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THE VISION DANCE.



AR from this cold Canadian land, and over wastes of sea,
I view this night, as in a dream, the scenes of infancy,
The shutters of my soul are set, and though chill breezes blow
I stroll through meadows garbed in green instead of drifted snow.
Let North winds howl and West winds growl,
And dull skies frown demure—
Oh, what care I? My friends I spy
Now dancing by the Suir.

The bright Suir flows from Templemore through Thurles and through Cahir,
Nor France, nor Spain, nor any clime boasts river half so fair;
With splash and flash it whirls and whisks by shamrocked field and grove,
Then winds in pride through Waterford to Ballyteigel cove.
The stalwart boys in corduroys
Find there for grief a cure:
Were there but two they still would do
Their dancing by the Suir.

When evening comes with deepening shades that bring respite from toil,
The lads and lasses of the vale flock out in merry file;
Adown the haw-thorn lane they trip; their mirth the valley fills,
Till sportive echo wafts it off to wake the Galtee Hills.
For one short hour near that sweet bower
What would I not endure?
My hope is still an eve to fill
With dancing by the Suir.

Across the starry spangled sky slow steals the silvery moon,
 The fiddler rasps his resined bow and plays a merry tune;
 "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" makes fit strain for Irish feet,
 When by "The Keelrow" followed fast we think the "set" complete.
 The girls—the rogues!— in tiny brogues
 An anchorite would lure,
 If haply he their charms might see
 While dancing by the Suir.

When "Father Dan," by fortune led, is guided to the scene
 He wastes no wonder on the sight, nor censures the gay scene;
 But lightly laughs and softly says: "God bless ye, girls and boys!
 Should there be weddings after this, they'll cause me no surprise."
 The God of Love keeps watch above
 Each lad and maiden pure,
 Who strolls away at close of day
 To dance beside the Suir.

Remembrance brings me many joys, but one I hold divine;
 It thrills my throbbing senses like deep draughts of mellow wine;
 However dark the present care, one fancy makes it light,
 It is the glimpse I catch of home in visions of the night!
 They never fail in calm or gale—
 Those gleams all bliss secure—
 That show to me in memory
 Loved dancers by the Suir.

MAURICE W. CASEY.



A TRIP TO THE STARS.*



HERE are two methods of treating this subject: one light and amusing, but by no means scientific; the other, serious and grave, but instructive and true. The former may be termed "Astronomy for the credulous and illiterate." In it everything is grotesque

and false. It is astronomy such as is found in those almanacs that depict the sun as a fat and paunchy fellow, well wrapped up in furs and wool, no doubt to set hoary winter at defiance. The moon, so they say, is a rusty, second-hand sun, just fit for the night; or it is the king of day peeping through a hole bored in the firmament to see what some folks do during the night, when the real sun shines not. With such an astronomy we travel not in the moon's real empire; but, in company with the famous *Cyrano de Bergerac*, we enter the land of dreams and illusions. We see all that we fancy and like, or, rather, we see all that is not in the moon and nothing of what is in it. Away with this method and let us follow the second, endeavouring, as old *Horace* said, to combine two things—instruction with pleasure. Since it is late, and we have a long way to travel, let us begin at once by saying a few words on the sun, the planets and the stars. This will occupy the first half of our *soirée*. We shall next discuss the probability of the plurality of worlds.

Many have lauded in prose or rhyme the charms of day. But how majestic and fair night is, when she comes with her melancholy brow crowned with stars and her dark trailing robe glittering with pearls. If day has but one sun, night possesses millions of them, the brilliancy of which invites us to soar above to the very throne of the Eternal. Here on earth we are wrapped in the very swaddling clothes of ignorance; a thick and heavy fog obscures the narrow horizon that encircles us. Let us mount to the

upper and unknown regions, and there, to our bewildered eye, the earth shall appear as a globe under our feet, basking in the blaze of the sun, and with it, thousands of similar globes floating in the ethereal regions; there we shall form a faint idea of the marvels of creation. First, away with illusions. Do not represent to yourselves the earth as being the lower portion of the universe, and the heavens the upper part. No; heaven and earth are not two distinct creations, but one only. The earth moves in the heavens, and the heavens are boundless space, an indefinite extensiveness, an illimited expanse with no frontier to circumscribe it; with no beginning, no end, no depth; and our globe is like a soap bubble floating in that immensity. Our planet is not isolated in the fields of the infinite. These glittering stars over your heads are so many worlds, so many dazzling suns. They are far away. But there are other heavenly bodies nearer to us than the stars, and more similar and nearer akin to our terrestrial abode, in this way, that like the earth they are opaque, obscure bodies, and borrow their light from the sun. We call them planets. The earth is one of these which, eight in number, revolve around the sun. Hurlled into the fields of space, that group is like a fleet sailing in the ethereal ocean.

Let the earth be our starting point—it is quite natural—and let us go straight onward to any point of the heavenly sphere. Lo! we start and travel, not with the speed of a cannon ball at the rate of 900 miles an hour, which indeed is pretty fair travelling. Yet 'tis too slow. There are quicker motions in nature. Light, for instance, travels at the rate of 190,000 miles a second. Well then, gentlemen, you have paid your fare, get yourselves ready for a ride; not on horse-back, nor on the back of a mule or an ass, nor upon the wings of an eagle; no, but I want you to enjoy the most pleasant and swiftest ride you ever had; on what? on a sun-beam. Steady! stand firm; use the spurs

*Read before the Scientific Society by Rev. A. Pallier, O.M.I.

and fear not. Off we go! At the end of the first second we are 190,000 miles away from here; 380,000 at the next. One minute; two minutes; ten minutes. Great God! where are we? Steady again; we rise in the heavens. We cross the plains of that aerial and illimited ocean. We discover new spaces and new worlds. Heavens succeed to heavens, spheres to spheres, deserts open after deserts, immensity after immensity, and the human mind bewildered and exhausted halts on the threshold of creation as if it had made no advance. Our very heart shudders with terror and we ask: What can such a universe be which expands in proportion as our conceptions do, and which absorbs our boldest conceptions as the ocean swallows up the pebble thrown into it.

Now, gentlemen, you begin to realize that our globe is but a grain of that seed which the Almighty has scattered through the vast fields illumined by the sun, that it should bud, blossom, and bear fruit.

Man very much overrated the importance of the earth in the general working and government of the universe, when he considered our globe as the centre of creation and pretended that the sun, the moon and the planets were but secondary bodies compelled by laws divine to revolve before the throne of our motionless home for the pleasure of its inhabitants, to illumine her days and give her nights a soft and mellow light. Nothing more untrue than this proud notion of ours! The earth is but one of the planets of the solar system, and one of the smallest too.

Detach yourselves from the earth; stand as an observer in the upper regions and consider this planet carried onward, not as a ship sailing on a tempestuous ocean, but on a sea where all is calm and serene and where no commotions ever arise to disturb its motion. Borne along with a velocity which is common to everything around us, we are in a state somewhat similar to that of a person in a ship swiftly sailing in a smooth current. He feels no motion except when a large wave happens to dash against the vessel; he fancies himself at rest, while the shore, the buildings and the hills appear to move. You wonder at the great speed of railroads and balloons; 60 miles an hour for the former and 90 for the latter. A mere trifle!

One beat of your pulse carries you 20 miles from where the preceding one had left you; and you can hardly believe that on your rising in the morning, after six hours sound sleep, you have travelled 400,000 miles without being conscious of it. Our globe, with its eleven hundred millions of inhabitants, its oceans, countless islands and mountains, moves through the fields of space at the rate of sixteen hundred thousand miles a day.

A few words about the sun. Its dimensions are seemingly the same as those of the moon, which is 50 times smaller than the earth. 'Tis an error! The sun is 1,400,000 times larger than the earth and 96 millions of miles distant from us. A mere trifle! It would take a man 2,000 years to reach the sun supposing he travelled day and night at the rate of 6 miles an hour, and 10 years would be required for a cannon ball travelling with a speed of 1,350 miles an hour. The sun is the centre of the planets that revolve around it and borrow from it light and heat. It is the sun that produces and regulates the days, the seasons and the years. 'Tis he that clothes the earth in the spring time with a rich green garment enamelled with beautiful and fragrant flowers. It is the sun that ripens our harvests, generates the cooling breeze, the furious winds, and causes light, heat, beauty and life.

Astronomers differ among themselves as to the nature of the king of day. The immense distance that lies between us and the sun does not permit these learned men to be positive in their assertions concerning that body. They generally agree on this, that the sun is, like the earth, an opaque body surrounded by a luminous atmosphere of phosphorescent clouds. And, now, is that majestic monarch, the source of light and beauty, wholly faultless and free from all blemish? No. Some 280 years ago the scientific world heard with bewilderment that the sun was charged with not being without spot or wrinkle. At first no one gave credence to the accusation, and the provincial of the Jesuits told Scheidler, who had seen these spots, that it must be a mistake, that these spots were not really on the sun, but rather in his own eyes, or in the lenses of his telescope. What! Spots on the sun! Alas, yes! Subsequent obser-

vations proved the charge to be true; of insignificant dimensions at first these spots gradually increase and vanish, some in a few days, others after a few weeks, others reach gigantic proportions, say 90,000 miles in diameter. What were the theories brought forth to explain that phenomenon? Some spoke of solar volcanoes; others represented the sun as a body thickly coated with bituminous and ignited substances, on the surface of which were floating scoria. To tell the truth, man does not like to confess his ignorance and prefers to caricature the sun by resorting to nonsensical and groundless theories. The general belief and the one most consonant to science is, that these spots are parts of the sun which appear through the luminous atmosphere when, owing to some unknown cause, a rent is made in it. Despite these spots, imperceptible to the naked eye, the sun ceases not to reign, the king of the day, the master-piece of irrational creation. No wonder that the poets should vie with each other in praising the magnificence of the king of the firmament. The sweet and melodious notes of the feathered tribes, the roaring of the lion in the African deserts, the buzzing of the tiny insect under the blade of grass, every sound, every voice in nature hails the rising of the sun that brings consolation and relief to the poor sufferer and joy to all animate creation.

Now a few words about the planets. The word itself is derived from the Greek and means a wanderer. Planets are indeed wandering bodies, though not at random, through the boundless heavens, revolving around the sun, the centre of the system. There are eight well known planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. How distant are they from us, and what are their dimensions? Do not wonder, gentlemen, at what I am going to say, for in the fields of astronomy, or rather space, we never calculate by hundreds or thousands of miles, but by millions, nay, hundreds of millions.

Mercury, which lies at 37 millions of miles from the sun, is nearest to it. Of all the planets, it is the smallest but most rapid in its course. It travels at the rate of 30 miles a second; 1,800 a minute.

Venus, which next to the sun and the moon, is the fairest and most brilliant of the planets, appears like a shining lamp suspended to the firmament. It lights our dark and long winter-nights and replaces the moon during its periodical absence. No wonder that all the poets and shepherds of Italy and Greece have praised it in their songs.

Jupiter is 476 millions of miles from the sun and 1,100 times larger than the earth.

Saturn, seven hundred times larger than our planet, is 872 millions of miles distant from the sun. Uranus is 1,800 millions, and 74 times larger than the earth. Its speed, when describing its gigantic orbit of over 12 billions of miles, around the sun is at the rate of fifteen thousand miles an hour. It would take us 9,700 years to reach Uranus were we to travel 30 miles an hour.

Neptune was discovered in consequence of the computations of Leverrier of Paris by Galle of Berlin in 1846. "Point a telescope more powerful than mine," said Leverrier, "at such a spot of the heavens and you will find another planet of such magnitude; if not, astronomy is no longer a science, and the absence of such a planet destroys all the known laws of gravitation." Galle had a powerful telescope and he indeed discovered Neptune in the direction indicated and at a distance of over three billions of miles.

These are bewildering figures indeed, and when our imagination has tried, but in vain, to fathom the unfathomable, we remain overawed, terrified as it were, and we forcibly exclaim: How great God is, how little and insignificant are we! Indeed we are little and insignificant beings; but infinitely nobler, greater and more sublime than all these heavenly bodies, if we take our nature, our origin and immortal destinies into consideration. At any rate why should we wonder at such vast proportions? Take of all insects the tiniest; suppose it gifted it with reason; let it look at man and consider him. No doubt it would exclaim: Dear me! what a prodigious being! what a huge monster man is! Indeed that insect would be right, since we are many millions of times larger than the puny creature. Thus, our

pride is such that we pretend to understand, comprehend and measure everything. We select as the standard of weight, dimension and speed, our miserable stature of 5 feet 10 inches, our weight of 160 pounds, and our slow speed of three or four miles an hour. Any thing that exceeds these standards is to us a cause of surprise and wonder. An elephant fills us with astonishment. We look at the whale, the king monster of the deep, with wide-opened eyes, and then rub them, doubting whether they deceive us or not. Thus, when we gaze upon these gigantic fiery globes roaming through space, our terrestrial home appears to us, comparatively speaking, a mere nothing, like one of those myriads of atoms that dance in a sunbeam.

Now, if you penetrate further into the boundless deep, further than the planets, you soon discover what are termed the fixed stars. Six thousand of them can be counted with the naked eye. But if you take a telescope you may contemplate the fairy spectacle of 75,000,000 stars divided into 10 categories. 75,000,000 of stars! A real archipelago floating in illimitable space! What a grand spectacle! We know not the particular destination of each of these luminous globes which emit their radiance from afar, but, besides answering purposes in the Creator's plan worthy of his perfection and of their magnitude, they also have at least a remote relation to man in the decorations they throw around his earthly mansion. They serve as a glorious ceiling to his habitation: like so many thousand sparkling diamonds they are hung up in the magnificent canopy which covers his abode. What are the ceilings of our royal palaces, glittering with gold and crystal, or the decorations of a Vauxhall or a Versailles garden with their thousands of variegated lamps, compared to ten thousand suns diffusing their beams over our habitation from regions of space immeasurably distant? The stars not only adorn the roof of our sublunary mansion but they are in many respects useful to man. They serve to guide the traveller both on sea and land; they direct the navigator through the pathless ocean. They serve as a magnificent time piece and determine the true length of the days and years, and

mark with accuracy all their divisions.

Gentlemen, while roaming the aerial plains and leaping from star to star, I have, I fear, forgotten to mention our kind neighbour the moon—Madame la Lune—thus offending against the rules of etiquette with regard to one of the fair sex. It is no voluntary mistake of mine, and if I have sinned through masculine stiffness the fault must be repaired at once. There are many moons, you know; there is the half moon, the full moon, the April moon, the new moon and the honey-moon. To discourse on the latter might offer some attraction to a certain number of my hearers, but I feel I am quite incompetent and have no special mission to treat that subject. I shall merely speak of the moon such as it appears to us.

The moon is an opaque body: it borrows its light from the sun and revolves around the earth once a month.

A few words concerning the topography of our satellite. The moon is a mountainous globe. Many of these mountains have the shape of a sugar loaf. Thirty of them attain the height of five and even six miles. Circular mountains with circular cavities, the diameter of which reaches 25 and 30 miles, are seen in the southern hemisphere of our satellite; sometimes mountains rise from the centre of these cavities. When viewed through the most powerful telescope the moon appears to us as if seen with the naked eye at the distance of 60 miles only. Yet such distance does not permit us to ascertain whether it is inhabited or not. Since no clouds have ever been seen floating on its surface astronomers have come to the somewhat hasty conclusion that there are neither seas, nor rivers or streams in the moon, for if there were any these waters would, in the absence of an atmosphere be reduced to vapour and form clouds. The geographical aspect of the moon is that of a solid arid mass very rugged at its surface. Destined by God Almighty to rule the night her empire is that of solitude, silence and peace. She is our nearest neighbour and follows the earth in its vertiginous waltz around the sun. She is 250,000 miles from us; a mere trifle when compared with the prodigious distances we have already mentioned.

Her proximity to the earth gives the moon the privilege of exercising a remarkable influence on nature. She has a great deal to do with the germination and the growth of planets, and with many diseases, especially those affecting the brain. Hence the current story of Ariosto, who tells us that there is in the moon an immense store of labelled phials, each containing the share of common sense of every mortal. Hence, also, the common saying: "He is in his good or bad moon."

Now, are the planets inhabited? This is what we may term a bold question, that has, in every country and in every century, puzzled many inquisitive minds, and to which we like to hear an answer. Could astronomers construct a telescope powerful enough to enable them to discover what is going on in those remote plains and distant valleys of the planetary globes they would consider themselves well rewarded for their long and tedious labours; but, alas! they can form but mere conjectures.

Arago, the celebrated French astronomer, tells us of a Prussian geometer who, in order to converse with the inhabitants of the moon, had thought of casting a metallic reflecting mirror of gigantic proportions that would receive the light of the sun and reflect it, throwing it back on the moon. The inhabitants of our satellite, seeing that such a phenomenon could not be the effect of hazard, might construct a similar apparatus and return the compliment. Thus, communication might be established between the earth and the moon. A strange notion! But to come to the point. Are the planets inhabited? Some think they are; others say they are not. Well, gentlemen, allow me to enumerate a few reasons that favor the affirmative.

Reason and wisdom tell us that the means employed to attain an end must be adjusted or proportioned to that end; and the nature of these means gives us an idea of the end that is sought. For instance, when I see a large square stone building, well roofed, having windows, doors and staircases, I am naturally led to infer from what I see that it is intended to be the dwelling of a family. When I consider man with his eyes, ears, hands and feet, I naturally come to this conclusion: God

has given these external senses, or faculties for some purpose; that man may see, hear, touch and walk. If you kill any animal you find in it all the essentials of life: the organs, a stomach, arteries, veins, etc. Now God, having created this earth that it should be inhabited, has supplied it with all the requisites for that end. It possesses a breathable atmosphere, air for the lungs, light for the eyes, clouds and rain to give fertility to the soil, the seasons to ripen fruits, mountains to shelter from the winds, valleys to drain the land; in a word, everything is perfectly adjusted to the end God has in view. Now lift up your heads to the starry heavens and remember that the planets are, for the most part, of a solid compact mass and equal in point of space to 397 worlds such as ours, and could, at the rate of England's population, have a population 27,000 times larger than that of our globe. Their form, like that of the earth, is spherical; like the earth, they revolve round the sun, from which they receive light and heat. In these planets everything seems to be organized for life. They have their mountains and valleys, their seasons, their sunny days and charming nights.

Now, can we for a moment imagine that the vast extent of surface on such magnificent globes is a scene of everlasting barrenness and desolation, where eternal silence and solitude have prevailed and will forever prevail; where no sound is heard throughout all these regions; where nothing appears but interminable deserts, diversified with frightful precipices and gloomy caverns; where nothing beautiful adorns the landscape; where no trace of rational intelligences is to be found, and where no thanksgiving, nor melody, nor grateful adoration ascends to the Ruler of the Skies? Are those bright pearls of the heavens mere marvels of solitude and death? a wild dance of huge worlds through the fields of boundless space? No. Such a supposition would exhibit a distorted view of the character and attributes of the Creator. It would represent him as exerting his creative power to no purpose. Isaiah, speaking of the creation of the heavens, says: "He created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." Transport yourself in

spirit to a remote point of space, whence you may contemplate the planetary or solar system. Suppose the earth unknown to you. Consider it not as the land of your birth and habitation. Consider with ultra terrestrial eyes the planets that revolve round the sun, the focus of life. If you suppose the phenomenon of existence; if you imagine that some of the planets are to be inhabited; if some one should tell you that life is about to select a few of these ten magnificent globes (the eight planets with the sun and moon) to commit to them the germ of its productions, do you think, honestly, that you would select that small globe, the earth, without having previously endowed those other magnificent worlds with the marvels of animated creation? No, indeed! for the earth, when seen at a distance, in an impartial spirit, possesses no marked pre-eminence in the planetary system that you should thus give it the preference, and, from an astronomical point of view, the other planets are as well adapted to receive life. Furthermore, God has neither created rational life, nor has He organized it, to be subservient to matter; on the contrary, God has created and organized matter for the sake of rational life, or intellect. The Almighty created matter first of all, namely, earth, water, air and other elements, then light; he divided the waters from the earth, raised the mountains, dug the valleys and the deep beds of the sea; peopled the earth the air and the water with beasts, fowls and fishes; then, and then only, He created man. Until then the universe was like a beautiful but silent harp; man was the skilful hand destined to cause its harmonious cords to vibrate. And, lo! life abounds everywhere in every shape and form. Not only the earth has its more than eleven hundred millions of inhabitants, the forests and the deserts their numberless wild animals, the air its countless tribes of birds, but every drop of water has its three or four hundred animalculæ; our very blood swarms with these multitudinous and imperceptible creatures. A tumor is but a lump of microscopic worms; the juices of plants, their leaves, the most fragrant flowers, are so many receptacles of these minute beings. What is the phosphorescence

of the sea but life in motion? Billions of phosphorescent worms live in water. Many millions of animalculæ can be seen in a square foot of some kinds of stone; the same with regard to clay. Let a piece of clay rot away; let animal flesh be decomposed, and lo! life springs out of it. Death engenders life. Now, considering that God has accumulated life, as it were, in the waters, the earth, the air, stones and plants—everywhere; is it possible to suppose that these gigantic planets, larger and fairer than the earth, prepared and organized as it was for life, are doomed to everlasting barrenness, and that death alone and the silence of endless ages shall exercise their sway over them? It is not probable; else man may feel prompted to say God's wisdom is not equal to the might of His arm.

Neither faith nor reason forbids us to believe in the plurality of inhabited worlds. We may give full scope to our imagination. We are at liberty to multiply astronomical civilizations; proclaim that in the starry plains and valleys there are countless tribes and nations, and all degrees of physical and moral temperature, provided we acknowledge God the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all these rational beings. Suppose this to be the case, are these persons less or perhaps more perfect than ourselves? Are they divided into hierarchies like angels? and do we occupy the first, or the tenth, or the last place in that biological gradation? No one can say; but this I know: our lot is fair and sublime enough that we should not, like egotistical children, love our heavenly Father any the less, because he has given us new brothers in regions unknown. On the contrary, we should thank and praise him since he has given us distant brothers who perhaps glorify and love him more perfectly than we; for, to each of these inhabited worlds, God, indeed, could make the necessary revelation; his word as well as his presence reaches all the existing spheres. The supposition itself that the inhabitants of these distant regions may have been infected with the leprosy of sin does not become a serious objection. Has not the atoning effect of our Saviour's death reached millions of men who lived and died thousands of

years before Christ and millions of others to come after Him? The redeeming effects of Christ's blood can reach all races, in the most distant ages and places, whether they live in this land of ours or in other spheres.

You who are our brothers in intelligence, in love and in liberty; you who hover above our heads, I stretch out my hand to you in loving brotherhood. You are not indeed of the race of Adam as I am, but you are of the race of the children of God, and my heart warms to you at the very thought of this relationship. And what matters it, even though a vast abyss should intervene, since our souls meet in the same adoration? What does it matter if our astronomical countries are so different since we shall, one day, be united in the same fatherland? And when the blasphemies I hear on this planet of ours incline my heart to voluntary exile, oh, then let me soar away to your happy land; for if you live at all, you adore God, and if you adore Him He opens His bosom to receive you, and we shall one day meet in His fatherly embrace. But difficulties arise; if we suppose the planets to be inhabited, how can people live there? Mercury, for instance, is so very near the sun that, owing to this proximity, its temperature would be 121% above boiling point. To this I answer that the heat depends on the depth of the atmosphere, and increases or diminishes in proportion to the greater or less depth of the atmosphere. Again, as to Jupiter, if we take into consideration its position and the rapidity of its motion, we find that its nights must be very short, and last but five hours. The inhabitants of that planet should think of rising almost as soon as they betake themselves to bed, and what would the Jovian ladies do? They

must surely complain of nights and balls and parties so short. Fancy, five hours only for a grand ball, when it takes them half that time to complete their toilet. All this, I grant it, supposes people of a constitution different from ours. But what is a mystery to us is no puzzle for God, who can create beings endowed with the most diverse natures. Any how, we cannot consider our globe as a type and a standard, no more than we can form an opinion of the immortal compositions of Rossini and Mozart from a few detached notes we may chance to hear.

Now, to come to a conclusion. There is nothing, gentlemen, more beautiful and soul inspiring than the serious study of what we term "the great Book of Nature," in which God has carved out in capital letters his power, wisdom and other perfections. Every day we give utterance to words and sentiments of admiration when we contemplate a landscape a foamy torrent, a steep and rugged mountain; we admire the graceful shape and the brilliant colors of insects and flowers; we inhale with delight the exquisite perfume of our roses, so pure, so fresh; rubies, sapphires and emeralds dazzle our eyes. Ah! for God's sake, let us not forget the magnificent beauty of the heavens! From time to time let us soar above the visible barrier of earthly kingdoms; let us mount to the fields of unlimited space; our globe shall appear as a mere lump of clay, and its host of inhabitants as a handful of tiny insects. Our thoughts will become less terrestrial, and we shall more easily realize that here on earth we are but exiles waiting for the not far distant day when we shall ascend in reality to heaven and rest for ever upon the bosom of our heavenly Father.



REVEREND A. M. GARIN, O.M.I.



LAND-MARK of a thrilling period of Canadian history has just been removed in the person of Reverend A. M. Garin, O.M.I., whose death occurred at Lowell, Mass., on the 16th of February last. Pioneer laborer, as was the venerable old Oblate, in the Missionary fields of Labrador and the Hudson Bay, benefactor of the Irish and French Canadian races, spiritual father, guide and counsellor to many of our readers, his life and works claim more than a passing notice in the columns of the Owl.

Andrè Marie Garin, was born in 1822, at St. Andrè, a town of the department of Isere, in eastern France. The education afforded him by the parish school and the College of his native town was supplemented by the teachings of a pious mother until Andrè left the home of his childhood to complete his studies at the University of Grenoble. Student life at length came to an end and the young graduate found himself on the banks of the Rubicon that flows across the heaven ward route of every Christian—what state of life should he choose? The world allured him with the brilliant vista it opened up before his eyes. Issue of a noble family, endowed with rare talents which had been cultivated by a serious application to study, pleasing in manners and appearance, and blessed in an unusual degree with the faculty of winning the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact, he could have looked forward to a signal, secular career. But his deeply religious soul turned instinctively towards the calm and quiet of the cloister, and donning the habit of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, he took his place among the novices of Notre Dame de l'Osier on the eve of All Saints Day, 1841.

During his time of novice-ship, the departure of a handful of Oblates for the Canadian missions enkindled in the

heart of the young novice a burning desire for missionary life in the New World—a longing that became more and more ardent in succeeding years as he read the letters from his religious brethren, telling of their labors and privations, their consolations and joys, in the land beyond the seas. It was, therefore, with inexpressible joy that, in the spring of 1844, immediately after his elevation to the diaconship, he received from his Superiors the order to accompany Father Guigues, the future bishop of Ottawa, to Canada. He sailed at once, reaching Montreal towards the middle of August. The succeeding winter was spent in the pursuit of his theological studies, and in the immediate preparation for the priesthood to which dignity he was raised by the saintly Bishop Bourget, April 28, 1845. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed to the Indian missions of Lakes Temiskaming and Abitibi. Every spring, for the next five years, Father Garin, accompanied by another member of his religious family penetrated into the heart of this wild and rugged region, confirming the faith of the Christian natives and bearing light to those that still sat "in darkness and in the shadow of death." The time and place of each mission were always arranged at the previous visit, so that the fathers on their arrival never failed to find their little congregation already assembled. Every morning the holy sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated, while the rest of the day was spent in catechizing, hearing confessions, performing the marriage ceremonies, baptizing the infants, and in the other hundred and one duties of the pastor who sees his little flock but once a year.

After a sojourn of one or two weeks the fathers would proceed in their frail bark canoes to the next appointed station, where in turn they performed the same exercises and the same duties as in the preceding mission.

In the year 1851, Father Garin was recalled to Montreal and was placed in charge of the construction of the beautiful

Church of St. Peter, on Visitation Street, but the spring of 1852 saw him again among his cherished children of the forest. His mission now extended as far as Albany on the Hudson Bay, and stretched across the coast of Labrador. He remained in charge of this mission until 1856, when he accompanied Bishop Taché to France, in quality of Vicar General to his Lordship. During their stay in France, the missionaries were engaged for three months lecturing on the Indian missions, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. On his return to Canada, in 1857, Father Garin hastened back to his work among the Indians, but was recalled in the following year and sent to Plattsburg, N. Y. He obeyed cheerfully the command of his Superiors yet he was loath to leave his mission for he loved the missionary life with his whole heart and soul. The spiritual destitution of the Indians, the eagerness with which they flocked to hear the Divine Word, and their docility to the teachings of faith appealed with irresistible force to the apostolic zeal. The poetic and picturesque aspect of his nomadic life, likewise pleased him, though true it is, that poetry and picturesqueness often paled in the presence of danger, hardships and privations. The poor tribes he was called upon to evangelize could in return but allow him to share in their misery and poverty. Sometimes, too, in the depth of winter, he was obliged to march weary miles over trackless wastes of snow when the mercury refused to mount above the bulb of the thermometer. Cold and hunger then and privations of every sort were familiar to him but of these his deep sense of humility forbade him to speak, and consequently we have but meagre details, at the best, of what would otherwise be perhaps the most interesting chapter of his life. Even the annals of the religious congregation to which he belonged furnish no accounts of his labors and sufferings during these years, for his Superiors had no other sources from which to draw information about them except himself, and from him they received nothing. In his later years he would sometimes, upon the solicitation of intimate friends, consent to break through his scrupulous reticence in this regard, and would relate adventures and episodes of

the past with a vividness of word-painting and a quaintness of expression that would fairly charm his listeners. One thrilling experience, especially, he loved to recall. It was the spring of 1847, Father Garin and Father Derocher were stationed at a Montagnais settlement on the St. Lawrence about 200 miles below Quebec. One March morning, and the two missionaries accompanied by several Indians, embarked in their frail bark canoes for the City of Champlain. They hugged the shore closely, for the weather was boisterous and the river at this point was rendered dangerous by fierce currents and eddies; but, late in the afternoon, when they had reached a bay several miles wide, they determined to save time even at the risk of peril, by crossing from point to point. Soon they were struggling against wind and tide, amidst whirling eddies and crashing ice. It was difficult work and night found them still far from shore. The Indians, however, paddled along bravely in the darkness until sheer exhaustion compelled them to yield, and, recognizing the danger of floating about helplessly in their canoes, they all landed upon a large mass of floating ice. Towards morning the wind increased its violence and the waves beat fiercely against the floe which threatened to break asunder at every instant. Death stared them in the face. Then they fell upon their knees and implored the protection of good St. Anne, the friend of mariners. Almost immediately the wind ceased, the raging waters grew calm, and the little party re-embarked in safety; by noon they reached the shore, but they were too exhausted to proceed farther on their journey, so, making a shelter for themselves in the snow, they huddled together in their wet clothes, to await the following day. The next day they put on their snowshoes and hauled their canoes nine miles over the snow to the nearest post of the Hudson Bay Company. After a rest of several days, they were conveyed to Quebec by the barges of the company. When asked if he believed that the prayer to St. Anne had been instrumental in saving them, Father Garin would answer in his simple, quiet way: "Ah! I know that we prayed to St. Anne and that we were saved, is not that enough?"

But to resume the course of events. His five years stay at Plattsburg was marked by the erection of the convent schools there and by many improvements added to the church. From Plattsburg, he was sent to Buffalo, and three years later (1868) was removed to Lowell, Mass., to take charge of the French Canadian population of that large and thriving manufacturing centre. On his arrival in Lowell, he immediately began negotiations to secure an old Protestant church then used by the Spiritualists. The price demanded was \$11,500. Father Garin had only \$2 in his pocket, but in his "sublime audacity of faith" he agreed to pay \$3,000 as soon as the deeds would be transferred, and to give a note for \$500, payable in three months. In one week he had collected the \$3,000, and on the following Sunday, Mass was celebrated for the first time in the church. The pulpit pushed against the wall served as an altar. The people were obliged to kneel with their backs to priest, for there was a board in the pews that prevented them from kneeling as it is customary in the Catholic Churches. In later years, Father Garin was twice obliged to enlarge this Church and finally to undertake the erection of the Church of St. John the Baptist, for during the twenty-seven years of his pastorage, the French Canadian population in the city had increased from 1200 to 20,000 souls. To him, likewise, the Irish Catholics owe their beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception, which is said to be one of the finest houses of religious worship in the United States. Other monuments to Father Garin's marvellous energy are the three large separate schools of the city, the College of St. Joseph, two houses of his order in Lowell, and the Oblate Novitiate at Tewksbury.

On the first day of November, 1892, the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession was celebrated by his brother Oblates and by the Catholic population of Lowell, with an enthusiasm that did violence to the humility of the venerable Septuagenarian. But he made the best of the inevitable, and, standing on the extreme limit of the psalmist's three score years and ten, he spent perhaps the happiest day of his life.

Father Garin had never suffered from any organic disease, and almost up to the

end of 1894, had enjoyed robust health. When, therefore, it was heard that, owing to his excessive weakness he had been removed to the hospital on December 26th, every one knew it was the beginning of the end. He gradually sank lower and lower, until on Saturday, February 16th, the end peacefully came. "I am going home" he said, and a moment later his noble soul had quitted its tenement of clay and sped to meet the loving Master it had served so faithfully and so well.

In honoring, as they did, the remains of the venerable priest, the citizens of Lowell honored themselves and their city. Nothing could prove more conclusively that the old-time bigotry and fanaticism in the once Puritan State of Massachusetts, is rapidly declining. The whole city was in mourning. On the morning of the funeral there was a very general suspension of business, and the streets through which the sad cortege passed were hung on both sides with funeral drapings. The Protestant press of the city was remarkably eulogistic of the humble Oblate and his deeds, one journal even proposing the immediate erection of a statue to his memory.

Father Garin was of a retiring disposition. He was gentle, affable and obliging, yet strong-willed withal, and in a question of right as firm as adamant. He was popular with all classes, and while he was idolized by the Catholics of Lowell, both Irish and French, he was enshrined in the hearts of thousands of Irishmen who never knew him accept in name, because of his generous, self-sacrificing devotion to the fever-stricken emigrants of 1846. His humility we have seen, was profound and sincere, but charity, universal and indiscriminating, was his cardinal virtue, and it was the predominant trait of his character that inspired the muse of a local poet, whose concluding verses might serve as an appropriate epitaph for this model son of De Mazenod:

"Great is the lesson of his life
Many the noble deed;
Charity and love for all
Was the essence of his creed.

Rest, great soul; it is but few
That die so nobly great,
Honored and loved by all true men
Of every creed and state."

E. J. C., '96.

TO ERIN'S HARP.



WAKE, awake thy slumb'ring strain !
A wake and thrill with hope again
The patriot's heart ; with fost'ring breath
Fan into life the ling'ring flame
That chill oppression dooms to death ;
Relax thy rigid strings, proclaim
That freedom slumbers, does not die,
But waits the moment when on high
Her fallen standard rais'd, the world
Shall own her claims, enforce her right,
Command those folds to be unfurled—
When justice rising, in his light
A nation's wrongs invet'rate seen,
Shall float, beside the Red, the Green.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

CONTEMPORARY IRISH CANADIAN WRITERS.

I



THE intellectual wealth of a people is its best and most enduring riches. Consequently, a prominent article of my creed is, that by directing attention to Canadian writers, a Canadian journal consults its own and its subscribers' highest interests. To pursue this train of thought a step further, a Canadian Catholic magazine should, I believe, frequently occupy itself with the condition and progress, particularly the mental progress, of Canadian Catholics, and the remark is applicable in a special manner to such among Catholics as display intellectual aspirations. Still to adhere to the direction taken by my first proposition, while narrowing its application, I hold that Irish Canadians should invariably do everything that lies in their power to exploit the men and women of their race who form the most praiseworthy class, that is, those among them whose intellectual endeavors reflect a lustre upon the Irish in Canada, and through them upon the Irish in Ireland.

Actuated by those convictions, now that the day so dear to Irish hearts, when

"St. Patrick's praise we gaily sing
As he comes smiling linked with Spring"

is at hand, I propose to celebrate the festival in a manner which, I hope, will lead to extensive emulation, that is by compiling a few outline sketches of Irish-Canadian writers. Although many of those I am about to mention are highly deserving, not one of them, I venture to assert without the slightest fear of truthful contradiction, has shared in the praises, so lavishly bestowed by the newspaper and magazine critics throughout the Dominion, upon their associates of other nationalities and other creeds.

In the little assembly of ladies and gentlemen whom I am about to introduce to my readers, I would willingly give precedence to the ladies, were it not that

such extreme gallantry smacks of formality and affectation, two things at which real ladies everywhere bridle, and that, too, without being "New Women," or otherwise eccentric or wild. Another intention of mine was to present the party in couples, like Juno's Swans, lady and gentleman, two by two, but while the unmarried gentlemen would, very probably, prove agreeable and their mates not unwilling, the married gentlemen might object, and if they did not their wives would certainly object. Besides, the arrangement might cause the married ladies some embarrassment. Even if none of those mischiefs happened, the sagacious and bashful Bird of Minerva, under whose "distinguished patronage," as the mural prints express it, this bit of writing is to be given to a world most eager for its possession no doubt would, to quote Tom Hood :

"Obscurely blink in pensivè glooms and corners."
as loath to countenance such a vivacious proceeding. A simple plan which will, I hope, give full satisfaction to all concerned, is that of calling the roll without premeditation and almost at hap-hazard. This arrangement commended itself to me in a special manner as, the instant I proceeded to carry it out, the name which sprung up before my mind was that of a young lady.—Miss Emily McManus.

The town of Bath, in Western Ontario, takes a laudable pride in claiming Miss McManus as its daughter. She was educated at the Bath Public Schools, Kingston Collegiate Institute, and Queen's University, Kingston. She was graduated at Queen's, in 1894, with the Degree of M.A., having taken First Class Final Honors in English Literature and Political Science. She has published one novel, "The Old, Old Story." It has not been my good fortune to meet with this book although I have searched for it, but if it is as good as some of her shorter stories which I have seen, enough of originality has been employed on "the old old story

to make it appear delightfully new. Miss McManus has contributed choice poetry to the Toronto "Week," "Canadian Magazine," "Queen's University Journal," "Dominion Illustrated," and various Canadian newspapers. The limited circulation of some of these publications has done her an injustice. She is, however, represented in the "Songs of the Great Dominion" and in the Hon. Mr. Ross' odorless forcing-bed for patriotism, the "Patriotic Songs for Schools." Miss McManus is fortunate in as much as that, in human probability, the greater portion of her life with all its possibilities is to be lived.

A writer of abilities quite different from those of Miss McManus, is the learned editor of the Montreal "True Witness," Mr. Joseph Kearney Foran, Lit. D., L.L.B. He was born at Green Park, near Aylmer, our beautiful little neighbor by the Lake, and educated at the University of Ottawa, and professionally in Laval. After having been called to the Bar he compiled and published a brace of useful law books which were received by the profession with deserved acclaim. A winter's retreat in a lumber shanty was the means of producing that erudite philosophical treatise, "The Spirit of the Age." As an editor Dr. Foran scored another success. He has made the "True Witness" an energetic champion of faith and fatherland, while lending it a pronounced literary flavor which too many of our Catholic newspapers lack. But it is as a poet that Dr. Foran is widest and most favorably known. His Muse is intensely Irish, and he seeks his models among the master-pieces of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Denis Florence McCarthy and Thomas Davis. Let us hope that ere long Dr. Foran will give us a selection from his verse, bound between two dainty covers with ancient Irish armorial bearings, which would be in this instance, fairly symbolical of the letter press.

Few readers of Catholic newspapers and magazines there are whose attention has not sometime been arrested by sweet and original verses over such signatures as "D. C. Dean," "E. C. M.," "E. M.," and so forth. The bearer of this somewhat perplexing multiplicity of *noms-de-plume*, I am happy to be in a position to

state, is Mrs. Francis Tucker, *nee* Eleanora C. Martin. Mrs. Tucker's career is more striking than those of the generality of authors. It furnishes an instructive example of the good which self-teaching may produce. Her parents were born in the County Limerick, Ireland, her father being a teacher in the National Schools. She was their youngest child, and was born at St. Columban, Quebec, after the couple had emigrated to Canada. She was only six years old when her parents took a bush farm in Lowe, then little better than a howling wilderness.

With only scant facilities at her command, she educated herself developing talents for poetry as well as for drawing before she was eighteen years of age. No man is his craft's master in a day. The remark is, of course, applicable to woman, with, perhaps, additional emphasis. Excellence is the daughter of prolonged toil. Merit favors ceaseless application. The effort is not easy, but only when we have clearly imagined how difficult it is to attain mastery in our art, even when every facility for improvement is within easy reach, can we realize the difficulties which Miss Martin bravely faced and finally overcame by the noble employment of heroic patience and untiring perseverance. While yet a mere girl she began to send verses to the newspapers, and the offerings of her Muse were seldom refused; although if the newspaper editors of that day were not more considerate and generous than the present tribe, I fear her pecuniary remuneration was not adequate. Methinks editors will have an awful account to render to fleeced contributors when the trumpet of Gabriel shall resound over the ruins of the world.

Miss Martin, in 1892, married Mr. Francis Tucker, a neighboring farmer, but her onerous duties as a leading partner in a country household did not hinder her from devoting intervals to the pleasant task of further cultivating poesy and literary composition. On the contrary, Mrs. Tucker continued to contribute poetry to various newspapers, chief among which were "The Boston Pilot," the "Montreal True Witness," the "Irish Canadian" and the "Catholic Record." Those contributions must aggregate over two hundred poems, chiefly lyrics, ballads,

and verses palpitating with religious emotion. Her poetry is almost invariably very sweet, and her thought is invariably elevated. Her work presents numerous points for study; the execution is marked by ability, and the trend of her thought is towards the beautiful and the good; her inspiration is thoroughly American, and gathered from the soil she treads and the air she breathes. The sun and winds of other minds shone and blew on her, of course, and fed her growth, but the flower of her genius is her's alone. For style and form, pattern and tone, she has gone to school just when and where she liked. The result is that each of her poetic graces has the blush of its own special bloom, and when the song of "D. C. Deans" is given to the public in a book, the most exacting of critics will adjudge it an independent voice, not an echo.

As a humorist, the author I am now about to introduce is, to cite a line from Tristram of Lyonesse, "divisible from all the radiant rest and separable in splendor." All my readers have, I take it, perused, or heard, the "Wreck of the Julie Plante," a ballad which Mr. James Barr (Luke Sharp) correctly terms "the most popular humorous song Canada has produced." Yet perhaps not one in fifty knows that the author of the famous lines is Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal. Dr. Drummond was born in Co. Antrim, Ireland, about thirty-six years ago. He is by no means a poet of one poem, although the universal popularity of "The Wreck" might start that assumption. He has written many others besides his inimitable legend of Lake St. Pierre. Indeed, his, "De Papineau Gun," the authorship of which has been attributed to another, is a rival of his "Wreck." He has also miscellaneous poems of merit, and poems on Irish subjects replete with patriotism and bubbling over with wit and humor; for Dr. Drummond is "Kindly Irish of the Irish." Peradventure, the day is near that will witness a volume issue from the press with the name of Dr. Drummond on its title page, and behold the Spirit of Laughter "holding both his sides" while he roars and roars over its diverting contents. The editor of "American Humorous Verse" declares that Dr. Drummond "has mastered the

peculiarities and humors of the French Canadian vernacular and in verse has a field of his own." Long may he remain over his domain! An ounce of mirth is better than a ton of physic. This is a hard saying for the ear of a doctor of medicine, but it is a true saying. The mirth of Dr. Drummond is alike breezy and stingless. His fun is genuine, the absurdity he laughs at is essentially true to human nature, and the laugh it raises is very genial. The poems of his which I have perused, except one, were mainly concerned with the surface of life, but the exception proved, beyond peradventure, that he can dip below the surface when he chooses.

I now approach a name well and favorably known to Catholic readers—that of Mr. J. A. J. McKenna. He differs from the writers already mentioned in as much as that he confines himself to prose and ignores the tuneful Muses. It is said he did commit a few versified indiscretions in his salad days but they need not be remembered against him here. Mr. McKenna was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, when the world was thirty years and more, younger than it is to-day. He received his preliminary training at St. Patrick's School and St. Dunstan's College, in his native city; and his education was continued under a private tutor. He came to Ottawa, in the beginning of 1886, having accepted a position in the Civil Service. He acted as private secretary to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and is now a trusted officer of the Department of Indian affairs. He is an indefatigable charitable and religious worker, having held high office in that most worthy of lay societies, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and in the Catholic Truth Society, as president of which he preceded Mr. Joseph Pope, who now fills that position.

The work of which Mr. McKenna is author consists of papers on such subjects as, "A Canadian example"; "Are Canadian Catholics Priest-Ridden"; "What fills our jails"; "The Indians of Canada," and "The Indian Laws of Canada." The articles which bears those titles appeared in the Catholic World. The present number of that magazine contains a charming paper by Mr. McKenna entitled

"Sir John Thompson: a Study;" I do not think I exaggerate when I claim that this essay is the fullest and most accurate estimate of our dead Premier ever written. In his youth and early manhood, Mr. McKenna contributed to the Charlotte-town Herald, The Catholic Review and The Catholic American, the two latter of New York city. The pages of the Ave Maria and the columns of the North-West Review, of St. Paul, Minnesota, severally owe one well-reasoned paper to his pen. He has been generous to THE OWL, as he ever has been to any Catholic publication, or cause, that requests the benefit of his useful aid.

Besides essays and historical studies, Mr. McKenna is also the author of several scholarly papers which were read by him before various notable assemblies. For example, he read a paper on "The Outlook in Canada," in Columbus Hall, New York, at the convention of the Apostolate of the Press. A paper on "Catholic Tolerance in Irish History," read before a meeting of the Ottawa Catholic Truth Society, is carefully prepared and possesses permanent interest and value. A short paper by him, entitled, "A Neglected Field," which was read before the St. Vincent de Paul Society, led to the foundation of the Ottawa Branch of the Catholic Truth Society.

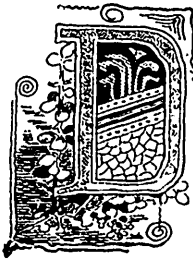
Mr. McKenna is now in the full vigor of his prime and he has prepared us for surprises. But the volume of his work is already considerable. It is well done, and gives promise of more and better. He has his own way of regarding men and things. He has been, and he ever will be, nobody's docile pupil. He has disciplined himself well in thinking and observing, and his eye and ear are naturally quick and true. When he is not looking with his own peculiarly independent gaze at the world of to-day, which we call politics, or the world of yesterday, which we call history, it is nobody less than

inspired scriptural writers that have lent him eyesight; he being an assiduous reader of the Bible and nearly as assiduous in his advocacy of its reading by others. History is his favorite field, however, and historical inquiry and comparison his favorite occupation. To Clio he proffers his kindest smiles, and that the partiality is accepted and returned everything which he has written of a historical nature bears eloquent testimony. His style is clear and direct, being merely the verbal reflex of a powerful and well-cultivated intellect. Everywhere you will find good thought and earnestness wrought closely into the fibre of his work, but not enough of either to bar his way to a wide popularity.

With the name of Mr. McKenna, my roll-call must cease for the present, although my list is not nearly exhausted. If nobody demur during the interval, I shall be most happy to continue the enumeration so soon as leisure and occasion permit. Precisely when this may be, I am not sufficiently cognizant of my own future or the requirements of this journal, to tell. "It may be for long and it may be forever." But it may also be for short. I cannot say exactly. However, should events hinder me from returning to my theme at all, it is pleasant to contemplate that not a single reader will be mortally affected by the deprivation. Be this as it may, I can honestly urge one plea at least for what I have done in addition to the disinterestedness of my motive. Although my method of expression may be inferior to my subject, as I have a haunting suspicion it is, I find a certain consolation in reflecting that no reader can treat me with a ringing of his most clamorous "chestnut-bell;" for however clumsy the handling may be, all must allow that the material itself is not vapid.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

FATHER FABER.



DURING the whole eighteenth century England was practically a heathen nation. True there existed what was known as the Established Church, but religion in general was in a lethargy, and the majority of the English people lived as if in total ignorance of the existence of a God. The clergy did not lead the edifying life that is expected of men in the sacred calling; while a few thousand Catholics, many of whom had grown tepid through intercourse with their Protestant neighbours, were the only remnants of the ancient faith. But in the beginning of the present century occurred a marked change. The Establishment was aroused by the efforts of some individuals to revive church principles and stay the growing corruption. The first attempts were scarcely noticed; but about the year 1830 matters became more aggressive. From Oxford University issued the practice and theory of reform. In 1833 a series of tracts discussing the fundamental principles of Christianity were published in the *Times*; on which account the movement was called the Tractarian Movement. Oxford's greatest lights, such as Keble, Pusey, Froude and Newman, were the leaders in the movement. Through Newman's influence Faber and Manning were gained to the party. After years of discussion, a split occurred among the leaders. Some remained Anglicans; others drifted into indifference and infidelity. Newman, Faber and Manning, with many followers, went over to Catholicity, where they found realized their ideas of the Christian Church.

With the two great cardinals, Newman and Manning, everyone is acquainted. Faber, occupying a less prominent position in the Catholic Church in England, may not have attracted equal attention. Still we may venture to say that his work

in the Church falls little short of that of either of the two renowned prelates. On this account we feel hopeful that a short sketch of his life, works, and influence, if not proving adequate to disclose the real merit of the man, will at least have the effect of referring our readers to those wonderful works of his which, besides other benefits that may be derived from them, prove effectually that true virtue is not inconsistent with sound reason, depth of thought, and proficiency in human science.

The facts of Frederic William Faber's life reveal a finely graded climax. He was born on the 28th of June, 1814, on the estate of his grandfather who was at that time Vicar of Caverly in Western Yorkshire. By his father's side he was of Huguenotic origin. His mother, an educated and virtuous woman, held Frederic as the favorite of the family, and instilled into him at an early age that love of the supernatural which attended him all through life. Little wonder then, that his later writings so often melted into passages replete with sentiments of affection and gratitude for his boyhood's best friend. While yet a child both his parents agreed upon the existence in their son of the germ of future greatness, and determined to cultivate it accordingly.

He received his primary education at different schools. For a time he attended the grammar school of Bishop Auckland, whither, shortly after Frederic's birth, his father removed as secretary to Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham. We next find the youth dwelling in the house of a tutor near the Lakes of Westmoreland, whence he proceeded at the age of eleven to spend a short time at Shrewsbury school. His first appearance afterwards is as a student at Harrow. Here, in Dr. Longley, he found a friend and adviser whom he needed all the more as his mother died when he was but fifteen. Four years later his father followed her to the grave, but not before he had seen the first promise of Frederic's future greatness.

in his brilliant matriculation into Balliol College, Oxford.

If we consider the scenes among which Frederic Faber passed his childhood, we are not surprised at that characteristic poetic temperament which, manifesting itself on every occasion, distinguishes him from all other men of his time. For perhaps in all England there exist no spots more suitable to excite poetic sentiments in the heart. Bishop Auckland, situated in that portion of the County of Durham which lies between the rivers Wear and Tyne, afforded the boy an opportunity of studying Nature in her calmer aspects. The country round about his home was an undulating expanse that, rising to the west, culminated in the Cumberland Mountains, down whose sides flowed numerous sparkling rivulets. Amidst these scenes Frederic spent his earlier days. Later on, his sojourn near Westmoreland's famous lakes and mountains, revealed to him the beautiful and sublime in nature. This was a region after his heart, and numerous were his solitary musings by the lake shores or on the crest of the mountain. In his farewell poem at Harrow, he expresses the impressions he received in early life when he says :

"Nature hath been my mother : all her moods
On the gray mountain or the sullen floods
Have charmed my soul."

For seven years Mr. Faber was a student in the great University of Oxford. He entered it in the year 1833, the same in which the Oxford movement first attracted public attention. Ever an eager participant in religious discussions, he soon became interested in the movement. After a little wavering he finally, in 1836, renounced Calvinism, the religion of his birth, and became an Anglican. This change was due principally to Mr. Newman's preaching, to which Mr. Faber had listened for a long time at St. Mary's, Oxford. He became personally acquainted with Newman in 1840, and ever afterwards the latter was his guide and counsellor. After Mr. Faber's conversion to Anglicanism his sole ambition was to become a minister of that creed. While pursuing his studies to this end he spent the vacations of the next three years at Ambleside. Here he met the poet Wordsworth whose simple and natural

poetry he henceforth regarded as his own model. In the year 1839 he was ordained and took a short trip to Belgium. A few years before he had visited Germany. But in neither of these journeys had he seen enough of Catholicity, to receive the impressions which in subsequent visits to the continent closer observation made upon him. In 1840 he took residence with a gentleman at Ambleside as tutor to his son, at the same time attending to parish work ; but, contrary to the usual custom of young Protestant clergymen who have obtained a permanent position, he shunned marriage. The acceptance of this situation, caused the severance of his active connection with Oxford. His studies there, though frequently interrupted and retarded by severe headaches, had been successful. His poem, "The Knights of St. John," had won the Newgate prize in 1836 ; and the following year he carried off the Johnson Divinity prize. Add to these his acquisition of a scholarship in the early part of his course, and of a fellowship near its close, and we justly assert that many others would have been satisfied with much less distinguished honours. He was by nature a talker and a controversialist, which created for him at Oxford a large circle of learned acquaintances. His letters to some of these while he was still a student, and their continuance afterwards, afford us the best insight into his character and reveal the different phases of his life.

In the year 1841 Mr. Faber set out from Ambleside with his pupil to visit the continent. They travelled through France to Genoa ; thence by Venice to Greece and returned through Bulgaria and Hungary northward to England. Mr. Faber kept a record of their travels in a "journal," from which he drew materials for a work published in 1843, under the title of "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples." The work shows that he had undertaken the continental tour, principally to acquire religious information. In the first years of his residence at Ambleside he had published a volume of poems, entitled "The Cherwell Water-lily and other Poems." Most of the pieces were written during his undergraduate course at Oxford, and were inspired by his surroundings

there. The volume, in his own words, "met with great success."

Even at this period of Mr. Faber's life, a casual reader of his letters might be led to regard them as emanating from the pen of a fervent Catholic. Exterioily he was an Anglican, but in his heart he was a Catholic. His study of the lives of the saints, his deep research and wide scholarship, and his foreign travels had convinced him that the Catholic Church was not the monster which his ignorant co-religionists asserted. When therefore in 1842 he was appointed rector of Elton, he, in the words of his biographer, Bowden, "determined to pay a short visit to the continent . . . now more as a learner than as a critic. . . . He had a new source of interest in the inquiry; for the office which he was about to assume made him anxious to gather hints for the work which it would impose." With this purpose he visited Rome where he was received by Cardinal Acton and Dr. Grant whom he came to know through letters of introduction from Dr. Wiseman. In an interview with Pius IX, the latter urged upon him the necessity of giving his own soul the first consideration in the matter of salvation. Having, moreover, visited all the places of Catholic interest in the eternal city, the effect upon him was natural. He afterwards said that upon a certain day, while, in the Church of St. Aloysius, he felt that if in three years he were not a Catholic, he would have lost his mind. In fact, on his return to Elton in 1843, his conversion was retarded by the advice of Mr. Newman who cautioned delay as a prudent preliminary. But Mr. Faber himself was careful to take no step through mere self-will; and consequently his three years rectorship of Elton were marked by unceasing prayer and penance, that God might direct him in the way of truth. During this period he introduced among his parishoners many Catholic practices, such as confession, devotion to the sacred heart, fasting, etc. Elton soon changed from a dissipated town to a model parish. But its rector attributed his success rather to his Catholic innovations than to any excellence of the Anglican ritual. The neighboring parishes were not a little surprised at his strange method, but his open manner and kind

heart, coupled with his power of pleasing all classes, had endeared him to his flock, and do what he might their sympathies were always with him.

Finally in 1845 Dr. Newman joined the Catholic Church and immediately wrote to Mr. Faber that the latter was outside the fold. This was all that Faber required. His church at Elton was in debt, but a gift from a Protestant friend enabled him to meet this last difficulty. Amidst the tears and good wishes of his parishoners he left Elton for Northampton, where on the 17th of November his long-cherished hopes were realized. Seven of his parishoners with a few others were received with him, Bishop Waring performing the ceremony. The seven converts mentioned were members of a young men's society which Mr. Faber had established at Elton. Henceforth, as we shall see the latter lived in inseparable union with his fellow converts.

His conversion opened a new period in his life. From that occurrence to his death he lived as a devout servant of Christ, at the head of a community which soon grew to be a potent factor in the re-establishment of Catholicity in England.

After his reception, Mr. Faber went to Birmingham where he formed a sort of community with the other converts. It is interesting to trace this body from its meagre beginning under the name of this Brothers of the Will of God at Birmingham to the death of its founder, when, as the Oratorians of St. Phillip Neri, its members were already spread throughout England and Catholicity was again rearing her head. Shortly after its foundation Mr. Faber went to Rome to solicit assistance in its behalf. On his return he found many applicants for admission into his community. Kindly accepting all, he was soon surrounded by a thriving little band of devotees. They visited the sick, invited the public for instruction, and held public services. These latter were attractive owing to the introduction of music, singing, and the rosary. Most of the hymns used by the community were written by its director and to him may be in great measure attributed the spreading of that beautiful practice of congregational singing, which is so potent a means of exciting devotional fervor.

In 1846 the community was removed from Birmingham to Cotton Hall where a church and house had been given them by Lord Shrewsbury. Within a short time the whole locality was converted and the Protestant church vacated. Alarm at first among the neighboring Protestants soon dwindled into helplessness, for the number who joined the church daily was almost miraculous. On the third of April, 1847, Brother Wilfred, as Mr. Faber was then called, was ordained priest, and shortly afterwards he published a series of Lives of the Saints which met with great opposition, arising chiefly from the difficulty with Protestants and even ignorant Catholics to reconcile the existence of such virtuous men with their own observation. Later on it was thought wise to suspend the services, till the good effects of reading these lives were so manifest as to justify their continuance.

When Dr. Wiseman was created bishop of the London District, among the many means by which he proposed to revive Catholicity in England, was the introduction into that country of religious orders. Accordingly, when Father Newmann returned from the continent in 1847 with a few priests of the Oratory of St. Phillip Neri, the bishop rejoiced. But greater still was his pleasure when in the same year Father Faber and his community joined the Oratory. Since the publication of "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches" Father Faber had been acquainted with Bishop Wiseman, and the latter appreciated his talents and his virtues while he watched with interest his work as head of the Brothers of the Will of God. Though Father Newman has the honor of bringing the Oratory into England, Father Faber was the man who carried it on to a practical success. Encouraged by such energetic men this order soon spread its roots. Well-organized branches were formed in Sydenham, Birmingham and London even before Father Faber's death. After a short noviciate the latter became novice-master and finally was established in London as superior of the Oratory there. To give a minute account of his life here would fill more space than we can afford. A rather detailed account of his life up to this time

was necessary in order to show his gradual progression to the sublime mission destined for him. This once found he clung to his post, and neither the taunts of his enemies, nor the incessant suffering which a weak constitution necessitated, could cause him to deviate from the path of duty. The fame of the London Oratory soon spread throughout the world. Though excluded from the world its superior was the cynosure of all eyes. The numerous conversions effected by his preaching, his writings, and by the Oratorian fathers in general, in and around London, prepared the way for the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England in 1850. This fact alone proves the wonderful work wrought by the Oratorians since their first arrival in England. The next year witnessed the conversion of many Anglican clergymen among whom was Archdeacon Manning.

From the year 1852 to his death in 1863, Father Faber continued at the Oratory directing its affairs and passing through alternating periods of hard labour and sickness. Speaking of these years the Dublin Review says "They were a period of sufferings, severe and complicated and almost incessant, in the midst of which, by labours to which it would be difficult to find a parallel, he achieved a work of which we must deliberately declare that its amount and importance will never be fully known, until that day when the King returns to take account of his servants." He never left the Oratory except when ill-health compelled him to seek rest. The sufferings mentioned above were due to overwork. His sermons and conferences were always prepared beforehand, and when not occupied with these, his time was devoted to the composition of those works which we shall mention later. Moreover, his scrupulous nature added much to his personal labour: for he was careful to answer with his own hand the immense number of persons who from every part, sought his advice. No doubt his premature death was brought on by excessive labour. His strength of will was unsurpassed. He was often known to rise from the sick-bed to finish one of his works or even to preach a sermon. When at length he lay on his death-bed

on the morning of the 26th September, 1863, surrounded by his community, and an object of anxiety to the Catholics of London and the whole world, he could look around him in joy to see his mother-church risen from the persecuted creature of his early days, to be a partaker of many of her ancient privileges. With the consolation of having done an extraordinary share to effect this change he calmly and peacefully expired. Summing up his life his biographer Bowden says "To this (the church) he devoted talents, energy, and health, only caring to labor where the will of God had placed him, and thus, when he came to die his history might have been written in the simple words—he served Jesus out of love."

We will not inquire whether, in the little cemetery of St. Mary's Sydenham, there stands a monument over Father Faber's grave. The memory of our hero is perpetuated by something more universal and imperishable than a bronze or marble statue. He was the sculptor of his own monument—consisting of those immortal works which in their diffusion are co-extensive with the spread of Catholicity.

Father Faber's hymns of which some were written for use at St. Wilfrid's, others at the Oratory, are all found in a publication which he issued in 1862. They are one hundred and fifty in number and are in common use in Catholic churches at the present time. Some are sung even in Protestant churches. While excellent as a means of exciting fervor in devotion these hymns have also an underlying power of expounding the dogmas of faith. Each one aims at teaching some principle. Our readers have most likely heard some of the following "Jesus my Lord, my God, my All," "Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go," "O Paradise! O Paradise," "The Pilgrims of the Night." We have mentioned Father Faber's "Lives of the Saints" and the manner in which they were first received. Though Father Faber was not the translator of all the lives, yet the fact that he was the compiler was sufficient to cause them to be widely read. By laying open to the English public the high degree of virtue to which the saints attained, in spite of all obstacles, a desire for imitating them

arose and numerous conversions from Protestantism were effected while Catholics were led to live better lives.

But the world-wide fame of Father Faber rests upon what are called his spiritual works. His "Conferences" are sermons which he preached on different occasions and afterwards collected for publication. Most of his other spiritual writings were composed while Superior of the London Oratory. Their titles show their nature: "All for Jesus," "The Blessed Sacrament," "Bethlehem," "Growth in Holiness," "Creator or Creature," "Foot of the Cross" "The Precious Blood" and "The Holy Ghost." Two others, "Calvary" and the "Immaculate Heart" were unfinished at his death. "Ethel's Book" was a work whose nature is shown in the author's own words; "Suppose we take the angels instead of fairies, and the dead instead of ghosts, and then see how we get on." In 1857 Father Faber published a volume of poems. This comprised his best poem, Sir Launcelot, The Knights of St. John mentioned before, and Prince Amadis with several minor pieces. They commemorate incidents of travel and his early life at Oxford; many also relating to his sojourn near the Lakes. His poetry like that of his model Wordsworth is of the natural and simple kind, profound in thought and rich in lively descriptions of natural scenery. But it is in his "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples" that his powers of description are shown to the best advantage. Through all his works there runs a poetic vein; his poetry is that of a born poet, and his prose works are on the boundary-line that divides poetic from prose composition. In his spiritual writings the charm of an easy, unlaboured, flowing style marks his words as the unimpeded effusions of a truth-conscious, holy soul. No one can read Father Faber's books without being convinced of the reality of virtue and the happiness it inspires. An American priest says of his works; "If the power to conceive and convey to others the most sublime and at the same time the most practical truths that can interest the human mind, be a title to the homage of men, then has

Father Faber established for himself a claim which no length of years or change of circumstances can efface."

The influence that Father Faber exerted did not, as in the case of most men, die with him. His personal influence no doubt was great, for we read that no one could approach him without being attracted by his pleasant manners and fascinating conversation. His preaching also captivated all who heard it. But few out of the number over whom his influence has spread had either the happiness of seeing or hearing him. It is therefore in the English Oratory and the holy priest's own works that his spirit has rested since he departed this life.

Indirectly through his works Father Faber is exerting a great influence the world over, not only among Catholics but among people of all creeds. These works with their fascinating style and elevated poetic sentiments gain many readers. Their deep thought and sound reasoning are standing testimonials of the high acquirements of their author. Non-Catholics are thus led to inquire whether there be not something admirable in the

church that could so completely satisfy the yearnings of so great a man. Before Father Faber's death his works were already widespread. America, France, and Italy had received them with ardour, the two latter countries translating them into their respective tongues. In Italy moreover the Holy Father acknowledged their worth by personally perusing the Italian translation. And that their rapid spread was not the effect of an outburst of enthusiasm is borne out by the fact that at present these works are more widely read than ever. The rude and the learned alike delight in their simple expositions of the most beautiful doctrines of our religion with its numerous sources of grace.

The increase in popularity of the works of Father Faber, from their first appearance to the present day, bids well for the future. They will continue to lead men from error to truth, from sanctification to perfection; and thus will share in the establishment of the millenium, the rule of Christ upon earth.

JOHN J. QUILTY, '97.



DEATH.

Death leads to God.
 Death is the sword of Fate,
 Death is the Golden Gate
 And opens up to glory, through the sod.

—From "Sachal," by ERIE MACKAY.



LOVELY IRELAND FAR AWAY.

O me forever dear shall be
 My native Isle, beyond the sea,
 Her leek-green sward and sunny strand,
 Her hills and streams by soft winds fanned ;
 In evening's gleam
 I sit and dream
 Of lovely Ireland far away.

Before the wrinkles seamed my brow,
 In artless youth, I made a vow,
 Wher'ere I wandered over earth
 To love the land that gave me birth—
 In evening's gleam
 I sit and dream
 Of lovely Ireland far away.

America, home of the free,
 A loyal heart I keep for thee ;
 But yet—at times—I long and pine
 For this far, antique Isle of mine.
 In evening's gleam
 I sit and dream
 Of lovely Ireland far away.

I've often watched the ocean wave
 Roll east the Irish coast to lave,
 And wished that it could waft me there
 Where loving friends in plenty are.
 In evening's gleam
 I sit and dream
 Of lovely Ireland far away.

Accept, dear land, thine exile's prayer :
 May all thy future years be fair,
 And Freedom, Love and Poesy.
 Immortal garlands twine for thee.
 In evening's gleam
 I sit and dream
 Of lovely Ireland far away.

BIGOTRY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Tell me what you have sowed to-day, and I will tell you what you will reap to-morrow."

—CERVANTES.

"The past does not live a second time, but the future is made of it."



SHOULD anyone be so short-sighted as to imagine that the present ebullition of bigotry and prejudice which is sweeping over North America in the form of the American Protective Association in the United States, and the Protestant Protective Association in Canada, is a mere ephemeral and independent evidence of phenomena having only local or actual existing causes, he is profoundly mistaken. The era of religious intolerance dates far back in history. Various movements having for their object the extinction of Catholicity spring up from time to time, and live, until blighted by the breath of a wholesome public opinion.

A century had not elapsed since the Declaration of Independence, when the founders of the Know-nothing movement fanned the smouldering embers of religious hate into a flame that burned so fiercely round the homes of American Catholics, and the descendants of the men who played the noblest part in the great struggle for freedom, were persecuted for their faith by an ungrateful posterity. The Orange Order in Canada had for its end a purpose similar to that of its sister organization in the United States. But it, too, met an inglorious defeat at the hands of broad-minded and enlightened Canadians. So rife has been the spirit of bigotry in these two countries, especially in the former, that it has found its way into their literature, and some of the greatest of American authors prostituted their genius by catering to the tastes of partizan readers. Ever since Americans began to devote themselves to the art of

literature, poets and prose writers have seemed to vie with each other in scattering broadcast the seeds of religious discord that so quickly took root and sprung up all over the land.

And in speaking of American poets, the name of William Cullen Bryant at once strikes the mind as if by magic. The Father of American song and the pioneer poet of this country, his poetry has many beauties and few defects. Yet this is the man who scrupled not to compose a most bigoted poem, and had the effrontery to deliver it before the Alumni of Harvard College. I refer to his longest production, "The Ages." In this poem the author surveys the past history of the world and by comparing the successive advances made by mankind in civilization and happiness predicts a bright future for coming ages. Contrary to the commonly received verdict of historians he tells us that an impenetrable darkness hung round the Middle Ages, and adds calumny to insult when he says

"And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
Were red with blood, and charity became,
In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name."

The following lines in reference to the monasteries of the same period and their inmates, show the poet to have been blindly prejudiced.

"The well-fed inmates pattered prayers, and slept,
And sinned, and liked their easy penance well.
Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell,
And cowed and bare-foot beggars swarmed the
way,
All in their convent weeds, of black and white
and grey."

Our author next refers to the period following the Middle Ages, and one can almost imagine himself listening to a modern American Protective Association leader, when he reads

"Still Heaven deferred the hour ordained to rend
From saintly rottenness the sacred stole ;
And cowl and worshipped shrine could still defend
The wretch with felon stains upon his soul ;
And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
Who could not bribe a passage to the skies ;
And vice beneath the mitre's kind control,
Sinned gaily on, and grew to giant size
Shielded by priestly power, and watched by
priestly eyes."

Truly if William Cullen Bryant laid the corner stone of American poetry in "Thanatopsis," in his "Ages," he set an example of bigotry and prejudice that has been too faithfully followed by later writers.

Longfellow is known as a poet, prose writer and translator. He is the most popular of American poets. His poetry is characterized by beauty, grace and strength. It has made his name a household word throughout the English speaking world. But it was the poetry of Longfellow and not his prose works that brought him an undying fame. The latter contain many things that cannot fail to insult the Catholic reader. In his romance entitled "Hyperion" are to be found some of the grossest insults ever offered to Catholics. The hero of this romance is Paul Fleming, a young American, who suffers a severe affliction from the death of his youthful bride. He leaves his native country and goes abroad "that the sea might be between him and the grave." We find him travelling in the South of Germany, He visits an old tower built by the Archbishop Frederic, of Cologne, in the twelfth century. "He finds the old keeper and his wife still there ; and the old keeper closes the door behind him slowly as of yore, lest he should jam too hard the poor souls in Purgatory, whose fate it is to suffer in the cracks of doors and hinges." The low ignorance and mean prejudice shown in the above is only surpassed by that in the following, where the writer ridicules the simple faith and piety of the landlady's daughter who, as she prepares to row the hero over the Rhine, kisses the crucifix and raises her eyes to Heaven. "Perhaps" say Longfellow, "she was thinking of that

nun, of whom Sir Gregory in his Dialogues, says, that, having greedily eaten a lettuce in a garden, without making the sign of the cross, found herself after possessed of a devil." Further on in the same work we find the following insulting language coming from the principal character when in speaking of the German author Eckermann, he says, "He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome." In book 4, chapter 3, one of the characters alluding to Hoffman, says "I once saw him at one of his night carouses. He was sitting in his glory at the head of the table ; not stupidly drunk, but warmed with wine which made him madly eloquent as the Devil's Elixir did the monk Medardus. There he sat until the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, having, like the souls of the envious in Purgatory, his eyelids sewed together with iron wire." Such language coming from the pen of an author who on other occasions could write so feelingly of the Catholic Church, her ministers and religious practices, shows a bigotry as unpardonable as it is criminal and calls for no comment save the strongest reproach and condemnation. Hear this same writer in *Evangeline*. The unhappy Acadians assembled in the church, having heard the edict which drives them from their native land, would fain give way to their feelings of wrath and indignation ; but Father Felician comes from the sacristy ; ascends the steps of the altar and thus addresses his people.

"Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them !'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them !'"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and
the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to Heaven.

Compare the above with the following extract also taken from Hyperion. 'Tis true it is one of the characters who uses these words but since the work is a romance and the characters never really existed they may be taken for the authors real sentiments. 'This man is a priest and a Franciscan friar by the name of Brother Bernardus. He is a professor in Klagenfurt in Germany. "One day" he says "I heard that Maurus Cappelari; a monk of Camaldoli had been elected Pope under the name of Gregory Sixteenth. At this time I was a firm believer in the Pope's infallibility; and when I heard of the books he had written, there arose in me an irresistible longing to read them. I inquired for them but they were nowhere to be found. At length I heard that this most important work, 'The Triumph of the Holy Sec and of the Church' had been translated into German and published in Augsburg." He procures a copy of this book and reads it. Then he continues, "now at length my eyes were opened. I saw before me a monk who had been educated in an Italian cloister; who indeed had read much, and yet only was calculated to strengthen him in the prejudices of his childhood, and who had entirely neglected those studies upon which a bishop should most rely in order to work out the salvation of man."

"I knew not whether to be most astonished at my own blindness, that, in all my previous studies I had not perceived what the reading of this single book had made manifest to me; or at the blindness of the Pope, who had undertaken to justify such follies, without perceiving that at the same time he was himself lying in fatal error." He now leaves the Church and prepares to set out for America. "The chamber I had occupied had once been the library of a Franciscan convent. Only a thick wall separated it from the church. In this wall was a niche, with heavy folding doors which had served the Franciscans as a repository for prohibited books. The inside of the door was covered with horrible caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and other great men. I used often to look at them with the deepest melancholy when I thought that these great

men likewise had labored upon earth, and fought with Satan in the church. But they were persecuted, denounced, condemned to die." The author of the foregoing extracts is the same man yet they show a wide difference in tone and sentiment. In his poetry Longfellow holds prominently up to the view of his readers the beauties of the Catholic Church. In his prose he attempts to throw ridicule on that same Church whose noble qualities and heroic acts he was too narrow-minded to fully appreciate. Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Song of Hiawatha" will live and be read, and admired when his prose works shall have long since passed into oblivion.

John Greenleaf Whittier claims our attention as being not the least of that quartette of modern poets who by their genius have shed a lustre on the closing days of our century. In 1839 the Quaker poet of New England became an active abolitionist, and suffered much because of his exertions in behalf of the anti-slavery crusade. Yet Whittier himself was the slave of bigotry and prejudice. His own mind was bound by the bonds of religious intolerance. In "Mogg Megone" he deliberately disfigures the saintly Father Ralle, Jesuit and martyr, and attributes to him motives which the life and character of that missionary prove to be entirely false. Ruth the daughter of John Bonythou has killed through revenge the Indian Chief Mogg Megone while in a drunken sleep at her father's house. She is tortured with remorse and goes to Father Ralle and confesses her crime. The priest asks her who was the victim when she replies that he was Mogg Megone; Whittier says:

"Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,—
His long, thin frame as ague shakes;
And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—
The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

"Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fiercely into his own —
Oft, woman of sin! — nay touch not me
With those fingers of blood; — begone!
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form
That writhes at his' 't ilike a trodden worm."

The Poet begins Part III of the poem by the following address to the priest, who he

accuses of harshly repelling Ruth because the murder interfered with his own worldly plans and hopes:—

Ah, weary Priest!—with pale hands pressed
 On thy throbbing brow of pain,
 Baffled in thy life-long quest,
 Overworn with toiling vain,
 How ill thy troubled musings fit,
 The holy quiet of a breast
 With the Dove of Peace at rest.
 Sweetly brooding over it.
 Thoughts are thine which have no part
 With the meek and pure of heart,
 Undisturbed by outward things,
 Resting in the heavenly shade
 By the over-spreading wings
 Of the blessed Spirit made
 Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
 Sweep thy heated brain along,
 Fading hopes, for whose success
 It were vain to breathe a prayer;
 Schemes which Heaven may never bless,
 Fears which darken to despair.
 Hoary Priest! thy dream is done
 Of a hundred red tribes won
 To the pale of Holy Church;
 And the heretic overthrown,
 And his name no longer known,
 And thy weary brethren turning,
 Joyful from their years of mourning
 Twixt the altar and the porch."

Under the heading of "Lines Suggested by Reading a State Paper, Wherein the Higher Law is Invoked to Sustain the Lower One," we find the following effusion.

"Rome, listening at her altars to the cry
 Of midnight murder, while her hounds of hell
 Scour France, from baptized canon and holy bell
 And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and high,
 Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,
 "Thanks to the Lord, who giveth victory!"

In 1848, Pius IX finding himself exposed to the insults of the infuriated mob that thronged the streets of Rome retired for a time to the well fortified town of Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. 'Twas on this occasion that Whittier dared to thus address the Father of Christendom:

Now, while the fratricides of France
 Are treading on the neck of Rome,
 Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance,
 Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt,
 Thy mummer's part was acted well,
 While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
 Before thy crusade fell!

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,
 The double curse of crook and crown,

Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate
 From wall and roof flash down!

* * * * *

No wreath of sad Compaga's flowers
 Shall childhood in thy pathway fling
 No garlands from their ravaged bowers
 Shall Terne's maidens bring.

But hateful as that tyrant old,
 The mocking witness of his crime,
 In thee shall loathing eyes behold
 The Nero of our time!

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,
 Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call
 Its curses on the patriot dead,
 Its blessings on the Gaul!

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
 A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,
 Whom even its worshippers despise,—
 Unhonored, un revered!

Yet, scandal of the World! from thee
 One needful truth mankind shall learn,—
 That kings and priests to Liberty
 And God are false in turn.

His poem entitled the "Dream of Pius Nono shows well the bigoted atmosphere of New England in which our author was brought up, The language used is altogether inexcusable and coming from the pen of John Greenleaf Whittier is coarse and slanderous in the highest degree. He begins by telling us that during the time the French troops were in Rome, Pius IX in his sleep dreamt that he stood on the shores of Lake Tiberias and saw our Lord on earth healing the sick, the lame, and the blind. St. Peter suddenly appears and takes the Holy Father back to the Eternal City.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
 The blessed Master and his works of love:
 Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing
 Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high-priest!
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
Thou the successor of his chosen ones!
 I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
 In the dear Master's name, and for the love
 Of His true Church, proclaim thee Antichrist,
 Alien and separate from His holy faith,
 Wide as the difference between life and death
 The hate of man and the great love of God,
 Hence, and repent!"

Therewith the pontiff woke,
 Trembling and muttering o'er his fearful dream,
 "What means he?" cried the Bourbon, "Nothing
 more
 Than that your majesty hath all too well
 Catered to your poor guests, and that in sooth,
 The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"
 Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

Turning to America's prose writers we find them following closely in the footsteps of their brother poets—treading the same beaten path of ignorant prejudice. Daniel Webster ranks among the foremost of American orators. His Bunker Hill speech is a masterpiece of eloquence. But who can read that speech and not feel a regret that the great mind of its author should be "tinctured in the least degree with the bigotry of his age. Yet such is unfortunately the case. The orator of Bunker Hill is painfully partial. Although it was an oration delivered on the occasion of inaugurating a monument commemorative of a struggle which purchased a nation's freedom, there is no mention even of the names of Lord Baltimore or William Penn, who in Maryland and Pennsylvania did so much for both civil and religious liberty. On the other hand the Pilgrim Fathers are lauded to the skies. Their bad deeds are kept in the background. They receive an undue meed of praise—these same pilgrim fathers, who, as history plainly shows, instead of being the friends of religious freedom, became by their narrow-minded way of acting, the very incarnation of religious bigotry. The orator of New England draws anything but a true picture of those who came from Spain to settle in South America. Of the motive which influenced the English and Spaniards in the colonization of North and South America he says the former did not seek after gold, while "the mines of gold and silver, were the incitements to Spanish efforts." "The colonists of English America were of the people, and a people already free," "the conquerors and European settlers of Spanish America were mainly military commanders and common soldiers." The former were "industrious individuals, making their own way in the wilderness, defending themselves against the savages, recognizing their right to the soil, and with a generally honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as Christianity among them." "Spain swooped on South America like a falcon on its prey. Everything was gone. Territories were acquired by fire and sword. Hundreds and thousands of human beings fell by fire and sword. Even conversion to Christianity was attempted by fire and sword." We

might quote many more passages from this famous oration showing Mr. Webster's repugnance to the Spaniards, and his extreme fondness for the Puritans. But enough has been said to show that the orator was prejudiced against the former. And the reason was, Catholic and Spanish were for him synonymous terms; hence his deep aversion to everyone and everything bearing the latter appellation.

The popularity of Washington Irving as a prose writer is world-wide. But he has been guilty of some gross calumnies against the Catholic Church. In his "Newstead Abbey" we read: "One of the parchment scrolls—found in the eagle of molten brass—throws rather an awkward light upon the kind of life led by the friars of Newstead. It is an indulgence granted to them for a certain number of months in which plenary pardon is assured in advance *for all kinds of crime.*" It appears that some time after the writing of this, Dr. Clancy, the then co-adjutor Bishop of Charleston, on a visit to England, called at Newstead Abbey and made a careful examination of the parchment mentioned by Irving. "So far from being an indulgence," says the Bishop, "to friars from a Pope or Bishop, or any ecclesiastical authority, it is a pardon for civil offences which an English king thought proper to impart to real or imaginary offenders against the forest-laws in Sherwood, County of Nottingham." Though the fact was brought to the knowledge of Irving, and a promise of correction obtained, the insulting passage in "Newstead Abbey" remains to this day; a blot on the fair name of the American Goldsmith.

If there is one class more than another of American prose writers who have shown a decidedly bigoted spirit in their works, it is the historians—the very men from whom we have a right to demand freedom from not only religious prejudice but even from the least partiality towards any one sect or religion. George Bancroft is the greatest historian America has seen. By his history of the United States he refuted the charge of Europeans that America had no history. In the personal revision of this work he altered nearly every passage which he had formerly written complimentary to the Catholic founders of Maryland; and thus

also gave color to the charge that America had not produced one impartial historian. His history as it stands to day is partisan and anti-Catholic.

The bitter prejudices against the Catholic Church displayed by Prescott in his two chief works, "The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella" and "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," are sufficient to place their author in the front rank of America's bigoted prose writers. In both these works the eminent historian shows his ill-breeding by using the nick-name "Romish" for the title Catholic. He ascribes the alleged cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition to the doctrines of the Catholic religion, and endeavors to hold Catholicity responsible for the Inquisition. The following extract from the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," speaks for itself:

"But it should be remembered that religious infidelity at this period, and till a much later, was regarded—no matter whether founded on ignorance or education, whether hereditary or acquired, heretical or pagan—as a sin to be punished with fire and faggot in this world, and eternal suffering in the next. This doctrine, monstrous as it is, was the creed of the Romish, in other words, of the Christian Church,—the basis of the inquisition and of those species of religious persecution, which have stained the annals, at one time or other, of nearly every nation in Christendom." Speaking of the use, by Catholics, of images, he says

"It is true, such representations are used by him (the Catholic) only as incentives, not as the objects of worship. But this distinction is lost on the savage, who finds such forms of adoration too analogous to his own to impose any great violence on his feelings. It is only required of him to transfer his homage from the image of Quetzalcoatl, the benevolent deity who walked among men, to that of the Virgin or Redeemer; from the cross which he has worshipped as the emblem of the god of rain, to the same cross, the symbol of salvation.

That other learned historian, Francis Parkman, has written many passages in his fascinating volumes, "The Jesuits in North America," which to say the least show bigoted ignorance. It is thus he relates

the incident of the illustrious missionary, Father Jogues, S.J., when after many hardships he lands on the Coast of Brittany, on Christmas morning and repairs to the Church to receive Holy Communion. "He reached the Church in time for evening Mass, and with an unutterable joy knelt before the altar and renewed the Communion of which he had been deprived so long."

In another place in the same work, Parkman thus writes of the martyred Jesuit, Father Garnier. "The affections of his sensitive nature, severed from early objects, found relief in an ardent adoration of the Virgin Mary." These are but two of the many extracts which exhibit the prejudices of this historian against Catholic practices and devotions.

But enough has been said to prove that American literature is to a great extent tainted with the foul breath of bigotry. We do not feel ourselves obliged to quote from all the "glib little whiffets" in the shallow school of American intolerance. We have taken the most prominent men in the literary field. They knew well the power of the written word for good or evil. They knew that

"Words are mighty, words are living
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings."

To what use they put a great part of that knowledge the reader has seen.

For various reasons the literature of Canada has not been as fully developed as that of the United States. Still what we have of it contains much that is highly insulting to Catholics. There is no international boundary for religious bigotry. Like a hideous monster it has stalked the land from one end of North America to the other. How long will this continue? Will injustice and unfairness in matters literary in America be confined to the nineteenth century? Let us hope that it may be so, and that as the twentieth century dawns on the New World there may be no cloud of bigotry in its sky to cast its dark shadow on the minds of the poets and prose writers in the young Republic or this fair Dominion.

FRANK WHELAN.

Third Form.

UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

Sophia Radford in Scribners Magazine.

LN an upper room of a hotel facing the Moscow station in St. Petersburg, a young man was striding impatiently to and fro. In one hand he held a crumpled bit of blue paper, which was evidently the cause of his discomfiture. Now pausing beside a small table, he smoothed the disquieting missive carefully out, and as he did so one could see that it was a telegram. "Unavoidably delayed," he reads aloud, "impossible to reach St. Petersburg before Saturday." "It is no laughing matter to be held responsible for one hundred thousand roubles, and find both members of the committee to whom I was told to deliver it out of town!" And with another impatient glance at the busy out-door scene Serge Georgeovitch Pallen resumed his restless walk.

But ere he had taken a half dozen steps in the large, comfortless room, a sharp, commanding knock caused the door to tremble upon its hinges, and while he still stood staring toward it, it was flung open, and a tall, powerfully built man, with hair and mustache of an iron-gray color entered the room.

Serge was still wondering who this newcomer was when in a voice that harmonized perfectly with the unwonted air of strength that pervaded the man, the latter said: "I am General G——! you know me, I presume, though it is hardly probable you can have seen me before." Of course! General G——! the great chief of the Russian police! whose photographs he had seen over and over again in the shop windows of his native town of H——.

Bowing courteously, Serge advanced a chair, saying with some purpose in his tone:

"Will you not be seated? To what am I to attribute the honor?"

"Oh!" interrupted the officer, somewhat shortly, "there is little that passes here without my knowledge; and being aware of the fact that you have with you a sum of one hundred thousand roubles—sent by your fellow-townsmen to the 'Famine Relief Committee' I have come to speak to you about the matter. There is just now a very dangerous band of thieves in town, who have given us an endless amount of trouble; so, as you have still some time to wait before being able to hand this money over to the persons to whom it is sent, I would advise you to give it in keeping to some bank; or, if you prefer requesting the police to take charge of it for you, I will order them to do so; otherwise we cannot answer for its safety."

"I had thought of taking it to some place of safety" answered Serge much relieved by the General's speech "but you see I am a stranger here, and having absolutely no acquaintances did not like to go to a bank where I was unknown with such a sum. Perhaps you will give me some advice upon the subject, or a letter of introduction, which may simplify the matter for me."

The heavy gray brows were drawn together as though the General were deep in thought; then, speaking in his turn in a slow and deliberate manner, he said: "There is the *Crédit Lyonnais*, or *Yunker's*; or stay, it would be in perfect security with our police, and, after all, why should you go through all the worry and formality necessary in order to place it in a bank? Take it to one of our police stations, and give it, with my card; or stop a bit, there might be some mistake, and I can perhaps be of more service to you by taking it with me. How would that do?"

How would it do! Why, never had he felt so deeply grateful to anyone in his life. And unlocking a closet door he drew forth

a travelling-bag, and opening it, handed the parcel to the General saying :

"Your Excellency is conferring the greatest favor upon me. But, I trust, General, before leaving, you will accept a glass of wine—or—"

"Nothing, nothing whatever," interrupted the other hastily; "remember, then, you have but to come to me as soon as the gentlemen of the committee are in town. I wish you a very good-morning." And with quick military precision as he had come, the General moved toward the door, opened it, and closing it sharply behind him, Serge heard the spurred heels tramp noisily down the long corridor, and a moment later standing at the window, beheld his visitor seated in a handsome sleigh, drawn by two spirited dark gray horses, turn to the left, and disappear up the Nèvsky Prospèkt. Giving a sigh of relief, as he realized that he was now free, Serge stepped before the mirror that divided the two windows, and glanced anxiously at his reflection, and as he still stood gazing a subdued cough and discreet knock at the door made him turn sharply about.

"Who is there? Come in!" he called out impatiently; and then to his surprise saw the proprietor of the hotel, a wiry little Frenchman before him, and heard him say with a hesitating bow :

"Monsieur has had a visit from General G—."

"Why yes," assented the young man; adding somewhat hastily "you know him, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course! Who does not know our great Chief of police? But—" here stammering slightly and growing rather red, "I hope Monsieur is in no trouble; that is, in no difficult position, which would make him—make him—liable to—"

A sudden flash of light burst upon Pallen's mind, and perceiving how that episode might be interpreted by those unacquainted with the facts of the case, he said, smilingly: "Do not be alarmed, my friend, General G— had heard, though in what manner is a mystery to me, of my having brought a sum of one hundred thousand roubles to St. Petersburg. Now it happens that the gentlemen to whom I was to deliver this are both out of town,

and considering it unsafe for me to keep so large a sum about me, the General came to advise me to transfer it to some place of safety."

The sharp black eyes were observing Serge narrowly as their owner ejaculated: "And you?"

"I! Well, you see as he kindly offered to take charge of it for me until it should be needed, I begged him to do so. Of course it could be safer nowhere than with General G—!"

But there was an uneasy look in the little Frenchman's eyes as he said, half doubtingly: "you have a receipt for the money of course."

"A receipt! You do not imagine I insulted his Excellency by asking for such a thing; or that I have any doubt of the money's being perfectly safe in his keeping?"

"Oh no! certainly not!" interposed the other, hurriedly, though the look upon his face denoted clearly enough his disapproval of the course the younger man had followed. "All the same, it would be decidedly safer to have a receipt, but that, of course, can be very easily obtained, for if you were to go to the General's house I am very sure he would give you one immediately."

Serge, now thoroughly aroused needed no further urging, and scarcely heeding the little Frenchman's last words, was hurrying from the room. Upon reaching the hall below he called an *izvoschik*, whose horse was in better condition than the generality. "To General G—'s!" Go quickly and you shall have a good reward."

How interminable the Nèvsky Prospèkt seemed, despite the excellent speed made by the sturdy little Finland pony. At last the Admiralty (or Navy Department) was reached, and turning to the left they were soon at the General's door. Hearing from the *Schvetzar* that His Excellency was at home, Serge hurried up the broad stairway, and was ushered by an orderly into a room whose principal furniture was a vast writing-table, covered with papers of every description. Over the mantle hung a fine picture of Karazin's; and just as Pallen had all but forgotten his errand in the contemplation of his surroundings a deep voice close beside him said:

"You asked to see me, I believe?"

Confused at having allowed himself to become so unconscious of his mission, Serge said, somewhat hurriedly "Yes, General, I did! You may perhaps think it rather curious, and I beg you will not be offended; but after you left the idea struck me that, as that money is not mine, I should not have given it up to anyone without taking a receipt. A mere formality, of course, but —"

"Stop a moment," interrupted the General, "I do not understand. Of what money are you speaking?" A sudden faintness came over Serge, and the walls appeared to be whirling with lightning rapidity about him as he answered, falteringly: "Why, the one hundred thousand roubles I gave you not two hours since! Surely your Excellency cannot have forgotten it."

For the space of several seconds the General stood looking fixedly at Serge, then inquired:

"Where did you give me the money?"

Almost desperately, Pallen answered: "In my room at the Northern Hotel. You came yourself to tell me it would be safer with the police, and offered to keep it for me until I could deliver it to the 'Famine Relief Committee,' for whom it is destined."

A curious gleam in the General's eyes belied the calm of his voice as he remarked:

"You say I was in your room at the Northern Hotel this morning?"

"Certainly! and not two hours since."

Rising deliberately from the chair in which he had seated himself, His Excellency touched an electric bell, and as a servant stood in the doorway, he said, quietly:

"Have I been out this morning Vasili?"

"No Your Excellency,; you have but this moment finished your toilet."

Then—always with the same deliberateness—the General continued, still addressing his servant:

"Tell Ivan to bring the sleigh at once, and give me my pelisse."

Then turning, he bowed slightly to Serge, saying: "May I beg you to accompany me?"

Still moving as in a dream, Pallen

preceded General G— into the ante-room, where stood another servant in readiness to assist Vasili in giving the coats.

Passing ahead, so that there could have been no possibility of the men holding converse together, His Excellency again inquired: "Have I been out this morning, Nicolâi?"

Short and prompt came the answer: "No, Your Excellency."

Ivan, whose horses had been standing ready harnessed, now drew up before the door, and Serge soon found himself seated beside the mysterious uniformed figure; behind the self same dark gray thoroughbreds he had admired from the hotel window so short a time before.

Pallen's mind now was in such a state of confusion that he failed to hear what order was given, but after a swift and silent drive he found himself once again at the entrance of the hotel.

But there now come a change in the formula, and in reply to the General's brief demand: "Have I already been here this morning?" the little Frenchman protested with many engaging grimaces that "it was scarce two hours since His Excellency had gone to Mr. Pallen's room."

Stepping rapidly from the carriage the General passed into the house and motioning Serge to lead the way to his room, followed him, making the same inquiry of each person he met, and meeting invariably with the answer: "Your Excellency left here not two hours since."

Once in Pallen's room he looked sharply about, examined the solitary closet, asked where he had been seated, what he had said, and upon taking his place once more in his sleigh, called a policeman, who was standing respectfully by, and upon learning that the man had also seen him so short a time before, demanded briefly:

"In which direction did I go?"

"Up the Nèvsky, toward the St. Alexandre Monastery" was the reply.

"Haracho! And now, Mr. Pallen, will you kindly be seated?"

Again they are off, almost flying over the frozen snow, drawing rein only as they pass each policeman and receiving invariably the reply: "Your Excellency passed

here two hours since, going towards the Monastery." When the convent gates are well-nigh reached the direction is suddenly changed, and as they follow this strange chase up one street and down another, at every turn the question is repeated until, of a sudden, the General hears: "Your Excellency stopped about two hours ago, at yonder large gray stone house, the third on the right." At these words His Excellency's eyes lose their look of stony calm, and—like a hunter who scents his prey close at hand—the nostrils dilate, while a tense expression tells that the interest is becoming very keen.

"I entered the third house on the right; did I come out again?"

The man's face is a positive study as he answers, "Not that I saw, my General. Yet it is evident—"

"No matter about what is evident!" interrupted His Excellency, shortly; "answer only the questions you are asked. What became of my equipage?"

"It went on immediately and turned the corner, so Your Excellency may have left by another—"

But the man turned an ashen hue as the General interrupted, sternly: "No suppositions, do you hear! And now—" Here followed some swiftly spoken, low-voiced instructions that were inaudible to Serge, and as the policeman turned and hurried away, the General stepped from the sleigh beckoning Pallen to alight.

As Serge followed the General into the house that had been pointed out to them by the policeman, he noticed the look of bewilderment upon the Schvetzar's face, and in reply to the General's query: "Do I live here?" heard the man stammer, "Yes General; third floor, to the left!" The General, still followed by Serge mounted to the story indicated and pressed the electric bell at the door on his left, long and firmly.

A maid servant, who was evidently expecting a summons, opened the door almost immediately; but, as she caught sight of the General, her lower jaw dropped, and she stood with eyes and

mouth agape, staring at him. When asked: "Do I live here?" she nodded frantically, and when her interrogator continued, "Which is my room?" She gave a terrified gasp, and started hastily backward down the corridor. Her outstretched right hand soon touched the framework of a door, and stopping, she remained pointing speechlessly toward the entrance.

With scant ceremony His Excellency caught the handle, and the next moment stood in a good sized room, lighted by two windows looking out upon the street.

Pallen, whose nerves were now strung to their intensest pitch, saw, with something like a shudder, seated at a large round table, his back toward them, a man with close cut black hair, who was busily sorting or counting a sufficiently imposing pile of bank-notes. A gray wig was thrown in a little heap on the table beside him, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, while the uniform which he had just discarded lay at full length—identically the same as that worn by the General—upon the bed.

He had not moved as the door had opened, but, on the contrary, had exclaimed, with some impatience: "How is it you are so late Paul Dmitrieff?" And as His Excellency's hand now fell heavily upon his shoulder, he sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry.

"There is no escape for you" said the General slowly, "this house is surrounded by my men. I have been upon your tracks for some time, my friend but your audacity of to-day will put an end to your escapades, I can assure you.

With what relief Serge Georjevitch Pallen handed the money over that same afternoon to the persons appointed to receive it—for the telegram had been a part of the plot, and the gentlemen of the committee had arrived that morning in St. Petersburg—may be better imagined than described, and the proprietor of the Northern Hotel was treated to a bottle of his own finest champagne in return for the kindly advice he had given the young tchinoynik.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOEICTS.

-----I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

38—It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the Irish Literary Society (see Note No. 10, Vol. VIII.,) are meeting with a generous measure of success. A lengthy list of books, some re-prints and many original works, has been issued under the auspices of the Society. The volumes are, in general, the sort which an Irishman loving his country would most desire to read. More than one of them has a practical as well as a patriotic trend, and more than one of them also, (see Note No. 1,) should never have been published by the Irish Literary Society. But the great majority of the new publications are most valuable as well as most entertaining. It is, therefore, very gladdening to hear that the books are going off well although the population of Ireland is not very large. The membership of the Literary Society, scattered over all Ireland and England, is steadily increasing. In short, the Irish people are taking an undeviating interest in the movement which has for its object to formulate an Irish literature.

Almost every one knows what were the salient features of the New Ireland Movement. In 1840, the intellect of Ireland had not a voice above a fitful whisper. In 1843, a band of young Irishmen were exciting universal enthusiasm by their writings. The editor of the Dublin Nation was the Prospero whose magic wand wrought the startling change. "The Nation newspaper," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "was founded in October 1842, by Mr., now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and he had among his assistants, Thomas Davis, John Dillon, and subsequently John Mitchel . . . and the writers acquired an influence over the popular mind hitherto unknown in Ireland."

About this time the agitation for Repeal was on the wane. The "Young Irelanders" took up the torch where the Repealers

had dropped it, through exhaustion. They bore it aloft and along until their way was barred by a horrible dragon. State-Brewed Famine destroyed the Young Ireland Movement which in a short time performed much and gave undoubted promise of performing still more. Says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy: "A group of young men, among the most generous and disinterested in our annals, were busy digging up the buried relics of our history, to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past, setting up on their pedestals anew the overthrown statutes of Irish worthies, assailing wrongs which under long impunities had become unquestioned and even venerable, and warming as with strong wine the heart of the people, by songs of valor and hope . . . The famine swept away their labors: and their passionate attempts to arrest and redress the destruction which the famine inflicted, delivered them over to imprisonment and penal exile." Such is a nut-shell history of the Young Ireland Movement.

The present Irish literary movement is a revival and continuation of the Young Ireland Movement in so far as the latter was literary. It was begun in 1884 under the leadership of such experienced men of affairs and ripe scholars as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. Douglas Hyde and Dr. George Sigerson. The proposal made at the first meeting of the Irish Literary Society, was that the more talented among the young people of this generation in Ireland should "take up anew the unfinished work of their predecessors and carry it another stage towards the end which they aimed to reach." This task they have endeavored to perform with unfeigned virility and splendid courage, and now at the end of one short year the good results have become conspicuous. Says a London correspondent: "Good work has been done; good work is being done every

day; and there are those that are confident that in our own time the foundations will be securely laid of an Irish literature worthy of the olden reputation of that country, (Ireland), as the home of scholars and sages." The joy with which the new movement was first hailed by the Irish people, and the ardor with which they continue to support it, prove that the fever of politics is beginning to depart from Irish interests. While concessions were to be won by political agitation it was the duty of the Irishman to be a politician first, last, and all the time. But the hour has arrived when politics can take care of itself and should be suffered to rely upon the resources which go to it by choice and not allowed to monopolize the entire intellect of Ireland.

Before referring to the band of writers directly connected with the new movement, it will be useful to remember that Irish genius has never ceased to shine resplendently. The alliance of politics and literature that marked the Young Ireland Movement resulted in so great a popularity for the poets and prose writers who taught the doctrine of nationality that we are accustomed ever since to think of those years as our one period of literary creation. This is a mistake, and one which has grown almost universal. The writers who came after the "Young Irelanders," lacking the great wind of politics to fill their sails, have lived and wrought almost forgotten of the nation. Dr. Petrie and John O'Donovan did noble work so quietly that its extent is not yet fully realized. Historians have toiled without noise or notice so far as Ireland was concerned. So was it also with the lighter writers. Allingham found English audiences, but won few listeners on the Irish side of the Channel, and De Vere is to-day more noted as a poet of the English Catholics than as an Irish writer despite his "Innisfail," and his "Legends of St. Patrick." When time has removed this century into the dimness of the past it will be seen that Ireland, like England, has had a literary development of her own, and that Young Ireland was not a mere isolated outburst.

The succession of Ireland's intellectual pontiffs is without a break. From the noble group that circled around the

"Nation"—Duffy, Davis, Mangan, Mitchell, Meagher, MacNevin, Doheny, and the rest, we can pass to their successors, the Irish story writers and poets of a later generation, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, and many others. To particularize along the whole path would require more space than I can spare. At the present time a new school of writers is gathering around the new Irish literary movement whose fame will be reflected upon their Motherland. "T. M." writing to the London Sun names several of the new band, giving particulars in each case, and as the information he conveys is valuable and fresh, I offer no apology for making a somewhat lengthy quotation. Here it is:

"One of the most notable figures in the Irish literary world of to-day is Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is young; he has done some splendid work, much of it, I must say, richer in promise than in performance; but all denoting a vigor and originality which is quite refreshing in these degenerate days. "Celtic Twilight" is a book to read and thank the author for. "The Countess Kathleen" is original and daring—too daring to be completely successful, but it revealed a dramatic power which surprised those of us who had hitherto regarded Mr. Yeats as a dreamer more or less inspired.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson is, perhaps, better known to English than to Irish readers; but the inspiration of her best work comes from her native country.

No man has done more towards helping on the movement than Mr. Edmund Downey, who has, I am glad to see, resumed active work in the publishing world again. Mr. Downey has published many novels. "Through Green Glasses" made his reputation as a humorist. He has written sea stories which Mr. Clarke Russell might envy, and only recently "The Merchant of Killege" has shown that he knows the South of Ireland as well as any man, and that he can paint all the varied phases of the lives of its people better than most.

Mr. Standish O'Grady's versions of Irish heroic and legendary lore are infinitely better than his attempts at serious history and criticism. "Red Hugh's Captivity" is a vivid picture of Irish life at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. O'Grady has a noble theme—Red Hugh was one of the truest and most picturesque characters in the history of any country—and he did his work well. But he might have spared us the preface to his excellent narrative. "The Bog of Stars," a volume of "The New Irish Library," was deservedly praised; and a merited tribute to the worth of his greatest novel, "The Coming of Cuculain," was published in these columns some time ago. Miss Jane Barlow has given us some idyllic sketches of Irish peasant life; and Miss Emily Lawless, the author of "Grania" and "Hurrish," may be trusted to do even better work.

Mr. Patrick Joseph McCaul's exquisite little

volume of poetry, "Irish Noinins," shows that we have at last in our midst an Irish lyrical instinct with the true spirit of the Gael; and Miss Dora Sigerson has published a book of simple strains which charmed a wide circle of admirers. Want of space has reduced me to the necessity of contenting myself with merely mentioning the names of other workers in the same broad field. Among those who have earnestly striven to promote the movement are Miss Emily Hickey, Miss Alice Mulligan, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. F. A. Fahy, Miss Higginson, (Moirá O'Neill), Miss Nora Hopper, Miss D'Estre Keeling, Mr. McD. Bodkin, M.P., a charming writer of short stories, Dr. Todhunter, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. Frank Matthew, and Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue—a goodly list which might be much extended.

There are half a dozen men among those noticed above who are capable of far better work than any yet performed by them."

This interesting statement shows that Ireland has writers. Have they an audience? As I said at starting, the books published by the new movement sell well. Still, "fit audience, though few," is a Miltonic phrase which would, I presume, suit the condition of things literary in Ireland. But could not much be done by the Irish in America to supplement that audience? To make an audience for Irish writers, thus rendering the craft of the Irish author remunerative, to forward the efforts of the disinterested souls who devote their energies to reclaiming for Ireland the bright fame in learning and letters which was once her glory, to do all this—employing the means at hand—promptly, judiciously, and persistently, is, I do not hesitate to aver, the noblest task which the world-scattered race of Irish Celts could undertake.

39—I shall not discuss the merits of *Tribby* more than merely to say that its humor will live. The book can scarcely continue as popular as it is. It is obviously inferior to its author's first novel *Peter Ibbetson*, published two years since. Meanwhile, a word as to the author. George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier was born, March 6th, 1834, at Paris. I do not know where he was christened, or who the officiating clergyman was, but whoever performed the ceremony earned his fee, as the multitude of names heaped upon the infant testifies. He received his education in Paris and studied art in his native city but he disliked the work and gave it up. His grand parents on his

father's side were émigrés from France during the Reign of Terror. The future artist came over to England at the age of seventeen. He studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson at University College, London. As a preparation for the medical profession, afterwards he studied painting at Paris, also at Antwerp and Dusseldorf. The best of his artistic work has been executed for "Punch." Almost everyone has seen samples of it. As an illustrator of Thackeray he gained great applause. It is not at all too venturesome to predict that Du Maurier the novelist will prove a dangerous rival to Du Maurier the pictorial artist.

40—Few books possess the engrossing charm which the *Secret Service Under Pitt* holds for the student of history, more especially if his previous inquiries have at any time led him to peer into the worse than Simmerian darkness of Irish Secret Societyism. The Irish were never intended by nature for oath-bound conspiracy. Their hearts are too open and their tongues a trifle too glib for a diversion at which the more self-sustained and silent Italian is an adept. That the Irish have ventured all, even life itself, on oath-bound conspiracy and Secret Societyism is owing more to their surroundings than their desires. But the fact remains that they have done so, and this book by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, strikingly illustrates the hazard of such course. Everywhere in it we can read the folly of Secret Societyism as it has been practised among the Irish. With them the life of a Secret Society goes through the self-same stages with scarcely a variation—first, the formation, then the plot, then the traitor and informer, then exile or the gallows. Surely Thomas Moore must have a profound knowledge of the evil of Irish conspiracy, and its Nemesis, the informer, when he wrote in words of fire:

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And biasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,

Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
On the parched desert thirsting, die,
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted."

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick has done a most useful thing in making the contents of this book public. It will be many years before the historian and the historian-romancist cease to turn to his attractive pages. The revelations he makes here in "black and white" have their interest not merely for the student of Irish history and English history, but for those of French history as well. The "secret servants," whose story Mr. Fitzpatrick has deciphered and revealed burrowed under French designs as well as under Irish revolutionary movements. Accordingly it is no surprise to find that French *litterateurs* were attracted by Mr. Fitzpatrick's discoveries. The writers in *Le Temps* as well as the *Edinburgh Review* have found in Mr. Fitzpatrick's volume a subject for long and commendatory comment; and the historians of the Directory and the Empire will henceforth refer to the book as well as the historians of the United Irishmen and the Irish Rebellion. In view of all the notice which the work has attracted, it is no surprise to find that a second edition has been required to meet the public demand.

41--The *Life and Work of Sir John Thompson* by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, is a work that bears the appearance of having been undertaken at so much a chapter and executed with extraordinary celerity. The late Premier died December 12th last and here we have over five hundred pages of printed matter which purports to give an account of his career, and duly to chronicle his every act. In reality the book primarily deals with the political history of the past ten years and only secondarily with Sir John Thompson. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is a Conservative journalist, an Imperial Federationist and an Orangeman. People who like the historical facts upon which Orangemen and Conservatives love to dwell may read this book. The careful student will not go to Mr. J. Castell Hopkins for his history. Those who have read Mr. J. Castell Hopkins' articles in the news-

papers and reviews need no description of the style of this book.

The preface is contributed by His Excellency the Governor General, probably at the request of the author and as a personal favor. His Excellency bears generous testimony to the character of the dead politician. In fact we are told in the book that the friendship entertained by Lord and Lady Aberdeen for the late Premier had its weight in their resolution to come to Canada. Lord Aberdeen defines the distinguish characteristic of Sir John Thompson as a combination of "strength and sweetness." This phrase has sufficient discrimination to pass muster.

A very little was known of Thompson in the West before his appearance in the House of Commons at Ottawa, where he was summoned by the late Sir John Macdonald. The portion of this work which treats of Thompson's life in Nova Scotia is interesting and even valuable. The story shows that the late Premier had to fight a harder battle for success even than is generally supposed. The early chapters of the Life deal with the purely Nova Scotian career of Sir John Thompson more fully than any other chapters previously read by Canadians in the West.

As I have stated, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is an Orangeman. It was evident he was at pains to keep the ferocity-engendered by the order under control, while doing his biographical job. The book is written for the market, and its author has shown an anxiety to avoid trampling his readers' toes. No event of Thompson's early manhood equals in significance and importance his change of religious opinions. It is generally supposed that his marriage was a determining influence in the matter. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins corrects this impression:

"It seems clear that his future wife had little or nothing to do with his change of faith, which came later, and which so influenced the course of his whole life. It is indeed understood that they never discussed religious matters, either before or after marriage, until he announced his intention of becoming a Roman Catholic. During their engagement Mr. Thompson would frequently meet her at the church door and walk home, but he seldom or never attended the services with her."

He was married a year before he became a Catholic—Roman Catholic, Mr. J.

Castell Hopkins would term it. He remarked to an intimate friend at the time: "I have everything to lose from a worldly standpoint by the step I am about to take." Subsequent events testified to the accuracy of this prevision.

A passage in the *Life* concerning Mr. Dalton McCarthy is sufficiently definite, when many of McCarthy's recent statements before public meetings are recalled to mind. When Sir John Macdonald died, among the names suggested for the premiership were Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. McCarthy. Regarding the latter the author says:—

"The Equal Rights leader had one interview with Sir John Thompson during the crisis. Any political significance was denied at the time, but it is now understood that Mr. McCarthy took the opportunity to point out his claims to the premiership and to make suggestions, the details of which will probably never be known. Sir John was very non-committal in the matter, and a little

later on when the Governor General discussed the formation of a cabinet with him, and he felt obliged to decline the honor, it was Senator Abbott whom he recommended to His Excellency."

So Mr. McCarthy tried to have himself elected Premier, and failed. The author does not say it, but the fact remains that Sir John Thompson was then passed by on account of his religion, and Sir John Abbott chosen.

This *Life* is no life in the proper meaning of the term. But within the limits pointed out it has interest. Many of its statements concerning recent political matters are outspoken. They will come as startling revelations to many of us who cannot peep behind the scenes, and who depend for our political knowledge on our party organ, thus never receiving more than one side of a question and seldom the whole even of that.



THE YANKEES.

They love their land because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why.
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and die,
 All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling.

—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.



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RAISING THE STANDARD FOR MATRICULATION.

The University of Toronto recently proposed a new scheme of matriculation which has been endorsed in a circular issued by the Senate of Queen's University. Its most important feature is the raising of the pass standard from 25 per cent to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on each paper. Queen's University Journal commenting on the circular expresses the opinion that the standard should be even higher, and adds that this

is impracticable until *all* Canadian universities adopt a uniform standard.

The same excuse might be offered by every university that adopted the lower standard. Had the uppermost thought in the minds of our university authorities been the giving of the best possible training to their students rather than the increasing of the number in registration, we are of opinion that no such complaint would be possible. No doubt in the management of educational institutions the financial aspect must not be disregarded, yet we can reasonably look for greater consistency between theory and practice in the conducting of affairs of those institutions whose mission is to mould the character of the youth of our country.

If we mistake not Queen's and Toronto Universities were the first to depart from the higher standard which obtained some years ago, and which exacted a minimum of 40 per cent on each paper. Later it was reduced to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, and for several years it has been as low as 25 per cent. Our standard has always remained at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on each paper, with, until within the last two years, a general average of 50 per cent. Since 1893 a general average of 60 per cent has been exacted.

Thus lowering the standard for matriculation has had most pernicious effects. It is noticeable that very many students entering the universities lack the development necessary for making a thorough university course, Principal Grant at Queen's Convocation said: "Any one would be within the mark if he said that half the students in Canadian colleges would be better had they stayed one year longer in the high schools."

It is a matter of observation that the average undergraduate rapidly develops a taste for amusing himself. His love for

hard work is known not to be peculiarly strong. Those who have a taste for serious pursuits are in the minority. University authorities have recognized this and further changes similar to those recently made may be expected.

The first step in any education is to recognize that it means serious work and persistent application. The system at present in vogue which permits a student, by taking only one or two matters each year, to extend his course over an indefinite period is faulty in this respect. Our experience has been that the student who takes up all the branches prescribed for each year, usually attains a greater degree of proficiency in each branch than does he who takes up only a few branches.

Though the standard has not been sufficiently raised to necessitate students remaining longer in the high school, yet what has been done is certainly a move in the right direction. Greater effort will be exacted from one intending to enter the university; a loftier idea of what education should be will be fostered; habits of industry and thoroughness will be acquired, which will enable the average student to more intelligently follow a university course.

TWO CASES.

Some time ago a certain Neil Heath, B.A., vice-principal of the High School in Victoria, B.C., while explaining the Test Act, undertook also to dogmatize on the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. Of course it is a common occurrence for teachers in High and Public Schools, to misrepresent Catholics and their faith whenever an opportunity offers itself; and in English history especially they seem to find many opportunities. But this case is only one in a thousand

recorded, so glaring and so utterly malicious were the utterances against the fundamental doctrine of Catholic faith. We will not dwell on the details of Mr. Heath's conduct; he is now beyond the blame or censure of this world. His sacrilegious and blasphemous remarks led to his suspension by the Council of Public Instruction. A few days later he took his own life with a revolver. These details are sufficient, however, to show the complete absurdity of the contention of some Catholics. that it is possible for their children to frequent Public Schools without danger to their faith. The same thing occurs in Public Schools every day. It is almost impossible to meet with a single Catholic who has attended these schools, who is not able to recall dozens of instances of this nature. It is a terrible detriment to our faith to have children imbibe false notions on the fundamental doctrines of their religion; and it would be ridiculous to suppose that they could love a Church which holds one doctrine in theory and a different one in practice.

Here is another case not less absurd. It comes from the lips of a lecturer in Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and was reported as follows in the daily newspapers throughout Canada. "John King, Q.C., lecturer in the Osgoode Hall Law School stated in his lecture to the 3rd Class, that a priest is not privileged, when summoned as a witness, to withhold testimony divulged to him in the confessional. Upon being questioned as to his authority for such a statement, Mr. King said there were numerous authorities on the point, and that in the course of his legal career he conducted a case in which a witness who was a priest was compelled to divulge a matter he received in his capacity as confessor. He said it was a case not reported in the legal reports." It was

certainly a wise precaution on Mr. King's part to insist on the fact that the case was not to be found in the legal reports. We challenge Mr. King to discover in the history of the world, an instance where a priest divulged in Court what had been committed to him in the confessional. The priest has many safeguards against the legal tribunal in this matter. 1st. Ecclesiastical law which forbids him to tell confessional secrets; and which is superior to positive human law, and always prevails when the two come into conflict. 2nd. The natural law itself which forbids the betrayal of a secret entrusted under certain formalities. 3rd. The greater good of mankind exacts absolute secrecy on the part of the priest. His answer should be "I know nothing about it." The priest received this secret not as a man but as the representative of God, and when he appears in a civil court as a man he knows absolutely nothing about what he may have been told in the Confessional. He is bound by his hope of ever reaching heaven not to reveal such secrets; and he must rather, like St. John Nepomucene, suffer martyrdom than reveal a secret given to him in the Confessional.

WORK.

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then a gentleman?"

From out this heap of unrefined ore we can wash a few grains of the purest gold, for there is a rich stratum of golden thought underlying these apparently jocose words. The writer meant to impart a salutary advice to all and to impress upon his readers the great fundamental truth that personal labor and application make the man. In short, he wished us to infer, that with work we can overcome all difficulties; that on the contrary, without

arduous toil, no matter how rich may be our intellectual mine it will ever remain a burden to ourselves, and a dead loss to our fellow-men. Often do we read, how some good fairy introduces a happy mortal into the city of these little sprites and opens up to his astonished gaze its mansions of diamonds and its streets of gold; but alas, they all end in the same way; the poor deluded reader is rudely awakened to the stern reality that this was only a dream, a fleeting phantom of what might have been. In the matter-of-fact world also, we find fairies who point their magic wand towards many a student endowed with rare intellectual ability yet too frequently do we see these same students, dreamers, idlers. As far as human ken can go we would say that God had intended their talents to be their blessing; laziness and lack of application have turned them into a curse.

Which one of us has not seen two students at college; the one of only meagre ability, the other possessed of unusual mental acumen? Commencement night has at length arrived and the last milestone in their University career has come and gone; the first heat in the race of life is over. How changed are their respective positions! He who in his first year appeared to be of only the commoner clay has far outstripped the other for whom the knowing ones predicted a brilliant course. And why? We need not be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to solve the riddle. As Chauncey Depew stated in his address to the students of Boston College, "work, work, work is the secret of his success."

A student may have numberless friends of great influence, the wealth of a Croesus, the brilliancy of an O'Connell. All these are good in their own way but they cannot raise the percentage to the required standard on an examination, they cannot

ensure a man's advancement in the deadly battle of life which is ever characterized by the survival of the fittest, they are powerless to enable him to master even the first letters in the alphabet of success.

No power on earth can pluck from the brow of the conscientious worker, the laurel wreath of ultimate, well-merited victory. Work was the weapon by which Demosthenes conquered even nature herself; unremitting toil proclaimed O'Connell the greatest tribune of the people in modern times; never-ending labor has made Gladstone the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century; work raised Sir John Thompson from a "reporter's chair" to the highest honors within the gift of his country and his country's Sovereign. Every student then should remember that there is no easy elevator to conduct him to the highest niche in the Temple of Fame but he should bear in mind that the goal of his ambition can be reached only by painfully climbing up step by step on the ladder of successes achieved by hard, conscientious labor.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

That the Owl has come to be a journal of considerable importance. The latest evidence of the truth of this statement lies in the fact that its authority was invoked and one of its articles quoted in the recent argument before the Privy Council on the Manitoba Schools' Case. Recently also a very large number of our articles have been reproduced in the various papers of the country. All of which is, of course, very flattering. But there is a slight matter that needs mending. The Owl does not always receive credit from those journals. Sometimes—and in certain cases with a very mean purpose—the article is garbled sufficiently to make a strict charge of plagiarism

untrue, and then it appears as original matter; but more frequently the quotation is made entire and the clipper's conscience satisfied by prefixing or affixing "The Owl." Now there are many Owls. Of course we recognize that this magazine is *the* Owl, but all the readers of the secular press may not be quite so clear on the matter. We have no objection to any newspaper quoting any article that may appear in our pages. But we request that credit be clearly given to the Owl published by the students of the University of Ottawa.

* * *

That "The Upstart" was a splendid success and reflected great credit on all who were concerned in its presentation. There is always considerable danger in choosing a translation of any foreign masterpiece for dramatic effort before an English audience. The difficulty is increased when the original is in French, the tastes and genius of the two peoples being so different. But it would seem to be insurmountable when the chosen author is Molière. This great master of French comedy has scarcely a single point in common with English comic writers. His wit, humor, situations and personages are so strange to English character and customs that he is generally considered unfitted for our theatres. But the Dramatic Association overcame all obstacles and "The Upstart" deserves to take its place with the very best of our scenic and histrionic triumphs in the past—with William Tell and Richelieu and Les Mémoires du Diable.

* * *

That the sincerest thanks of the students are due and are hereby offered to the Faculty of the University, and to the members of the committees for the very satisfactory outcome of the St. Patrick's Day banquet. It had been vaguely hinted

that it would be better to forego for one year this feature of our college festivities, and perhaps to abolish it altogether. The work and expense were so great that many thought the game scarcely worth the candle. But the event has disproved all such assertions, and it may be safely said that the St. Patrick's Day banquet will hereafter be an annual occurrence. The dinner was excellent, the music inspiring, and the songs appropriate. But it was in the replies to the various toasts that the greatest success was achieved. While there was not a single toast to which the response was not fitting and graceful, there are some that deserve special mention. The speeches in reply to the toasts "Leo XIII," "The Day," "Canada," "Columbia," and "Alma Mater," were marked by a depth of thought and feeling, an elegance of language and a correctness of expression that would have done honor to any occasion and to any assembly.

That *The Purple* of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., will have to enquire of the *Syracuse Catholic Sun* how Holy Cross came to be excluded from the list of Catholic colleges that recently appeared in our columns. The *Sun* was our authority, so that evidently we are not alone in our ignorance of the fact "that Holy Cross has larger college classes than any Catholic institution in the country." We are, however, heartily glad of the fact and pleased to make the correction. But we protest most emphatically against the insulting insinuation of *The Purple* when it expresses the "hope" that our exclusion of Holy Cross was an "oversight." What else does *The Purple* suppose it could have been? *The Purple* should remember that persons who impugn the purity of motive of others have frequently much more reason to suspect their own. *The Purple's* remark displays an utter lack of both good breeding and good sense.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Of all the days in the year there are few to which the students look forward with such eager expectation as to the feast of Ireland's patron saint; and well may they, for there are certainly few days which recall more pleasant recollections, not only to those who are of Irish origin, but to everyone whose veins bear Celtic blood. Indeed, whoever would boast of being a true son of the Catholic Church should join the wearers of the green in doing honor to the memory of him who is one of the brightest gems in her crown of glory; and no matter what his nationality may be, he owes a debt of gratitude to the Irish race, for there is no nation on earth which has not been benefited in some manner by the exiled sons of Erin. It is not to be wondered at, then, that on Ireland's national festival so many commonwealths, through respect for their Irish citizens, and in appreciation of their labors, should raise the down-trodden emblem, and show it the respect which it deserves. Nor is there any less reason for Irishmen rejoicing to-day and hoping for the future of their country than there was a year ago, for, though the plans of her patriots have been partly frustrated by a selfish and unjust legislative body, it must be borne in mind that Erin's friends are ever increasing and that the sympathy for suffering Ireland is fast spreading in all quarters even among those who formerly were deadly enemies to the cause of Home Rule.

On St. Patrick's Day, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gervais at which an impressive and instructive sermon on vocation was delivered by Rev. Father McGuckin. The preacher spoke of the life of St. Patrick, and said that among the many admirable traits of his character, none was more prominent than the tenacity with which he pursued his vocation and the holy manner in which he prepared himself to become one of God's ministers. He exhorted his hearers to think seriously over this all-important question and to prepare themselves earnestly for the state of life to which God had called them.

THE BANQUET.

As St. Patrick's Day fell on Sunday the annual banquet of the Irish students of

the University was held on Monday, March 18th. The recreation hall which had been prepared for the occasion, was beautifully decorated with bunting of variegated colors and with several national flags, among which were those of Ireland, His Holiness the Pope, England, Canada, the United States, and France. The dinner was all that could be desired, and it may be said, that in this respect at least, the banquet of this year far surpassed any of its predecessors. As usual, the speeches were the chief attraction of the day; nor was the banquet a failure in this regard, for the addresses will compare favorably with those delivered by the students on any former occasion. The instrumental music, provided by McGillicuddy's orchestra as well as the solos of Messrs. McKenna, Mackie, Phaneuf, Gookin, McLaughlin and Payment, and the choruses of the University Glee Club did much to make the afternoon an extremely pleasant one for the one hundred and twenty-five admirers of Ireland who assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick. When justice had been done the repast attention was turned to the more important feature of the banquet,—the toast-list.

After a few introductory remarks, the chairman, Mr. C. J. Mea, proposed the first toast of the day—Leo XIII. Mr. J. R. O'Brien responded in a brilliant and pithy speech, which was very warmly received. It was highly fitting, the speaker said, that the first toast of the banquet should be in honour of him whom Catholics the world over honor as the good, the venerable Pope Leo XIII. In his encyclicals we seem to hear again the voice of St. Gregory the Great, who reigned with Apostolic sway over Catholic unity. The throne of Peter has no earthly foundation, and, therefore, trembles not; like the earth itself it rests upon the divine decree, the secret of whose force lying beyond our senses no human analysis has, as yet, succeeded in revealing. Leo XIII. has appealed to the intellect and to the heart, the motive powers of all life and action. The unity of the Church since the Apostles went out from Jerusalem has never been so absolute, its authority never more obeyed. Leo XIII. is truly a "Lumen in Coelo."

The announcement of "St. Patrick's Day" by the chairman was followed by the strains of the familiar air of that name, after which Mr. T. Holland replied. After apologies for one so unworthy attempting to do justice to a toast so emotional to the souls of Irishmen and already so well-seasoned with Irish eloquence, he set forth the duty of sons of Irishmen to keep aflame a devotion to the land of their fathers by celebrating this day. This was no mean privilege for the race was universally loved and respected; and to-day all nationalities grateful to Erin for the sons she has given them join in commemorating the patron saint and reviewing the past of a great but unfortunate people. To St. Patrick was due the first fruits of the day, for bringing to the race the gift of Christianity—its true glory. The tradition of honor and freedom of the race reached to the very cradle of mankind and had never been abandoned. In paganism it held lofty ideals, in persecution the catacombs beheld no firmer perseverance than did the Irish glens. The legends of the race should be the treasure of Irishmen who, so long as Irish history retains its lustre, should feel proud to celebrate this day and drink as heartily as we "Erin Slainthe go Bragh."

In replying to the toast "Ireland and Ireland's destiny," Mr. E. Baskerville reviewed briefly the brilliant ages of Ireland's greatness in war, religion, literature and music. The vivid portrayal of Irish heroism on such fields as Fontenoy; the recollection of Ireland's great saints and great scholars, of such names as Sarsfield and O'Neil, O'Connell and Emmet, Moore and Sheridan, contrasted with the unjust oppression to which this gifted race has been so cruelly subjected, made up an inspiring speech. Ireland's destiny the speaker claimed no gift of divination to foresee, but out of the natural fitness of things Ireland's prosperity must come; and that prosperity will be hastened in coming and sweetened when come by the constancy of her sons who sing to-day "I'll cling to my home in old Ireland, And, oh! that dear Ireland were free."

In reply to the toast "Canada," Mr. J. Ryan gave a vigorous and patriotic address. On St. Patrick's day, the speaker said, Canada should not be forgotten,

because here many of Ireland's sons had found that freedom which had been denied them at home. Canada has possessed Irish sons whose names are the brightest on her honor rolls—McGee and O'Halloran of older days, with Dr. Burns, Blake and Thompson of a later time. The distinguished Irishmen of the Canadian hierarchy were also referred to. Discussing the future of Canada the speaker advocated either independence or a closer union with the mother country. He held that annexation was entirely out of the question. After referring to our natural resources and commercial facilities, the speaker concluded by saying that there was to be found in our country those who, though loyal to the British crown, were first, last and always Canadians.

One of the speeches which reflected most honor on the occasion was that delivered by J. P. Fallon in reply to "Literary Ireland." The preeminent characteristics of the Irish people, he said, is their love for learning, and though ages of oppression and persecution have robbed her of the proud title of "Isle of Saints and Scholars," her zeal in the cause of learning never ceased to exist. Though early renowned for the learning of her sons, it was not until after the light of Christianity had visited her shores that the period of her greatest literary glory began. She became the university of Europe, to which she brought the two-fold blessing of Christianity and education. Her "golden age," however, did not long remain unenvied. Intestine quarrels and foreign misrule destroyed her independence, and with it the learning of her sons began to wane. It was a mere declination, however, for all attempts to exterminate it from the Irish breast have proved futile, and again, as a greater day for Ireland is dawning, she is regaining her literary fame. The names of Burke, O'Connell, Moore, Ryan, McGee, O'Rielly, Hughes and Dougherty shall endure. Great hopes might be drawn from the love of Irishmen for learning; and if intellectual triumphs be taken as a standard by which we are to judge nations' greatness, Ireland stands eminent amongst them.

An unexpected treat was here introduced by the chairman, in the person

of Mr. Maurice Casey, a well known exponent of Irish literature, and a contributor to the Owl. Owing to Ireland's condition Irish talent had been directed from letters in politics, but now there was evidence of an awakening of energy in that direction in Ireland. Irish-Americans, he thought, had as yet done comparatively little, making exception for John Boyle O'Rielly, Maurice Francis Egan and a few others. He referred to the outburst of Irish literary talent in 1848 in a group of young men no older than the average student before him, and this he made the occasion for urging the students to greater efforts in this direction by constant practice. Practice, he maintained, is the secret, for literature is an art.

The chairman then proposed the toast "Columbia," which elicited from Mr. T. Clancey one of the ablest speeches of the day. It was highly proper, he thought, when celebrating the feast of the glorious Apostle of Ireland, to mention the relations which have always existed between the United States and that country. The sympathy of the United States for Ireland has always been the deepest. Benjamin Franklin sanctioned this intimacy in 1771. The speaker referred to the benefits Irishmen had conferred upon the United States as soldiers, statesmen and churchmen. He reminded his American fellow students, that though their country had made great material progress, all had not been attained. There were yet some evils to be removed. It should be the settled conviction of every American present that the continuance of the United States as a great country depended upon its adherence to true principles. This would be brought about by the spread and influence of Catholicity.

Next came the toast "The Thistle," which called forth a neat, vigorous little speech from Mr. R. McDonald. He said a strong bond of friendship should always exist between Irishmen and Scotchmen. They were both descended from the Gaelic branch of the Celtic race. Both enjoyed glory and fame in former days. When Ireland's fight for freedom would be won it would be a matter of pride for Scotchmen to know that they had played no unimportant part in attaining the victory.

Mr. L. Payment made a brilliant reply to "The Lily." He reminded his hearers of the amiable feelings existing between France and Ireland. The same blood, he said, coursed through the veins of Brian Boru and Charlemagne. Our fathers fought side by side at Fontenoy; the most faithful allies of France were the Sarsfields, Lallys, O'Connells and O'Donnells of the Immortal Irish Brigade. La Belle France had many claims to national distinction; and not the least of these was her claim to being the birth-place of St. Patrick. This honor was indeed disputed, but if seven cities of Greece contended for the birthplace of Homer seventy times seven nations might claim the distinction of being the native land of St. Patrick.

As the chairman fittingly remarked, the toasts of an Irishman's feast were incomplete without a health to the Irish priest; accordingly, Rev. F. Patton was called upon to represent "Soggarth Aroon." His appearance was the occasion of a lusty "V-a-r" from the students. It had always been a mystery, he said in beginning, how the Irish priest maintained such influence over and commanded such respect from his people. He had had the pleasure to be born on Erin's green sod and to have the holy influences of Irish faith to direct his early studies. This, he surmised, was his only title to the honor of replying to the toast. His commanding presence and graceful diction held the interest of all throughout. In conclusion he expressed the hope that the influence of the Irish priest might long survive to the glory and increase of our holy faith.

A vigorous and pointed speech was delivered by W. W. Walsh in response to the toast "Our Alma Mater." He took great pride in being able to say that we have a course of studies equal if not superior to any other in the land. We possess a faculty of professors distinguished alike for their intellectual attainments and their spirit of perseverance and self-sacrifice, who are always willing to be to us as "friends, philosophers and guides." That we are not one iota behind our sister universities in intellectual advancement is amply attested by the successful careers of our numerous able graduates in every walk of life. Another proof of the high

intellectual status of our university is the fact that our college journal towers above any other college journal in Canada, and is superior to the majority of those in the United States. The speaker also referred to the brilliant achievements of our athletic association. All must remember that it was Ottawa University drawn that dragged down from the mast-head the colors of United Rugbydom and there nailed in their stead the glorious old "garnet and grey."

The last toast of the day was "Our Guests." Mr. Newman, '95, LaRocque, '94, Raymond, '93, Gillis, Kavanagh, '03, Kehoe, '94, Belanger and Brother Duny graced the occasion with refined wit and appropriate sentiment. Mr. Casey was again called upon as a guest, the toastmaster insisting that it was impossible to get too much of a good thing. Fr. Antoine and Fr. Fallon each spoke brief words of genial encouragement to the boys. Fr. McGuckin arrived in time to infuse some of his good nature into the crowd. He lauded their devotion to Ireland shown on this occasion, and hoped all might do honor to Erin on many a St. Patrick's day to come.

Thus passed one of those days which in after years we shall look back upon as the brightest of our youth. It is such occasions that constitute the elevating influence of college life. They strengthen the bond of friendship between us, they bring out the more elevated and manly sentiment of students, they make us feel that after all we are passing the happiest period of our life and that school days are worth living. Such occasions are not frequent enough. Let it be hoped that for the future this festival may never be passed without as good cheer as filled the halls of old Varsity on St. Patrick's Day, 1895.

A CANADIAN CATHOLIC JOURNALIST.

Under the above title Walter Lecky, one of the brightest essayists in the United States, recently wrote a very sympathetic article on the gifted editor of the Montreal *True Witness*. We quote a few extracts: "I remember with what keen delight I

scampered home from school, carrying as a prize the works of Francis Parkman.

How I dodged each call of the household, safely hid in the barn reading those wonderful stories of the Indians, marveling at the superb heroism of the missionary pale-face. Some how or other there crept into my mind through the reading of Parkman's volumes a suspicion that the missionaries might have done better. It was one of those suspicions that lack proof, possibly begot by the author's prejudice. It clung to me, despite later readings. Its overthrow came from the subject of this paper, a busy, hard-working journalist, Dr. Foran in his masterly lectures before the summer school * * *

Canadian history with this sidelight reveals the early Canadian missionary in a new light and one that adds but lustre. It is to be hoped that Dr. Foran will not rest here. Canadian history is a fascinating study, but hardly to be understood by those outside of the Catholic Church. The few who have attempted it were strangely unfit. Let it be said with emphasis that style, no matter how brilliant, unless it clothes facts, is not history. It may catch the ignorant and superficial for a time, but truth will ultimately right herself.

J. K. Foran, Lit.D., LL.B., editor of the Montreal *True Witness*, was born of Irish Catholic parents at Aylmer, Quebec, in 1854. Dr. Foran entered the Ottawa University in 1867, and taking its full course, graduated with highest honors in 1877. That year he went to Laval University to study law. He practised the profession until 1883, when ill health compelled him to retire. In the pursuit of health, he spent two years among the forests primeval of the north, living with the Indians, learning many a quaint and wierd tale of their treasured long ago. To make the time less long a diary was kept, "which contains full and ample descriptions of the lumber operations, the shanties, the modus operandi et vivendi of the real back-woodsman, the habits and manners of the wandering Indian bands that prowl around the timber maker's little forest home, and finally, of the physical aspects of the country."

This diary was utilized lately in a series of delightful articles contributed to the

Ave Maria, full of the whiff and aroma of the woods. Another series is already written, dealing with the missions in those bleak, sparsely inhabited forests. The spirit of Brebœuf is not dead, as will be seen from Dr. Foran's graphic pictures of the Oblates, in those regions. Unknown, their lives of sacrifice pass, unknown to the canting, mad world, but lovingly known to Him, the Recompenser of all things.

In 1886, Mr. Foran returned, becoming secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. This office was relinquished in 1891 to accept the editorship of the Montreal *True Witness*, the only Catholic journal in the English language in the province of Quebec. Canada has not been sparing of her honors. Recently the University of Ottawa conferred on him the degree of doctor of letters. His address on that occasion dealing with that subject so dear to him—early Canadian history—was pronounced by Lord Aberdeen a masterpiece."

A WORTHY OBJECT.

Among our recent exchanges there is one that for the noble object of its mission is entitled to the most hearty support and commendation of every true Christian. This exponent of religious zeal and fervor is called "The Flight" and is published in Baltimore by the Institute of Mission Helpers in behalf of the negroes. A more worthy object than that of Christianizing and instructing in home work the negroes of the South, would indeed be hard to find and to render assistance to this laudable project would be an act of the greatest charity.

The amount of good that can be accomplished by these saintly missionaries is more easily imagined than expressed in words. The OWL therefore, wishes to express the deepest sympathy with the faithful sisters who have devoted themselves heart and soul to this noble cause. And indeed it is a pleasure for us to acquaint our readers with the object and end so zealously sought for by the Mission Helpers, Perhaps we cannot do better than to submit the following paragraphs taken from their own paper "The Flight"

"Among the Negroes," it says "there is much work to be done, but few workers. We are very much hampered by the efforts we must constantly make to obtain our support. We have no income, as we do not teach schools. We hope that in God's own good time He will raise up friends who will assist us materially in our missionary work. We feel sure that somewhere in our land there must be persons willing to assist did they but know our need.

What our Negroes need is less teachers (of whom there always will be a plenty) than apostolic, true mothers in the highest sense of the word, who will be all that the natural mother might be, and indeed, much more, following after our Blessed Mother,

"In every one her Son she sees,
Therefore the world her baby is,
That like a hurt and frightened child,
Sobs on her breast, the undefiled,
Or hides its face upon her knees."

Behold the woman needed for the Negro work, women who will find their martyrdom in daily following the Master into the neglected hearts and homes of the black race, which will learn to be Christian from such efforts.

They who sit and discuss what is to be done for the Negro, will best find out by going among them, and first learning to know the poor people themselves.

There is no knowledge how small soever and domestic that has not an outlet in the Negro work. For a people who, during hundreds of years, had no homes, the domestic hearth can hardly be expected to do much unaided. The colored women, like their white sisters, have the divinely implanted love for home, but no one is ready to show them the way to acquire its practical knowledge.

From the Catholic women of America the chief help must come. May the Sacred Heart touch their hearts and strengthen their hands in behalf of these 8,000,000 of Negroes, of whom one-half are women, separated in color, but the same in the sight of God." To subscribe to "The Flight" would be an act of charity that lies within the reach of each and every one, as the fee is but fifty cents per annum, and we earnestly invite our readers to lend a helping hand in this

charitable work. The address is Institute of Mission Helpers 412 W. Biddle St., Baltimore Md.

UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

One of the most profitable and pleasure-giving societies of the University is the Dramatic Association, and its doings attract widespread attention among the students during the Winter term. This Association has been a decided success in the past both for the high order of entertainments it has furnished and for the excellent players developed, and it would not be doing justice to those who have been the promoters of the work this year to say that they merely kept up the standard. "The Upstart" revealed much hitherto unperceived talent and was unanimously pronounced well done. The play was a change from the more serious tone which has characterized our dramas for the past few years. One of Molière's best comedies, it is full of most ludicrous situations and is a keen satire on social ambition.

The personæ were as follows :

Mr. Jordan, an upstart ambitious to associate with "persons of distinction"	Mr. M. McKenna
Old Jordan, his uncle	J. R. O'Brien
Cleon, a suitor for the hand of Lucilia	W. Collins
Covielle, his roguish valet	T. Morin
Dorimenes, a marquis	E. Gleeson
Doranto, a count in reduced circumstances	W. Walsh
Nicholas, a saucy serving man	C. McCarthy
A Professor of Philosophy	J. Foley
A Music Master	F. Smith
A Dancing Master	T. Ryan
A Fencing Master	J. Green
A Tailor	C. O'Neil
His Apprentices {	F. Conlon
{	M. Foley
{	H. Hewitt
A Pupil of the Music Master	A. Tüllefer
The Mufti	T. Clancy
Musicians, Dancers, Footmen, Turks, etc.	

Mr. Jordan, an upstart who aspires to rank is made the butt of shrewd clients, and of a moneyless lord, while he is harassed on the domestic side by his irate uncle, a man of sense, who fears his daughter's dowry will be squandered in the mad pursuit of the social butterfly. In presenting this grotesque figure Mr.

McKenna acquitted himself creditably. His encounters with the singing, dancing, fencing and philosophy masters, with the tailor and the lord of small means, and his tilts with the unyielding uncle were all received with applause. One of the best of the scenes was the banquet, one of those scenes which are so difficult to preserve from stiffness. The sudden appearance of the inevitable uncle in the midst of the festivities, just when Mr. Jordan was winning the good graces of the unapproachable Marquis Dorimenes, brought out some very good acting. After a series of laughable predicaments came the climax of the play in the elevation of the upstart to the desired rank. A young aspirant for the niece's hand whom Jordan has rejected on the grounds that "he was not a man of distinction," forms a plot in which all concur to entrap the ambitious man in his own weakness. It is announced that the Sultan of Turkey's son is in town and seeks the niece's hand in marriage. Jordan overwhelmed with the prospect of royalty is an easy victim. In a mock heroic ceremony he is solemnly created a Mamamouchi by the grand high Mufti. In all his Turkish splendor he receives the Sultan's son and lords of the court; here the uncle looms upon the scene, but after a hot skirmish is let into the plot and consents to the marriage. A Turkish dance ends the grotesque scene during which Jordan exulting in his new royalty is supported on a shield by Turkish soldiers, while the whole retinue join the gorgeous whirl, to the bewilderment and infinite satisfaction of the credulous Mr. Jordan.

The scenic adaptation was worthy of praise, as this is one of the most difficult parts of amateur theatricals. The music furnished by the Cecelian Society was exquisite, one number attracted much attention—"The Student's Waltz"—a new composition from the hand of Rev. Father Gervais. Since last year the management of the Dramatic Association has also passed into the hands of Father Gervais and it is needless to remark to those who witnessed the play that his management is an efficient one. With the double charge of the musical and stage parts of the program he controlled them perfectly, while the players them-

selves showed the hand of careful instruction and good taste. We hope to be treated to another such entertainment before the end of the year.

ATHLETICS.

Another championship! There was a day when Ottawa College held the amateur championship of Canada in football, baseball and collegiate lacrosse. The present year bids fair to surpass even that record. We have regained our old position in football, and can say in the words of the poet—"the championship is home again, hurrah!" And now the hockey team returns from its extended trip abroad and brings with it the honors of the junior league. It has indeed a proud record. Four opposing teams, ten games, eight victories, two ties and no defeat. Here is the official report:

Jan. 12,	'Varsity vs.	Nationals	1 to 1
" 17	"	White Stars	2 to 1
Feb. 2	"	St. Patrick's	4 to 1
" 9	"	Creightons	4 to 1
" 16	"	Nationals	4 to 0
" 18	"	St. Patrick's	2 to 1
" 23	"	White Stars	2 to 0
Mch. 2	"	Nationals	5 to 0
" 9	"	Creightons	2 to 2
" 16	"	St. Patrick's	2 to 1

All kinds of tactics were resorted to that Ottawa College might be beaten. There were the most unnatural alliances, the most unexpected opposition, and the most distressing misstatements. There was clique work around the council board and intimidation on the ice. And yet Ottawa College won—as it always does when it thus makes up its mind.

* * *

And now our hockey team must aim higher. Their natural place is in the intercollegiate league. The Owl does not depart one hair's breadth from the position it took at the opening of the season. The members of the hockey team were not representative of the University, for the plain reason that they gave themselves not the slightest concern about the interests of the general student body. And it is only in as far as an organization is in touch with the undergraduates, works for them, and subordinates personal pleasure to the public good, that

it can fairly lay claim to being representative. This applies to every college society, the welfare of the students is its chief reason for existence. The Owl hopes that another year will see the hockey club in the intercollegiate league. There is not the slightest doubt that, with the practice to be had on our own rink as it existed in past winters, this year's team could have held its own against the best of its college competitors. We look to see the champions of the junior league taking a still better rank among the hockey clubs of the country.

* * *

It would be unfair—and the Owl is never unfair—to allow the above paragraph to be taken as condemnatory of the Hockey Club. Not at all. If there be any fault it is with the whole student body and may be attributed to false humility and a lack of initiative. Nothing but praise is due the hockey players for the energetic manner in which they entered upon the season's work and carried it to a highly successful and creditable conclusion. They proved themselves to be the stuff with which great victories can be won, for notwithstanding the loss of two or three of the best players early in the series, they pluckily kept their place and even bettered it. Messrs. Fortin, Tobin, Baskerville, Copping, Walsh, Reynolds and Lévêque composed the team in the majority of the matches, but much credit is also due Messrs O'Connor, Graham, O'Brien, Farrell and Rouleau, as well as the members of the second team, for valuable and continued assistance. Here, as in every other similar circumstance, success was the result of the united and persevering work of the management and all the players.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The juniors celebrated the feast of Ireland's patron saint in a loyal and patriotic manner. Though many of their number spent the day with friends in the city and others attended the senior's banquet, those that remained spent a most enjoyable time indeed. An important feature of the day's celebration was an excellent dinner which was served at

12 o'clock sharp. The toast list was not as large as usual, but the speeches were of a very high order of merit and surpassed those heard on former occasions. When the participants had done full justice to the sumptuous repast that had been placed before them, toast-master Dempsey, amidst great applause, arose to open the oratorical part of the programme. He began by reading letters of regret from Hon. T. F. Finnegan, the Member from Texas, George Washington Fletcher and Dalton McCarthy Gosselin, who were attending the senior's banquet. A delegation of seniors waited on the last named gentleman in the morning and secured his services as head waiter. After a few remarks by the toast maker the following toasts were proposed to each of which eloquent replies were given :

The Day, Daniel Webster Timbers.
 The Rose, Clifford Salisbury Smith.
 The Lily, T. Fenelon Lauzier.
 Art and Sciences, Architect Bisailon.

The regular quarterly meeting of the "Third Grade Rubber Company" was held on the afternoon of March 16th, President McMahon occupied the chair. When Secretary St. Jean had read the minutes of the previous meeting, Vice-president F. Clarke moved the following resolution: Whereas this Company was formed for the promotion of a wider study of arithmetic. And whereas the members of this Company, in view of the foregoing, are of the opinion that our language should always be highly *figurative*. Be it therefore resolved: that for the present common place title be substituted the more dignified and alliterative one, "The Commercial Course Caoutchouc Company." The motion was lost, the vote standing, yeas, F. Clarke, H. Benardin and S. Morin; nays, P. Faribault, W. Doran, Shalto Smith and W. Caron.

The assistant junior editor informs us that a rumor is in circulation to the effect that one of our esteemed readers, Hon. T. F. Finnegan, is dissatisfied because there was no wine at the senior's banquet. It is unnecessary to state that the charge is absurd. The Honorable gentleman's

sympathy with the temperance cause is hereditary. The etymology of our friend's cognomen confirms the statement. He is a lineal descendent of Fiongan, a distinguished member of the Malloy family. The name is derived from the Irish words "fion," wine, and "gan" without—that is "without wine."

The junior hockey team under the management of Captain McDonald had a most successful season. In a total of eight games the juniors won six. The other two were draw games.

On March 16th, Architect Bisailon returned from a professional trip to Montreal. He was called upon to inspect the reservoir that burst there recently. He was unable to superintend its repairing owing to a previous engagement for the junior banquet.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of February :

First Grade	{	1. A. Martin.
		2. J. B. Patry.
		3. H. Bissonnette.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Neville.
		2. H. Denis.
		3. J. Twohey.
Third Grade B.	{	1. J. Cote.
		2. C. Bastien
		3. M. O'Brien.
Third Grade A.	{	1. A. Rouleau.
		2. B. Girard.
		3. J. Cassidy
Fourth Grade	{	1. H. Desrosiers,
		2. J. O'Neil.
		3. A. Barter.

→ ————— ←
ULULATUS.

We are authorized to declare that there is no truth in the rumour that those students who part their hair in the middle contemplate applying for a position in the basement.

Our business manager is responsible for the following:—

Teacher—How many days in a year, John?

John—Three hundred and twenty-five.

T.—Why, how is that?

J.—Well are not forty of them *lent*?

A sewing-machine joke—I'm not a Singer; I'm a Wheeler and Wilson.

McC—justifies his smoking at all times and in all places, on the ground that, being unalterably opposed to tobacco, he is quite logical in doing his best to destroy it.

Bis. thus describes a carnival scene: "A superb chariot drawn by eight magnificent horses containing exhibits of Canadian Industry."

Wilfrid, the member for Trois Rivières, addressed his constituents an open letter on the carnival. We make the following extracts: "The carnival! it was the finest one I never seen. There were fourth at five bands. I can tell how fine that was, but I will say that I had never see such thing in my life. There were also two fine slide and during light this was illuminates and crowded by a numeroas of sport-men. I was there almost every night and you bet I have take some enjoyment. Now I am studying hard like a buffalo.

Excuse that letter, but it is the first time I do so.

in finishing,

I live yours,

Wilfrid.

"Open wide the door" cried Vandy, and then, as was remarked by a spectator.

"He folded his tents like the Arabs
And silently stole away."

"Go up to the front" whispered the prompter from between the side scenes.

"Go up to the front" roared McIn— with a tragic wave of the hand, mistaking the prompter's words for the cue to his lines.

POOR HARDIE.

Our Hardie once in jocular vien
Wrote a book and signed Murf's name.
From East to West, from North to South,
Great praise was heard in every mouth.
And Murf with his undaunted cheek
Ke-wrote the work in sublime Greek.
'Twas such a charming story too
That everybody read it through.
And unlike many, many books
Where heroes thrive, the rest die crooks,
Our hero lives, but lives in rage
While Murf is starring on the stage.
See what it is to play the heat
And sign Murf's name to any sheet.