

D.A. SULLIVAN.



J.J. CURRAN.



SIR J.S.D. THOMPSON.



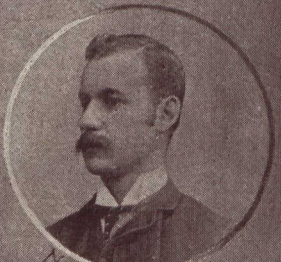
HON. JUSTICE FOURNIER.



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N.A. BELCOURT.

# THE OWL.

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## THE "BAPTISM" OF THE NOVEL.



TIME was when the intellectual field was occupied almost solely by philosophy and poetry, but times have changed, and to-day we find the natural sciences bidding fair to outstrip philosophy, while poetry is gradually giving place to that more popular form of literature—the novel. Philosophy certainly will never for any of length time be superseded by the natural sciences, for that which is founded on true principles can never die. But it is exceedingly doubtful if this much can be said for poetry; in fact, everything seems to point to its decline, and there are those who have gone so far as to say that the rhyming lines have already yielded to fiction. At any rate, it is certain that of the two forms of literature, the latter is by far the more popular at the present time.

This statement may seem somewhat unpleasant to our poetical friends who are wont to consider the nation's songsters the nation's moulders; or, again, it may be unpalatable to those who are opposed to the novel on principle. But, let it be remembered that the intention is not to discuss the relative merits of poetry and fiction; it is not claimed that poetry wields a bad influence, but rather that at the present time it wields no appreciable influence; and, again, it is not claimed that the novel always has a good influence, but only that it has *an* influence. And not only does it now exert the influence which formerly belonged to poetry, but it has a far broader field; for, whereas poetry was chiefly confined to the upper classes, the novel finds its way to all grades of society. The rich use it to while away the day, the poor to pass their leisure

hours; it finds a place in the libraries of the refined and educated, as well as in the homes of the more unlearned; it is the favorite reading at the sea-side while it finds a ready market in our factory-towns. In a word, it is the people's literature; and whatever the people read, whether light or profound, learned or unlearned, must sooner or latter have its effect. Now, whether this effect, up to the present time, has been for good or evil, might be difficult to say. But granting that it has been decidedly for evil, which, of course, is not the fault of the novel, yet, the fact remains that people will read, and they will read the novel; and since this is so, we must accept the inevitable, and use our influence to purge it of whatever might prove detrimental to faith and morals. Some one has well said that literature, the great possession of modern times, needs to be "baptized" before it can do service to the Church. This is especially true of the novel; for thus and thus only, can it be made one of the great influences for good.

And particularly in this country where everybody reads and everybody claims the right of thinking for himself, should the novel receive this "baptism," for tendencies producing many deplorable effects, prominent among which is that of indifference to all religion, have crept into it, thus making it a source of the greatest danger to society. This indifference, occasionally found among Catholics, has frequently been attributed to public school education; but it is probable that the novel which is so generally read, has had an equal, if not a greater influence in this direction. For, what else is the novel than a reflection of the philosophy of the age? But the philosophy of the age is towards indifference;

hence, it must follow that the general tendency of our English novel is towards indifference. True, there have been a few good Catholic novels written in English, but there is no doubt that infidelity and Protestantism have a monopoly of English literature in general and of the novel in particular. This must necessarily be so; circumstances have made it so. For nearly three hundred years after the Reformation there were none within the pale of the Church who used the English language excepting the Irish Catholics, and these labored under such disadvantages with regard to education that, far from producing an English Catholic literature, they found it a difficult task to preserve even their faith. It is only since the days of O'Connell in Ireland and Wiseman in England that any Catholic literature or philosophy worthy of note has made its appearance in the English language. Thus, we see that English literature and philosophy are necessarily atheistic and Protestant; and being such, they must be indifferent; and being indifferent they must cause indifference in their readers.

Some Catholics may deny that the novel can have any such effect as this, and may loudly boast that it has never weakened their faith or interfered with their morals. No doubt, religion is not openly attacked, neither is murder or theft advocated; this would be rude. But he who reads must be short-sighted indeed, if he do not discover the poison concealed between the polished lines. As a matter of fact, those who, before receiving a sound education have waded through all the false principles contained in the modern novel, are generally indifferent Catholics; they are those who are too short-sighted to see that a "silent conspiracy" against religion is worse than an open attack. For who will say that the results of German theology and philosophy so cleverly novelized by George Eliot have not left their gloomy impress on thousands of the half-educated? Who will say that "Ouida," writing under the mask of human refinement, has not invested immorality with such a sentimental charm, as to make her works a constant source of danger to the weak and unwary? Who will say that the host of writers of the May Agnes Fleming style, who delight in the multiplication of words and impossibilities

have not turned out more useless, silly, simpering girl-graduates than have all the much-ridiculed lady-academies on the American continent? Or, again, who will deny that Zola and company, by "painting the devil on the wall," have been most successful agents of him whom they paint? These are questions whose answers cannot be otherwise than damaging to the modern novel; and those who honestly answer them cannot but admit the danger of indiscriminate novel-reading.

It may be asked, then, if such a novelist as George Eliot is to be denied to Catholic readers? This is a question somewhat difficult to answer. First, we must remember, that by far the greater number of our novel-readers are comparatively uneducated, and being so, they are unable to appreciate the style and depth of such a writer as George Eliot. They openly declare that they do not read for the style or the idea, but for the "story." Now, although they can get the story without the style, they cannot get it without imbibing at least some of the false principles with which her writings abound; and herein lies the danger, for this is the most undesirable part to be gleaned. Thus we see that for the generality of people, since they do not read for the style, George Eliot is not only not more profitable reading than any other author, but is a source of the greatest danger. Generally speaking, however, those who are able to appreciate the style of such writers as Eliot and Thackeray may read their works with profit. But these are the educated, and it is not for them we speak, for they are not the novel-reading class.

But if it is not advisable to place novels containing false principles, excellent in style though they be, in the hands of young, inexperienced, and uneducated Catholics who are unfit to judge for themselves, and therefore, unable to sift the wheat from the chaff, some substitute must be sought, for novels, like democracy, have come to stay, and this being so, we must give a prominent place to those of sound principles. Are, then, novels to be made distinctively Catholic? Nothing could be a greater mistake. The author of the "goody goody" stories who seems to think he should follow, catechism in hand, to read an open lesson on Catholic doctrine in every third paragraph, and

should bring about at least two unlikely conversions in the course of each novel makes a serious mistake. Open moralizing is all very well in its place, but the novel in which it is not used very sparingly is certainly doomed to have few readers and little or no influence. It is not by open moralizing that uncatholic authors have succeeded in instilling their principles into the minds of the people. They have adopted a plan far more effective than this. A study of human nature teaches them that if they openly advocate their false principles they will repel the average reader. They choose rather to disguise their object and by cunning insinuations to do their deadly work. This is how the novel—especially the novel of infidel tendencies—has such an influence among all classes. But if it has been a successful instrument in the cause of error, why can it not be equally successful in the cause of truth? Already our Catholic novelists have written in this cause, but they have been comparatively unsuccessful in making their ideas felt. The reason of this seems to be that they have not recognized that the power of the novel lies not in the amount of morality dealt out, but in the manner in which it is interwoven with the story. People do not care to be presented with a sermon when they ask for a novel. As a rule, the sermon in the novel is as much out of place as the sensational in the pulpit. Until Catholic novelists recognize this fact and learn to follow the tactics of the age, that is, keeping the main purpose in the back-ground, they cannot hope for any permanent success.

It may be said that this looks like hesitating to tell the whole truth, that it is a policy unworthy of a fearless defender of the faith. Not so. It is only putting the novel to its legitimate use; it is only using it in the most effective manner—the manner in which, according to all, it should be used. The Catholic who continually harps about his faith, and who is ever ready to open a controversy on religious

subjects on the "Plain talk to Protestants" plan, well-meaning though he be, has scarcely ever any effect on those whom he would convert; but he who is a Catholic and lives up to his religion as a matter of course, he whose whole life is a practical illustration of Catholicism will have more influence on those outside the truth than would a thousand of his rabid controversial brethren. And thus it is with the novel; let the "goody goody" tenor be introduced, and immediately the average novel-reader drops the book in disgust. But let Catholic principles be skilfully interwoven in the text, let noble, manly, Catholic characters be introduced, and then there is every reason to believe that our Catholic novels will be read and will have their proper influence.

When once this much has been done the Catholic novel can accomplish a work which will make it one of the most potent factors in the hands of those who have the welfare of the Church at heart. Particularly must it aid religion in undoing what has been done by the nineteenth century novel. To naturalism it must oppose revealed religion; to sensualism, purity; to selfishness, generosity; to indifference, fervor; in a word, a Catholic tone must run throughout, opposing the thousand and one evils which the modern novel has so successfully spread among its readers. This should evidently be the true aim and scope of the Catholic novel. Already, a few have been written in this spirit, notably, those of Rosa Mulholland and Christian Reid; but altogether we have too few of the kind. The field of English Catholic novel-writing is still almost unoccupied, and the great work of "baptizing" the novel is scarcely yet begun. But those who will accomplish it will have conferred an inestimable benefit on society and on religion. To use the words of Father Barry, writing on another subject, "They will be the men of their day—neither retrograde, nor obscurantists, nor falsely liberal"

HUGH J. CANNING, '93.

## FACULTY OF LAW.



Present to our readers as a frontispiece to this issue a photo-engraving of the members of the recently established Law Faculty of Ottawa University. Those gentlemen need no heralds; their names are synonyms for high legal learning, wide experience and upright character. We have, nevertheless, thought it advisable to insert the following brief notes on the public and private career of those whom the University Senate has chosen to form the new faculty.

## SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Sir John Thompson stands among the most prominent figures in the field of Canadian politics to-day. He is Attorney-General for the Dominion, Minister of Justice and leader of the Government in the House of Commons.

He was born November 13th, 1844, at Halifax. His father, John Sparrow Thompson, had him educated at the Halifax High Schools and the Free Church Academy. In the debating clubs of Halifax, he gave early promise of his skill in debate.

In 1865, in his 21st year, he was called to the Bar. Five years later, he married Miss Annie Affleck, daughter of Captain Affleck, of Halifax. A year later, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. In the practice of his profession, he was eminently successful from the beginning and soon became the acknowledged leader of the Bar of his native city. In 1877 he was elected to the Provincial House of Assembly to represent Antigonish, and when the Liberal Government was overthrown in the general election of the following year, he received the portfolio of Attorney-General. He remained in the Assembly until 1882. In the same year he was appointed Judge

of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, a position which he filled with great honor. While on the Bench, he was a painstaking worker. During this time he delivered a course of lectures on "Evidence" in the law school at Dalhousie. In 1879 he had been made a Queen's Counsel. The Minister of Justice resigned from the Bench in September, 1885, and was immediately after appointed to his present position. The wisdom of Sir John Macdonald's choice, though questioned at the time, has since been realized. Sir John Thompson's career in Dominion politics is well-known. Under his direction a large amount of new legislation has been brought about and many wise and beneficial statutes have become law. In August, 1888, Her Majesty conferred on him the Cross of St. Michael and St. George in recognition for his services in the negotiation of the Bayard-Chamberlain Treaty of 1887.

As Minister of Justice he has been eminently successful, owing to his close knowledge of the law and its technicalities. He is the recognized power in the Government and more than once has he safely guided his party over an impending crisis.

## JUSTICE FOURNIER.

Mr. Justice Fournier is the third Judge of the Supreme Court. He spent many years in political life and was at one time a leading member of the Quebec Bar. Judge Fournier was born in Montmagny

county, in 1823, and received his education at the College of Nicolet, was admitted to the bar in 1846, created a Queen's Counsel in 1863, and was elected President (batonnier) of the bar of the Province



of Quebec in 1867. He sat in the House of Commons for Bellechasse from 1870 until 1875. The County of Montmorency was represented by him in the Quebec Assembly from 1871 until Nov. 7th, 1873, when he resigned on being appointed Minister of Justice. In 1875 the Supreme Court Act was introduced and carried through Parliament by Hon. Mr. Fournier, then Minister of Justice. Shortly after he was appointed Supreme Court Judge. In 1857 he was married to Miss Demers. He was one of the editors of *Le National*, a newspaper of Quebec, from 1856 to 1858. In Parliament and in the

courts he was a man of great eloquence and power. As a journalist he was broad-minded, patriotic and on all occasions well able to hold his own with his opponents. Although Mr. Justice Fournier was, during the whole of his parliamentary career, an opponent of Sir John Macdonald, the latter referred to him from his place in Parliament as "an excellent judge : a credit to the bench."

These few notes make it clear that the choice of Mr. Justice Fournier as Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Law was a wise move on the part of that body and his acceptance an assurance of success.

## HON. R. W. SCOTT.

Hon. R. W. Scott, Q.C., LL.D., is descended from one of the most respectable and influential families who settled in Upper Canada in the early part of the present century. He was born at Prescott, Ont., in the year 1825, and received his early education in that town. Since the year 1867 when he was called to the Bar of Upper Canada, he has been actively engaged in public life, with what success may be judged from the number of important positions in which the people have seen fit to place him. In 1852, he was Mayor of Ottawa ; in 1871, he was elected Speaker of the Ontario Assembly, but resigned on being appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands for the same province. From 1874-78, he was Secretary of State

in the Reform administration and since that time has been Leader of the Opposition in the Senate. To no man more than to R. W. Scott should the Catholics of Ontario be grateful, for to his efforts they owe their Separate School Law, without which Catholic education would be rendered almost impossible in the province. He has always actively encouraged education and it was mainly through his instrumentality that the first charter was granted to Ottawa College. The fact that he is one of the foremost lawyers in Canada and at the same time an ideal Catholic layman, should make his name one of the most acceptable on the law faculty of the University. Mr. Scott received the degree of LL.D. from Ottawa University in 1889.

## D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

D. A. O'Sullivan was born near Coburg, in the Province of Ontario, in the year 1848, and was educated partly in the common schools and partly in St. Michael's College, Toronto. In 1872 he graduated in the University of Toronto, taking a B.A. degree, and later on in the Law Faculty, taking the scholarship prize of \$120 per annum each year of the course. In the meantime he entered the office of Blake, Kerr & Bethune, was called to the bar in 1875 and settled down to a lucrative practice in Toronto. In the intervals of practice he wrote several works on legal and constitutional subjects and contributed essays to the *Church* and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. He acted as Commis-

sioner for the Ontario Government in the matter of the charges against Warden Massie and was counsel for the Separate Schools in the recent stated case at Osgoode Hall. Mr. O'Sullivan has been solicitor for the Catholic Church corporation in Toronto and for several of the others in Ontario, as well as for most of the religious communities in Toronto. He is representative of the Catholics in the Senate of the Toronto University and in the Toronto General Hospital. In 1889 he was created a Queen's Counsel by the Dominion Government.

In the same year he received the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* from the Laval University and last year from the University of Ottawa.

He is President of the Truth Society of Canada, Toronto, and Chairman of the Toronto Public Library Board and member of various charitable and other societies.

Dr. O'Sullivan, though still a comparatively young man, is one of the most

prominent men in the Ontario legal profession, and the fact of his being a member of the new Law Faculty will do much towards bringing the Ottawa University law course prominently before the Ontario public.

J. J. CURRAN.

John Joseph Curran, Q. C., LL. D., M. P., was born in Montreal July 22nd, 1842. At an early age he entered Ottawa College, where he was a fellow-student of the present Archbishop of Ottawa. This was in the good old days of the "fifties" when, as yet, Ottawa College offered few of the advantages which it holds out to the student at the present time. Yet, he who has energy and talent can succeed under the most unfavourable circumstances, and Mr. Curran possessed both in an admirable degree. It is not surprising, therefore, that when he left the college in 1859 he had laid a thorough literary and philosophical foundation on which to commence the study of law, which he immediately proceeded to do by entering McGill college, Montreal, where he graduated B. C. L. in May, 1862. In March of the following year, he was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada, and

by his splendid abilities as a pleader, and strict attention to business, soon became one of the first lawyers in his native city. He received the degree of LL. D. from the late Cardinal McCloskey at Manhattan University, N. Y., and at a later date the same degree was conferred on him by his Alma Mater. In politics as in law Mr. Curran has had no ordinary career. His unblemished political reputation and his splendid oratorical powers aided by that "sunny, celtic disposition" which characterizes him, have all combined to roll up such overwhelling majorities in his favor, on three different occasions, that it is safe to say that he has a life-lease of his seat in the Dominion Parliament as member for Montreal Centre. The friends of Ottawa University have, indeed, reason to feel satisfaction on finding Mr. Curran's name among the members of the new Law Faculty.

MARTIN O'GARA.

Martin O'Gara, Q. C., and Police Magistrate, Ottawa, was born in the County of Mayo, Ireland, on the 28th of October, 1836, being a son of Patrick O'Gara and Catherine Duffy.

After completing his classical studies in Ireland he came to Canada in 1857, and in the following year entered the Toronto University in which he graduated as LL. B. in 1861. During the same year he was admitted to the Bar of Ontario and has since practised law in the city of Ottawa.

In 1863 he was appointed Police Magistrate for the city of Ottawa, an office which he still holds.

In 1879 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel. In 1864, he married Margaret

Bowes, a daughter of John Bowes, Esq., Architect, by whom he has nine children living. His eldest son, the Rev. John Patrick O'Gara, is a priest and professor in the College of St. Hyacinthe. His second son is a member of the Jesuit Novitiate at the Sault au Recollet, Montreal.

Since Mr. O'Gara was appointed to his present position of Police Magistrate of Ottawa, his name has become synonymous with justice, and those who are competent to judge, do not hesitate to pronounce him one of the most honest and clear-sighted lawyers in the Province. He will, no doubt, be one of the most active and valuable members of the University Law Faculty.

## N. A. F. BELCOURT.

Napoléon Antoine Ferdinand Belcourt, LL.B., LL.M., was born in the city of Toronto, on the 15th of September, 1860, and is the eldest son of Ferdinand Napoléon Belcourt, founder, and at the time of his death, managing director of La Canadienne Insurance Company of Montreal, and of Marie Anna Clair, both from Three Rivers, P. Q. He was educated at the Seminary of Three Rivers and admitted to the study of the law at the age of 18 years, pursuing his legal studies in Montreal, where he followed the law course of Laval University from which he was graduated, obtaining the degrees of Bachelor of Laws and of Master of Laws, the latter degree with great distinction. At the age of 21 years Mr. Belcourt was admitted to the practice of his profession, after passing a brilliant examination and securing the second highest number of

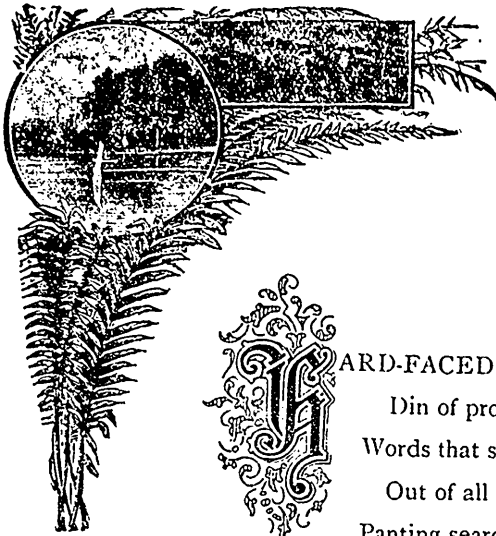
marks of all the candidates for the Province. Shortly after Mr. Belcourt was, upon examination, admitted to the Bar of the Province of Ontario and also became a solicitor in the Province of Quebec; and he then removed to Ottawa, where he has since lived, being engaged in the practice of his profession before the courts of both Provinces. He has had charge of numerous and important cases in all the courts, particularly in the Supreme Court and Exchequer Court of Canada; he is the senior partner in the firm of Belcourt, MacCraken & Henderson.

The secretary of our law faculty has always manifested a keen interest in the public affairs of the country and is one of the leaders of his party in Eastern Ontario.

In January, 1889, Mr. Belcourt was married to Hectorine, eldest daughter of the Honorable Joseph Shchyn of Quebec.







*JUNE.*

**H**ARD-FACED wrangling, monied strife ;  
 Din of progress, clang of trade ;  
 Words that stab the better life  
 Out of all that God has made ;  
 Panting search and rivalry  
 After some imagined boon ;  
 All in line and harmony  
 With the city life of June.

Scorching pavement, dusty street ;  
 Gain at morning, lust at eve ;  
 Sweating odours, sultry heat ;  
 This is June—but who'd believe ?  
 Roar of vehicles that deaden  
 Every love of life, ere noon,  
 In the weary hearts and leaden  
 Of the souls that pant for June.

Freedom basking in the clover  
 Of the meadow and the hill ;  
 Freedom speaking to her lover  
 In the rapids and the rill ;  
 In the music of the laughter  
 Of glad children, freed at noon,  
 Ringing to the unseen rafter  
 Of the matchless roof of June !

In the lilac's grape-like clusters  
Yellow bees are drinking, deep,  
Draughts that ere the twilight musters  
Will have lulled them into sleep ;  
While the templar leaves, resentment  
Shapes itself in vernal rune ;  
Fretting at the gross contentment  
Of these bibbing bees of June.

Dreamy Sabbaths in the elmy  
Shadows of the country lane ;  
Draughts and sighs of rest that whelm me,  
Drowning what was left of pain ;  
Nature calls to come with her live,  
For her youth will pass full soon :  
Come ! and drench your soul's white kerchief  
In the flowered scents of June !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS,



## MONEY.



IN this nineteenth century so much spoken of as the age of enlightenment and in which progress is proclaimed the watchword for the people, it is well to know something of the agencies which contribute in an especial manner towards our advancement. These being somewhat numerous it is not my object in the present essay to consider each and every one of them, but I will rather confine myself to one on which the happiness of every community is largely dependent. That one of which I shall speak is money. There are in this world a great many who, probably anxious to parade their solicitude for virtue, continually cry out against the possession of money as being incompatible with virtue, and while decrying wealth or the good things of this world—which is naught else than money—let an opportunity present itself whereby they can make money, and you will find that none are more diligent in trying to acquire it than these same declaimers against wealth. This censure does not indeed apply to all those who preach the doctrine of poverty, but it does apply to those who make no distinction between the use and abuse of money.

With these few introductory remarks let us come at once to a consideration of the origin, use and advantage of money.

To say at what time money originated is well nigh impossible. It was used by the Patriarchs of old as instanced by the fact that Abraham bought a piece of land from Ephron, in which he wished to bury his wife, Sara, and for which he paid "four hundred silver sicles of common current money." Money is also mentioned in several other passages of the Bible, one of which is where Joseph was sold by his brothers for twenty pieces of silver, and again it tells us that Judas betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; but though we find these early references to money, we must say that as to the time of its origin it is "lost in the deep darkness of pre-historic ages."

Without, however, knowing just when and where money originated, we can and do know why. The chief object for

which money was introduced into the social world was to facilitate exchanges. Previous to the adoption of money as a medium of exchange, exchanges were carried on by barter, and even after the introduction of money, barter was adhered to, but because the scarcity of money made it necessary. To understand then the great benefits derived from money as a circulating medium, we ought, as Mill says, "to consider the inconveniences we should experience if we had not such a medium." How very inconvenient, for example, would it not be for a wheelwright who having only carriages to part with, is in need of bread. Should the baker need a carriage they can then make a bargain wherein the baker promises to supply the other in bread for a certain period of time, till he has given him as much bread in exchange as the carriage was worth. But think of how very inconvenient this mode of exchange is together with the risk a person takes in giving a commodity of good value for which he is to receive payments by instalments of one of much less value. And here again let us remember that it is generally the case that "an artisan may spend more time than he spent to produce his commodity, in searching for a customer whose wants and possessions are the exact complement of his own." The example already cited applies equally well here; when the baker does not need a carriage how then can the wheelwright procure bread! And together with these inconveniences there are many others met with in the barter system. Seeing this and wishing to bring about a better state of affairs, the people resolved to "set apart some one commodity which should be the representative of all estimable values, and should be the instrument of these exchanges." This commodity whose adoption has satisfied the wishes of the people is money. By its aid all exchanges have been made easy; different commodities are now compared with it as a common or standard measure and each has its value named in money. The awkwardness and wastefulness, as well as other inconveniences of barter, are now done away with, and a man can readily ex-

change the produce of his labor for money, with which, on account of its great divisibility, he can purchase at will various other articles.

Together with the great advantage of facilitating trade or exchanges there are a number of other benefits, almost equally great, which have occurred from the introduction of money and which, therefore, are deserving of some little consideration. It is a well known and universally recognized fact that the diffusion and practice of systematic industry is conducive to the public good, but at the same time we are fully aware that in man there is a great tendency towards indolence. Man feels himself naturally prone to take life easy, and the natural consequence is that he tries to avoid labor as something distasteful. We find this the case more especially among the barbarians, who will shirk work unless urged to it by some strong incentive, and yet they are not so lazy but that they will work rather than starve; and if in a country we see them spending their time in idleness, it is due to the fact that they have no thought of what the future will bring and live only for the pleasure of the present. To rouse them from this indolent mode of life and urge them on to a powerful stimulant is required, and for this purpose money is admirably calculated. It excites men to seek it, while it promises satisfaction to every material interest. A man may be unwilling to work for the products of others: "he may refuse to work for the grain of the farmer, or the iron of the smelter, and may yet work freely for the money of either." And why? Because, while he may not have any immediate need for the grain or iron, he knows that with the money received in payment for his labor he is able to purchase at any time the products of these and of others besides. Thus, we see that by the adoption of money, the natural indolence of man is largely overcome, and industry is thereby extended, quickened and intensified, and consequently to this influence of money on industry is due much of the comfort, enlightenment and progress of the race.

Here now the question arises: what shall be used as money? From history we know that different nations used different material objects as money, and this is so even in our own day, for in the East they do not, as we do, use gold as a cir-

culating medium. However, at a very early period, gold and silver, thence termed the "precious metals," were for obvious reasons recognized as money by all civilized nations. Without delaying to consider the iron coins of Sparta, the copper coins of Rome, or the leather coins of Russia to the time of Peter the Great, let us see what are some of the many qualities which fit the "precious metals" for use as coined money. Being of high cost in proportion to their bulk, and rendering large values cheaply transferable, they are highly estimated and eagerly sought after. They are among the most imperishable of all substances: "they are not liable to rust; they are easily alloyed with baser metals, and as easily separated again; they receive a stamped impression easily and retain it firmly; they are not easily worn or abraded; and are readily distinguished from the other metals." But, together with these desirable qualities they have their defects, such as their weight, their intrinsic value as commodities, and hence there is a real loss of value when they suffer abrasion. All of which goes to show that we have not yet attained the complete separation of the function of money from that of commodities.

Before proceeding further let me here remark that though money is often termed the measure or standard of other values, it must be remembered that it is "only in a popular, not a scientific sense, that it serves as an instrument for the comparison of values." To be a standard of values in an absolute or scientific sense it must be unchangeable; but the value of money changes, and, like any other commodity, it depends on the quantity of the things for which it may be exchanged. It is more scientific to regard labor as the standard of value, that being the means by which nature's resistance is overcome. Consequently, we must regard money as a standard of value in a relative sense only.

Now all will concede that the most perfect money is that which changes hands with greatest ease and rapidity: "the more rapid the circulation of money, the greater its usefulness." But as has been remarked, there are some defects in gold and silver as money, which render them to a certain degree objectionable: such as their weight, and the loss of real value due to the abrasion they undergo. A means,

therefore, was sought by which these difficulties could be avoided, and the result was that paper-money has been adopted by nearly all civilized nations. In many respects paper-money is superior to coin. It is open to none of the objections brought forward against the use of gold and silver. It indeed wears out sooner, but it can be replaced at a trifling cost; to produce it, it is not required that a large portion of the race be withdrawn from the productive industry as is the case for gold and silver; its use draws from the arts no substance of intrinsic value, while it circulates more rapidly than gold or silver, because it represents greater values in smaller bulk and is much more easily transferred. Paper-money, then, being a labor-saving device of immense efficiency, its use will increase more and more in spite of its frequent and glaring abuses, which, though great, are easily out-weighed by its many advantages. As a writer on political economy has beautifully said: "If barter be compared to the rude mode of transportation on human backs, and coin to transportation in carriages drawn by horses, paper-money is the steam-carriage whose use calls for larger precautions against danger, but whose superior utility far outweighs that consideration." Yet, while paper-money is natural to an industrial people, and is more a benefit than otherwise, it should be borne in mind that an exclusively paper currency is of questionable value. Governments and banks should guard against issuing more paper-money than they are capable of redeeming. A case of this nature was experienced in the United States during the civil war, and many were ruined thereby. The best plan it seems is to have a medium currency consisting partly of coin and partly of paper currency. This seems to have been pretty well understood, and though the science of money is as yet imperfectly known, we cannot deny that at the present day money has attained a high state of relative perfection.

The earliest form of paper-money was the "Bill of Exchange." We read that this or its equivalent existed in the time of Cicero, who wrote to his brother Atticus and directed him to obtain a sum of money at Athens. But it seems to have gone out of use for a time till, in the Middle Ages, it was "re-invented by the Coursins, a class of money-changers employed by

the Papal See in the collection and transmission of its revenue from all parts of Europe to Rome and Avignon." It was taken up by other towns and it soon spread throughout all Europe. The explanation of the Bill of Exchange can be very clearly given by means of an example. Let us take, for instance, two men, James and Thomas, who are doing business here in Ottawa, and two others, Denis and Charles, who are likewise engaged in business in New Westminster, British Columbia. Now, suppose that James owes Denis a certain amount of money, and at the same time Charles is indebted to Thomas for a similar amount, instead of James sending to Denis what he owes him, and Charles doing the same for Thomas, they will settle by means of a "Bill of Exchange." That is, James will purchase from Thomas the bill for which Charles is indebted to him and will transmit the bill to Denis who will then collect the amount from Charles, thereby settling both accounts. Thus, by this Bill of Exchange "the trouble and risk experienced in transporting money is avoided without any of the parties concerned losing anything thereby. Of course there may be a little discount on the Bill, but its amount cannot be greater than would be the cost of transmitting specie in direct payment, including interest and insurance. Though a simple example, this embraces fully the idea of the "Bill of Exchange."

Seeing the great advantages derived from this plan of transacting business, it was thought that something similar to it should be adopted within each city, and the result was that as early as the fifteenth century "banks of deposit and issue" were established. At first these banks did not issue paper-money, but in 1694 the Bank of England, and in 1695 the Bank of Scotland, were established, and the issue of bank notes to those who borrowed money was a feature of each institution. From "time notes" bearing a low rate of interest and consequently sure to be presented for redemption, the bank of England grew a little bolder and issued demand notes bearing no interest, and these rapidly passed into circulation: but at the same time they were prudent enough to keep on hand sufficient specie to be able to meet the largest ordinary demand that might be made for it. Such was the beginning of our modern bank-note, whose

power as an agent towards furthering and fertilizing industry is to-day universally recognized.

The institution of banks has therefore been of great benefit to those countries in which they have been established, and it is especially so in the case of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott says of the Scotch system of bank issue: "The facilities which it has afforded to the industrious and enterprising agriculturist or manufacturer, as well as to the trustees of the public in executing national works, have converted Scotland from a poor, miserable and barren country into one where, if nature has done less, art and industry have done more than in perhaps any country in Europe, England not excepted. Through the means of credit which this system afforded, roads have been made, bridges built and canals dug, opening up to reciprocal communication the most sequestered districts of the country; manufactures have been established unequalled in extent or success, wastes have been converted into productive farms, the productions of the earth for human use have been multiplied twenty-fold, while the wealth of the rich and the comforts of the poor have been extended in the same proportion. And all this in a country where the rigor of the climate and the sterility of the soil seemed united to set improvement at defiance. Let those who remember Scotland forty years ago bear witness if I speak truth or falsehood." What is said of Scotland may be said of other countries, though to a somewhat less extent.

We often hear of the risks attached to banks. It is true there is a certain risk; however, the banks are rendered comparatively safe by the government inspection to which they should be continually subjected, and by the restrictions imposed by general laws. But the best guarantee for safety is freedom and a frowning down of monopolies. The failure of the banks is not due to their circulation being too large, but because the bad management of other departments of their business is such that their bank-notes have no guarantee behind them.

Though a knowledge of the banking system is inseparable from the question of money at the present day, it is not necessary that I should enlarge upon what I have already said, and moreover it would not be in keeping with the object of this brief essay.

Having therefore adopted money as the medium of exchange, it follows as a natural consequence that money should circulate freely in a country. The contrary opinion seems to have taken a strong hold on the minds of some well known economists. Bastiat, in his essay entitled "What is Money," says: "It is a very important circumstance whether there be much or little cash in the world. If there is much, much is required; if there is little, little is wanted for each transaction, that is all," and with this idea Stuart Mill agrees, when, in his "Principles of Political Economy" he says:—"The uses of money are in no respect promoted by increasing the quantity which exists and circulates in a country, the service it performs being as well rendered by a small as by a large aggregate amount." Against this false idea of these economists we must protest very strongly. They and those who agree with them seem to labor under a false impression. They assume that if half the money used in a country were paid out of the country for imported goods, the remaining half would be sufficient to perform the functions of the whole. That sounds well, but experience and history show that the assumption is wholly wrong, and far from fulfilling the function of the whole it does not even subserve half of it, and this is owing to the fact that the money left behind is kept out of circulation. It may indeed, and no doubt will in some way or other continue a measure of value, but it will not be proffered in payment of labor or produce. Those who possess it will hoard it up for fear of losing it and so when payments are to be made, the money not being in circulation, the people are then forced to fall back upon barter, which we all recognize as a step backwards towards primitive barbarism. This is not mere speculative talk, but is substantiated by facts of history, among which may be instanced the case of the United States from the year 1815 to the year 1824. During this period a vast amount of money was paid for their excessive importations. A certain amount of specie had already gone out of the country, but no sooner was it realized that it was going than circulation seemed to have been suddenly stopped. Those having money hoarded and clung to it, and many needing it sought it eagerly, but in vain.



Banks failed and many families were ruined. Referring to this time Horace Greely says: "I judge that more New England families were reduced from comfort to want in the years 1817-1820 than in the next half-century," and all this was due to the fact that the country had lost a great portion of its money by paying for their excessive importations. But while the loss of part of the money of a country is hurtful to it, the influx of money, on the contrary, into a progressive country is one of the most powerful promoters and increasers of production. It is a powerful incentive to industry for "whoever possesses it must seek to invest it or he loses its profits; when it is plenty all sorts of productive work are stimulated; labor is the master of capital, and industrial enterprise gains a more than proportionally larger return for its outlay, with every increase of the outlay. Labor becomes

more productive as the instrument of association is more universally accessible. Its price rises while that of commodities falls.

With these great advantages flowing from the circulation of money who will seriously think of lessening it by sending it out of the country in payment for its importations, unless the country receives as much or about as much in return for his exportations? Let those, then, who have the interests of the country really at heart, endeavor to have money circulate and circulate freely, and if much money is found in the country, let them not deprive it of a great portion of that money with the hope that the residue will be sufficient to subserve the wants of the people. If they do, sooner or later they will realize their mistake.

DONALD MACMILLAN. '92.



*A USEFUL FACT.*

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
 And sometimes things our life misses,  
 Help more than the things which it gets.

ALICE CARY, in *Collected Poems*.



VERY REV. *ÆNEAS McDONELL DAWSON*,  
LL.D., V.G., ETC.

**F**ATHER DAWSON was born at Redhaven, Scotland, on the 30th July, 1810. He learned the classics at the Select Grammar School of Portsoy, Banffshire, and went, at the age of sixteen, for ecclesiastical studies to the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Paris, where he remained till the revolution of 1830, and to which he returned at a later date. He continued his studies at the Benedictine College, Douai. During the year which ended on the 2nd of April, 1835, he read Theology with the venerable President, John Sharpe, of St. Mary's College, Blairs. Among the junior students of the college, this same year, were John Gray, deceased, Archbishop of Glasgow, and William Smith, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. On the above mentioned date, the subject of our sketch was ordained priest and appointed assistant in the important mission of Dumfries. While there, he

was the occasion of a new mission being founded at Annan, of which charge, the present incumbent is the Reverend Lord A. Douglas, of the Queensbury family. In 1840 Father Dawson was transferred to the Edinburgh missions. When stationed at Albroath, he was invited by the people of Lawrence Kirk, all Protestants, to give them a "Catholic sermon." After repeated renewals of the invitation, the sermon was at last delivered in the only public hall in the place, to a large congregation. This was not enough; the good people must have another sermon. After some time, it was thought proper to accede to their wishes. On this occasion a number of works explanatory of Catholic doctrine and practice, published by the Catholic Institute of London, were distributed. Meanwhile some kind of a minister, who was an Orangeman, undertook to answer the sermons. When the people urged that he was mis-stating and misrepresenting, he insisted that the priest was deceiving them. This could not be,

they replied. They had standard Catholic works in their hands which shewed the same teaching as they had heard from the priest. This argument weighed little with the minister, for he was sworn to resist all argument. "I have sworn," said he, "to oppose *Poperly* wherever I meet with it; and say what you like, I will oppose it."

Immediately afterwards the Rev. Father Dawson's presence at Edinburgh was required by the Bishops in order to fill the office of chaplain to the Community of St. Margaret's Convent—the first establishment of religious sisters in Scotland since the "reformation." The duties of this charge were not very onerous; and there was added to them that of preaching habitually at Saint Mary's, the principal church.

After three years of duty in the city of Edinburgh Father Dawson was transferred to the ancient city of Dunfermline, where Queen Saint Margaret and her royal husband, the great King Malcolm, held their Court, and were succeeded by a long line of statesman kings, who greatly promoted the civilization and prosperity of the country. It is known that eight of these, together with the greatest of Scotland's kings, lie buried in Dunfermline's hallowed ground. Dunfermline continued to be a royal residence until the union of the Crowns under James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. But, it is as a mission that Dunfermline must here be spoken of. As such it comprised the extensive County of Fife together with the two smaller Counties of Kinross and Clackmannan. It was a most difficult and laborious mission, not only on account of the extent of territory, but owing also to the great influx of railway labourers while the building of the Edinburgh and Northern and the Stirling and Dunfermline railways was proceeding. Add to this the number of sick, always great in so numerous a population; but more than deadly so when the dread epidemics prevailed, of cholera at one time, typhus fever at another and small pox in some places. In other times, when no epidemic actually raged the number of sick calls was very formidable. This became known at Edinburgh, when the Incumbent being sick, he was obliged to send to the Bishop a handful of sick-calls which were duly attended to by the Rev. George Bigg, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, in the re-

stored hierarchy. It is pleasing, meanwhile, to reflect that the age of intolerance had passed away for ever. In all the towns the priest and his ministrations were well received. Lawyers, bankers, doctors, all were friendly. After a time, however, it was apparent that so extensive a mission should be divided. Accordingly Rev. Father O'Beirne was placed in charge of the eastern division, of which Cupar is the chief town, and Father Dawson retained Dunfermline and the west.

When in charge at Dunfermline Father Dawson became informed, through his brother, the late Mr. Adam Dawson, that the celebrated Scotch relique, the "*Quigerich*," (St. Fillan's Crozier) existed in Canada in the possession of its hereditary guardian. This information led to a correspondence which finally resulted in the restoration, through the persevering efforts of Principal Sir Daniel Wilson, to Scotland of the highly valued relique, under the guardianship of the Society of Antiquaries. (See "Catholics of Scotland.")

The late Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop McDonell of Kingston having invited Father Dawson to Canada, he now (1852), asked and obtained permission to leave the missions of Scotland, after having devoted to them so many years of his life.

Until the Autumn of 1854 when he proceeded to Canada almost all of Father Dawson's time was spent in the Diocese of Southwark, where he did his best to assist the Bishop with the missions of the Diocese. By request of the Bishop he took charge for some time of the religious community at St. Leonards, of which the Rev. Sister Connally was the Superior, together with the Catholic Congregation of the place. He had also commission from the Bishop to obtain possession of the home which the late Mr. Darell of Calehill had provided for the priest of the Calehill Mission. When in London, he was often invited to preach in St. George's Cathedral. This was a serious task, but, he never failed to undertake it. It may be remarked that during his relations with the Diocese of Southwark, Father Dawson attended, as a member, the first Diocesan synod that was held in London since the "reformation," Bishop Grant presiding and seventy priests in attendance.

At last came the time for leaving, and the Bishop offered no hindrance, although desirous that Father Dawson should remain. In consideration of his services, he proposed for his acceptance any favour within his power which he might please to ask. He desired nothing more, he said, than the privilege to recite the office as he had been accustomed to do in Scotland, according to the Roman Ordo. This favour was in due time obtained, the Holy Father, Pius IX, at the request of the Bishop, granting the necessary indulgence.

Everything being now ready, Father Dawson together with his niece, Mary Elizabeth Dawson, took passage at Liverpool on board the S. S. Cleopatra for Canada. During the voyage an incident occurred which on account of its rarity may be referred to. A Sunday intervening, the captain of the ship politely expressed his wish to have a religious service. Father Dawson thought it might be some cause of edification to comply with his desire. The passengers having assembled in the cabin, the captain at the head of table whilst the next in command took his seat beside the officiant, and two Rev. Canadian Cures together with the brother of the late T. D. McGee were opposite. The Gospel, Epistle and prayer for the day were read and a sermon delivered. "There was also a prayer for the Queen our captain, his comrades and assistant seamen. The captain afterwards expressed regret that they could not have as much religion every Sunday. There is only one instance on record of like having been done, Bishop Prince of Canada being the officiant.

Arrived at Quebec, the venerable Archbishop Turgeon sent his Secretary, the late Very Rev. Vicar-General Langevin, and one of the Rev. Cures who had come in the Cleopatra, to welcome the newly arrived priest and invite him to the Archiepiscopal Palace.

When after some time Father Dawson reached Bytown, which was then all we had for Ottawa, and desired to remain there, the late Bishop appointed him to the charge of *Upper Town*, as that part of the town on the left bank of the Rideau and the Rideau Canal was then called. This charge he held for upwards of five years.

Not long afterwards, through the general commanding-in-chief, Father Dawson

was appointed chaplain to the forces. There arose a difficulty when Lord Alexander Russell's battalion was stationed at Ottawa. No place could be had for the military mass, except at an hour which was inconveniently early for the soldiers. Father Dawson knew that the crypt of the Basilica was unoccupied on Sunday forenoon, and so he suggested to the officers that they should address the Bishop in order to obtain the use of it for the soldiers. Colonel Lord Alexander Russell who was always reasonable, immediately authorized Captain Bunbury who had charge of the Catholic soldiers, to confer with the Bishop. The conference was completely successful, and the use of the crypt at once conceded.

Father Dawson continued to be chaplain until the Imperial troops were withdrawn from Ottawa. Later on Father Dawson assumed control of the Osgoode mission, as successor to the late Rev. Father O'Boyle, which he retained for over eight years. His advancing age made it necessary for him now to retire from the more arduous labours of the ministry. He continues to celebrate in the Convent Chapel of the Congregation de Notre Dame Gloucester Street.

Father Dawson's golden jubilee was celebrated at Ottawa in the year 1885. His Grace the Archbishop caused the celebration to be held in the Basilica. Father Dawson celebrated high mass and also delivered the sermon of the occasion.

#### WRITINGS.

The list of Dr. Dawson's works is a long one, and the publication of the earliest of them antedates the appearance on this planet of most of our readers. His *debut* as an author was made fifty years ago, when his "Maitre Pierre," from the French of M. Delcressot, was printed in England. In 1838 it was brought out in Liverpool. Another essay in translation was "The Parish Priest and his Parishioners," from the original of M. B. d'Exeauvillez (Glasgow, 1842.) His subsequent works are: "The Pope Considered in His Relations with the Church, etc.," from the French of Count Joseph de Maistre, London, 1850; "Letters to a Russian Gentleman," from the French of the same distinguished writer; "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope in Relation to the State of Italy," London

and Ottawa, 1860; "St. Vincent de Paul" (a lecture), London, 1865; "Pius the Ninth and His Time," London, 1880; "The Catholics of Scotland, from 1593, etc., till the death of Bishop Carruthers in 1852," London, Ont., 1890. These constitute Dr. Dawson's contributions to ecclesiastical history and polemical literature. Every one of these volumes was well received. "The Life of Pius the Ninth" was pronounced by a high Catholic authority to be the best biography of that Pontiff yet written; the works on "The Temporal Sovereignty," were highly commended for their clearness, closeness of argument and moderation of tone; of the "Catholics of Scotland" we hope to speak more at length. It is, however, with Dr. Dawson's poetical and critical writings and his essays on Canadian subjects that the general reader is naturally most concerned.

In 1870 appeared his "Miscellaneous Essays," which comprised (*inter alia*) a series of letters in reply to the views of Prof. Goldwin Smith and Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Robert Lowe) on colonial questions; essays on the history and development of the North-West Territories and on Canadian poets, and an oration on the death of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee. In 1882 he brought out a poem "The Last Defender of Jerusalem;" in 1883, "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra," appeared and in 1886 a volume containing "Dominion Day," "Caractacus," "Malcolm and Margaret," and other poems. Most of these were primarily read before the Royal Society, of which Dr. Dawson is one of the original members. They reveal imagination, taste and scholarship, and have been much admired by critics of undoubted standing.



### GOD IS NEAR.

When the laugh of rippling water,  
 When the bird songs reach my ear.  
 When the music of the zephyr  
 Mingles with the accents, clear,  
 Of the bells that welcome morning,  
 Then I know that God is near.

For a joy that passeth knowledge  
 Leaps and swells within my heart,  
 Till I find in nature's gladness  
 Almost heaven's counterpart.

--Ex.

## RESOLVE.



H, never lose your heart, my friend,  
 And never let it quail,  
 Though seas be high, and winds be rough,  
 And tattered be your sail.  
 A tempest in the ocean is  
 A boisterous foe, no doubt ;  
 But take his challenge, see it through,  
 And never "put about."

Depend upon your own resolve,  
 Hold by it, come what may,  
 Nor give an inch, though forced to stand  
 While legions bar your way !  
 Rely upon yourself alone—  
 Be fearless, dauntless, brave !  
 A man's unbending will is king,  
 And conquers e'en the grave.

'Tis but the cringing knave who halts ;  
 The soldier marches on ;  
 And never sheathes his trusty sword,  
 Until the fight is won.  
 And he shall ever victor be—  
 Sure winner of the crown,  
 Who makes Resolve his banner-flag,  
 And never takes it down.

—JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.



## MODERN THOUGHT IN FICTION.



IN the Victorian age the novel has become the most important form of literary expression, and has drawn to itself a great portion of the mental activity that in former periods would have expended itself in other directions. It ranges over the whole vast field of human action, past and present, and embraces within its sphere all the complex interests of society. It has won notable victories in the cause of social and political reform, and has effected its triumphs quietly but effectually. Long standing abuses have been swept away before the breath of its ridicule and scorn, and a new spirit infused into whole communities. In the hands of its masters it has become a power for good or evil that must be reckoned in any estimate of the influences at work in modern society. It appeals to a wider circle and a broader range of sympathies than any of the other forms which a popular literature may take. Discarding abstractions it deals chiefly with concrete forms and ideas, and thus reaches the multitude who are affected by principles only when they see them embodied and producing their effects in action. It is often debated whether this great power the novel wields in the social life of our day has been on the whole a benefit or a detriment to humanity. On the one hand are pointed out its many signal triumphs in the cause of justice and mercy, the anomalies, abuses of power, the cruelties to the weak, the helpless, or unfortunate, that the novel has so powerfully assisted in removing. On the other hand, with as much truth and greater force are charged against it the inception and encouragement of many evils unknown in former ages. It is charged especially with elevating mere human sentiment to a place altogether out of proportion to its real importance in life, thus exercising a deleterious effect on the young who are but too prone to put faith in its false and misleading pictures. But whether the place the novel has assumed in modern literature be on the whole productive of good or evil, the fact remains that it has become a

living influence that penetrates every walk of active or speculative life, and it is of the utmost importance to observe how it stands in relation to the leading questions that agitate the great human mind of to-day.

Three great names head the long list of English novelists in the age of Victoria, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. It would be a vain task to institute a comparison between these or to attempt to assign to one a precedence over the others. They each had their particular field, their distinctive style, both of writing and characterization. Dickens was certainly the most popular of the great trio. His exuberant spirits, richness of humour, and the genuine delight he takes in delineating youth with its heartfelt joys and petty sorrows, wins enthusiastic admiration at an age when the mind is yet untrained to judge of the intrinsic merits of a work of art. The reader feels towards him ever after much as we all do towards some happy good-natured acquaintance, whose faults, springing from the head rather than the heart, we are solicitous to palliate in consideration of the pleasure his company affords us. Thackeray is more learned than Dickens, has far less heartiness and paints life in darker colours. But neither Dickens or Thackeray voiced to any great extent the current ideas that have come to be specifically known as modern thought. They were great literary artists, and wrote novels of the highest excellence, but they were lacking in the higher intellectual endowments. They deal chiefly with surface views. They seldom probe the depths that lie beneath the outer crust with which society conceals the stronger characteristics of individual natures. In this respect they are inferior to their great contemporary, George Eliot. This great woman received from nature intellectual gifts of the highest quality, and was moreover endowed with no ordinary degree of imaginative power. This combination of high speculative powers with a vivid imagination fitted her to be the exponent of modern thought in fiction. A recent writer in a French review thus speaks of her: "With a power almost unique, George Eliot has united the broadness of

the philosophical thought of the Germans to the plastic talent which to them is so often lacking. She possesses, in fact, the most precious qualities of the novelist ; he faculty of creating living personages which the reader sees before his eyes, and which he is not able to forget when he has seen them ; the gift of dialogue, abundant, natural, full of humonr, and above all, psychological observation the finest and most penetrating. Among many others we recall the characters of Dinah, Gwendolen, Dorothea, Rosamond, and that admirable beginning of "The Mill on the Floss," which contains the truest description known of the soul of a child. But at the same time, George Eliot has the ever-present idea of the infinite intricacy of causes and effects in the universe. She sees individuals in relation to the environments which explain and produce them."

Besides fiction, George Eliot has written some poetry. Had she more of the poetic fire, more of the divine gift of poetic genius she would have been the great singer of the new faith. But the essentially scientific cast of her intellect led her too much into abstractions, and damped the ardor of passion necessary to the poetic character. In fiction she has achieved more notable success. In her earlier works especially she shows herself a consummate master of her art. Her subjects were well chosen, for they dealt with a phase of English life she had known from her childhood, and placed before the reader people whose wants and wishes, joys and sorrows, she had herself experienced. In them she speaks more from the heart and to the heart than in her later works, where art is made subservient to the requirements of her school. But, as it is of her relation to the school of thought, that is properly designated modern thought we wish to speak, it is to these novels of her riper years and wider experience of life we must look for an understanding of her position.

The ideas which constitute for the most part the fabric of this modern thought are modern in the sense that they are anti-Christian, and in consequence were long unknown in the world where Christianity was the sole power which ruled the intellects and hearts of men. But in reality the votaries of modern thought aim at leading men backwards to a time anterior to Christianity when men had no guide in

life but their own weak reason and unenlightened conscience. They reject the truths of revelation, and all belief in one great over-ruling Power whose guiding hand is everywhere perceived in His creation. Thus all the questions that formed the staple of discussion in the schools of ancient Rome and Athens have been opened up anew, but have acquired a new aspect from the changed character of the civilization of to-day. Like the ancient philosophers, modern thinkers are confronted by a condition for which they can find no adequate explanation. Discarding faith, they endeavor to construct on a material basis a systematic and coherent plan of human life, and to rear on a foundation of skepticism a structure that may replace the temples of Christianity. But their speculations, based on the wavering principles of materialism, are vague and inconclusive. Did they build consistently with their fundamental notions, their philosophy of life would result in reducing man to the moral and intellectual level of the lower orders of creation. Their inconsistency lends a plausibility to their system that is lacking in its intrinsic elements. They are aware that the aspirations of the human heart are for something higher and better than its material surroundings afford, and that materialism pursued to its logical consequences must lead man to despair. Hence are held forth lofty hopes for an ever-increasing perfection in the human type through devotion to some remote ideal to which all mankind is tending. Man is to rid himself gradually of the grosser ties of his nature, and advancing in scientific knowledge, advancing in self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control, will grow to "some far-off divine event."

George Eliot presents in her fiction the optimistic side of this materialistic and utilitarian philosophy. She is in full sympathy with its leading ideas, and exhibits them in operation in the lives of her characters. It is true that in all her novels are found personages with longings after the higher spiritual life that religion offers a hope of realizing. This did not arise, however, from a belief in the necessity of a faith in the supernatural as a factor in life. She wrote thus as an artist, painting life as she found it. Her clear artistic perception enabled her to observe what less discerning authors have over-

looked that no general picture of life can be correctly drawn with the religious element omitted. Religion has thus invariably a place in her art, but she was no worshipper at its shrine. She early discarded the faith she had inherited, and afterwards lived as an enlightened and high-minded Pagan. The philosophical bent of her mind led her for inspiration to the German philosophers, and it is a singular proof of her vigor of intellect and zeal in study that at the early age of twenty-two she was so far master of the most abstruse and difficult of these as to present a translation in her own language. With him she learned to look on the Christian religion as but one of the many devised by the busy inventive intellect of man, destined to perish as the others, a system that might have served a useful purpose in an earlier and less enlightened age, but which, in this age of science and high culture, can but retard the onward movement of the human mind. Though devoid of all religious belief herself she was well aware of how much importance religion is in the concerns of life, and she was too true an artist to eliminate it wholly. She knew that man must have some high and noble purpose for which to strive and that for the majority of mankind the strong hope of a happier and better life in the world beyond the tomb is the spur to a life of heroism.

As a literary artist George Eliot thus aspired to religious aspirations and religious convictions their proper place in her fiction. But she was in reality a zealot in the cause of the new faith that was aspiring to the place of Christianity, and to her as to others the problem of life consisted in seeking some motive powerful enough to urge self-sacrifice in the inevitable conflict that must arise in every life. If religion is to be dethroned what is to do duty for it in shaping the lives of men? This is the problem that confronts him who succeeds in persuading himself that religion has no greater than human sanction. If there be no God, if God has not spoken to man, if there be no future reward for a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, no punishment for the selfish or wrong-doer, what incentive has man to the practice of morality? What is to be his guide through life? If it be agreed that he should sacrifice all to duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God,"

what must henceforth constitute the whole duty of man? It is evident that duty has lost the sanction it now possesses among men if the supernatural element be eliminated from life, and that new standards must be set up, and new motives established. Men must be brought to look upon life from a different standpoint and to take a new view of its responsibilities. It is not enough to demolish the Christian edifice that has proved a secure refuge for the millions of the past. There must be reared a new structure that will afford man protection against the storms that assail him in life. It might have been sufficient for the early advocates of the new dispensation to attack, to undermine, to destroy. They had set themselves a gigantic task and while the strongholds were still in possession of the object of their attacks, it might seem vain to establish a rival system. But the necessity of some faith soon asserts itself, and those who laboured to demolish the old foundations must set themselves to the task of building up anew. Hence have arisen moral codes whose sanction is contained neither in the thunders of Mount Sinai or the divine nature and divine mission of the Preacher on the Mount of Olives.

The groundwork of these modern systems proposed for man's guidance is the generally accepted theory of universal evolution. The most distinguished poets and thinkers of the anti-Christian school have in one form or another given their adherence to this doctrine, and have made it the basis of their speculations on life. That this famous theory is false in its fundamental idea of the spontaneous inception of life from inorganic matter is not difficult of proof and has recently been experimentally established by careful scientific tests under the direction of the eminent scientist, M. Pasteur. The further development of the theory has little warrant either on scientific or historic grounds. The facts both of science and history are almost solidly arrayed against the successive evolution of species it asserts to have preceded the highest type of existence in man. Still less is there warrant for the belief that man himself is slowly tending towards a higher intellectual level or that he has reached his present state by a gradual process evolving the best elements in his nature and working

off and casting aside the base and low. This intellectual development that is claimed by the evolutionist is not apparent to the student of history and receives no credence now in enlightened and unbiased minds. The "Grand Old Man" of England, Mr. Gladstone, being asked recently if he did not think there was a decadence in the morals of the present generation, said in reply, "Whatever may be the case with the development of morals I do not see the necessary development of brain power to enable us to cope with the vaster problems. I do not see that progress in the development of brain power which we ought to expect on the principles of orthodox Darwinism. Development, no doubt, is a slow process, but I do not see it at all. I do not think we are stronger, but weaker, than the men of the middle ages. I would take it as low down as the men of the sixteenth century. The men of the sixteenth century were strong men, stronger in brain power than our men."

But weak as the theory is it has taken strong hold of the modern mind, and is the standpoint from which the advanced school of modern thought view the complex problem of human life. George Eliot has fully accepted it, and with Spencer has based upon it the moral doctrine of race fealty. It is not difficult to understand how a moral code based on evolutionary principles must differ from the Christian plan of life. The Christian looks forward to an individual perfection in a future life, of whose existence he is as firmly convinced as of his present surroundings. But for the evolutionist the present life is the only one of whose existence he feels certain, and his hopes must be bound by its narrow span. It is not so much the advancement of the individual he seeks, as the advancement of the human type and its ultimate attainment of a god-like might of intellect and will. For the Christian, again, the moral responsibility arises from the Great Author of his being from whom he has received all the good that he may possess and to whom in consequence he is bound by ties of affection and duty. For the evolutionist on the other hand, the source of all the mental or moral worth now possessed by man is in the generations that have preceded. They, by toil, and self-sacrifice, and devotion to the ideal, have brought the type to its present ad-

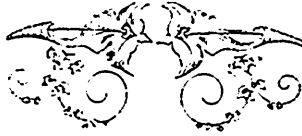
vanced stage of development, and to them we owe all that makes life worth living. Hence arises the doctrine of moral responsibility to the race that constitutes the groundwork of the doctrine taught by Herbert Spencer and George Eliot. They inculcate a generous sacrifice of self and all selfish interests and a noble devotion to the duty we owe to mankind. In the novel of Daniel Deronda, George Eliot brings this idea into prominence as the guiding principle of the life of the hero who consecrates himself to the work of re-establishing in more than its ancient splendour the great Jewish race to which he belonged. This idea of race fealty is indeed the central one of her teaching, and in her life and work its worth may be estimated.

Intellectually she was well qualified for the task of developing in fiction the new doctrine, and despite some passages in her life there seems no good reason to doubt that she was actuated by noble motives and laboured unselfishly for the good of mankind. She saw deeply into human nature and felt strongly its weakness and its miseries. What she saw she knew well how to depict and nowhere in modern fiction can be found more vivid characterization. "Her characters," says a critic "are, for the most part, people like the rest of the world, of ordinary minds, neither very good or very bad. Nevertheless, George Eliot discovers to us in their half-obscured consciences humanity itself with the painful progress of moral ideas and the slow conquests of heredity." In her characters, then, are found no feebleness that can be attributed to want of power in the gifted writer. She grasped fully the bearing of her principles on human life, and possessed the power of delineating the strength as well as the weakness of characters. If her work fails to satisfy, as it certainly does, its failure must be attributed to the hollowness of its ideals. She has many characters nobly gifted and with high hopes in the setting out of life, but almost invariably the high hopes are blasted and the noble gifts prove valueless. There runs in fact through all she has written a vein of sadness, and the most characteristic feeling on rising from the perusal of any of her novels is one of disappointment, of a vague sense of want. It would seem that she herself was conscious of failure and that it must have cost

many an effort of a brave heart and strong will to continue a work that had in it so little hope. Her failure is an instructive lesson on the necessity of a divine faith,

and demonstrates as conclusively as more direct arguments the futility of the Spencerian creed.

P. CULLEN, '93.



*EVE NTIDE:*

Even-star in the West away,  
 Tinged with the sunset glow;  
 Moon in a cloud-kissed sky afloat,  
 Curved like a golden bow.

Rippling waves on the lakelet's shore,  
 Lulling the birds to sleep;  
 Pines that the wandering breezes love,  
 Wrapped in silence deep.

Hush of peace o'er a wearied earth.  
 Quiet-hour now is come,  
 God holds the world to his own great heart.  
 Like a tired child called home.

*- W. B. Stevenson's Prelude.*

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

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE B. V. M.



WE shall defer for a time, the description of the confraternities of the Holy Rosary and St. Barbara, and devote this article to one quite local, viz : the confraternity of the B. V. Mary.

Its statutes were approved by the Bishops of Seez, July 13th 1837, and on August 9th 1891, the rules were divided into several articles. The three first show us the aim of the work ; which is as follows.

1st. To contribute to the honour of the Church ; and especially to decorate and keep in repair the altar of the B. V. M.

2nd. To have prayers said for the members during their life and after their death.

3rd. For their mutual edification ; a good reputation and the strict fulfilment of all Christian duties are necessary in order to be admitted as a member. Although men may join the confraternity, they cannot take part in the ceremonies.

For the general benefit of the confraternity a mass is said on the feasts of the B. V. M. and a rosary recited every week for the same intention, whilst a service is celebrated for all the dead members towards the 8th of September. The confraternity provides for the burial of its members, at which all ought to assist, and as soon as possible after it, a rosary is recited for the repose of the departed soul.

A member must have belonged to the congregation for eight years and after this period can enter for another term. If a member dies before the eight years have expired the same privileges are granted to her, but it is not thus when one withdraws voluntarily.

The confraternity has a special register for the inscription of the names of its members. The Curé of the Parish convokes and presides over the councils. The oldest member is called the Queen. Her duties are to see that the "statutes" are faithfully observed, that the member's conduct is irreproachable, to attend to the

sick and see that they receive the last sacraments.

Every year, on the 15th of August, after vespers, an assistant is nominated to aid or replace, as well as to superintend her.

The confraternity has its banner, but no other exterior distinction than a medal of the B. V. M. suspended round the neck by a broad blue ribbon. For the great ceremonies, on the feasts of the Assumption and Corpus Christi, the young girls dress in white. The members of the confraternity assemble at the Presbytery on the day of the Assumption, and before the mass go in silence to the church (or sometimes they sing some chants).

Waiting at the door for the Curé and the clergy to meet them with the crucifix, the procession then proceeds to the Altar of the B. V. M. where the crown is placed. After vespers and Compline the Curé addresses a few words to the members, and if the ceremony of changing the crown is not yet ready it is done at the Presbytery. After the services, the one who has held the crown for the year gives it up to the member who follows her in the order of inscription and the address to be read on the occasion is thus expressed in the rules : "Conformably to the statutes, your order of inscription makes you Queen for this year. Receive then the crown of perishable flowers as a testimony and a proof you and we shall all work with ardour during life to form in our hearts an incorruptible one ornamented with Christian virtues, that we may present it to the B. V. M. on the day of our decease and merit to receive from her hands a crown of immortal happiness."

We hope these words are sufficient to give an idea of this confraternity, the spiritual advantages of which cannot be denied.

Although these rules were only approved in the early part of the century it appears nevertheless that this confraternity existed before that date, and its present rules are only a copy of the ancient ones.



*HALF AN HOUR WITH THE OPERATOR.*



WAS just arriving at the railroad depot when the loud peals of the city-hall bell announced to me that I was just in time to catch the ten o'clock train. Small groups clustered here and there around the building and enlivened the scene

with their animated talk and occasional hearty laughter. A bright array of parrots, soaring like so many butterflies with variegated wings above the crowd, defied the scorching rays of the mid-summer sun. Still, the wonted animation which characterizes the arrival of a train was wanting. Somewhat disappointed I hastened to ascertain the cause of the delay. As I was directing my steps toward the office, my attention was suddenly drawn to the bulletin board. I read at a glance what the agent had written there in large letters: "No. 30 East due at 10 A. M., 30 minutes late."

What was I to do? It was not worth while returning to the house, so I followed my first thought and entered the telegraph office. The operator, who was accustomed to my visits, nodded a good morning and continued his work. The continual tic-tac of the machine awakened my curiosity. How often had I not been in the office and yet had never thought of examining the instrument in its details? I stopped and looked at it; and the first question which I asked myself was: how does that machine move? I followed the wire from the instrument to the window and easily imagined the many miles of woodland and hills over which it spread, passing by all the intermediate stations between the spot where I was standing and the central office. This focus of all the telegraphic lines of that section of the country contained the primary mover of the instrument. Judging from the distance, which was about one hundred miles, thirty of Daniel's cells constituted the source of motion. In an instant my imagination was back from its trip to the main office. I followed with my eyes the path of the current as it entered the window. The first object which it encountered was a small support upholding two similar cop-

per discs, with toothed edges opposed to one another. One of them was in direct communication with the wire, while the other was separated from its companion by a very small space. The latter one was brought in contact with the ground by means of a metal connection attached to the support. This I knew was the lightning protector. But how it safeguarded the building and employees was a mystery to me.

If the lightning struck the line it entered the first disc. It did not, however, proceed to the second since a lack of communication prevented its doing so. A moment of reflection on the peculiar form and position of the toothed edges brought me to the conclusion that the powerful electrical fluid on entering the first disc, decomposed by induction a like quantity of opposite electricity in the other disc. What followed was evident. Of the neutral electricity decomposed in the second disc a part went to the ground, while the other, being of opposite kind to that on the first disc, united with the lightning and thus returned to the neutral state. Thus, throughout the most terrific electric storms, the operator could sit in all security at his work. I could not but shudder as I conceived the fierce wave dashing through the wires at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. My admiration still superseded my dread when I saw the mighty agent tamed and subdued by the genius of man.

Although the action of the lightning protector was evident to me, I could not conceive how it was that the ordinary current coming from neighboring stations would not be rendered useless. Its weakness accounted for this, since by itself the line current could not produce the inductive action on the other disc. The operator confirmed my opinion and likewise added that messages were often interrupted by strong electrical shocks. In the latter case, of course, the combined currents of electricity are neutralized.

From the protector the wire passed through a delicate galvanometer which registered the potential of the current. Thence it passed to the sender, which the operator was manipulating. This neat

apparatus was made up of a brass lever mounted on two brass supports. The whole mechanism was set upon a bright mahogany block. The wire was connected, by means of a binding screw, to the support of the lever, thence to the lever itself. The lever communicated likewise by means of a binding screw to the main part of the apparatus. This latter amalgamation of wheels, coils, wires and cylinders so puzzled me that I thought I had better not meddle with it.

Just then the operator was through telegraphing, but to my great surprise the continual tic-tac which had been going on while he was manipulating the sender was still heard. "How's that?" I exclaimed, a little surprised. "What do you mean?" replied the operator. "Well, it seems strange to me that the instrument should continue to work while you're not telegraphing." "Oh, that's the receiver," said he, pointing to the part of the instrument whence the sound came. "I have nothing to do with its movements. The man who is producing those signals is many miles away. Do you see when I raise my hand, the end of the sender which was pressed down is raised by a spring, while the opposite end is brought in direct contact with the relay and in indirect contact with the receiver whence the sound proceeds. The current coming from the line passes through the sender, through the relay and thence to the receiver. For a moment do not mind the relay and we will examine the receiver separately." I had not the least objection, since I saw no earthly reason for its existence and only wondered that it existed at all.

The receiver consisted of two distinct parts, one of which was subordinate to the other. The current entered by one binding screw, circulated through the coils of an electro-magnet and made its exit through a second binding screw. There lay the whole principle of the receiver. "These two coils," said the operator, "are apparently wound in opposite directions, but if the magnet be straightened out, it can be seen that in reality they are similarly wound. Owing however to the fact that the current moves in the first coil from bottom to top, while in the second it flows from top to bottom, it produces opposite effects in both. The soft iron bars which are encircled by the wire are thereby electrified with opposite kinds of electri-

city. Thence comes the electro-magnet with its two opposite poles. Of course this artificial magnet which owes all its vitality to the electric fluid, cannot act without the latter's concurrence. Now, notice above the electro-magnet a piece of soft iron which is upheld by a spring. Whenever the electrical fluid flows through the coils, the soft iron at once acquires magnetic properties and attracts the iron strip as an ordinary horseshoe magnet would do. When the current is stopped the strip is drawn back to its position. It follows then that the signals produced by the attraction of the electro-magnet on the iron piece depends on the closing and opening of the current. Evidently, then, the operator who is communicating with me, can at will open and close the connection and thus produce the dots and dashes which are the basis of our alphabet. Now for convenience's sake an accessory has been attached. It consists of a roll of paper which is uniformly revolved by clock-work. On it are printed by means of a connection with the soft iron bar the dots and dashes sent by the operators of the other stations. Thus I can correct any of the mistakes which I may have made while recording the telegrams from the sound only."

"Well, that's perfect," said I. "The whole instrument is complete. What use is there then of adding a relay?" "The relay is very important," rejoined the operator, "it is not an essential part of the instrument, but helps to strengthen and render perceptible the signals which are sent. After a run of thirty or forty miles the current is very weak and cannot work the receiver. The current of a local battery is introduced, which is regulated by the electro-magnet of the relay. Its sole object is to transmit with greater force the signals of its relay to the receiver." I now saw at a glance the whole working of the apparatus. Just then the receiver began to register new signals. I easily conceived a flow of words gliding by the bottle-green insulators on the posts, down through the window, passing by the lightning protector through the galvanometer, making its way thence by the sender to the relay and depositing its message in the receiver.

"Perhaps you are not aware," ventured the operator, "that at the very moment this message enters the office I could send one in the opposite direction." "Why

surely," objected I, "the currents would meet and neutralize each other." "It would seem so at first thought," rejoined the railway employee in the tone of a *connoisseur*, "but the fact is that it does not. There is a telegraph system which thus doubles the utility of the line and is thence called duplex telegraphy. It is extensively used where a great many telegrams are sent daily. The instrument I have here is a simple Morse's instrument. Had I but the more perfect instrument used in duplex telegraphy I could perfectly, as I have said, send a message at the moment I am receiving one. The duplex system is a very simple one, although it generally takes a person some time to get accustomed to what appears to him a paradox." "Can you not give me the principle of the instrument in a few words?" I enquired. "Well, I'll attempt to give it to you as briefly as I possibly can. Of course in this system one must avoid to reproduce his own signals, and he must moreover convey them to their destination. To avoid the first obstacle the current coming from the battery is made to divide into two branches, each of which communicates with the two coils of the receiver, but they are so directed as to run in opposite paths and thus neutralize each other. In this way no signals are produced in the office whence the telegram issues. As the telegrams issue from both posts simultaneously, the arrangement is the same in both offices. Now of the two branches of the current in the two coils, one is brought in contact with the earth and the other is connected with the station with which you communicate. At each station you have then, so to say, three forces at work, namely: the two forces which neutralize each other and a third force acting in opposition to one of these, or that produced by the message. As the two first forces neutralize each other, the force produced by the message acts and records its signals." Although I believed the operator knew more about it than I did, still I could not see how that explanation resolved the objection I had put to him concerning the meeting of the two currents in the main wire. "I do not see," said I frankly, leaning as I spoke on the big black chair in front of the bureau, "how the messages do not meet and neutralize each other: "They do meet,"

replied the operator, "you are right there, but they do not neutralize each other. Imagine for a moment the two telegrams flowing across the line in opposite directions. Suppose one of the operators sends a dot and the other a dot also. Then both operators receive a dot. Although the signal which he receives, is the one which he himself produces. Now let one of the operators send a dash and the other a dot. The first part of the dash being opposed to the dot, a dot will be the result in both stations. But a second part of the dash receives no resistance it proceeds directly to its destination. Thus the first part of the dash is produced by the one telegraphing the dot, and the second part comes directly from the one telegraphing the dash. A moment of reflection will show you that there is not the least obstacle to prevent the duplex telegraphy, since the whole number of signals are based on dots and dashes."

This explanation seemed very simple and reasonable, so I accepted it *in toto*. My interlocutor did not seem to think it strange that I did so, for he told me that there was nothing extraordinary about that system. "This duplex system will soon be obsolete," said he. "Baudot, a French physicist, has lately invented a machine by which six telegrams can be sent simultaneously." "Six!" I exclaimed. "Yes sir. The beauty of the instrument lies in this that the messages are received neatly printed. I cannot give you a very good idea of the instrument, since it is so complicated that I have no pretensions of understanding it myself. Still from what I can see of it, the inventor seems to utilize the smallest particle of time by having the manipulators act in rapid succession. So that they act apparently at the same time, while in reality they perform the work successively, though in the same space of time in which an ordinary message is sent. This ingenious invention has been crowned with a diploma of honour at the International Electrical Exhibition which is one of the greatest distinctions which can be conferred on any one."

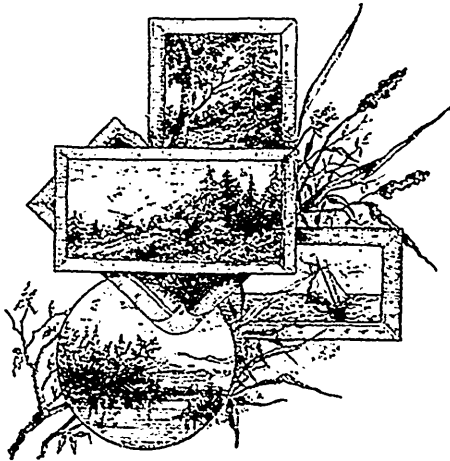
As he was finishing his sentence, a boy entered the office with a despatch. The operator opened it and read it at a glance. "There" said he, holding the paper in his hand, "is a telegram for the Old Country." He sat down at the desk and

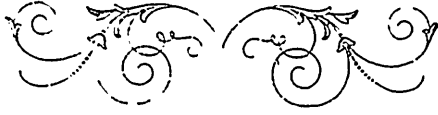
placed his hand on the sender. A moment later the signals were flashing through the wires with truly electrical velocity. I followed the message with the eyes of my imagination, as it proceeded on its speedy trip. In an instant it was at St. Johns, Newfoundland. A few seconds later, it was rushing madly through the depths of the ocean. There were exposed to my view unknown riches. The tiny message was covering thousands of miles, penetrating into the innermost recesses and caverns of the deep, passing within a few feet of coral beds, mighty sea-weeds and strange mollusks, shells of every shape, fishes of all sizes and description ; we were lost in the unfathomable waters of the green ocean. An instant later we were on *terra firma*. For a moment I gazed upon the immense,

though narrow tunnel which had conveyed us safely across the waters to Valencia in Ireland. I perceived the huge serpent hiding its immense coils in the briny deep. As I was lost in the contemplation of the immensity of the submarine monster spreading its lengthy limbs throughout all the regions of the globe, I was suddenly startled. The loud and piercing sound issuing from the whistle of a fast-approaching locomotive brought me back to my senses. It was half-past ten, the east train was just coming in. Hastily shaking hands with the operator, I picked up my satchel and made my way through the crowd as best I could.

A moment later we steamed out of the station, *en route* for the metropolis.

CHARLES GAUDET, '92.





*CONSOLING VISION.*



WHEN proud Ambition's last declining ray  
 Lights to her couch fair Fortune's fleeing day,  
 And in the foot-prints of her failing light,  
 Stalks uninvited Grief's incipient night ;  
 When Pleasure's vanished like yon feathered guest  
 Whose liquid strains day's duller moments blest,  
 Till ev'ning becked the songster to his rest ;  
 When toss'd by passions, frail Prosperity  
 Wrecks, and the last spar in her rich debris  
 Consigns its clinging burden to the sea :  
 When Friendship's genial flame, a smold'ring spark  
 Becoming, leaves the hearthstone cold and dark,  
 Sweet Virgin, thy consoling face appears—  
 A sun, to light the gloom,—to dry'the tears.

D. '91.



## MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.



**A**CTION and reaction is the principle which governs the display of any species of human activity. Man is finite, and as such cannot long remain in a state in which his powers are stretched to the highest tension. After an extraordinary display of energy there must come a period of comparative lassitude and recuperation.

The history of English poetry furnishes a particular illustration. After the wonderfully creative Elizabethan era with which it took its rise, came the almost sterile period of which Dryden is the central figure. Next followed the classical age of Pope, the fecundity of which, whilst in no way to be compared to that of the Elizabethan time, still clearly indicates a renewal of poetical activity. From the death of Pope to the date of the publication of Cowper's *Task*, intervenes another period of transition during which the Muse was insensibly but certainly casting off the formal garb in which, under classical influence, she had been so long arrayed. The appearance of Cowper's poem, whilst it marked a complete return to nature and spontaneity, ushered in a third creative period whose brilliancy far outshone the cold formalism of the classical school, nay compared favorably in many respects with the golden era of English song, the age of Shakespeare and Milton. This impulse continued to be felt throughout the first quarter of this century. Another lapse of a few years, bridged over by Landor and Keats, brings us to the present period, a study of which is to constitute the scope of the present paper.

This will be done by making a brief enquiry into its nature, its underlying philosophy, and the interpretation put upon this philosophy by the three leading singers of the time, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne.

Is the present period one of creation or of transition? An enthusiastical admirer of it might easily find arguments whereby to prove that it must be classed in the former category. Certain it is that if such

works as the "Idyls of the King," and "The King and the Book," are to be regarded as the productions of an age of transition, such a period cannot be characterized as being wholly devoid of good poetry. Nor is it intended that such an interpretation should be put upon the phrase. By an age of transition is meant, not a time in which no good poetry is produced—for there are none such in the history of English literature since it became a literature—but rather that this intervening period is the connecting link between two creative eras of great originality. Only two such striking epochs are to be found in English poetry, that of Shakespeare and that ushered in simultaneously with the present century. The classical period whilst marking, indeed, a peculiar development of English song, does not deserve to be classed with the two just mentioned. Nor is it believed that the present age is entitled to that honour. To him who looks beneath the surface it, too, must seem rather the promise than the reality of a third great creative era. Like the poetry of the classical age, faultlessly perfect form bespeaks a lack of spontaneity and naturalness without which no great poetic productions are to be expected. The ore that comes direct from mother nature is not usually so highly polished. There is many an uncouth phrase in Shakespeare; nothing but the sweetest harmony runs through all the writings of Tennyson and Swinburne. Browning, it is true, lacks this high degree of outward finish and, in a way, he is the most original of the two, but his ruggedness is rather the result of eccentricity than the free outburst of nature.

It would be wrong, however, to contend that beauty of expression excludes originality of conception. No poet is more creative than Milton, yet none has handled language in a more masterly manner, nor in one so adapted to the purpose in view. Yet, it is well to note that Milton's song is virile and lofty in the highest degree, whilst that of our modern singers has a sweetness that borders on effeminacy.

A more convincing proof that the



present is an age of transition. is found in the character of the time itself. Our whole century, but especially its latter half, has been enthusiastically devoted to physical research. The result has been to destroy almost the whole of the poet's stock-in-trade without as yet furnishing him with a new outfit. Innumerable fanciful poetical explanations of natural phenomena have given way to the more prosaic, but more truthful interpretations of science. And through the medium of the press, this lately acquired knowledge has become so wide-spread that the poet can in no class of society find an audience unacquainted with it. He cannot defy it by adhering to the paraphernalia of his predecessors; he would be laughed to scorn if he attempted to ignore the new science. Hence an incessant conflict between the imagination and the intellect. The old illusions have been dispelled; the new knowledge has not yet had time to crystallize in the popular mind and to form the basis of a new poetic imagery and language. Since, however, beauty has its foundation in truth, there is no reason to believe that the new science will not prove the inspiration for a new poetry that will rival, if not excel, that of any preceding age. It must be confessed, however, that the present cannot be regarded as a time so inspired. The poets of the old order have passed away forever; those of the new have not yet appeared.

The philosophy also, prevailing in England at the present day, is not calculated to inspire the highest poetic song. In the age of Shakespeare, faith still formed the basis of English life; there were no disturbing queries concerning man's origin; every child was possessed of a full knowledge of these vital matters. The poet, therefore, was not called to theorize upon them; his business was to paint nature as he found it, idealizing it indeed, but never wandering into the field of abstract speculation. The discovery of America, the invention of printing, the general renewal of intellectual activity consequent upon the revival of classical literature—all these were events to rouse the poet to enthusiastic performance, and as he took his material from nature at first hand and did not subject it to a metaphysical transformation, the result was the grandest epoch of English poetry. The revolutionary age, that with which

the present century opened, presents in a certain way, similar aspects. Its philosophy, it is true, was no longer the healthy and true philosophy of the ages of faith, but was the reincarnation of an old error, rationalism. It proved a source of inspiration, to the poets of the time, however, because it had not as yet under its new form been proven false. Nay, the birth of a new science, geology, seemed at first to prove rationalism true, inasmuch as it promised to sweep away the very foundations of ancient faith. Under this influence of seemingly coming triumph the poets of the period produced their great works. Stirring events were not wanting to urge them on. The revolt against classicism in England, the cataclysm known as the French revolution, and the sudden springing into life of a vigorous German thought which was forthwith transplanted by Coleridge and Wordsworth, all tended to evoke a great display of poetical activity. Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Shelley were all influenced by these happenings, though in different and even contrary ways. The philosophy of our own day is essentially the same rationalism as found favor in the revolutionary period, but as in its old form it has been clearly and openly disproved, it has received a new coloring and a new name, Darwinism or the system of evolution. But, if anything, the gulf which separates it from the sublime truths of religion that formed the philosophy of Shakespeare and his age, is wider than that between these and revolutionary rationalism. Our poets, therefore, are cut off from those vital principles upon which the Elizabethan singers interwove their wondrous tapestry of life. Nor has this modern philosophy those rosy hopes of future triumph that were possessed by rationalism at the beginning of the century. Geology, of which so much was expected, has proved a veritable boomerang for the false philosophy from which it took its rise. Its every new advance has shown forth, and continues to do so, that God has written two books, the Bible, and the Book of Nature, and has recorded the same truths in each. Spurious philosophy, in the form of revolutionary rationalism, has sunk down once more into the slough of Despond, conquered for the thousandth time by the dazzling brilliancy of immutable truth. The present English philosophy is casting about for

some new solution of the old problem of human existence. Since philosophy must always form the basis of poetry, though it must seldom or never enter formally into it, and since all the leading English poets have rejected to a greater or less degree the explanation of life furnished by religion, it is not surprising to find that their writings are colored by the prevailing spirit of philosophical unrest. Each one of them has set out to solve the enigma of life for himself and each arrives at a different solution, but all agree in rejecting all previous explanations as false.

It will be of interest to examine the relative worth of the philosophy of life propounded by our three leading poets, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. It may be well to premise, however, in support of the contention that the present is an age of transition, that such speculative philosophical questions as form the subject-matter of much of modern poetry, is foreign to the nature of true poetic art. Philosophy must undoubtedly find a place in poetry, but it is equally necessary that it be put forth in a concrete embodiment, and not in the form of metaphysical abstractions. The true province of philosophy proper is the abstract; that of poetry, the concrete. Our modern poets have been forced to become metaphysical and psychological in the abstract sense, because this spirit of unrest concerning man's origin and destiny is abroad, and they have been obliged to make an explanation of the mystery the main theme of their muse.

That given by Mr. Tennyson will first receive attention. He is an evolutionist and expects the millennium through a continuous series of upward transformations. "Men can rise to higher things on stepping-stones of their dead selves" is the embodiment of his creed. The object of individual human existence, therefore, must be to promote the progress of the race, and this is to be done by obedience to law. In this way Mr. Tennyson brings into his system the idea of duty and of universal charity, two flowers that he has purloined from the garden of Christianity to transplant them in materialistic soil. It is characteristic of Englishmen that they will not suffer the logical consequences to be drawn from their materialistic principles, since such consequences must necessarily justify

egotism and sensuality. Materialists in theory, they are still Christian in practice. To justify the existence of their moral code, Mr. Tennyson conceived this idea of fealty to the race as the source of duty. That the theory is a beautiful one from a speculative point of view cannot be denied, though even so considered, it is not faultless, since it substitutes for the true ultimate end an illusory human perfection which, even if it were brought about, could only serve as a means to aid man in working out his eternal destiny. In practice, however, any one at all acquainted with human nature knows that duty and loyalty are meaningless words if the moral code is without a stringent sanction. Lofty abstract principles may, indeed, keep a few choice souls in the path of rectitude, but for the great mass of mankind the prison and the fear of an eternity of misery are all-necessary to preserve moral integrity. Mr. Tennyson's philosophy, therefore, though not devoid of speculative beauty is worthless when reduced to practice. Indeed it could not well be otherwise, since it is based upon the false principles of evolution and materialism.

Mr. Browning is more psychological, a deeper thinker perhaps, at any rate a man too well acquainted with human nature to adopt Mr. Tennyson's views. In fact his ideal of life looks as if it had been in great part adopted from the biblical teachings, though doubtless he would have been very much surprised and possibly indignant had any one intimated to him that such was the case. He bases morality upon no utopian race fealty, but upon the necessity of attaining a union with God in order to possess happiness. He thinks little of the millennium, but occupies himself much with the heaven to which each individual may aspire. All this is thoroughly Christian. But if his ideal is nobler than that of Mr. Tennyson, his means of realizing it are less safe. Obedience to law is the principle that is to guide man to the fabled golden age, according to the creed of the poet laureate. Passion and passion uncontrolled, generating new ideals and urging men on to the realization of them is, Mr. Browning thinks, the most potent factor in leading man to heaven. It may well be questioned, therefore, whether his philosophy of life is not more harmful than that of Mr. Tennyson when reduced to actual practice.

Human nature, perverted by the fall of the first man, chafes at moral restraint of any kind, and any philosophical system that concedes much to its rebellious tendencies is to be regarded as dangerous. If Mr. Browning's theory were adopted, free-love in domestic and revolution in political life, would be the logical outcome. Nay, both would have to be fostered as much as possible since in passion of any kind are to be found the germs of progress. The poet did not, of course, mean to uphold this *in toto*, though it must be confessed, he does seem to have realized the necessity of revolution as a result of his system and, to a less degree, of unrestrained love also, and to have approved them. But his mind dwelt more on the vision of the individual inspired by lofty ideals to energetic execution, and conceiving yet loftier aspirations from his very success. To realize these becomes in turn the object of his action, and so on continuously, the ultimate goal being, as stated, union with God. In this Mr. Browning, like his brother poet, has failed to take into account that human nature in its fallen state is more prone to evil than to good, and that in consequence stringent sanction is necessary to secure compliance with moral law.

Swinburne is more logical than either of the other two, but he is less moral. He recognizes that materialism and duty are irreconcilable terms, and consequently substitutes for the former pleasure as the object of life. In this he has dared to go against English prejudice, and has in consequence incurred bitter censure, though if the truth be told, he has only drawn the logical consequences contained in English materialistic philosophy. Man, he says, must seek enjoyment no matter what sorrow he may thereby entail upon others. Duty, then, is an invention of priestcraft to gain power over the people. But Swinburne has found, as have all others who have adopted this epicurean philosophy and practised it, that the cup of pleasure when unreasonably quaffed begets disgust and misery. Pleasure must be the concomitant of the performance of duty; whenever it is sought after for itself, it proves a veritable will-o'-the-wisp that ever eludes our grasp. Nay, more, irrational indulgence must necessarily be

followed by a loss of the capacity of enjoyment long before the desire for it has been satiated. The poison corrodes the very vitals of the libertine and he can find no antidote. A maddening longing takes possession of him and the knowledge that he is utterly powerless to satisfy it, sinks him into the depths of misery. This it is that has given us the "Art of Despair." Byron and Swinburne are its only notable disciples in England; in France, on the contrary, it embraces the numerous writers who affect the so-called realism in art. Alfred de Musset is a type of what is unfortunately a large class of French artists. These men have early found the wine of pleasure turn to bitterest gall on their lips through their inordinate excesses. As their philosophy excludes any other object of human existence, they fall into defiant despair, and rail at the world, at life, at everything, the good and the bad alike. Swinburne has fallen into this cess-pool. In consequence, though a man of great genius and of marvellous poetic gifts, he has by no means fulfilled in the noon-tide of his life the glorious promise of its morning, when he was yet untainted by the spirit that has been outlined above.

It will be seen, then, that the history of English poetry is like the surface of a diversified country. Long stretches of level plains intervene between its eminences of lofty creation. That the present age is such a plain, though an elevated one, seems evident from the technical perfection of its song, from the iconoclasm occasioned by scientific research and from the nature of the prevailing philosophy that makes the poet rather metaphysical and abstractly psychological than objective and natural. The three leading singers of the time have consequently presented us with a philosophy of life. That of Mr. Tennyson has evolution for its basis, the millenium as its object, and obedience to law as the means whereby this is to be attained. Mr. Browning is thoroughly Christian in the object, he sets up as the final destiny of human existence, union with God, but shoots wide of the mark when he makes its attainment depend upon impulses born of uncontrolled passion. Mr. Swinburne's art has little of the nobility that in different ways characterizes that of his brother poets, though it

is more in keeping with the principles accepted to a greater or less extent by all three.

As a general conclusion, it may be stated that whilst modern English poetry is marked by a perfection of finish that is

faultily faultless, its intrinsic worth is not of the highest order because it is based on false principles and concerns itself too much with speculations that are foreign to the true nature of poetic art.

D. MURPHY, '92.



*THE OPAL'S HUE.*

A sun-ray kissed a moon-beam,  
'Twixt twilight and the morn—  
And in that moment's meeting  
The opal's hue was born.

—*Yale Record.*



*A GREAT MISSIONARY.*

**A**T this moment there is taking place at Kamloops B. C. a monster meeting of all the Indians of the North-West. Every tribe will be represented and some started several months ago from their settlements to arrive in time for this solemn gathering, which will also be attended by some of the most prominent members of the clergy and laity of Canada. The organizer of this great demonstration is the Rev. Father Lacombe O. M. I., whose portrait we present to our readers in this number of *THE OWL*. This is not the first time Father Lacombe has come to the front in favor of his poor Indians, as he is wont to call them. It is now a familiar thing to hear of his coming to this part of the Dominion, to beg help for, or defend the rights of those for whom he has worked so long and whose entire respect, confidence and love no man to-day possesses more than he.

This saintly and zealous missionary was born near Montreal in 1827. After making his studies at the seminary of that place, he was ordained in 1849, and immediately

started for those missions of the far West, where he has remained ever since. Shortly after his arrival in St. Albert, he was sent as first missionary to the Blackfeet Indians who are considered the most barbarous and warlike tribe. He began mission work and soon had the consolation of seeing four hundred of them receive baptism. The great cause of his success was the unbounded charity and fraternal sympathy which he showed them, even in most critical circumstances and often at the peril of his own life. Moreover he always knew, as a brother missionary wrote of him, how to combine the functions of the spiritual with those of the temporal husbandman and how to intermingle the sowing of the bread that perisheth with that of the Heavenly bread that giveth life everlasting. He was in fact the first to bring, though with great difficulty, a plough into the Saskatchewan regions and to trace a furrow in those wild plains. The great end which he constantly had in view was to get those nomad tribes to live peacefully in fixed habitations and acquire a taste for agricultural pursuits. To do this, he fixed his own residence among them, showed them how to till the land and he himself, amid the numerous

occupations of a missionary, cultivated his own little model farm and garden.

During the forty years he has passed there Father Lacombe has done such great work in the conversion and cultivation of the Indlans, that not only the Crees and Blackfeet venerate him, but all the Indians and Half-breeds of the North-West look upon him as their father. We had a striking example of the sympathy existing between him and his flock when, a few years ago, he came to this part of Canada accompanied by several Indian chiefs and gave in several places, con-

ferences on the manners and customs of those savages. Though he has spent the greater part of his life in the missions, Father Lacombe is a refined and exquisitely polite gentleman. Moreover, besides his mother-tongue, he speaks English very fluently, not to mention his knowledge of the Indian dialects. He is perfectly conversant with several of them and with the help of the Canadian Government he has published dictionaries and grammars in the language of the Cree and Occhipuay tribes.



The best of life has not gone by,  
 It still is mine, I hold ;  
 To-day, to-morrow and coming days,  
 Most surely they enfold  
 The treasure I have grown unto.  
 So midway here I stand  
 And say, "Life is still very good,  
 With heights on every hand."

—*Fordham Monthly.*

THE ORIGINAL OF VICTOR HUGO'S  
BISHOP MYRIEL.



WITH the kind permission of the *Missionary Record* we herewith present to our readers an article from its columns, setting forth for the first time, we believe, the authentic origin of the portrait of Bishop Myriel in Victor Hugo's famous novel, "Les Misérables." That the picture was drawn from life, none that read the eloquent pages of that masterpiece of the great French writer ever doubted. But, among the members of the French episcopate of the time there were several whose qualities of heart agreed so closely with the radiant image created by the great artist, that the conjectures as to its real model, were at variance. Public opinion, however, generally pointed towards the bishop of Digne, who not only bore sufficient resemblance to Victor Hugo's hero to warrant the conclusion, but like the bishop of Marseilles, entertained life-long relations of familiar intercourse with the poet's family. The likeness between Victor Hugo's copy and its pretended original was considered so strong, that it even furnished a pretext to the relatives of the bishop of Digne to legally prosecute the author for traducing the memory of their august kinsman. This action was chiefly based upon the fact that the romantic bishop of Victor Hugo, though transplendent in the glory of every Christian virtue and an almost angelic disposition of the heart, exhibited occasionally a weakness of head and laxity of faith, which are entirely incompatible with the mental and spiritual qualifications of a real Catholic prelate. These inconsistencies become especially conspicuous when the bishop is brought in contact with certain rationalistic ex-members of the Convention, before whose fiery, revolutionary and anti-Christian diatribes his logic as well as his sacerdotal dignity suffers a complete collapse.

The latter characteristics are, of course, not alluded to in the brief article below, which is mainly designed to prove that Monseigneur de Mazenod, the venerable bishop of Marseilles and founder of the distinguished Oblate Order, was the real model of Hugo's famous literary creation.

That this claim is fully established by the novelist's own authentic affirmation, no one will doubt. Nor does it serve any reasonable purpose to quarrel with the great artist for having embodied in his picture only one aspect of the mental stature of his model, substituting for the latter's lofty intellectual and spiritual endowments others more suitable to his own fancies and purposes. That portion of the great Oblate founder's life and character, which has been immortalized by Victor Hugo's art, will remain a credit to him as well as to the artist, despite the shortcomings with which it is associated; just as the noble sympathies for suffering humanity and for all that is innocent and pure, exhibited throughout the great writer's works, will remain a lasting monument to his goodness of heart, notwithstanding the deplorable mental aberrations by which they are marred.

Following is the article of the *Missionary Record*, referred to above :

WHO WAS MONSEIGNEUR MYRIEL ?

Neither the little eccentricities of a great writer's beautiful style, nor even the "condensing" which the word picture suffers at the hands of humourous Bret Harte, can make the portrait of Monseigneur Myriel other than noble and attractive.

A Bishop with no thought of self, Victor Hugo paints him; staying at home in his bishopric; giving up his dining-hall to the hospital patients; living in simplicity and poverty himself; spending his money on the poor. "The most beautiful of altars," this ideal bishop used to say, "is the soul of a poor unhappy man who is comforted and thanks God." And so his special allowance for "carriage and travelling expenses" went after the rest, and was spent upon foundlings and poor mothers. No wonder that "his coming made a fête. He blessed and was blessed in return. Whoever was in need of anything was shown to his house. When he had money, his visits were to the poor; when he had none, he visited the rich." Into his house that was never barred he received the galley slave John Valjean. When Valjean stealthily entered the Bishop's room at night, a ray of moonlight crossing the high window,

suddenly lighted up the Bishop's pale face. "He slept tranquilly. His countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance. On his forehead rested the indescribable reflection of an unseen light. The souls of the upright in sleep have visions of a mysterious heaven."

All this is written in *Les Misérables*, and very much more, about good Bishop Myriel, the "strong, tried and indulgent soul." "Prayer, celebration of the religious offices, alms, the consoling of the afflicted, frugality, self-sacrifice, study and work, filled up each day of his life. Filled up is the word; the Bishop's day was full to the brim with good thoughts, good words and good actions."

Who was this Monseigneur Myriel? Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, Bart., tells us in a passage which we quoted last November. He says that the panegyric of the Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate "has been composed by one of the greatest poets of our age, for the figure of Charles de Mazenod was present to the mind of Victor Hugo, when he drew his famous picture of the ideal Christian Bishop, and told how Monseigneur Myriel dealt with the crime and ingratitude, and touched the heart of the convict Valjean."

When some one lately insisted on identifying a beautiful landscape described by Tennyson, the poet protested that it would perhaps be fair to credit him with having some imagination. Sir Rowland Blennerhasset sympathises with that view of a poet's creations. Hence he only says that Mgr. de Mazenod "was present to the mind" of Victor Hugo, when he was writing the opening chapters of *Les Misérables*. Hugo's Bishop in some respects corresponds to no one Bishop who ever lived. In other respects he must resemble a French prelate of this century who, like Mgr. de Mazenod, was known and admired by Victor Hugo, namely Mgr. Miollis, Bishop of Digne. Probably it is on his account that the saintly Bishop in the romance is called Bishop of D——. But, when all this is said, we have it expressly testified, by those who know, that Victor Hugo himself told a friend that, although no actual model sat, the Bishop of Marseilles was always in his thoughts, when he was drawing that picture. And

indeed one can recognise in the opening chapters much description of the outward appearance and history of Mgr. de Mazenod. "He had reached his seventy-sixth year, but he did not appear to be more than sixty. He had a firm step, and was but little bowed. He had a fine head, but so benevolent that you forgot it was fine." Then we read of his "ruddy and fresh complexion; of his large and serious forehead, rendered noble by his white hair, and noble also by meditation"; of his "majesty" and his "goodness," his universal tenderness." The poet-novelist says of Mgr. Myriel that it would have been better if he "had not been a royalist," yet adds that in political opinions "he was tolerant and yielding perhaps more than we who now speak." And again, "he put on his overcoat, because his cassock was badly worn." And in the first page we read that Charles Myriel was a member of a "parliamentary family." He was a son of "a counsellor of the Parliament of Aix, of the rank given to the legal profession." During the Revolution he "emigrated to Italy." And, in those days, "though of slight figure, he was elegant and graceful; his person was admirably moulded."

Such are some of the passages which seem to point plainly enough to Monseigneur de Mazenod, although they are joined with some other passages which make the portrait something besides a faithful likeness either of him or of any one man who has lived in the flesh. Victor Hugo had of course his own poetical ideas about the kind of personal history which makes a hero interesting, as well as about the out-of-the-way things an ideal Bishop would do in order to sanctify by his example. Hugo's bishop is however true enough to the Gospel standard to make it an honour to have unconsciously inspired, or shared in inspiring, such a beautiful creation. Hence it is that Mgr. Myriel of *Les Misérables* is introduced here to-day to do homage to the memory of a beloved Father, who passed away from earth thirty-one years ago this very month. It is in May that the anniversary is kept of a death which seemed at the time to be utterly irreparable. In May 1861, the first Superior General of the Oblates died in the episcopal palace of Marseilles. It was the year before the publication of *Les Misérables*.



*PSALM.—DOMINUS REGIT ME, ETC.*

Translation by Very Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson, V.G., LL.D., &c.



YE subject to thy sway, great Lord !

Naught wanting to me e'er can be.

Is mine, reliant on thy word,

All I can wish, can pray from Thee.

In pastures sweet Thou set'st me down ;

Dost loving rear where ceaseless flow  
Refreshing streams. My soul doth own

Conversion's power and all aglow  
With grace divine, I'm constant led

In virtue's path ; Thou, Heavenly Sire,  
My stay, no evil shall I dread :

But, undismayed shall e'er aspire  
Even in the shadow dark and drear

Of death, steadfast, my steps to guide ;  
For Thou, Great Lord, art ever near,

Ever with me, even by my side.

Thine armour shields me, I am strong ;

Extend'st thy rod, no foes assail.

Aye for Thy presence do I long

'Gainst them who hid me weep and wail.

The bread Thou break'st for me is power :

Thine oil of strength upon my head  
All fragrant poured, and flowing o'er

My cup of bliss, my foes all fled.

With true delight inebriate,

Aloud thy goodness I proclaim ;

Whilst life remains my happy fate

Thy mercy to possess and claim

That ever in Thy house, O, Lord,

I dwell, obedient to Thy word.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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

Desultory reading and the dog-days are notions so intimately connected in most minds that the mere mention of the one naturally calls up the idea of the other. Summer is the fond mother of delightful lassitude. "What so pleasant as a day in June?" sings Lowell. Nothing, except perhaps a day in July. The great heat of this latter month, however, brings exacting toil to a sudden halt in almost every case where the wolf of hunger is not to be kept from the door. A system of study may be followed in the cold days and nights of winter, when the vernal distractions are buried under the snow and the air is full of keen invigoration. But in summer we like to copy the bees that flit from flower to flower, tasting the blooms here and there, sipping this one and rejecting that one, just as momentary inclination may direct, without an effort after plan, or system, or direction of any sort.

"The dandelions and butter-cups  
Gild all the lawn; the drowsy bee  
Stumbles among the clover-tops,  
And summer sweetens all but me:  
Away, unfruitful love of books.  
For whose vain idiom we reject  
The soul's more native dialect.  
Aliens among the birds and brooks."

No one, barring a prisoner, could be got to lead a life of plan and routine while all nature wantons. As to reading, the most a methodical person can do, while the thermometer continues to boil, is to loiter among books. In fact, a little of just such occupation all the year round is not without its pleasures and utilities.

Desultory work must not be confounded with idleness. The word desultory is of Latin parentage, and it was applied by the Romans to describe the equestrian jumping actively from one steed to another in the circus, or even, as was the case with the Numidians, from one charger to another, in the midst of battle. That certainly was no idle loitering. It was energetic activity, calculated to keep the mind and body very much alive indeed.

Everybody knows that life is short, and that art, science, knowledge, are long. So that our choice lies, for the most part, between ignorance of much that we would greatly like to know and that kind

of acquaintance which is to be acquired only by desultory reading.

Is it better to read by plan and system than in a desultory manner? Verily, I cannot say. "I have never persisted in any plan for two days together," roared good old Dr. Johnson in reply to an advocate of plan work. "I think the time spent in careless reading without method or immediate object time lost," said President Eliot at Harvard the other day. With such divergence of opinion, there is of course, plenty of room for all sorts of argument. I do not think President Eliot was entirely just to desultory reading. Carelessness is carelessness whether exhibited in reading or in any other avocation. But one may read in a desultory manner without being careless, and without being objectless. I fear Pope's "bookful blockhead ignorantly read" was a man of rule. Otherwise how could he have accumulated those "loads of learned lumber in his head"? Perhaps the wisest way to regard desultory reading is to give it due credit for its possibilities and to mark its limitations at the same time. Said Carlyle: "Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one" Plan is good for those who can follow it, but reading without system is often productive of fruit as valuable to those high-mettled or indolent people who hate the idea of binding cords.

The news that Gladstone is about to take a very active part in the forthcoming great political battle in England, has, if possible, intensified the public interest in the "Grand Old Man." W. E. Gladstone is the son of a merchant of Liverpool, and was born in that city, December 29, 1809; graduated at Oxford in 1831; and was elected to Parliament, as a Conservative, in 1832. As late as 1839, Macaulay in his review "Gladstone on Church and State" refers to him as "a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who followed, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose

cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." How the author of the last Franchise Bill must chuckle to himself when his eyes fall upon this description of his parliamentary youth!

Gladstone was, in 1834, appointed by Sir Robert Peel, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and in 1835, Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs. In 1845 he became Vice President of the Board of Trade, Master of the Mint and member of the Privy Council. Mr. Gladstone was appointed president of the Board of Trade in 1834, was soon after made Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in 1847 was elected to Parliament for the University of Oxford.

Gladstone left the Conservative or Tory Party in 1851, and in the same year, after a severe contest, was again returned to Parliament from Oxford. He became in 1852 Chancellor of the Exchequer, which position he held under different administrations for some years. About 1865 he succeeded Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons, and in 1868 advocated the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland. In December of the same year he succeeded Disraeli as First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister of England. Numerous important measures were carried out during his administration. He reigned as Premier till 1874 when he was defeated. He again became Prime Minister of England in 1880, and for the third time in 1886, when, under great external pressure, he was constrained to introduce his famous Home Rule Bill, and encountered defeat. Since this time he has acted as the wily and energetic leader of an Opposition which is every day advancing in public favor.

Barring the brilliant but superficial Disraeli, Gladstone is the most literary Premier that ever ruled England. He is a scholar possessing the most varied accomplishments. An authority on Homer, he dabbles in theology and crosses swords with Huxely on his own chosen grounds of physical science. The well known *Gladstone Gleanings* embrace a great variety of subjects. Within the past few years numerous brilliant reviews of notable current books have flown from the pen of Mr. Gladstone. A mere list of all his works would make a portly volume in itself. Life is quite long enough for thre

who know how to live. Mr. Gladstone at an early age learned the value of time. He occupies every moment of his day and his relaxations would be considered hard work by a common man. From metaphysical speculation to homeric studies, and from homeric studies to scientific disputation, and from scientific disputation to finance and parliamentary oratory, Mr. Gladstone is a master of the whole circle of human knowledge.

As an orator Mr. Gladstone stands without a peer. He is still the master, unapproached and unapproachable, of all the wealth that lies latent in the English tongue. His language answers to his every changing mood; now roaring with the impetuosity of a mountain cataract as it dashes and splashes from point to point on its onward course, tearing aside every impediment in its way; again, as a broad river—a mighty Mississippi or a majestic Ottawa—bearing on its bosom rich argosies freighted with a nation's hope; and still again, as a gentle stream whose tender murmur touches the chord of sentiment and awakens to life and action the generous impulses that perhaps were slumbering, but renew themselves like nature's verdure when touched by the gentle breath of spring. But through all his moods we find his leading purpose clearly explained, and the justice of his position maintained against all comers.

Charles Dickens suffered much from persons who found themselves involuntarily portrayed in his life-like portrait gallery. Other great authors have had similar experiences. It is hard to make a cap that will fit no head. But the owner of the head should not claim the cap if he dislike its cut and texture. Let him only remain silent, and in ninety-nine cases the great busy world will waste no time in speculating on the fit. Concerning a curious literary coincidence, such as those which annoyed Dickens and the other novelists, Mrs. Humphry Ward writes to the London Athenaeum: "I shall be very glad if you will allow me the opportunity of redressing a grievance of which it seems *The History of David Grieve* has been the occasion. In that book a certain character occurs called Paul Barber, a French teacher in Manchester. M. Paul Barber, of University College, Cardiff, writes to me to say that

he was for some years a master at the Manchester Grammar School, and he considers himself aggrieved by the identity of the same and by the fact that some of the opinions attributed to my Paul Barber are not his, and would be likely to injure him in his profession if they came to be identified with him. So would you kindly allow me this opportunity of saying that I had no idea that any real person of such a name had taught French in Manchester; that the names of my character were the result of various changes and combinations within the book itself; and that the opinions ascribed to the Barbier of my story have no more to do with any actual person than his appellation? Still the coincidence is an odd one, and I am glad to relieve M. Barbier, so far as I can, of any responsibility for his namesake." Some years ago the present writer contributed an article to an American Journal which he signed with a combination of words he little thought already flourished in the "City Directory." Imagine his surprise, then, at being informed shortly after the appearance of his article in print that an individual bearing the exact names with which the essay had been signed actually lived in this good city of Ottawa and was a very vexed man.

Some verse, which during the last eight or ten years has appeared in many of the leading American newspapers and is not yet exhausted, is characterized as containing many noble truths, in general beautifully expressed, although it is painfully evident that the poet sometimes nods. Those notable poems have latterly been signed "William D. Kelly," but in past years Mr. Kelly signed his verses with a single, or at most, with two initials. William D. Kelly was born in Ireland, May 25, 1846, but since 1850 has been a resident of Boston. He graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1864, and from Holy Cross College, Worcester, in 1866; and was ordained priest at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Jan. 30, 1870. Father Kelly contributes chiefly to the Boston Republic, The Pilot, the Providence Journal, the San Francisco Monitor and the Ave Maria.

American authors, as well as their English brethren of the pen, says the Toronto *Week*, sometimes suffer for the

sins of the printer. It appears a line written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, read: "A potent medicine for gods and men." It was misprinted "a patent medicine," etc. It is reported that the same poet's equanimity was disturbed on another occasion because, in a serious mood, he wrote in one of his poems: "Now the old wound breaks out afresh"; and was horrified to read that he had said: "Now the old woman breaks out afresh!"

James M. Barrie, author of *The Little Minister*, *My Lady Nicotine*, *a Window in Thrums* and many other stories, is a young and rapidly rising novelist. At this moment he shares with Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Hogan, of Australian story fame, the attention of the British and American reading public. Mr. Barrie has only reached his thirtieth year, and yet he has written books that the severest critics unite in praising. He is a Scotchman and was born in Kirriemuir, immortalized by him as Thrums, in his *Window in Thrums*. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he walked off with all the prizes in English literature and a degree. There is a good deal, I am inclined to say too much, Scotch dialect in most of his stories, but in *My Lady Nicotine* there is none, and that work seems to be the favorite in this country—among women as well as men, though it is an idyll of smoking.

Samuel Smiles, the famous author of *Self-help*, *Character*, and many other highly useful volumes, is a genial, hale old man of nearly four-score years, but who carries his winters so well that he might easily pass for sixty. He first began life as a surgeon in a thinly populated town in Scotland, but owing to the presence in that locality of seven other members of his profession, he found it didn't pay and had to give it up. He became secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway Company, and some years later occupied a similar position on the Great South Eastern Line, his leisure hours being so assiduously devoted to literature as to induce a severe attack of paralysis, from which he with difficulty recovered.

The London Literary World says that for some years past the novel with a plot has been rejected in favor of the analytical

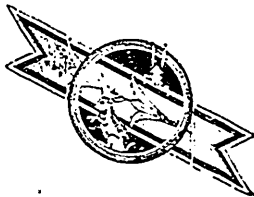
novel, but there are signs that the influence of this latter style is on the wane. Mr. Fergus Hume's new three-volume, *The Island of Fantasy*, is not only novel in theme, but contains an elaborate plot which sustains the interest of the reader until the last page. The duologue novel of "his" feelings and "her" feelings, is getting a trifle wearisome and any return to the good old methods of Scott and Lever and Thackeray and Dickens will be a pleasant change of fare to that now offered to the novel-reading public.


Parkman's latest work, *A Half Century of Conflict*, just issued by Williamson and company, takes up the narrative at the close of *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, filling the gap between that work and *Montcalm and Wolfe*. It completes the series of historical narratives *France and England in North America*, the publication of which Mr. Parkman began in 1865. The book mirrors all the leading virtues and defects of its distinguished author. It is written in a clear and brilliant style which renders reading an instructive pleasure. It has been compiled with an eye to the dramatic and the very most is made out of a striking or picturesque situation. But Mr. Parkman is a Puritan of the sort that can see nothing behind Plymouth Rock. His obliqueness of vision for Catholic customs makes itself painfully evident in every paragraph. Parkman has made for himself a proud name

in American literature, but his is not the final word which will be uttered concerning his chosen themes. Indeed many of his books are read and treasured more for the charm of their style than for their historical accuracy and value. He has been writing Canadian history for the last thirty-five or forty years, yet the history of Canada remains to be written.

Besides this new work, Mr. Parkman's other writings are as follows: *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Oregon Trial*, *Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America*, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Regime in Canada*, *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

The annual report of the librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, at Stratford-upon-Avon, is a very interesting document. It tells of the steady accumulation of mementoes of Shakespeare. In the past year, for example, no fewer than twenty-five new editions of the great master's works have been added to the library, making the total number of editions 272, and the number of volumes included therein 2,563. During the year there have also been added seven volumes of works upon the life of Shakespeare, and thirty-four which are critical, explanatory and illustrative of his plays and poems.





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## EPILOGUE.

Turn the crank, James; music on the bagpipes, Larry. Your attention for a moment, ladies and gentlemen, as the curtain glides gracefully down and the retiring editors of THE OWL make their final bow. Despite what Shakespeare says about a good play needing no epilogue, we mean to close the fifth act in the orthodox fashion.

A volume of over five hundred pages is what we offer in proof of the fulfilment of our promise in the prologue—"to maintain the high literary and scientific standing

of our journal"—though we are far from taking to ourselves even a moderate share of the encomiums that have been lavished on THE OWL. In the course of our editorial labors we have met with nothing but kindness and good-wishes on all sides; in fact we suffered from a depressing dread of being killed with kindness, but we have lived through it and were we not restrained by a sense of modesty and lack of space, we might publish pages of unstinted praise from our friends—we have no enemies—in the present issue. The success which everyone admits has fallen to the lot of this journal is due to a variety of causes. The students of the University have been prodigal of their time and talents in providing the necessary literary work; they have been guided and aided by the untiring energy, the intelligent criticism, and the ripe experience of the Rev. Managing Editor; and the united efforts of both have received uniform encouragement from both faculty and alumni. Only one speck disfigures an otherwise cloudless sky, there is but one drop of wormwood in our cup of joy—a great many of our subscribers are in arrears. The lack of funds has seriously interfered with us and prevented the realization of many plans for increasing the interest and sphere of usefulness of THE OWL. We ought to have double the number of subscribers that are on our list, but we should be delighted if those who do subscribe would send in their contributions promptly. It is unpleasant to be making frequent references to this matter and we hope that those who are indebted to THE OWL will lose no time in remitting the amount of their indebtedness. To those who will succeed us, we now give way. May their course be pleasant and profitable and may the unanimous opinion of their work be that THE OWL grows in wisdom as it advances in age, and that it is a worthy representative of the students of Ottawa University!

*HOLD TO THE OAR.*

Vacation with all its visions of blissful rest and invigorating enjoyment is upon us. THE OWL as he bids farewell to his many young friends, hoots merrily to them: "A pleasant vacation and a safe return." Yes, a safe return. Not, of course, to the graduates; they have been thoroughly drilled in the use of their weapons and are now prepared to go forth and do battle in the great world. But to each and everyone of the undergraduates he says emphatically "a safe return."

Vacations are useful, nay, necessary, but they are not without their dangers. The glorious sense of freedom from the weary strain of study then experienced by the faithful student may lure him into a resolve to return to college no more. Plausible arguments will be found ready at hand to strengthen this determination. The student will meet more than one man rich as Cræsus and wielding, perhaps, considerable influence, who has never entered the portals of an institution of higher education. The thought will naturally present itself, why should I burn the midnight oil, poring over dingy books as a means to success, when others have reached it without any such irksome toil and in a far shorter time?

On this point THE OWL wishes to sound a note of warning in this parting hour. The student who is seduced into leaving off his college course by such considerations, will find, to his sorrow, when it is too late, that he has hearkened to a siren's lay. He will soon come to know that the pleasure which springs from a sense of duty performed, will not fall to the lot of the laggard who drops out of the race ere the goal is reached. His visions of self-made success will prove equally delusive. He will learn that "self-made" men owe all they have to persevering

individual effort of a far more difficult kind than that required from the student in college, or, else, to such rare good fortune as comes not to one man in ten thousand. In our days there is but one thing more essential to success than education, and that is perseverance. What the world demands is men of trained minds and determined wills. By no other means can either be developed with as much facility and to such a high degree as by a college course. The opinions of all men and of all ages are at one on this point. The man who prides himself most on being a "self-made man" is the very first to send his son to college.

But apart from the utilitarian view of the question, there is another which deserves consideration. Wealth is only useful inasmuch as it satisfies our needs and enables us to enjoy life rationally. Above the round of material pleasure which is the grossest and which will soon pall upon the taste if too much indulged in, there is the higher sphere of intellectual enjoyment which is the exclusive domain of the educated man. No caprice of dame fortune can rob him of this and its bounds will but increase the more he ranges over them. It will be the silver lining of his cloud of sorrow and it will cast a halo of radiant happiness over his moments of joy, whose brightness is beyond the conception of the illiterate. This intellectual pleasure, however, is only attainable by the possession of deep science. The man who has but a surface knowledge of things, will miss it almost as completely as does he who has only mastered the three R's.

To any student, then, who wishes to make his mark in life and who desires to enjoy to the fullest the good things the Creator has so bountifully supplied us with in this world, THE OWL's advice is: "Hold to the oar."

*LECTA POTENTER.*

The advent of examinations causes a feeling of uneasiness to creep over the student. And say what you will, it is an ordeal by no means pleasant to stand up before a board of examiners for a quarter of an hour or more. No less trying is it to find oneself in a class-room vainly striving for three or four hours to unravel the thought of some aged Greek long since dead. But every question has two sides and so has the question of examinations. The object of university training is to develop and mature the mind. Training of any kind whatsoever supposes method. He who trains for a foot-race, runs the required distance each day for a month or so before the contest. He repeats the same operation day after day and develops his power of endurance and his muscles until they become masters of that distance. In like manner, to develop the mind one must proceed methodically. Cramming in great quantities of stray facts, affords little or no training to the mind. It is only by studying a matter thoroughly and by understanding it well that the mind is benefited. Hence the necessity of reviewing. During the review the student connects the stray facts he has learned and makes them his own. But unless there is a goal aimed at, reviewing is seldom conscientious or thorough. Study is by no means easy work. To master any branch of knowledge a student has to force himself to toil hard and long. And the average individual, if he sees no immediate remuneration for his labour, does not enter upon it with all earnestness. Hence the necessity of examinations. Every student wishes to pass successfully. In recapitulating he works with this end in view. He sees before him a goal at which to aim, a prize worth a struggle, for no other pleasure of a student's life can compare with that experienced after a successful examination. He who adopts the cramming system in

his preparation for an examination is undoubtedly in the wrong. Time spent in overloading one's memory is time lost. It cannot be denied that much time is uselessly spent in this manner by students, especially by juniors. But sooner or later each one learns for himself that intelligent work is the shortest and the only sure road to success. Consequently he is in the wrong who believes that examinations engender in the student a tendency to cram up matter which he does not understand. Were they abolished, what incentive could be substituted for them, to spur the learner on to energetic action? Says Emerson "The one thing in the world of value is the active soul."

The primary object of a course is to train and develop the mind, but another object scarcely less important is to acquire a store of useful knowledge. At college only the rudiments of each branch of learning can be taught. But these must be thoroughly mastered by him who wishes to make his studies of use in after life. "Ne discas multa sed multum," sums up the college man's duties.

Examinations are beneficial again inasmuch as they are a test of the student's worth. Perhaps they are not the best test, but those who oppose them have not as yet suggested a better. It is well that the student should be thus tested. An English author writes: "Learn, by competing, by measuring your intellect with those of other men, your real worth, and this all important knowledge being acquired, undertake nothing that lies beyond your power."

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*ERRATUM.*

Mathematicians who have read the article entitled "Planetary Motions" in our last number, must have remarked the typographical error in the demonstration of the identity of the law expressed in Newton's theorem XXXIX, and of the



"Harmonical Law," with "my law." We reproduce those two important paragraphs with the mathematical symbols, as they appear in the author's manuscript.

Newton's law is ;  $t : t' :: r^2 : r'^2 \dots\dots (a)$

After cancellation "my law" is ;

$t : t' :: \sqrt{r^2} : \sqrt{r'^2} \dots\dots (b)$

(a) and (b) are evidently identical equations.

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

The "Harmonic Law" is ;  $t^2 : t'^2 :: r^3 : r'^3 (a)$

After cancellation "my law" is ;

$t : t' :: \sqrt{r^3} : \sqrt{r'^3} \dots\dots (b)$

(a) and (b) are evidently identical equations.

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### EXCHANGES.

The *Niagara Index* ever meets with a hearty welcome on our table. In the present issue, "A Good Character" is a concise and neatly written article. The author of "Novels" gives utterance to thoughts akin to our own regarding this form of literature. He says that since the novel is the literary expression of our century, in future ages from it will be formed an estimation of our political, social and moral life. He rightly maintains that great novelists have lived during our century, at the same time he says : "But what must make the student of generations hence gasp in astonishment, when he reads of the age in which we live, is the incredible number of novelists found among our authors and the shameful fact that so many of their productions are known to be immoral, socialistic or sensational."

"The secret of a Successful Life" is the title of an article in the *University Cynic*. Its author seems to set forth views odd and selfish. He opposes self-sacrifice and declares that self-realization is the end of life. In this we beg to differ with him. In our opinion self-sacrifice is a noble and highly commendable trait of character.

The farewell number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* is before us. Its editors are lucky enough to have a reserve fund of fifty dollars on hand. The validictories of the arts, medical and law schools of Dalhousie

College reflect glory on that institution. That of the law department is spicy and interesting throughout.

Two numbers of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* lie before us. "Influence of the Press" is an article instructive and well worth reading. The author declares that a want of charity towards the neighbor is the cause of all the evils of the press. "Did charity prevail, the press would prove a vehicle of virtue, truth and love." We heartily endorse the statement that the more learned and pure the press becomes, the nearer to a perfect civilization we advance.

"Imagination" is the heading of an article in the *Dakota Student*. Its author condemns the Grad-grind system which maintains that we should ever worship facts and nothing but facts. To support the stand he takes he aptly quotes the words of Ruskin. "This faculty (the imagination) is indeed something that looks as if man were made after the image of God. It is inconceivable, admirable, altogether divine." In this age in which so much attention is bestowed on scientific studies, it is well to remember that he who wishes to succeed even in science must have his imagination thoroughly trained and matured.

In the *Boston University Beacon* we read a pointed article entitled : "The True Public Spirit." Says the author : "There is need in our country of something like the spirit which existed in Rome in the best days of the republic, when every citizen felt it a sacred duty, 'to see to it that no harm come to the state.'" Patriotism in modern times too often begins and ends in empty words.

"Have you an Aim" asks the *Washington Jeffersonian* and answers the question by affirming that the majority of students have no definite end in view. In the same article is given this useful bit of advice. "Let a young man begin his course with an aim in view and then work towards that aim ; for how grand a life of fixed purpose is in comparison with a life of aimless drifting or perhaps the useless life of a misfit."

Germany must be a grand country for students. A matriculation card there shields a student from arrest, admits him at half price to theatres and takes him free to art galleries.

"Industrial Freedom" the winning oration at a recent inter-state contest is published in the *Hesperian*. "The only equality possible in society," says the orator, "is not equality in brain power, not equality in wealth, but equality of opportunity, the equality of all men before the law. The only true freedom is of the mind. Contending armies upon battle-fields can never establish it. The strong arm of government can never maintain it. It comes from a realization of the underlying purpose in human existence, a comprehension of the eternal freedom as revealed in the universe around us. In palace or in hovel, surrounded by wealth or poverty, he is a free man whom the truth makes free, and all slaves beside."

The ex-man's work is done for this season and to be candid he is not sorry. During the long winter it was a pleasure to read over the exchanges, but now when one is opposed by the heat of the weather and the still more scorching heat of impending examinations, one heartily welcomes release from his department. That time spent in reviewing college journals is not time lost, is a fact universally admitted. Ex-men seem to be unanimous in declaring that the tone of college journalism has greatly improved during the past year. Among the large number of college journals before us we see not a few which would compare very favorably with the leading magazines of the country. There is scarcely an exchange on our table but what contains at least one or two articles well worth reading. The editors of these many journals surely have reason to feel proud. THE OWL now bids farewell to his brothers and extends to them a cordial invitation to be again his guests during the coming scholastic year of 92-93.

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#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY—  
By Rev. Reubens Parsons, D.D. The "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Ind. The "Ave

Maria is a locomotive and a whole train of cars in the dissemination of Catholic truth and the destruction of heretical errors. In the present instance it has collided with some colossal lies—slightly ancient it is true, yet ever new—and the result is a complete smash for the lies. The book is a reprint of the "Ave Maria" essays and covers many important and hotly-discussed historical questions. The information it conveys is based on the author's personal studies in the original documents and is therefore reliable and of immense value to the student of history. No volume of the Barthelemy "Erreurs et Mensonges Historiques" series can compare with "Some Lies and Errors of History" in copiousness of extracts, number of references and avoidance of a turgid and declamatory style altogether foreign to judicial spirit. The author says in his preface: "We do not threaten the libraries with any polemical avalanche, but we do propose to put forth another effort in the good cause." An avalanche of just such looks is what we sorely need to bury out of sight the pernicious, or at least useless, publications of the present day. There is not a man in America better qualified to supply the desired article than Rev. Reubens Parsons, D.D.

GUIDE TO LATIN CONVERSATION—By a Father of the Society of Jesus, Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Prof. Stephen W. Wilby of the Epiphany Apostolic College has conferred a great benefit on students in giving them an English translation of this excellent guide to Latin conversation. The book has already met with marked favor in the Catholic colleges of France, having run through seven editions, and is well calculated to remove in a great measure the difficulties that almost overwhelm the beginner in Latin conversation. To students of theology and philosophy it will be especially useful in enabling them with the minimum of effort to acquire a fluent and graceful style in stating their theses or propounding objections. The following is a synopsis of the table of contents:—Idioms, Sentences, Dialogues; A list of comparatives and superlatives; A collection of ordinary words; The principal irregular verbs; Choice familiar phrases; The Roman Calendar; Latin Abbreviations; Tables of monies, weights and measures; Quotations from the poets

and Latin expressions that have passed into current use. The typographical work and binding is excellent and, for a volume of over five hundred pages, one dollar is an extremely low price.

ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES, No. 99. By J. Scott Clark of Syracuse University, New York: Effingham, Maynard & Co. No. 99 of this series contains extracts from Caxton's Prefaces and Daniel's *Musophilus*, with introduction and explanatory notes. The introduction is meagre and the notes are few. Beyond the historic interest connected with them, there is little of value or importance in Caxton's Prefaces. James Russel Lowell thought *Musophilus* "the finest poem of its kind in the language." But, like each angel, it forms a kind in itself. "It is very fine English" says Lowell "but it is the English of diplomacy somehow; and is never downright this or that, but always has the honor to be, with sentiments of the highest consideration." We cannot say that No. 99 fills any "aching void" or "long-felt want" in the field of critical English literature.

THE ROSARY. This magazine begins its second volume with the May number. A beautiful madonna, after Raphael, is the frontispiece of this issue, which contains, besides 96 pages of excellent reading, some fifteen illustrations. The "Children's Department" and the "Notes" are special features of *The Rosary*. Among the contributions to this number, besides Professor Egan's story, which grows in interest as it nears the end, and Mother Drane's *History of St. Dominic*, which is as readable as a romance, we have a varied supply of fiction, biography, history and devotion in prose and poetry, from such writers as Katherine E. Conway, Mary Meline, W. D. Kelly, Henry Austin. It is the second of the *Columbus* series and contains a paper on Cardinal Ximenes, with portrait, besides two portraits of Columbus himself.

THE POOR SOULS' ADVOCATE. The April issue of the *Poor Souls' Advocate* is quite appropriate for the last great days of the holy season of Lent. An exquisite engraving of a masterpiece "The Agony in the Garden" adorns the front page and Mary E. Mannix interprets the thought of the artist in a poem of great tenderness

and beauty, "Gethsemane." We quote the first stanza:

"The moon half-hidden in a cloud,  
Like ghost within a ragged shroud,  
A chill wind moaning through the trees,  
A trembling form upon its knees."

Eliza Allen Starr writes with true artistic instinct on the "Seven Dolour Beads," outlining briefly the motives of this devotion and its influence on the master-minds of poetry, art and architecture. The *Advocate* should not be folded for mailing; the engravings are thereby considerably damaged and disfigured.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. This is a monthly journal devoted to the interests of popular education. Though we are in no way devoted to the idol called "popular education," but regard it as an unmitigated nuisance and subversive of social order, we are far from denying that *University Extension* is doing its work energetically and well. Its articles are varied, interesting and well-written, and the "Notes" cover almost the whole field of university extension and give us many bits of valuable information.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. The publishers of the monthly returned the April *Owl*, marked "refused." The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will be pleased to remember that a magazine that cannot stand criticism does not deserve to live; also that *THE OWL* conferred a favor in exchanging with the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* and in giving it a free advertisement. Once before one of our exchanges sent *THE OWL* back because we would not form a mutual admiration society; that journal died within a year afterwards. The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* has a similar fate before it. Its initials mark its present condition.

CANADA FOR MAY.—The May number of *Canada* fully sustains the high reputation which this popular monthly has so well earned. As the most thoroughly Canadian of all our literary journals, it should find a welcome in every home. The poems are by J. F. Herbin, "Erie," and Thos. C. Robson. Mr. LeMoine's very interesting paper on "The History and Legends of the King's Forges," is itself worth the price of the number. "Pastor Felix"

talks about "Books" in his charming style. "A Tale of Annapolis" and "Criticisms on Eulogiums," are very readable contributions. The departments (Canadiana, Home Topics, Our Own Poets, and Our Young People), are crammed with the very best original and selected matter, while a new department, The Christian Life, is introduced. The editorial and literary notes, and the cream of current wit and humor, are prominent features. Subscription, \$1.00 a year. The eight months (May to Dec.) for 50 cents in stamps. Address, MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Benton, New Brunswick.

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### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

#### ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

The feast of St. Alexander, which comes on the 3rd of May, is always a red-letter day to the Catholics of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, because it is the patronal feast of their venerable and dearly loved Archbishop Tache.

The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary with their pupils, numbering about two hundred, crossed over to St. Boniface to greet His Grace the Archbishop on that occasion. A cantata was rendered in a highly pleasing manner, not only in depth of feeling but also for the graceful simplicity manifested by the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy.

Archbishop Tache belongs to one of the oldest and most remarkable families of Canada; one that can refer with just and virtuous pride to its glorious ancestry, among whom are ranked Louis Joliette, the celebrated discoverer of the Mississippi, and Sieur Varennes de la Verandrye, the hardy explorer of the Red River, Upper Missouri and Saskatchewan country, while others are consigned in the annals of the land, for the eminent services rendered in their respective spheres.

#### AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

Julian Ralph, the well-known New York journalist, has an entertaining description in this number of *Harper's* of a visit which he, with some companions, paid the Blackfoot tribe of Indians a few years ago; and in the course of his article

he pays several tributes to the early missionary priests who evangelized these aborigines, and whose lives, he says were truly "like those of fathers to the wild Indians." Mr. Ralph alludes to the time when all the region west of the Mississippi was a *terra incognita*, or unknown land, to all except a few fur traders and priests; and in speaking of Crowfoot, the noted chieftain, he says that the first white man that individual ever knew intimately was Father Lacombe, O. M. I., the noble old missionary whose fame is now world-wide among scholars. He credits Father Lacombe, who, it may be remarked here, recently visited his Oblate colleagues in this arch-diocese, with having often exerted a salutary influence on the Indians, notably so during the Riel rebellion in the Canadian northwest, and with having converted Crowfoot to Christianity, though, for no seemingly good reason, he questions the sincerity of the chief's conversion.

We read in an exchange: — Yet from such humble beginnings the great Catholic Church of Australia has arisen, and when it held its first plenary council at Sidney in 1884, there were present a cardinal-archbishop, a procurator of a metropolitan see, 15 bishops, a vicar-apostolic and 52 representatives of the clergy, who united in petitioning the Holy See for the erection of three new metropolitan sees, four new bishoprics, a number of vicars-apostolic, and decided on the foundation of an Australian seminary at Rome. To-day the Australian church is divided into six provinces, each with a metropolitan and several suffragan sees, and there are four other districts, vicariates apostolic, immediately subject to the Holy See. Sydney, Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide, Brisbane and New Zealand have each an archbishop, and Cardinal Moran has no less than six suffragans in his province. According to the figures given by the Australasian Catholic Directory of 1891, there were then, a year ago, 659,505 Catholics in Australasia, New Zealand and Tasmania, included, whose spiritual needs were looked after by 25 archbishops and bishops and 784 priests. The churches were 1103 in number; there were nearly 900 educational institutions, taught by 348 brothers and 2588 nuns; and the charitable institutions of the colonies were 51.

## COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

We learn from the *Scientific American* of April 16th that James McDonough has devised a process for taking photographs in colours. The *Scientific American* gives Mr. McDonough's own description of the method, but unfortunately does not inform us what degree of success has been obtained. The attempt to photograph objects in such a way as to show their natural colours is not by any means new. Seebeck, in 1810, appears to have been the first to attack the subject. Later on Becquerel, Népec de St. Victor, Poitevin and Zencker laboured at the same problem. Recently Carey Lea, Staats, Vogel and others have continued the investigation. Many of these workers obtained colours which were brilliant enough, but not permanent. Two years ago, Verres, a Hungarian, obtained permanent colours in his photographs, but they were not by any means identical with the colours of the objects. The same may be said of the colours of Lippmann, whose method was so much praised last year by the newspapers. Singularly enough, when Lippmann described his process to the Academy of Sciences, on February 2nd, of last year, Becquerel, who was present, congratulated Lippmann, and spoke of his own researches, carried out between the years 1847 and 1850.

With so many determined and able workers in this line, it seems reasonable to expect that before many years some one will obtain photographs showing the brilliancy of Népec's colours, and the permanence of those of Verres and Lippmann.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

## A ROMANTIC RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

In 1825 the late Duke of Brunswick married a young English lady of noble rank, of the Colville family, in London. A daughter was born of this marriage on July 5, 1826 at the Castle of Willessen, and was baptized Elizabeth Wilhelmina. She was treated as a princess from her birth, baptized with almost royal pomp in presence of the great officers of the Crown and with the Sovereign as honorary sponsor, and the heir-apparent as actual godfather. This child of fortune enjoyed as an apanage all the names and titles of the house of Guelph, Countess of Blankenburg, of Colmar, etc. Up to her seventeenth year she lived a life of honor

and luxury, the spoilt child of a Prince; she was also a millionaire. At this time she met and heard the great Dominican, Père Lacordaire. At the end of three months the grace of God had conquered this chosen soul, and she became a Catholic. The Duke's reply was prompt and decisive. The beloved daughter was cast off; and after twenty-five years of inflexible hostility, the Duke dying left by will, as was announced in the papers at the time, the whole of his vast fortune to the City of Geneva. Such is the true history of this curious legacy, and the will is at present being contested by the children of the Duchess of Colmar, Countess of Bar and Civey, who was no other than Elizabeth Wilhelmina of Brunswick, the convert of Lacordaire.

Geo W. Childs has presented his entire collection of rare books, autographs, and manuscripts to the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. The collection is valued at \$100,000, and includes the original manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

Harvard is growing faster than any other American college. The faculty has been increased by eight this year.

Harvard has nearly 300 recitations and lectures a week, Yale 119, University of Michigan 104, and Princeton 75.

Wellesley College has an endowment of \$2,500,000; Bryn Mawr of \$1,000,000; Vassar of \$1,200,000; and Smith of \$400,000.

The *Hesperian*, in speaking of the fraternities in the college it represents, justly says: "We believe them to be inimical to the true interests of college life, detrimental to the welfare of those within the fraternities, as well as to those without. They foster jealousy, sentimentality, and effeminacy. They produce strife, not friendship, bigotry, not liberality. They mistake gall and vivacity for brains and perseverance. Independence and free self-development is as foreign to them as generosity and frankness. For these and other reasons, we shall do all we can to encourage the open literary societies and oppose their avowed enemies—the 'frats.'"

A newspaper correspondent writes:—  
The Roman remains at Fréjus in Pro-

vence, which Mr. Gladstone has recently been visiting, mark the site of the ancient town of Forum Julii, named, there is reason to believe, after Julius Cæsar. Augustus is said to have considerably enlarged it. Here it was that the great Emperor disposed the fleet of 300 galleys taken at Actium; but the old harbour is now blocked with sand brought down by the river Argenteus (now Argus), to such an extent indeed, that the town now stands at a distance of nearly a mile from the shore. The ruins of the old Roman town walls marking out the limits of Forum Julii, can still be traced, though the most important of the remains are those of the amphitheatre and an aqueduct. This last has been tracked for more than twenty-four miles to the river Siagnole, the water of which it conveyed to the Roman town. Some of its piers and arches are still standing fifty feet high. At Fréjus are also the well-preserved remains of an ancient Roman gateway, a Roman arch of rubble work and tiles in alternate layers, and a Roman theatre, the site of which is marked by a square tower.

"The magazines may make a certain class of writers," says Walter Blackburn Harte in "A corner at Dodsley's," in the May *New England Magazine*, "but they are usually fatal to strong individuality. Each has a *style*, which is the damnation of all *true style*. Style is individuality; a board of editors cannot create style; they can only make iron regulations to suppress it. The most successful periodical writers in England and America (in Paris, true style is encouraged and valued) are usually men of very mediocre abilities. Genius must have elbow-room, it cannot even be robbed of its egoism without being marred or ruined, for genius is often intensely egoistic. Montaigne or Whitman edited by a vicariously modest, retiring editor, whose hobby was impersonalism, would no longer be Montaigne or Whitman. Only fools are entirely lacking in egoism! A man without individuality is a mere shadow of a man. This world is filled with shadows, who pride themselves on their complete vacuity. They are like photographer's plates. They may possibly receive impressions, if they do not get fogged, but they can produce none."

The largest library in the world is in Paris. It was founded by Louis XIV, and contains 1,400,000 volumes, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps, and 150,000 medals.—*Ex.*

The Italian government has ordered English to be added to the courses of all the colleges.

RELIGIONS IN CANADA.

Bulletin No. 9 of the Dominion census was published lately. It deals with the religions of the people:

Of the total population, 2,781,522 are Protestants, 1,990,465 are Roman Catholics, and 60,692 Pagans or unspecified.

The leading Protestant denominations figure as follows:

Methodists .....	847,469
Presbyterians. ....	755,199
Anglicans. ....	644,106
Baptists.....	303,749
Lutherans.....	63,979
Congregationalists.....	28,155

The total increase of population in Canada since the previous census was 507,869. Leaving out some Northwest returns not complete, embracing 32,168, the balance of increase of 475,701 was made up as follows:

R. Catholics.....	198,483
Methodists.....	104,488
Presbyterians.....	79,044
All other.....	2,151
Lutherans.....	17,629
Baptists.....	7,244
Church of England.....	66,692

The following analysis shows the proportion of leading denominations to the whole population both for 1881 and for 1891:

	1891	1881.
	per cent per cent.	
Methodists.....	17.65	17.11
Presbyterians.....	15.73	15.64
Lutherans.....	1.33	1.06
Anglicans.....	13.41	13.35
Roman Catholics....	41.46	41.43
Congregationalists....	0.58	0.62
Baptists.....	6.33	6.86

## GENERAL NEWS.

By the death of Rev. Dr. Smith, Archbishop of Edinburgh, the Church in Scotland loses a leader who has done much for Catholicism in his native land, and whose place it will be, indeed, difficult to fill. The *London Tablet* commenting on his death says: "The work of the Archbishop is the record of Edinburgh diocese; forward in every good undertaking, a high principled ruler, he has proved himself a model administrator whose term of office has been only too brief." His learned work, *The Book of Moses*; or the *Pentateuch* in its *Authorship, Credibility and Civilization*, has made him famous throughout the English-speaking world. Dr. Smith was a regular reader of THE OWL, and it is but a few months since he expressed himself as highly pleased with its contents.

The Abbe Lailamme's address to the Royal Society dealt almost entirely with the deaths of two prominent men; one of these was the Abbe Provencher, editor of the "Naturaliste Canadien"; the other, Dr. T. S. Huut, author of a work entitled "Systematic Mineralogy." Both were members of the Royal Society.

Rev. F. McArdle, O.M.I., Rev. M. Guertin, O.M.I., and Rev. F. Lamothe, O.M.I., have been lately raised to the priesthood. Rev. W. Smith, O.M.I., and Mr. D. R. Macdonald have been ordained deacons, and Rev. E. Groulx, sub-deacon.

The party of bishops and clergy who are making a trip across the continent, arrived at Winnipeg on May 10th. Among others, the party consists of the following from Ottawa and vicinity: His Grace Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Lorrain, Apostolic Vicar of Pembroke; Mgr. McDonald, Bishop of Alexandria; Rev. Dr. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University; Canon Belanger, St. Andre-Avellin; Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.I., formerly Bursar at the University; and Rev. Father Royer, O.M.I., at Winnipeg. The party was received with enthusiasm and an address was presented to which Archbishop Duhamel replied. On

the same occasion, in his capacity as chancellor of the university, the Archbishop conferred the degree of LL.D. on Mr. J. K. Barret, editor of the "North-West Review" as a reward for his able defence of the Catholic schools in the North-West. At the laying of the corner-stone of the new cathedral at Prince Albert, Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., gave the sermon.

The ordinations in connection with Ottawa University Seminary will take place on Sunday, June 26th, and the seminary will close on the following day.

The Churches of St. Joseph, and the Sacred Heart, when finished, will be among the finest in the city. The corner-stone of St. Joseph's will be laid by Archbishop Duhamel on Sunday, July 3rd.

Since Mr. J. K. Foran has become editor of the *Montreal True Witness*, that paper has undergone a decided change especially in its editorial columns. Such editorials as that on "Charles Dickens" in a late number will well repay perusal. To say that Mr. Foran has succeeded in making a marked improvement in the *True Witness* is to say what everyone is saying.

The thanks of the students are due to the citizens of Ottawa for their more than usual liberality in contributing prizes for the gala day.

Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., has given a one-year scholarship to be competed for by the pupils of St. Joseph's school. Already, through the kindness of Rev. Father Whelan, Hon. John Costigan and others, there exist in St. Patrick's school, six three-year scholarships for the collegiate department in connection with the University.

Wednesday, June 22nd, will be commencement day at the University. This year a departure has been made from the former custom in awarding prizes and medals. For the future, no prizes will be given in the University course, but instead

of one medal there will be three, for each class. The distribution of prizes, which will consequently be confined to the collegiate and commercial departments will take place at 10 a.m., while the conferring of degrees, awarding of medals and reading of valedictory will take place at 8 p.m. On the same evening addresses will be given by the Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson, Dean of the Law Faculty, and by Rev. Dr. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University. Music will be furnished by the orchestra under the direction of Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Junior's annual field day which was held on May 9th was in every respect a great success. The day was an ideal one, just suited for out-door sports. There were in all seventeen events with two classes in each event. Those going in for the all-round championship were obliged to compete in nine events: hundred yds dash, throwing base-ball, batting base-ball, kicking foot-ball, throwing lacrosse ball, long jump, standing jump, hop, step and jump, and obstacle race. The winner of each event was awarded two points, the one taking second place one point. A majority of points decided the contest. The Championship was won by Freddie Lamoureux, who was closely followed by Albie Allard. Lamoureux made six points and Allard five. Valuable prizes were given for each event. Among others were two medals; one, for the all-around championship, consisting of a silver bar, suspended from which was a star of the same material mounted with gold, which was presented by Mr. P. Baskerville. The other of silver for the 100 yds dash was donated by Mr. R. Beaulieu. Every number on the programme was hotly contested, as many as eight or nine competitors having entered into each event. The morning's programme was carried out in the college yard, the part allotted to the afternoon took place on the college field.

The following is a list of the different events with the winners:

#### HAND-BALL MATCHES.

First Class—1st prize, E. Tessier and A.

Allard; 2nd prize, G. Larose and R. Beaulieu.

Second Class—1st prize, A. Moreau and H. Belair; 2nd prize, F. Leonard and A. Campeau.

Third Class—1st prize, D. Kearns and F. Belanger; 2nd prize, P. Quesnel and J. W. Paradis.

#### WHEEL-BARROW RACE.

1st prize, H. Janson, 2nd prize, P. Quesnel.

#### POTATOE RACE.

First Class—1st prize, E. Tessier; 2nd F. Leonard.

Second Class—1st, D. Kearns; 2nd, F. Belanger.

#### BASE-BALL MATCH.

1st, R. Beaulieu's team.

#### EGG RACE.

First Class—1st, E. McCumber; 2nd, J. Russell.

Second Class—1st, J. W. Paradis; 2nd, R. Fortin.

#### THREE-LEGGED RACE.

First Class—1st, C. Phaneuf and E. McCumber; 2nd, F. Lamoureux and H. Brophy.

Second Class—1st, James Cunningham and F. Belanger; 2nd, J. Jean and H. Janson.

#### THROWING BASE-BALL.

First Class—1st, A. Allard; 2nd, H. Belair.

Second Class—1st, D. Kearns; 2nd, C. Phaneuf.

#### BATTING BASE-BALL.

First Class—1st, A. Allard; 2nd, J. Martelle.

Second Class—1st, C. Phaneuf; 2nd, H. Janson.

#### KICKING FOOT-BALL.

First Class—1st, A. Quesnel; 2nd, P. Garneau.



Second Class—1st, C. Phaneuf; 2nd, W. P. Ryan.

#### THROWING LACROSSE BALL.

First Class—1st, J. Cunningham; 2nd, W. Brophy.

Second Class—1st, H. Belair; 2nd, D. Kearns.

#### 100 YARDS DASH.

First Class—1st, F. Lamoureux; 2nd, E. Tessier.

Second Class—1st, D. Kearns; 2nd, J. Coutlée.

#### LONG JUMP.

First Class—1st, F. Lamoureux; 2nd, A. Allard.

Second Class—1st, P. Baskerville; 2nd, J. O'Neil.

#### STANDING JUMP.

First Class—1st, W. Brophy; 2nd, E. Larue.

Second Class—1st, P. Baskerville; 2nd, J. Coutlée.

#### HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

First Class—1st, A. Campeau; 2nd, F. Lamoureux.

Second Class—1st, P. Baskerville; 2nd, J. W. Paradis.

#### SACK RACE.

First Class—1st, A. Campeau; 2nd, C. Phaneuf.

Second Class—1st, Jas. Cunningham; 2nd, C. Brophy.

#### OBSTACLE RACE.

First Class—1st, E. Tessier; 2nd, F. Lamoureux.

Second Class—1st, J. W. Paradis; 2nd, J. Cunningham.

#### CONSOLATION RACE.

First Class—1st, G. Martel; 2nd, A. Belanger.

Second Class—1st, A. Lambert; 2nd, A. Guilbert; 3rd, E. Leonard; 4th, J. Lafontaine; 5th, E. Tasse; 6th, G. Casgrain; 7th, T. Bald; 8th, J. Cowan.

Championship Trophy, Fred. Lamoureux.

During the past month the first team of the little yard played three base-ball matches with city teams. They defeated the Young Canadians twice and the Thistles once.

The following is a list of those holding the first places in the different classes of the commercial course for the month of May:

<i>First Grade.</i>	{	1. Chas. Hayes.
		2. W. P. Ryan.
		3. Owen McGarvey.
<i>Second Grade.</i>	{	1. John Arpin.
		2. M. Lapointe.
		3. W. Roche.
<i>Third Grade.</i>	{	1. Chas. Brophy.
		2. A. Belanger.
		3. E. J. Corkery.
<i>Fourth Grade.</i>	{	1. F. Coulombe.
		2. J. Cushing.
		3. J. Cunningham.

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#### SUBRIDENDO.

De Link—Is the editor in? Editor—He will be in—a dollar when you pay your subscription.

Foot-ball in every form has been prohibited by the University of Heidelberg, Germany. They draw the line at duelling, and will permit nothing more dangerous to students.

Eastern Boy: Well, sir, did you ever play foot-ball? Western Boy: No, sir, but I was in a stampede of mules once. Foot-ball is too rough for my gentle nature.—*Ex.*

Prof. (looking at his watch): As we have a few minutes I shall be glad to answer any questions that any one may wish to ask. Student: What time is it, please?

Teacher (to pupil).—What is the difference between the North and South Pole?

Pupil—All the difference in the world.

CORRECT—GO TO THE HEAD.

Teacher:—Why doesn't a river run up hill? Pupil—Because it isn't *inclined* to.

Little Girl—"Papa, it's raining."  
 Papa (very busy)—"Well let it rain."  
 Little Girl (timidly)—"I was going to."

Johnny (to his mother who is putting a five-dollar note in an envelope ready for mail)—"Oh, mamma, you don't mean to post that, do you?"

Mamma—"Why certainly, dear; what's to hinder?"

Johnny (entreatingly)—"Oh please don't, mamma, 'cause I saw a sign up on one of those walls over there which said: 'Post no Bills.'"

Old farmer tending threshing machine, to applicant for a job—"Ever done any threshing?" Applicant, modestly—"I am the father of seventeen children, sir."—*Ex.*

A Grand Plan.—"How do you make your paper go, anyhow? I never see it anywhere.

"We print pictures of prominent men and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no! to destroy."—*Ex.*

First Reporter—How did the *Daily Gettelere* obtain a report of the Highup-Tip-top wedding? No reporters were admitted.

Second Reporter—They sent a new man there and he looked so scared that all the attendants mistook him for the groom.—*New York Weekly.*

The difference between an editor and his wife is, that his wife sets things to rights, while he writes things to set.

An early riser—the man who sits down on a tack.

‡ "You say your son John went down South and started a newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Is he making himself felt in the community?"

"You bet he is. He has been tarred and feathered twice."—*Ex.*

Enterprise.—"Pardon me sir, but I heard you tell the gentleman who just left you that you 'would wash your hands of the whole affair.'"

"Well?"

"In case you do, may I hope that you will try Wiggins' Soap?"—*Life*

Editor—What kind of an article is this in the news department? I've read it through three times, and can make neither head or tail of it. It is positively meaningless.

Managing Editor—Yes, I know; that got into the news column by mistake. It was intended for the editorial page.—*Ex.*

When Chaucer was of tender age  
 Men knew him only as a "page,"  
 But now the modern scholars look,  
 And find they know him like a book.

*Ex.*

Customer (severly)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us. How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidently)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." Customer (sheepishly)—"Oh."

"What is the hardest part of joke writing?"

"Punctuation. That's the reason why so many jokes lack points."—*Epoch.*

"Why do you call him an imaginative writer?"

"I have heard him speak about the prices he gets for his articles."—*Puck.*

"I never send a story out for publication," said Dullpath, the realist, "without first having slept over it."

"I don't believe I have ever read one of them, either, without doing the same thing," returned Havelly.—*Harper's Bazar.*

#### HARDEST PART OF IT.

Friend of Playwright—Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work?

Playwright—Getting my plays accepted after they are written.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What side shall I sleep on, doctor?"

"Well, in winter, when it is cold, you should sleep on the inside; in hot weather you should sleep on the outside in a hammock with a draft all round it."—*Ex.*

#### INSULTED.

Wagg—"We had a terrible thunder-storm as I came up in the train this afternoon."

Wooden—"Weren't you afraid of the lightning?"

Wagg—"No; I got behind a brakeman."

Wooden—"Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do?"

Wagg—"Why, he was not a conductor."

## HIS PROSPECTS.

"You ask my daughter's hand. Have you any prospects?"

"Yes, sir I have hopes."

"What are they?"

"Mainly of getting a rich father-in-law."

Pilkins: "Dr. Killum has paid five visits to our house."

Bilkins: "Why, at \$10 a visit. That's expensive?"

Pilkins: "It's only \$10. The last four he was after his money."—*College Times*

"I'm afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two feet to it when I get in."—*Ex.*

"What's the matter with the baby, John?"

"Dunno, Maria; but I think it must be the yellor fever."

Farmer (to tailor).—How will I make this pants last?

Tailor.—By making the coat and vest first.

The difference between a starving man and a glutton is that one longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

Tramp.—Madam, I have faith to believe that you will take pity on me and give me a nice warm breakfast.

Madam.—Yes, but you must remember that faith without work is dead. There's the woodpile at your service.

One of our boys went out to walk one day

Sporting a brand new Prince;

He placed his heel on a banana peel

And he hasn't "banana" where since.

—*Exchange.*

An inscription in a Montrose, Scotland, graveyard, reads:—

"Here lies the body of George Young, and all his posterity for fifty years backwards."

In Pittsfield the following is recorded:

"When you my friends are passing by

And this informs you where I lie,

Remember you ere long must have,

Like me a mansion in the grave,

Also 3 infants, 2 sons and a daughter."

## ULULATUS!

"Oh, Ululatus muse, appear!

Thou comic bird, appear!

High cockalorum! presto! pass!

Come on! I say, come here!"

Thus I addressed the funny sprite,

Who all our mirth inspires;

"Hither, I say, nor tarry long;

Attend the magic fires!"

He came—but what a tearful sight!

With long lugubrious visage,

His aspect sad but ill became

A mirthful elf of his age.

"Oh, where is all thy comic wit,

Thy humor, rich and mellow,

Thy fund of hoary joke and pun?

Where are they gone, old fellow?"

Without a word, he leaves the place,—

The door behind him slams?

But a doubtful phrase is wafted back,

That winds up with—"Exams?"

Rufus reckons one might *radily* reach the Lake-side city by canal, could he get over the *Auburn Locks*.

Dan of the Lumber District has suspended labor whilst he writes a treatise on logs; to supplement the Trigonometry of the 2nd Grade.

Without a *trainer*, you'll have to *go—it*, Charlie, or you'll *miss—it*.

What's that whissel, Zeb?—Only the C. P. R. making a shift.

Why couldn't you hit the Jack's head on Gala Day, Wilkie?—Because the Jack hadn't any to—(h)—it.

Spider, of the Junior Base-ball nine, has signed articles to catch flies during the coming season.

Wanted:—

—Spectacles for the isinglass.

—A quilt for the bed of the Ottawa.

—A remedy for the window-pane.

—Clerks for the canal banks.

—Salve for the Deep Cut.

—Bristles for the Hog's Back.

—A coffin for the Dead Sea.

—A student to go on with Greek during vacation.

—A harness for our foot-ball team.

—A tradesman to make the Board of Editors into a Cabinet.

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