imaged as standing gazing wistfully on the door of the Divorce Court, and sentimentally on the Gallows, instead of pointing to the Cathedral porch, or gazing upwards to the bright blue sky. If they have a system at all, it is to drag out of the darkness the images of the murderer, the seducer, and the shameless woman, and set them where the gorgeous rays of fancy can stream over them, and brighten the repulsive harshness of their features with soft light, and decorate them with its own brilliant coloring. The sole effect of their writings is to present sin and guilt, with their rotteness painted over, and their shame varnished with brightness, as habitual and pleasant subjects for amusing contemplation. If they raise any voice to disclaim their sympathy with the vice they represent, it is expressed in faint warnings, that read like extenuations; and in reprobations so gentle and tender, that they seem almost allurements and inticements."

The sensational novel finds its most ardent admirers and persistent readers chiefly among "thoughtless and giddy young girls." Dean Harris draws a dreadful picture of the result.

"So utterly vile and shameless are these books and so destructive to all sense of decency, that, habitual reading produces a moral leprosy, which rots all self respect and so completely ruins all power of discernment that in a short time, modesty, maidenly bashfulness and spirituality are dead forever more."

It might be imagined that there is nothing worse than the sensational novel. Dean Harris does not think so.

"The culmination however of satanic ingenuity is reached when we come to the atheistic or infidel novel.

The writers of these books are men and women, so vile, so utterly corrupt, and so callous to Christian feeling, that one would think the devil himself spat them out from his boiling and ulcerating lungs. The tendency of the erotic novelist is to destroy all morality, but the atheist writer is content only when he has destroyed faith in God and in the hereafter. The style of the infidel novel is a fascination. The arguments are so ingeniously and plausibly put, the infidel characters morally so heroic and admirable, the men so grandly proportioned and the women so fascinating and attractive, that the young reader is sympathetic before he reaches the second chapter. The Christian characters who take part in the drama are pious fools who mistake emotion for devotion, and are completely under the control of some cunning priest, whose manners are vulgar and whose conversation is spiritual mush."

After reading the article "Infectious Novels," no right thinking man will refuse to join in Dean Harris' concluding prayer:

"God protect our young men and women from the contamination of these books, a contamination so dangerous and infectious that the "end thereof is death,"

17—So it appears that the American Review of Reviews is not above the most shameless garbling and misrepresentation. Some time ago W. T. Stead had an interview with the great Irish prelate Archbishop Croke; the result appeared in the shape of a character study in the "Review of Reviews." His Lordship was made to loudly approve the New Zealand school system. The following words were put into his mouth:

"How about the education question?" I asked Dr. Croke. "That is the great touchstone which tests the liberality of men's opinions as to conflicting creeds."

"I think," replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is the best in the world. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for one hour in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the public schools. The system works admirably—and why should it not? It is a mistake to be always thrusting dogmatic teaching into every kind of instruction. Religion can be all the better taught if it is not made too stale by a monotonous repetition." A notable sentiment, indeed, from a Catholic Archbishop, and one which, were he other than what he is, would bring down on him the anathemas of no small section of his own church.

In commenting on this passage in the columns of the September OWL, I used the following language :

"Dr. Croke is too staunch a Catholic and too deep a philosopher to favor so unnatural a divorce as is found in the New Zealand system. Undoubtedly it is a mistake to be *always* thrusting *dogmatic* (i. e. religious) teaching into every kind of instruction, and religion can certainly be made too stale by a *monotonous* repetition. But where is this continuous thrusting found? In what system does this monotonous repetition exist? Mr. Stead is laboring under an hallucination; he is pursuing a figment of his imagination. But between the monotonous repetition—which is ridiculous, and the one hour a week's catechism—which is abominable, there lies the golden mean, the ideal, desired by the Catholic church, sought by Catholic prelates without exception, and realized wherever Catholic principles hold sway—where religion is given its proper dogmatic importance, but never usurps another's place, where its gentle presence is ever, though unconsciously, felt, but where also it stands ever ready to step forth in its glorious majesty and awe-inspiring force when the glory and honor of God or the interests of God's church seem to demand it. This is, I am sure, the position of the Archbishop of Cashel."

And in fact so it has proved. I was quoting from the American Review of Reviews. The English edition contains a

somewhat different version. Look at them side by side.

"I think" replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is the best in the world. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for one hour in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the Public Schools. The system works admirably—AND WHY SHOULD IT NOT? IT IS A MISTAKE TO BE ALWAYS THRUSTING DOGMATIC TEACHING INTO EVERY KIND OF INSTRUCTION. RELIGION CAN BE ALL THE BETTER TAUGHT IF IT IS NOT MADE TOO STALE BY A MONOTONOUS REPETITION."—*Review of Reviews*, New York edition Sept. 15, 1895.

"I think," replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is FAIRLY SATISFACTORY. The State provides an education solely secular and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholics Priests in New Zealand attend regularly for SOME HOURS in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the Public Schools. The system SEEMS to work admirably.—*Review of Reviews* London edition, Sept. 14, 1895, p. 209.

Every reader will readily perceive the wide difference between the extravagant praise "the best in the world," and the very dilute commendation "fairly satisfactory" and "the system *seems* to work admirably." The reputation of Mr. Stead and of the Review of Reviews is seriously compromised. Either the American editor is a vicious garbler and unblushing falsifier, or Mr. Stead himself has one vocabulary and set of ideas for his English readers and another vocabulary and set of ideas on the same subject for people on this side of the Atlantic.

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REV. FATHER VAILLANCOURT.

The news of the death of Rev. Father Vaillancourt, for so many years professor in the collegiate course of this institution, will bring a pang of sorrow to all those who at any time came under his influence. His life amongst us is so familiar to almost every reader of the OWL, as to stand in no need of praise or panygeric. Yet it would be unfitting to allow his demise to pass without comment. Father Vaillancourt devoted his life to the sacred

cause of Catholic education and no sacrifice was ever more generous or more complete. Realizing that his sphere of greatest usefulness lay where experience had taught him he was most successful, he would never consent to accept a promotion to any of the higher classes of the university course, but remained for almost twenty years professor of the elements of Greek and Latin. How many a brilliant classical scholar owes his mastery over the Latin and Greek languages to the solid groundwork laid under the direction of the painstaking and thorough professor, Father Vaillancourt.

With his undoubted ability and attainments Father Vaillancourt was the humblest and most retiring of men. It is the literal truth that his days were spent either in study, in teaching or in prayer. He was a persistent, untiring student and in this respect exerted a powerful influence over those whom he was called upon to teach. In the class-room, he was clear and accurate, but above all he possessed the virtue of absolute impartiality and showed as much consideration for the dullest as for the brightest student. He was, moreover, a model priest and religious. His early death has removed from our midst one whom we had all learned to admire and respect, and his memory will not soon pass away.

BY THE WAY.

We shall be pardoned for re-printing the following criticism of the OWL from the pen of the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. There is no danger of the *Index* being accused of weakness or partiality or a tendency to flatter. Its habit of frank talk, regardless of consequences, is too well known to allow of its honesty being questioned. Hence we place a peculiar value on its critical

remarks. They make us feel that our efforts have met with a fair measure of success. Here is the paragraph from the *Index* :

"In all sincerity the *Owl* for December is the best specimen of college journalism that has entered our sanctum door during this scholastic year. No one has ever yet accused us of being given to flattery, and hence we trust that our criticism will be accepted for its true worth. The majority of articles in this number before us are of more worth and interest to the literary world than most of those printed in our so called magazines edited for the public. The *Owl* could be improved in its minor departments, it has been styled as "too orthodox" in its editorials, but as regards contributed matter it stands without a rival."

* *

The students of the Third Form deserve the warmest commendation for their action relative to the Debating Society. By their decision to henceforth throw in their lot with the Senior Debating Society, they have evidently had at heart the best interests of all concerned. They themselves will benefit immensely from the manner and matter of the debates at which they will assist and in which they will be called upon to take part, while the Society cannot but feel the powerful influence of such an influx of young blood. The *Owl* has always looked with some disfavor on a Junior Debating Society. The last year of the collegiate course and the four years of the university course are certainly a sufficient and ought to be a satisfactory, preliminary training in the art of public speaking. Any earlier exercise in debate is quite as apt to be injurious as beneficial. Nevertheless it might be a good move to have a certain number of elected representatives of the First and Second Forms received into membership in the Senior Society.

* *

When the *Niagara Index* states that "the *Owl* could be improved in its minor

departments," it points out what we have long felt to be our greatest weakness. And yet the defect should be easy of removal. There are sufficient matters of interest arising every month around the University to make our local departments lively and readable. But the members of our staff cannot be everywhere, and consequently many important items fail to be noticed in these columns. We appeal to the students in general and to the officers of the various societies and associations in particular to aid us in this connection. The interests of the *Owl*, of the students, and of the different phases of college life, seem to point out a duty, as imperative as it should be agreeable.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Catholic Church is making rapid progress in England. In 1828 there were only 477 priests in that country; there are now 3,000. Her churches then numbered 449 against 1,763 at present. In the first mentioned year England could claim no monasteries, she has now 244. Convents have increased from 16 to 491, and Catholic colleges from 2 to 28.

The *New York Sun* says: "In speaking of arbitration in any case that involves American rights or interests, it may be suggested that two disinterested arbitrators can be found in Europe. One of them is Leo XIII.; and the other is Nicholas II." Commenting on this the *S. H. Review* says: "The Pope is without partiality or prejudice. The Czar is known to be biased in favor of America. His Holiness, therefore, is an ideal arbitrator in the case, especially as he is not a rival power and as he is a trained judge accustomed to weigh evidence and to render decisions." It is creditable to the greatest of daily journals that it appreciates the merits of the Pope as the common father of Christendom.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* learns from a Spanish correspondent that two English ladies, the Misses Balyis, have

recently been received into the Catholic Church at Corunna, and Miss Laura Butler de Muro at Madrid. A soldier named Ventura Grijalba, who was brought up a Protestant, has also become a convert at Madrid. The Queen Regent of Spain stood up as godmother to the last mentioned convert. To this list we might add the name of a distinguished protestant divine of our own continent in the person of Rev. Dr. Merritt, for the past forty years the rector of an Episcopal church at Morristown, N. J. The Reverend doctor was a prominent "high" churchman and strongly opposed the election of the late Philips Brooks to the place now held by Bishop Lawrence, holding that Dr. Brooks' "low" church notions unfitted him for the responsibilities of the Episcopal office.

It is interesting to note from time to time, the number of eminent personages who leave the ranks of Protestantism and embrace the Catholic Faith. An English exchange gives the following list for 1895. They are from among the cream of our separated brethren, as the greater percentage of our converts usually are.

The Revds. Raikes Bomage, M. A., whom the Archbishop of Canterbury sent as a missionary to the Copts; C. J. Wall, curate of Brent; G. H. Joyce, Vicar of Harrow-on-the-Hill; J. G. F. Ramper, curate of Christ Church, Beckenham; Rev. Abbé Tolstoi, of the Greek Church; P. G. Meath, Baptist Minister; Arthur S. Baines, Vicar of St. Ives; Nelson Ayres, Episcopalian Minister; H. G. Worth, M. A., St. John's College Oxford; E. M. Treby, J. P., and Rector, and his sister received into the Church at Buckfast Leigh Abbey, Devonshire; E. A. Theed of Davenport; Rev. Wentworth Powell, nephew of Bishop Jones, Washington.

Amongst those of the laity who joined the Catholic Church were his Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Schomberg Waldenberg; Lord Bennett, son of the Earl of Tonkerville; the Countess Cottenham, the Lady Mary Pepys, Miss Gale, niece of Lord Belper; Miss Griffiths Boscawen, now Mrs. Taaffe, Smarmore, the wife of the Japanese ambassador, Vienna; Miss Sidebottom, niece of the M. P. for Hythe; Mrs. E. Scott, daughter

of Mrs. Besant; Sir John Honeywood, his two sons and two daughters; M. Serrurier, Director of the Ethnological and Zoological Museum at Leyden, a man well known to the scientific world; Mrs. James G. Lindsay; M. Albin Valabarque, a distinguished literary man at Paris; Lieutenant James H. Turner and his mother, Mrs. S. E. Turner; M. Husjsman, a colleague of M. Zola; Mr. B. Harrison, son of the leader of the English Positivists; M. A. Dumas, daughter of A. Dumas, the great novelist, and a long list of others of less note.

A most extraordinary event recently occurred in England, an event whose surrounding circumstances clearly show that Anglicanism is still *en route* to the Old Fold. A vicar of the Anglican diocese of Winchester, was actually found offering prayers for the dead before a votive altar and thus practically asserting belief in the doctrine of Purgatory. Whether or not the vicar's congregation hold the same belief as himself we know not, but their action goes to show that they want to have their spiritual welfare attended to by their present vicar. The Bishop ordered the altar to be dismantled. This the vicar did, but soon after sent in his resignation, to which the congregation strenuously objected, for the minister had been very devoted to his work. The people got up a petition, to which five thousand names were appended, begging him not to resign. But as he persists, the whole parish is now practically in revolt, and from this movement a deep feeling is now spreading through the whole Anglican Church, which threatens to become agitated with controversy on account of it, and which in consequence may be forced to pronounce itself on the doctrine of Purgatory.

In response to a request by the captain of the Salvation Army in Cincinnati, made on Archbishop Elder, asking for some words of commendation, the Archbishop sent the following reply stating his position:

"A commendation would imply that your body holds an authoritative commission from God to preach His gospel and to teach men His doctrines and His laws. Such a commendation I cannot give. I suppose that you are aware of

the position of the Catholic Church in this regard. She holds that this authoritative commission was given exclusively to her, in our Lord's command to the Apostle 'to teach all nations,' and in His promise to be 'with them till the end of the world.' "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

"On the other hand, when any persons, in the Church or out of it make use of opportunities to draw their neighbors away from sin, and to turn their minds and hearts towards God, everyone who loves God must be glad of the good that is done. And I have much respect for men and women who apply themselves earnestly to such work, according to their knowledge and opportunities."

In these days when the question of minorities and their schools is brought so prominently before the public, it might not be out of place to compare the position of our Ontario minority, and their schools, with the position of the Protestant minority of our sister Province, Quebec. First, however, be it understood, we have no row with the Ontario Education Department, nor have we much fault to find with our present position except in so far as that position might be made better, and thank God it is no worse.

At the time of Confederation, there was a law for the whole Province of Quebec, which provided that the religious minority in any municipality might control their own school. The money grants from the Catholic government to these Separate or Dissident schools were distributed in proportion to the number of school children attending the schools of the municipality. The grants for superior education were distributed, with the approval of the Lieutenant Governor, on the recommendation of the Superintendent, Protestant institutions receiving their share.

Since 1867, all educational matters have been placed in the hands of two committees of Public Instruction, one composed of Catholic clergy and laity, for the public schools, the other committee composed entirely of Protestants looks after the interests of Protestant Separate Schools. All Protestant schools have been left to the management of Rev. Mr. Rexford, a Protestant divine, subject however to the Protestant council of Public Instruction. This council appoints Protestant boards of examiners to test candidates for teachers diplomas.

How different is the state of things in

Quebec's sister provinces, yes, even in tolerant Ontario. Where is the Catholic board of examiners to hold examinations for Catholics? Here we must appear before the common board with few or no Catholic members. Ontario Separate schools have two Inspectors, and even complaint has been made of this, that their salaries are paid from Protestant pockets, while in Quebec, Protestant schools have eight Inspectors—five regular and three partial—and Catholic pockets grumble not that they suffer in paying these Inspectors' salaries.

In Quebec cities, Protestant schools receive their proportion of all school taxes levied on chartered corporations, on lands whose owners claim adherence to no faith, and on lands where Protestants and Catholics claim joint ownership. In Ontario we have no such privileges; all school taxes, except those levied specially for Separate school purposes, go into the public school coffers. In Quebec, in addition to taxes given Protestant schools, note the liberal annual donations of the Catholic government to superior Protestant education, the like of which our Ontario parliament can never be blamed for.

To McGill University.....	\$4,150 00
" Morin Protestant College.....	1,750 00
" St. Francis' Protestant College....	1,000 00
" University of Bishop's College....	2,250 00
	\$9,150 00
Protestant High Schools of Quebec and Montreal	\$2,470 00
Academies (Protestant) receive, Coaticook, \$575; Huntingdon, \$575; Waterloo, \$575; Lachute, \$425; Sherbrooke, \$375; Inverness, St. Antoine, Dunham, and 14 others, making in all	6,075 00
Protestant Model Schools get.....	2,850 00
Making in all donations to Protestant establishments for superior education	\$20 545,00

And yet we read time and again in Ontario Sunday orations, that the habitant is an intolerant, ignorant, priest-ridden bigot, sadly in need of the services of a colony of revivalists; a mortal dyed in superstition and idolatory, under a despotic clerical government that promotes ignorance holds its people in worse than Egyptian bondage and oppresses its flock with enormous tithes and unbearable taxation.

How grieved indeed must the Quebec clergy and people feel, when they

read column after column of such calumnies and some of them indeed emanating from reverend divines of their own province. Ingratitude and injustice are the jewels that for some years past have been ornamenting many Ontario pulpit orations. Is it then at all to be wondered at that from Quebec constantly comes the cry: "treat our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in Manitoba as we treat you in Quebec. We ask no more and will be satisfied with no less."

OBITUARY.

REV. Z. VAILLANCOURT, O.M.I.

"Thou shalt rest, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

Forty years of a saintly life, twenty-one as a faithful religious and sixteen as a model priest—such is the record that Rev. Zotique Vaillancourt, O.M.I., brought with him to the judgment seat of the Creator when on Saturday morning, Jan. 18th, at half past 8 o'clock, in the Water Street Hospital, he peacefully passed from earth.

Rev. Father Vaillancourt, O.M.I., was born at St. Rose, Quebec, in 1855. After finishing his collegiate course at the College of Ste. Therese, in that Province, he entered the Novitiate of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in 1874. Making his oblation in 1876, he was soon afterwards sent here to the University, where he pursued his theological studies until 1879, when he was called to the priesthood. Appointed then as permanent professor, he devoted himself chiefly to Latin, Greek and French. Three years ago he removed to the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, then on Wilbrod Street, but continued to teach his classes at the University until last February, when ill-health obliged him to seek rest. He went to the Novitiate at Lachine, but returned to Ottawa last September much broken down in health, so much so that he immediately took a room in the General Hospital, which he was destined never to leave until that Saturday morning when his soul gladly obeyed the eternal summons of God. A holy life was crowned by a holy death. Rev. Father Vaillancourt died a martyr to duty nobly fulfilled.

In that sacred cause he had overtaxed his energies, and consumption laying its deadly grasp on him, brought the man of God to an early grave.

On Saturday afternoon the body was borne in procession from the hospital to the University and placed in the inner parlor, where, clad in the priestly robes it was exposed to view, and on Sunday was visited by large numbers of people. At the High Mass for the students in the University chapel on Sunday morning, the Superior, Rev. Father McGuckin, taking for his text the words, "Thou shalt die," in the course of an eloquent sermon feelingly referred to the deceased, and paid a high tribute to him as a priest and an Oblate. On Monday morning at nine o'clock the funeral procession started from the University for St. Joseph's Church. First came the students, followed by the Scholastic brothers, with the Seminarians wearing surplice and cassock; then came the fathers of the Scholasticate, Dominicans, members of other religious bodies in their respective habits, the professors and Faculty of the University, and lastly the body of the dead priest, in an open coffin borne by six fathers of the University. As that solemn array slowly moved forward, the University band, under the direction of Rev. Father Lajaunesse, O.M.I., rendered the Dead March in Saul, and the plaintive notes vibrating on the crisp morning air added to the sorrow that filled the hearts of old and young. Entering the Church, where a large number of the faithful had gathered to take part in the sacred ceremonies, the priests and brothers took seats in the Sanctuary, while the body was placed in front of the High Altar. The Sanctuary and the pulpit were tastefully draped in black for the occasion. A solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. A. Vaillancourt, parish priest of Ste. Therese and brother of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Father Cousineau Superior of St. Therese College as deacon, while Rev. Father Duhaut, O.M.I., of the University, and a life-long friend of the deceased, acted as sub-deacon. Five brothers of the dead priest, besides other relatives, occupied seats before the main altar. The choir of the University, under the able leadership of Rev. Father Lam-

bert, O.M.I., sang the Mass in a manner that lent additional solemnity to the scene, and called forth the warmest praise of all present. High Mass having been concluded, Monsignor Routhier, V.G. ascended the pulpit to deliver the panegyric in French. The preacher, who was Director of the College of St. Therese when Rev. Father Vaillancourt was making his course there, was well qualified to perform the task allotted him. His sermon was full of eloquent and pathetic remarks. He spoke of the deceased as a student at college, showed him as he was in the study hall and in recreation, that his life at college was a figure of and a preparation for his subsequent life as a priest and a religious, and then concluded with a most touching peroration. Rev. Father Groulx, of the Basilica, then preached the panegyric in English. He extolled the deceased as a teacher of youth—such a teacher as the Church wishes to have. After the sermon Monsignor Routhier read the prayers for the dead over the body and the choir sang the Libera.

Outside the Church the procession was again formed, and accompanied the remains to the cemetery of the Scholasticate at Archville. Arrived here the coffin was taken from the hearse and brought to the chapel, where the prayers for the dead were again recited and the Libera sung; after which that long train of priests, brothers and students slowly wended its way to the adjacent burying ground, there to consign to mother earth the mortal remains of one whom they had long since learned to love and esteem. As the last prayers were said, and the body of Rev. Father Vaillancourt lowered into its narrow cell, where he lies side by side with his fellow priests and brother religious awaiting a glorious resurrection, all knew that the dear departed one was but enjoying rest from weary labor, and from many hearts went up that fervent prayer,

"May He Rest in Peace."

AT RIDEAU HALL.

His Excellency, Lord Aberdeen, was amongst those who witnessed the presentation of "William Tell" by the

University Dramatic Association on the 14th ult. On that occasion the audience was favored with several choruses which had been selected from Rossini's Opera by Rev. Father Gervais, to whose careful and masterly instruction was due the success of the entertainment. His Excellency was so pleased with the singing that he expressed the desire to have the choruses repeated at Rideau Hall and to that end extended to the choir and glee club an invitation. The date fixed was the 23rd inst., on the evening of which day a jolly party of about 40 students set out for Rideau Hall.

On reaching the vice-regal residence, the students proceeded at once to the concert hall. Shortly afterwards Their Excellencies appeared and extended a most gracious welcome to their guests. The singers were introduced to the audience by Lord Aberdeen after he had first presented the Rev. Father Lacombe O.M.I. who was to deliver a lecture on "Prairie Life in the North West." His Excellency then announced the programme which was so arranged that the choruses were pleasingly interwoven in the lecture.

It will be a source of great pleasure to every well-wisher of this institution, to hear that the choir not only maintained its well deserved reputation, but added more laurels to its already thickly entwined crown. Nor need we wonder at this fact when informed that this branch of the musical department is under the able guidance of so accomplished a musician as Father Lambert, O. M. I.

The following students composed the choir on the occasion:

First Tenor, Mr. L. E. O. Payment, Mr. I. Kennedy, Mr. R. Dumontier, Mr. A. Taillfer, Mr. A. Gosselin, Mr. G. Fitzgerald, Mr. F. Ryan, Mr. E. Bolger, and Mr. A. Gobeil. The second Tenor Mr. E. Bisson. Mr. J. McLaughlin, Mr. J. Tremblay, Mr. T. Dionne, Mr. A. Dontigny, Mr. B. Girard, Mr. E. McCumber, Mr. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. A. Lapointe and Mr. E. Fleming. The first Bass:—Mr. F. Smith, Mr. H. Bisailon, Mr. R. Trainor, T. Morin, Mr. A. Paquette, Mr. H. Denis and Mr. E. McDonald. The second bass:—Mr. A. Mackie, Mr. T. Holland, Mr. T. Clancy, Mr. D. Cleary, Mr. T. Fleury, Mr. C. Phaneuf and

Mr. R. E. Hughes; pianist Mr. Jas. Gookin, and musical director, Rev. O. Lambert, O. M. I.

Undoubtedly the most pleasing feature of the evening's programme was the interesting lecture of Rev. Father Lacombe. This venerable Oblate Missionary who has grown gray in the Lord's vineyard of the North-West Territories, is certainly most competent to speak of life on the prairies. And right admirably did he acquit himself of his task. From the beginning he held the attention and interest of his hearers, and with such earnestness did he speak, that his audience not only heard his lecture, but felt it. His description of buffalo hunting was particularly entertaining. He said that it grieved him to think that nobody has undertaken to write on so interesting a subject, and he feared the consequence would be that all knowledge of this interesting sport would be lost to posterity. Here and there throughout his lecture sparkled those gems of rare humor which as His Excellency remarked in moving the vote of thanks, are found in the true orator alone.

The reverend gentleman, speaking of the devotedness of Their Excellencies, and of their strenuous endeavours for the good of our country, said, "they have been in Halifax and Victoria, they have travelled from the Pacific to the Atlantic; yes, they have even honored my poor missions by their presence." Towards the end of his discourse he said that as Lady Aberdeen was ever ready to aid in the furtherance of good works, he sincerely hoped that she would be the patroness of a plan he had in view for benefiting the condition of his Indian and half-breed wards. At the close of his remarks the reverend lecturer sang an Indian version of God Save the Queen which was greatly appreciated. The vote of thanks so kindly moved by His Excellency was seconded by Sir Charles H. Tupper.

The entertainment having ended, the students were ushered into an adjoining apartment and there served refreshments, after which they were individually presented to His Excellency. Then with light hearts, having spent a very enjoyable evening, they prepared for their departure.

Among those present besides Their

Excellencies, Lady Marjory, and Lords Dudley and Haddo, were the Rev. Father McGuckin, president of the University, the Rev. Father Constantineau, pastor of St. Joseph's parish, and Sir Chas. H. Tupper.

The members of the Glee Club take this opportunity to extend their most heartfelt thanks for the honor done them, and for the kind appreciation and cordial hospitality of Their Excellencies, The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen.

BOOK NOTICES.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS: P. O'Shea, New York.

To the already large number of excellent books on English, issued by the Christian Brothers, has been added a volume on English literature,—an historical and critical treatise on the most noted masters of our language. It is not merely a history; it is primarily a critical examination of English literature from the earliest times; and in the prominence given to this feature of the book, the exquisite manner in which it is executed, its thoroughness and clear method, consists chiefly its superiority. Extracts are inserted, and by means of these the predominant characteristics of an author's style and the tendency of his writings are pointed out with the force of demonstration. The chief excellence of this method is that it develops the faculty of criticism, teaches the student to examine for himself and to form independently a true appreciation of any literary production. It will cause him to read more carefully, and, instead of merely glancing over beautiful verbiage and admiring it, he will delve deeper, and seek out the beauties in thought which are the true criterion of literary worth. Nor will he allow elegant expressions to deceive him into the acceptance of vicious principles and false doctrines.

The literary merit, too, of this volume, apart from the invaluable criticism it contains, commends it to the perusal and careful study not only of every student but of every lover of the English language. It possesses a thoroughness, the

result of deep study and careful preparation, characteristic of all the books written by the Brothers. If we are to judge of the education imparted by the Brothers from the quality of the literary efforts of members of their order, we can say that no better proof of the excellence of their methods could be given than the high standard of this book as well as of the many other able treatises on English which are the fruit of their labors.

A small volume, entitled "Suggestions on English Literature," accompanies the text book, and is designed as a sort of companion volume to it. It contains numerous valuable explanatory notes together with quotations, on the authors reviewed, taken from many eminent critics.

NOTES ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By A. A. Brockington: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.

The above is a short treatise on English Grammar, containing many useful remarks; yet, it seems to us to lack that thoroughness, simplicity, and clear system which should be the especial characteristics of all books placed in the hands of the young student. There is a tendency now-a-days among compilers to depart from old methods, and particularly is this true of writers on grammar. Definitions are almost entirely neglected, and a knowledge of the subject sought to be imparted rather by insinuation. This method, we believe, is far less clear and far less satisfactory than that formerly used. There is much in these old grammars that may justly be called out of date; nevertheless, they certainly excel in simplicity and clearness.

SAGGIO DELLA METAFISICA DI S. TOMMASO D'AQUINO. By Rev'd J. Lemius, O.M.I., Member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Studies.

This is the first of a series of dissertations on the Metaphysics of St. Thomas to be read before the Academy of St. Thomas in Rome. That Academy founded by Leo XIII. has for object a special study of the teachings of the great Scholastic Doctor. The claims of St. Thomas on the patronage of the Pontiffs and on the

study of Catholic Theologians are eloquently set forth in the brief eulogy with which our learned author begins his dissertation. "Endowed with genius of the higher order, both in its extent and acumen, St. Thomas embraced and penetrated the universe, conceived it in his mind and then expressed it in his works. This, the name Angelic Doctor, ascribed to him through ages, proclaims, as if he rivalled those sublime spirits who receive the impress of God's works from the hand that created them."

The present essay, an introduction to the field which the author purposes to explore, deals with the nature of intellectual knowledge. The method is synthetic, bringing together from all parts of the works of St. Thomas his doctrine on that abstruse question. The little work evinces throughout a profound study of Scholastic Philosophy and a thorough acquaintance with the writings of the Angelic Doctor. In the introduction we have a brief but lucid explanation of the mysterious union of the soul and body. The scope of intellectual activity is then defined; the role of the senses and the line of demarcation between matter and spirit are pointed out with clearness and precision. We have read this dissertation with great pleasure. It is just what we expected from a man of eminent abilities who has made the works of St. Thomas the study of his life. The remaining essays we hope will soon be forthcoming; they will contribute in a great degree to elucidate some of the most difficult points of Scholastic Philosophy.

SOCIETIES.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Again the season for debating societies has come upon us, and the students of '95-'96 are not backwards in following the path laid down by their predecessors in the College halls. The Senior English Debating Society has been organized during the past week, and promises to be a great success, if we may judge by the enthusiasm shown in the class-rooms during the election of the representatives for each form. The Rev. Father Patton has been

selected as director and the following as representatives:— Seventh Form, Mr. T. P. Holland; Sixth Form, Mr. John Quilty; Fifth Form, Mr. John Hanly; Fourth Form, Mr. Thomas Ryan; Third Form, Mr. Frank Smith. A new departure has taken place which will prove, we think very beneficial to the members of the Third Form; they are to take part in the debates of the Seniors, and the consequent exertion which they will have to make in order to create a favorable impression cannot but tend to the general good of the highest class in the Collegiate course.

On the 16th inst. at a meeting held by the French speaking students the Société Française des Débats was formed. The result of the election of officers was as follows: Director Rev. Father Duhaut; President, M. I. E. O. Payment; Vice-Pres, M. Hector Bisailon; Secretary, M. A. Barrette; Councillors, Messrs Dumontier and Garneau.

The prime object of this society is not only to accustom the French speaking students to public speaking but also to apply themselves to speaking their language correctly and fluently, putting into practice the results of their studies in the regular classes of the French course of the University. The object is a worthy one, and the Owl wishes them a measure of success even beyond their expectations.

DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

When "William Tell" is reproduced, which will be on the Archbishop's return, it will be hardly recognizable. Almost entirely new stage settings will accompany it. At present five new pieces of scenery are under the artist's brush, one of which, a street scene, is an exceptionally fine piece, and the admiration of all who have examined it. A garden scene, mountain pass, drawing room, and sea scene, when added to the already quite complete repertory will make our dramatic hall the best equipped theatre in Ottawa. Sometime before lent a French play will be put on, the parts of which are already in preparation, the season ending with another English tragedy not yet announced. While all this is being done one naturally

asks who is the inspirer of all this activity in dramatic circles. None but those who have themselves worn the sock and buskin and have been behind the curtain can appreciate the labor necessary to succeed in amateur theatricals. Honor is due to Father Gervais. He has devoted himself most earnestly to the interests of the club and the present well-planned improvements are evidence of his ability energy and devotedness.

FLORES.

January 25th brought us a pleasant visitor in the person of Mr. Maurice Carrier, who, with his brother Alfred, was a student here some years ago. It will be an agreeable surprise to his old friends to learn that Maurice has decided to walk no longer alone. He was accompanied on his visit by a charming young lady who a few days previously had consented to take the name of Mrs. Maurice Carrier.

James H. Breheny '92, was recently ordained deacon by Bishop Burke of Albany, Troy Seminary. The Owl offers its congratulations to Jimmy as well as to Charles F. Gibney ex '90 who was lately ordained priest by Bishop McDonald of Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the Christmas ordinations held in the Grand Seminary, Montreal the following were among those who received orders:—D. D. McMillan '92, Priesthood. J. J. Meagher '93. H. J. Canning '93, Subdeacons. M. Abbott '94, Minor Orders. T. Fitzgerald '94, Tonsure. None of the above mentioned young clerics is forgotten here. During their course they all enjoyed a wide and well-deserved popularity and it is while congratulating these gentlemen on the success already attained that the Owl wishes them many years of future usefulness in the sublime calling they have chosen.

From San Antonio in far away Texas comes the Southern Messenger which tells its readers how Rev. C. J. Smith O.M.I. has been instrumental in exposing a wide spread calumny uttered against the

Catholic Church in general and against the Catholics of Mexico in particular. The name of Father Smith awakens pleasant recollections in the minds of our readers who knew and esteemed the Reverend gentleman while among us. Father Smith's friends in the University and in this city are numerous. And though it is many years since he left his native Ottawa to find health and strength in the Sunny South, the OWL would say to him "gone but not forgotten."

At Mount St. Joseph's College, Baltimore Md. in the garb of a Xaverian brother and known now as Brother Constantine lives and works a former student of Ottawa University in the person of Bartholomew McGinness. Bro. Constantine is professor of Penmanship at Mount St. Joseph and has evidently taken with him to that Institution the spirit of Ottawa University for he is manager of a husky-looking football team.

Messrs J. B. Bonner ex '97 and F. L. Reynolds of last years matriculating class were with us this month for a few days and by their presence reminded many of old times. These young gentlemen left for McGill to continue their studies in medicine where we wish them a successful year and as many friends as they had at Ottawa University.

Mr. W. Martin Griffin who was here a few years ago contributes to the November issue of the Barrister an able article entitled, "The Latest History of English Law." The Barrister is published in Toronto by the Law Publishing Company of that city and this contribution to its pages by Mr. Griffin shows an extensive reading in law matters and what the OWL is pleased to see, that Martin gives promise of one day attaining eminence as a follower of Blackstone.

Those who remember Messrs James T. and John E. Lighton while here will be pleased to hear of their success. The largest general store in the United States is what the Lighton Brothers conduct in their native city of Syracuse N. Y.

This is only as it should be. The Lighton brothers while at Ottawa University were noted as persevering and industrious students. The present prosperity is but the fruits of these good qualities which they took with them from the University.

The Oblates own the church of Holy Angels at Buffalo N. Y. The fathers are particularly happy in always having the ceremonies carried out with a pomp and splendor befitting the sublime mysteries they are intended to honor. Recently however all former efforts were totally eclipsed. Some idea of the grandeur of the scale on which the ceremonies were carried out may be gathered from the fact that the *Buffalo Courier*, a newspaper not given to recounting church news—devotes a considerable amount of space to describing the ceremonies of the Midnight Mass at the Church of the Holy Angels. From an early hour on Christmas Eve crowds gathered to witness one of the most heaven-inspiring sights ever beheld on the shores of Lake Erie. The figures in the crib were brought from Munich, Germany, and were viewed by people from all parts of the City. A new carrara marble life size statue of the Blessed Virgin stood in the Sanctuary surrounded by innumerable wax lights. Solemn Midnight mass was sung by Rev. T. W. Smith O. M. I. assisted by Rev. T. Murphy O. M. I. as deacon and by Rev. P. McGrath O. M. I. as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Quinn O. M. I. preached an eloquent sermon on the significance of the Christmas festival. The choir assisted by a well-trained orchestra rendered Hayden's Imperial Mass in faultless style.

To the ears of many of our readers some of the names mentioned above are not unfamiliar. Rev. Fathers Quinn and Smith who were prefects of discipline here and taught in the University for many years are at present in Buffalo N. Y. the latter being director of Holy Angels College. The Rev. Fathers Emard, Murphy and McRory also old professors of this University are now engaged in teaching in the same College.

ATHLETICS.

The hockey season is in full swing. Too much praise cannot be given for the splendid condition in which the rink has been kept, despite serious obstacles. The pleasure and benefit thereby assured to the student body are the best reward of continued, and sometimes painful effort.

Our hockey teams have not been brilliantly successful so far, though it must be acknowledged that circumstances did not favor them. Absence of players and lack of practice and system have told against them. We look for a decided improvement henceforth. The following games have been played :

Jan. 15th—O. U. vs. Victorias, Rink.
Victorias won by 6 goals to 2.

O. U. Team : Gleeson, Tobin, E. Baskerville,
R. Bélanger, Walsh, D. McGee, O'Connor.

Jan. 18th—O. U. vs. St. George, College Rink.
St. George won by 3 goals to 2.

O. U. Team : Fortin, Quilty, Tobin, D. McGee,
C. McGee, R. Bélanger, Walsh.

Jan. 20th—O. U. vs. Combined Banks, Rideau
Rink. Won by O. U. by 1 goal to 0.

O. U. Team : Gleeson, Tobin, E. Baskerville,
D. McGee, Walsh, Copping, R. Bélanger.

Jan. 22nd—O. U. Seconds, vs. St. Patrick's
Lyceum. Score, 1 goal to 1.

O. U. Team : Graham, Quilty, Ross, A. Bélanger,
Delaney, P. Erskerville, E. Macdonald.

Jan. 25th. O. U. vs. St. George. College
Rink. O. U. won by 4 goals to 2.

O. U. team :—Macdonald, Tobin, C. McGee,
D. McGee, Walsh, Copping, Bélanger.

A word to the members of our hockey team. There is too much left to the regular hockey practices and not sufficient attention paid to the important fact that our chief weakness lies in the lack of speed and endurance. The players of the first and second team should be on the ice at every opportunity. It is only practice, long and steady, that makes speedy, strong skaters. Some of our men are painfully slow. Walsh, who was the crack forward of last year's champions, is certainly not at all up to old time form. D'Arcy McGee, Belanger and Copping play a strong game and need be afraid of nothing that comes their way. The defence

is weak and slow, and its weakness is made more sensible by the seemingly firm determination of Tobin to give the referee several chances to rule him off every match. Tobin is a splendid point, but at times he is inexplicably, almost recklessly, heedless of the rules of the game.

* *

The only hockey organization in the institution whose record is an unbroken series of brilliant victories is the team that represents the lay professors. Those gentlemen have shown what great things may be accomplished by energy and combination and an intelligent attention to the fine points of the game. The officers of the organization are :

Grand Vizier—H. P. T.

General of Manœuvres—L. W.

Advocate and Joker-in-Waiting—F. P. J.

Without Portfolio—R. J.

Foreign Secretary—B. A.

Master of Harmonies—P. O. F. L.

Poet and Shiner of the Skates—H. E. R.

Keeper of the Secrets—G. J. P.

Chief of the Reserves—F. J. T.

This is a hard combination to beat, and the man who wishes to out-general them must rise early in the morning—or go to bed late at night. All their practices take place on artificial ice, and between one and three o'clock a.m. Their defence displays a "documentary" impregnability, while their forwards play with the dash and pluck of men who had signed "articles." In the game of hockey, as improved by their well-planned and seriously thought out novelties, they need fear no competitors, and our honor is safe in their hands.

P. S.—Just as we go to press we learn that the above organization has disbanded, owing to death of opponents. The members, however, have issued a collective challenge to the world to come and sign "articles" for a writing competition, a spelling match, or a race on hobby-horses.

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Mr. T. Clancy is the beau-ideal of an umpire. He puts up both hands and cheers when it is his own team that scores.

Mr. E. P. Gleeson has gone to Quebec to represent the O. U. Athletic Association in the international hand-ball tournament that takes place in that city during the Carnival. There are thirty teams entered from Canada and the United States. We hope to be able to chronicle the success of our representative.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On or about December 23rd, a special delegation from the most influential members of the Junior Department waited upon us and requested the honor of entertaining us for a few days during the Xmas vacation. We were inclined to decline this invitation for two reasons: We had serious doubts as to the sincerity of those who extended that invitation, owing to the fact that among them were a few upon whom we had poured out the vials of our editorial wrath during the past term. Again, we always had the most strenuous objections to being locked up in a cage, with a placard attached, publishing far and wide to the Gentiles that we were the chief attraction in the Greatest Show on Earth, and a herald going before crying with a loud voice "Wait for us, we are coming." The first objection was scattered to the four winds by conclusive proofs that we were the most popular man in the small yard; the second was ruled out of order as we would travel incognito. First of all, dear friends, we must lay it down as a cardinal principle, that we are not subject to delirium tremens, the disease known in common *parlance* as the horrors. Consequently December 23rd we put on our seven-league boots, started on a snow-shoe tramp and reached Montreal in ten minutes. We were met at the Windsor Station by *Fatti*, the world's greatest living boy. By special request we visited our old friend Todd Barclay at the French Academy. After taking in the lowland sights of Montreal, we wended our way to the mountain, and were soon descending that most wonderful tramway at a pace that would knock Bellamy's electric machine higher than a kite. We had just asked Todd if he had succeeded in

obliterating the stains of midnight revelry from his hitherto immaculate Scotch tweed overcoat, when a strange feeling came over us. The sixth sense so ably advocated by such brilliant men as Stead & Co. surely fell to our lot. Remember once more, dear reader, that we had taken nothing stronger than a chew of friend Todd's notorious 6 for-5 chewing gum. The sensation was that of flying, we looked at our shoulders but no angel-wings were there to quiet our terror. All at once the scene was changed, we found ourselves transported to Lowe, and sure enough there was J. Fitz, squeaking like a cracked soprano: "Have an OWL sir? All about the capture of the two runaway boys by Detective Philiipps." We were perfectly aware that our friend was still by our side, yet we could move neither hand, nor foot, nor head. All we could do was pay the strictest attention which as everyone knows, turns sight into a telescope, hearing into a telephone and memory into a phonograph. The echo of a distant voice struck upon our ear; no man ever heard such sounds as we did. In imagination, the countless duck ponds of Osceola unrolled themselves before us. We saw the woodshed and post-office combined—the axes that littered it—the Push, Pull and Jerk Railroad disclosed its sinuous, tortuous windings to our view. The genial features of Tom Costello were cast upon the curtain and his well-known voice reverberated "Never mind de kid, have some of my patent cheese and bee-honey, cheap as dirt." "Dear me" cried little Paul as he piped all the way from Three Rivers, "What is Osceola? What are the Osceolites who do not know what a doll is?"

Better buy a doll sir, nothing like it for a Xmas present" But, alas! Paul, you and your dolls were doomed to a brief existence in this world of care and sorrow for Barney Barnato rang up "central" with his accustomed war-hoop "Don't listen to the conceits of Paul and his dolls which are stuffed with sawdust, rags, tags, and old tin kettles. Better buy my candies which are the sweetest of all presents. Eat my peanuts, plant the seeds and you will have a free-for-all melon patch in your back yard next August. Even the avenger of Tammany

Hall had to go the way of all flesh for amid a perfect tornado of "hello's," Harry got the inside track and bellowed: "Apples are nicer, Adam and Eve ate naught but apples in Eden's scented bowers." Another tension on the indicator and Bouchard Van Güttart struck in "Puy no abbles, Adam and Eve chew de abbles, but dey chew von too meny. Tak car, you no do de same. Puy mine museek pox, hit am de chimnee tob. Hit am classical, hit translate into de Hinglish de Vagner." The Van Güttart was silenced by the sweet voice of Albert Tell, like the faint tinkling of a silver bell "come for a sleigh drive, the ice is grand and the mountain is garlanded in purple and sand." We were about to dash off apace, when we were rudely brought back to mother-earth and to common sense by our friend Todd awakening us with his cheery "Great Scott, old man, you must have eaten too much turkey for your dinner."

The hockey season was inaugurated in grand style, Jan. 16th, when the second team played a team from the city which was supposed to be a junior seven, but strange to relate several of its members had already figured on first teams, our second team suffered a defeat after a hard struggle. The star players were: Captain Tod Barclay, Foley and Costello. Richards would make a good goal-tender were he not inclined to sleep and talk to the spectators in his conscious moments.

The evening heralded in the famous Montcalm's. These young men were evidently laboring under a delusion. It was quite patent to the ordinary observer that judging from their avoirdupois, they must have expected to play with the men of the Senior Department not with the boys of the small yard. Our first team suffered a reverse. Boys, keep on, such a meagre defeat leaves no sting behind but is more glorious than the most crushing defeat you can administer to any team of your own age and size. Bawlf, O'Leary, Harty and MacDonald made countless onslaughts on the enemy's goal and were more than a match for their gaint opponents. Has the spirit of patriotism fled from the Junior Campus? Never before, during

our whole College course have we heard the students cheer the opposing side and allow their own team to score amid mournful silence broken only by a hiss, gentlemen, this is the first time that the Junior Column has been stained by such a remark and we hope that it will be the last.

The junior editor visits the exam. room.

In Favreau's Webster-as-she-should-be, *Eschew* is defined: *one who chews.*

The three profs. try to speak over one wire at one and the same time.

Resultant force: The definition of an adjective—is worth three lbs. of rice—and there are four marbles left over.

Prof. Mr. Pitre, your answer is 6 and 8.

Mr. Pitre. No sir, I got 8 and 6.

And Pitre could not understand the laugh.

Darwin made a desperate attempt to enchain man to a monkey but he lost the key link. Arthur went him one better when he established the connection between animate and inanimate objects by discovering the stone that stopped rolling because it was tired.

Barney Barnato, the rich millionaire offers up fresh incense to the goddess of poetry?—

"I don't won't to go to my home,
I don't like your Yankee tone,
You'll be sorry when you see me
Skating here all alone.
I don't like you bad New Yorkers,
Yes, I hate the place like sin;
I don't want to ride on the steam-shovel
If you never let me home."

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

FIRST GRADE	{	O. Dionne W. McGee G. Taillon
SECOND GRADE B	{	Chas. Kavanagh R. Lapointe G. Timbers
THIRD GRADE B	{	John Sullivan P. Pitre E. Bisson
SECOND GRADE A	{	A. Martin L. Corcoran O. Landriau
THIRD GRADE A	{	F. Houde Wm. Burke Jno. Neville.
FOURTH GRADE	{	Geo. Kelly S. Coté A. McDonald.

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ULULATUS.

Crish--pins?

That reminds me of a story--

Hector, son of Priam, the tamer of steeds, the shifter of scenes, is doing business for the Iliad Dramatic Co.

C-l-r-y asserts that there are rubbers.

Prof. of Geo.--What's peculiar about the Rockies?

V— They are not navigable.

On a rope--the punching-bag in the gym.

Always on time--a watch-guard.

Fleurie's sticker--a pot of glue.

Come off the roof--icicles.

Left blooming alone--the *bud* in short pants,

The latest issue--Sandy's whiskers.

An intellectual member of the scientific society recently discovered, that a characteristic common to all iron minerals is that when they are placed in water they sink.

Henceforth Jimmy will sleep in the pool-room to watch his p's and q's.

Joe's most faithful stand-by--the window of the rec.

Garland is visiting his Alma Mater. He will remain an indefinite number of days.

The Vicar of Wakefield says the weather is so cold in his country that the hen's *can't lay*.

It was a *Mechan* trick to be chased from the Junior Department.

Did you see the Vermont boy with the black lace curtains on his face?

Prof.--About what year would be the middle of the fifth century?

Joe--About two-fifty, Sor!

That time-honored society known as the K. M. R. was reorganized during the Xmas holidays. Stare, Sox, and Herr, were its chief officers. This accounts largely for the latter's frequent rendition of that famous song. "Oft in the Stilly Night."

Pat's flight, like a thief in the night, came when least expected.

A prescription given by *Bis* for beautifying and softening the skin is a little H₂O. and a lot of orbis terrarum.

There may be other aspirants for other honors, but the other student who presumes to wrest from Tim his reputation as a drummer must take other lessons from other masters, and make other preparations for the task.

We are requested to announce that any person desiring to use the pigeon-hole table may obtain the right to play for a space not exceeding seven minutes by applying to Messrs McDowell and Byrne.

A leap year sport whose crust is harder than the marble in that part of the U.S. whence he hails, recently entered a room and strange to say, coincident with his departure was the disappearance of a cane. The natural affinity of two crooks is the only explanation that can be offered for this singular incident. An umbrella, property also of said room, disappeared under similar circumstances. Verily this gentleman has a taking way.

Prof.—What do you mean by a psychological novel, sir.

Sir Daniel Webster Bolger Sideboards.—One that treats of cyclones.

The first *flurry* of snow caused the disappearance of our *Lawn*.

The sudden seriousness which has settled over the life of H. Bis is due to the fact that he is cutting his wisdom teeth.

J. P. F.—What's the difference between the poet who contributed to last month's ululatus and a prison butcher?

L. E. O. P.—The one kills cows, the other lines.

T. P. H.—No, I've got it. The one deals in bad meat; the other in bad me're.

Me and my chum have trousers now, Eh Douglas?

