

# THE OWL.

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## CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE.\*



**C**ATHOLIC Intolerance :— These words seem to have the proper ring, and so we shall not endeavor to separate them. Intolerant Catholics, like Whigs and Tories, Quakers and Puritans, Methodists and Capuchins, already appreciate their title, which is the offspring of hatred and contempt. Now in dealing with this subject, we will be forced to say many things, which we know are not in strict accordance with received Protestant notions of what constitutes intolerance, but which are none the less true, and as no offence is intended we hope none will be taken. This journal has on all occasions avoided saying aught which might be construed as the work of bigotry or prejudice, but we have never refrained from setting forth our ideas, in clear and unmistakable terms, on all questions which involved the defence of truth and equity, and we feel assured in saying that the history of Europe, during even the past twenty years, will justify what follows.

Among the numerous charges which Protestants are wont to urge against us and our religion, there is none more vulgar or more frequently repeated than that of our Intolerance.

Viewed through the medium of Protestant history and Protestant literature, facts seem to be against us, and so thoroughly have Protestant minds become imbued with the idea that Catholicism is synonymous with Intolerance—for with them the bare mention of the one always suffices to recall the other, that all attempts at explanation or extenuation have proved futile. Catholics are intolerant and that

is sufficient. No proofs are necessary. It is too well known to require proof. "Every book is full of it, it has been so ruled long ago." Is it possible that all we have heard and read about the Spanish and Roman Inquisitors, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Gun-Powder Plot, the Popish Plot, the statutes and persecutions of Bloody Mary, are but the work of Protestant prejudice and bigotry? Certainly not. The men who have described these acts of Catholic treachery and cruelty were honest men, men of worth and position, men whose names we have been taught from our infancy to lisp as the honor and glory of our religion. No, Catholics were intolerant when Protestantism was in its infancy, and would be as intolerant to-day were they placed in similar circumstances.

This is the opinion held by nine Protestants out of ten. They believe that all feelings of generosity or even common honesty are foreign to the Catholic heart. They see in every Catholic an indescribable, undefinable something which warns them to beware. And it is not the weak and ignorant only who hold such ideas, but men highly educated, men in high positions, business men, members of legislature, lawyers, judges and even divines. They are unanimous. They may differ as to the proper interpretation of a scriptural passage, but that Catholics are intolerant, that they delight in blood, that they enjoy the "shrieks and groans of agony and despair," all are agreed. Now why are Catholics thus stigmatized intolerant, cruel, bloody? Cardinal Newman in one of his lectures on the present position of Catholics in England, gives the reason in two words "Protestant Tradition."

\* Read in the School of Theology, March 9th.

"Mobs," he says "do not burn the Pope in effigy for anything that Bacon, Locke or Butler has recorded. Tradition, the real source of this hatred, does not flow from the mouths of half-a-dozen learned men, but is contained in nursery-stories, school-stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories and pulpit stories. It is drawn from newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, and anonymous anecdotes." It is heard everywhere, known to every-body. Every Protestant child, when it has once acquired the use of speech can narrate some fiendish act of Catholics in by-gone days. These ideas become so indelible as to form part of the child's nature. Age cannot obliterate them, opinions and judgments in after-life are not required, for habit has usurped their place. Tradition then is the sustaining power of Protestantism. "It is the poor Protestant's preservation against popery." In England this is especially true, for there Protestantism does not consist in arguments, facts, Apostolic succession, the sanction of Holy Writ, but in maintaining unsullied the fables and traditions of the nation. How different in other countries! In Germany where Luther first taught the doctrines of his new religion, Lutheranism is almost extinct, and in Geneva, where Calvin first preached, Calvinism is practised but by the few. Theirs was an artificial tradition, devoid of the proper perpetuating power—the smiles of royalty, the approval of parliament, the support of the pulpit, and the diffusive power of the press. It was too cold, too mild. To prosper it requires strong and abundant food. Fetters and fagots, rocks and ropes, scaffolds and dungeons, hypocrisy and imposture, blasphemy and licentiousness, treachery and cruelty, would have served the purpose well. Nothing can be too extravagant. Only give it the proper savor and it is well relished. The fiercer and bloodier, the better, the deeper the impression, the higher the hopes for success. "Only throw mud enough, and some will surely stick." If, then, Protestantism resorts to such base means to preserve its integrity, if without those means it cannot hold sway over the hearts of a credulous people, why should we be surprised to hear our religion

denounced as idolatrous, our priests styled monsters of iniquity, our nuns hypocrites, our convents dens of infamy, and our bishops the embodied plenitude of savageness and perfidy? All this is necessary. More Maria Monks with more awful disclosures are what Protestant tradition craves. This answers the question why we as Catholic are so well hated, why we are stigmatized intolerant, cruel, bloody. That we are intolerant we freely confess, that we are cruel and bloody we emphatically deny. We are intolerant in the sense that truth is intolerant of error, and of that intolerance we are proud, for with us it is a question of first principles, principles which we hold sacred and inviolable. Catholics are intolerant because their first and great principle, the divine authoritative power of the Church to teach mankind, in all that concerns faith and morals demands this intolerance. We believe that what the Church teaches is the very truth of God, and that, like God Himself, this truth is one and only one, and indivisible. Our intolerance is perfectly in keeping with our principles, but the intolerant Protestant is the most inconsistent of mortals, since his actions are in direct contradiction with his doctrines of "private judgment," and "unrestricted liberty of conscience."

How can any Protestant, with any show of consistency, preach universal toleration, and at the same time degrade and punish a fellow mortal, for following his own moral sense of right and wrong? Are men allowed to preach sedition, anarchy and universal confiscation? Are they at liberty to set at defiance the laws of modesty and morality, and will not government interfere? Most assuredly it will, for no government can sustain itself a single day, if it be refused the right to suppress doctrines dangerous to social order, whether these doctrines are covered with the mantle of philosophy or disguised under the veil of religion. The liberty of man is not thereby assailed, for the only liberty worthy of man, is liberty in conformity with reason. But on what ground can government, fallible in the matter of morals, presume to coerce the individual conscience by its arbitrary decrees, and even visit the violation of them with disabilities and penalties, if the Protestant principle of universal toleration is to be respected? The truth is, universal toler-

ation is an impossibility, an absurdity. It never was, and never can be practised. The question is not universal toleration, but what shall be tolerated and how far it shall be tolerated; and truth, reason and justice alone can determine and define the limits. If, then, universal toleration cannot be conceded, on what grounds are Catholics held to be more intolerant than their Protestant neighbors? The answer is simple, Catholic first principles are stricter and more intolerant than those of Protestants. For example—both agree that bigamy is a crime and should be punished. Adultery is also an offence against morality and therefore amenable to the law. But according to Protestant principles, this latter is sufficient justification for the dissolution of the marriage-tie, while according to the stricter Catholic principles, "that what God has joined let no man sever," the marriage bond is held indissoluble. The same may be said of religious vows, which in Protestant countries do not render marriage null, while with Catholics, there is no marriage at all, but on the contrary a sacrilegious concubinage, unless such solemn religious vows have been dispensed from by the proper ecclesiastic authority. Now if it is intolerant on the part of Catholics to prohibit divorce and punish the violation of the vow of celibacy, why is it not intolerant on the part of Protestants to allow but one wife at a time, and to punish bigamy?

As well might the Turk or Mormon, shackled by no such restraining laws, declare Protestants intolerant, narrow and prejudiced. The cases are exactly similar, for what the Mormon is to the Protestant, the Protestant is to the Catholic. We are stricter and more intolerant, because our first principles are higher and holier, more purely moral, more truly religious and consequently more Christian.

If Protestants had only a stronger and deeper sense of the gravity, truth and sanctity of those doctrines which they imagine themselves to profess, they would be more zealous in preserving them inviolate, and all injuries and insults offered to them would be punished as speedily and effectually as outrages against civil law, or the public weal. We would certainly hear less of Catholic intolerance and bigotry. But what Protestants cannot obtain, they affect to despise. With them intolerance is an impossibility, and toler-

ation is not a virtue, but a social necessity. For how could any one of the almost innumerable discordant Protestant sects presume to dictate to the others what must be believed and what prescribed? The idea is absurd, and so they have very naturally resorted to the only other means left at their disposal, namely to conceal under the veil of "toleration," "private judgment," "unrestricted freedom of conscience," or by whatever other name you wish to call it, the weakness and instability of the foundation upon which the whole structure of their religion rests. Thus far we have spoken only of religious intolerance, or that intolerance which consists in the conviction that there can be only one true religion. But besides this there is civil intolerance, which may be defined the excluding from society of all religions which are not true; and as religious toleration consists in the belief that all religions are true so civil toleration consists in allowing all men of whatever religious denomination to live in peace. Though this distinction is quite clear, still there are many who persist in maintaining, that no such distinction can be made, and who affirm that it is impossible to live in peace with those whom we believe will be damned, for to love them would be to hate God.

This may appear rather ridiculous, as in truth it is; nevertheless it is a standing argument with Protestants against Catholic intolerance. "The Catholic," they say, "according to the tenets of his religion, which teaches, that there is but one true church, and outside of that there is no salvation, cannot love his neighbor, and consequently cannot live in peace and harmony with him." It is strange, how ignorant, or at least seemingly so, some people are of what Catholics are held to believe, but stranger still to find those who, on their own confession know nothing about Catholic doctrines, revile and denounce them. They forget that every Catholic child knows it to be a duty, an indispensable precept, to love his neighbor, for among his first lessons in Christian doctrine, he is taught to repeat and understand the following answer to "who is my neighbor?"—"Mankind of every description, without any exception of persons, even those who injure us or differ from us in religion." The Catholic Church is so far from teaching that we ought to hate

Protestants and shun them as odious, that she causes to be repeated a thousand times in pulpits, in books, and in conversations, those words whereby God declares that it is His will that sinners shall not perish, but that they shall be converted and live; that there is more joy in heaven when one of them has done penance, than upon the ninety-nine just who need not penance. No, Catholics do not believe or teach that Protestants will be damned, for no man is damned so long as he lives. This idea has arisen among Protestants from the fact that when Protestantism first began to make its appearance, Catholic governments resorted to harsh and unjust means to stem its progress. This we do not attempt to palliate or deny. But they should also remember that, at that time, "Europe was Christendom and Christendom was Catholic, and the nations which then comprised the European family were fused and blended together, in spite of national prejudices and antipathies, into one vast confederation or commonwealth, under the supreme headship of the Pope, by the habitual force of common faith, and one universal system of polity and law." Heresy, as opposed to truth, was universally held to be a crime, and it was suppressed by popular consent. It was not merely a speculative error, or an offence against religion in the abstract, it was also a political crime. It was not merely an outrage on the universal belief, and a positive violation of the common law of Europe, but it endeavored to subvert all authority, and the very principles of law itself.

It is on this very same ground, of state necessity and the disloyalty of those against whom violence was directed, that the apologists of Protestant persecution have defended and justified their conduct, and it is on the self-same ground, that the nineteenth century finds England refusing to her Irish subjects their lawful and just rights. Well may England say—"tempora mutantur, sed nos non mutantur in illis." The idols of the Irish people, those whom they have unanimously chosen to fight their battles, and to lead them on to long-expected victory, differed from them in religion. Thus Grattan, Wolf Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald in the days when the voices of Catholics were silent in the country's government, Isaac Butt and

Charles Stuart Parnell in later days when these disabilities were removed, have each sought and obtained, and often obtained unsought, the love, confidence and admiration of a people, who are, above everything else, and above every other nation on the earth, truly Christian and Catholic. "It is mainly to the Irish Catholics," says the first minister of England, speaking in favor of Catholic Emancipation, "that we owe our present pre-eminence in our military career, and when I see them still branded with the imputation of a divided allegiance, still degraded beneath the lowest menials, and still proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the Constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honors that have been lavished upon me. I feel that though the merit was theirs, what was freely given to me was unjustly denied to them, that I had reaped though they had sown, that they had borne the heat and burden of the day, but that the wages and repose were mine alone." Even the hero of Waterloo, the bitterest enemy of Catholicity, is forced to admit, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor, the independence of England and the freedom of her institutions could never have been secured. Again speaking of the manner in which he was treated by the Catholics of Spain and Portugal while conducting the war against Napoleon, he says: "My known denial of Catholic doctrines, presented not the smallest obstacle to my advancement, neither my merit nor my capacity was weighed in the scale of speculative belief in religious tenets; it was my country and not my faith that was my title to approval." Still we hear it said that Catholics are intolerant—that whoever dares affirm, that out of the Church there is no salvation ought to be driven from the state—which means in plain English that Catholics alone must not be tolerated. England thought so three hundred years ago, and that same thought lives to-day in Protestant tradition.

Three hundred years ago, Catholics were cruel and bloody, as history clearly demonstrates, but to-day they are meek and submissive through fear and prudence. The Protestant heel is upon us and we dare not put in effect the desires of our hearts. But once give us the upper hand, and the flames of Smithfield will be repeated, test acts and penal laws will be

abolished, Protestant parliaments will be blown to atomicity, Protestant houses of worship and institutions of learning will be rased to the ground, and Protestants themselves hanged or burned as heretics. We have done so in the past and are just as likely to do so again when we see an opportunity fit and safe. This is the average Protestant opinion, and like divine faith in the Catholic, nothing can shake it.

Let us then endeavor to ascertain whether the conduct of Catholics in the past has been of such a revolting nature as to justify these convictions.

For this purpose we shall examine just one of the charges which Protestant historians have so forcibly urged as evidence of Catholic perfidy. Mr. Collier thus describes the famous gun-powder plot. When the Catholics of England found that James I. had no intention of establishing their religion, they determined to blow up the King, Lords and Commons with gun-powder, etc.

The plot having been discovered the conspirators fled, but being overtaken were cut to pieces while fighting desperately. Penal laws of the severest kind followed. No Catholic could live in London, none could be a lawyer or doctor. They were outlawed, and at any time their houses might be broken into with impunity.

From this description we naturally draw the following conclusions: 1st. All or almost all the Catholics of England were implicated in this fiendish plot. 2nd. Their only motive for thus conspiring against constituted authority was an ardent desire to establish their religion, and 3rd. That previous to this time Catholics enjoyed religious liberty and therefore had no reason to complain.

What could be more unjust or more intolerant? It is well known that during the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign, the Catholics of England were accustomed to nothing but relentless persecution, and now that a new sovereign had ascended the throne, they lost no time in laying before him a humble supplication for the tolerance of their faith. Here are the concluding words of that interesting document which is still extant:

"We request no more favor from your Grace's hands than that we be allowed to profess our religion, if not in churches, at least in private houses, if not with

approbation, yet with toleration, without molestation.

Your Sacred Majesty's Most Devoted Subjects,

The Catholics of England."

To this very modest petition the King made most liberal promises, stating at the same time, that though the Church of Rome was stained by some infirmities, she was still their mother Church. But never was confidence more basely betrayed. Before a year elapsed, James had succeeded in establishing himself firmly on the throne of England. Henceforth he appeared in his true colors. The death-bed proclamation of Elizabeth, commanding all Catholic ecclesiastics under pain of death to leave the country in less than a month, was immediately put in operation. The old fine of twenty pounds imposed on Catholics for non-attendance at Protestant worship was speedily revived. Dungeons were filled with the zealous poor, churches were pillaged, statues, paintings, and crucifixes were destroyed. But why enumerate such acts? Their name is legion, and already too-well known, and should be recalled only as proofs that Catholics have not only been persecuted but also belied. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances, a few men were found rash and desperate enough to attempt to avenge such wrongs?

Not by the Catholics of England, but by ten outraged men, not to establish popery, but to escape the dungeon, was the gun-powder plot contemplated. Yet it is to commemorate this event, and to keep green in the memories of all the once secret contrivances and hellish malice of popish conspirators, that the English parliament has thought it proper to set apart a special day of prayer and thanksgiving. This is how Protestant tradition lives, as this also explains why Catholics are still shunned as dangerous—*ab uno disce omnes*. Believing such charges as these, Protestants would have us be what they believe. Better far that we should be hypocrites, idolaters, profligates, rogues and even demons than that one of them should be mistaken in his belief. The wish is father to the thought. Though we were the meanest reptiles that ever "belied the human form divine," they would not have us otherwise if they

could. The news of a Catholic scandal, a fallen priest, or a wicked nun, acts like magic on their pious, sympathetic natures. They are glad of it; they rejoice over it. Another congenial topic is furnished for Sunday chats, food is supplied for the imagination, and tradition will profit by its influx.

On the question of Catholics, these good-natured, church-going people are hampered by no qualms of conscience. They may scruple to couple their vile epithets and base insinuations with the scoffers of God's holy name, they may shrink from imputing to the basest criminals, the ordinary acts of Romish emissaries, they may see in the Infidel, Jew or Pagan qualities to be admired and praised, but in the Catholic, however so humble, pious and devoted, they see nothing but fraud, treachery and cruelty. They wilfully shut their eyes to everything Catholic, save what may be used to slander or misrepresent. We may endeavor to explain that such or such an accusation is a falsehood, a calumny, a base invention, an effect of blind prejudice, but they will not hear us. We have no right to attempt to rob them of their long-cherished ideas. Better acknowledge our guilt at once, and resign all claim to public notice and social position. It is very wrong on our part, to be so regardless of the public good, as to wish to have a religion considered worthy of attention which smacks so strongly of the Dark Ages. This is the nineteenth century, and Catholicism, with its ignorance, idolatry and superstition, belongs to the forgotten past. Might not all this be termed intolerance? In Catholics much less would suffice, but as Protestants are a superior class of beings, and enjoy rights and privileges peculiar to themselves, and quite unknown to Catholics, they must be allowed to act in these matters as they think best.

For Protestants to revile Catholic doctrines, to style the Pope anti-christ, to term our priests mad-men, and our laymen scoundrels, is not intolerance, but rather a due, a right, which the advancement of society, and the propagation of sound Protestant principles demand. It matters not to us how they may act, how they may abuse or denounce us, we are

too weak-minded to follow their reasonings, too deeply sunk in ignorance to understand what they do, and too servile and obedient to a crafty priesthood to know our own needs. What we want is freedom, freedom to think for ourselves, freedom to act in accordance with our own reason, which though weak may be strengthened by use, freedom to judge for ourselves without any appealing to others, in short, freedom to live as becomes rational beings. Fetters have made us slaves, docile and obsequious. We are not to blame for our miserable condition. Poor ignorant Catholics as we are, trodden upon by priests whom we worship as gods, we should be pitied rather than despised. Give us but to taste of that freedom, heaven's greatest gift to man, and we will sever those bonds which have enslaved us. We will laugh at the papal infallibility, the divine authoritative power of the Church, the Real Presence, the existence of purgatory, the divine maternity of Mary and the necessity of Auricular Confession. We will forget that we have ever been intolerant. We will consider one religion as good as another and all equally bad, we will live in peace and harmony with all men, think only of the goods of this world, and jump the life to come. This is the toleration or liberalism we should exercise. 'Twas thus the apostate Emperors of Rome taught their subjects to act, with the secret design of extirpating Christianity, and this same policy is pursued to-day by the enemies of the Catholic Church. Of course we are not falsely accused, cast into prison, deprived of office, denied justice, despised, shunned and neglected merely because we are Catholics, for that would be contrary to the spirit of Protestant toleration, but it seems rather strange that in proportion as toleration or liberalism increases, the Catholic religion suffers. The reason is evident. Liberalism as understood by Protestants, excludes Catholicity as too intolerant, as something which cannot harmonize with their idea of toleration, which has for its basis, indifference to truth and error, to right and wrong, to virtue and vices.

*SAINT THOMAS.*

SHINE forth, resplendent orb, unclouded shine  
 Hung midst the million lesser lumin'ries  
 That Christendom's broad firmament adorn ;  
 Utility with ornament combine—  
 Illumine whilst embellishing our skies  
 With those pure beams from furnaces divine  
 Snatched ere thy disk enhanced eternal morn.

When first thy meteor burst on mortal view  
 A swarm of fire-flies turned their gaze away :  
 Urged by the jealous powers of gloom below,  
 Throughout the welkin locust-winged flew  
 And shouted "darkness" midst the glare of day ;  
 Still its uneclipsed brilliance brighter grew  
 Wrapping their feeble flashes in its glow.

Nor has thy boasted glory ceased to light  
 The darkness courted by these insect flames  
 Adown the shadowy vista wrought by time.  
 In this our noon-tide still thy star gleams bright  
 A world of wond'ring upturned glances claims,  
 Points out the path-way up the dizzy height,  
 And bids the eager trav'ler upward climb.

Immortal Doctor, whose transcendent fame  
 Rests on thine adamantine works secure,  
 Be ours the task, on this thy festal Day,  
 To show what mystic finger traced thy name  
 High on that ancient Rock that must endure  
 Till hoary-headed time yields up his claim  
 On earth to his unchanging parent's sway.

Saint Thomas, ere he'd been inspired to raise  
 The burning brand that set the world ablaze,  
 Before he'd learned to wield his trenchant pen  
 'Gainst errors nurtured in the brains of men,  
 One ev'ning pond'ring sat, and marked the gloom  
 That deepened 'round Day's still unmantled tomb,  
 And thought : So would eternal truths recline  
 Entombed ; should Revelation's source divine  
 Sink from the zenith ; science falsified  
 Would, unforbidden, thro' its empire glide,  
 Folding the moral sphere, still blest with light  
 In the dark vesture of umbrageous night.  
 Meanwhile, the noiseless hands of genii  
 Their lamps suspended from the arches high  
 That holds in place earth's rimless canopy.  
 Their shafts of light transpierced the sombre veil  
 Of night as sunbeams nimbus banks assail.

"Why," thought the Dreamer, "should not stars arise  
 "To light the moral sun-forsaken skies ?  
 "Why should not flaming geniuses be born  
 "To thin the darkness and that world adorn ?"  
 But ere reply was deigned their seemed to rise  
 A denser screen than night's before his eyes ;  
 All faded—situation, time and place  
 Were swept like bubbles into boundless space :  
 And power of thought consecutive gave way  
 In slumber's realm to fickle fancy's sway.  
 Saint Thomas dreams—before his vision rise  
 Creation hemmed by far receding skies,  
 And restless spirits, winged from end to end,  
 Commissioned by their Sovereign to extend  
 His vast dominions to their utmost bounds.  
 Along the vaulted dome anon resounds  
 The silver measure of celestial chairs  
 Soft as the mystic strain of sylvan lyres,  
 When deep-voiced timbrels break the melody,  
 Shaking the confines of eternity.  
 And as, when thunders clash from pole to pole  
 The bursting rain-clouds, trembling, backward roll,



So at the timbrels' notes aside were hurled  
 The curtains that concealed the upper world.  
 There in a zone of dazzling light afar  
 Glitt' red a virgin like some distant star  
 Lost in the splendor of the Galaxy,  
 Yet whose superior brightness still we see,

When upon solemn, silent chaos fell.  
 The great "Lux Fiat," like some midnight bell  
 That starts the slumb'ring village from their beds  
 With garments loosed and unprotected heads,  
 She was the first to rise, the first who sped  
 Thro' fields which none save One had dared to tread,  
 Bearing the mandates of the still unseen  
 Creator to his creatures ; and their queen  
 Remained until the Prince of spirits, swelled  
 With arrogance, against his Liege rebelled,  
 Upraised his arm, and struck the fatal blow—  
 That hurled him helpless to the pit below,  
 Her role accomplished, she returned, and then  
 Became the Lord's ambassadress to men.  
 As she descended from her amber throne,  
 Raised in the centre of th' illumined zone,  
 And glided down the golden avenue  
 Stretched from the empyrean heights to meet the blue,  
 Above th' attendant music, Thomas hears  
 God's last injunction thundered in her ears :  
 "Go, Revelation, go ; man's beacon be,  
 "Direct his course to his true destiny."  
 Thus spake the One Eternal, whilst he laid  
 His hand in benediction on the Maid.  
 Scarce had her shapely foot Earth's bosom pressed,  
 When from the North and South and East and West,  
 On arch-necked chargers, princely knights convene  
 To bow submission and proclaim her queen.  
 She reigned—and peace and plenty filled the earth,  
 And Mis'ry exiled mourned the maiden's birth.  
 She reigned till blear eyes, blinded by the sheen  
 That wrapped the raiment of the heav'n-sent queen,  
 From their avowed allegiance turned away

In quest of duller objects to allay  
 The smarting, such as racks the orbs of sight  
 Bared to the blazing Sun's untempered light.

Convinced that ev'ry regent from on high  
 Must be no less repugnant to the eye,  
 They probed the murky caves of Earth below  
 To find a prince of less resplendent glow.  
 Through igneous rocks and clay-fields stratified,  
 Thro' fossil earths and coal-formations wide,  
 They bored, delved, plunged, extracted from the mine  
 A creature to oppose the maid divine,—  
 A large, grim monster, who, encased in mail  
 And grinning helmet, threatened to assail  
 The faithful few, and drive their gentle queen  
 Back to her 'bode of endless bliss serene.  
 And this was Science!—Science in his pride,  
 Besmeared, distorted, and so' modified  
 That even Revelation failed to see  
 In him a scion of her parent tree.  
 Around this proud Colossus thousands rose  
 Of secret plotters hatched to open foes,  
 Of malcontents whose hank'rings hail the hour  
 To bid defiance to a sov'reign's power.  
 Such craven hearts in vaunting language send  
 A challenge to the few who'd dare defend  
 The god-like queen ;—the few in fear abide,  
 And leave their steels hang idle at their side.  
 Then spake the royal maid : “ Must I alone  
 “ Engage this monster who'd devour my throne ;  
 “ Or may their still one knightly arm be found  
 “ To strike the vile impostor to the ground ?”  
 Deep silence reigned—no knightly arm assayed  
 To do the bidding of the heaven-sent Maid.  
 Then up rose Thomas, grasped the proffered sword,  
 And, as of old th' anointed of the Lord,  
 With sling in hand, Goliath's strength defied,  
 And felled the giant boaster in his pride,  
 He clove the monster's massive casque in twain—  
 Its shattered jaws in fragments strewed the plain.  
 But, as the hollow, loud-resounding shell

A heap of mica, schists, and fossils fell,  
Its gaping shoulders to the throng displayed  
A youth as brilliant as the heaven-sent Maid.  
Across his brow, in characters of gold,  
The words "True Science," to the concourse told  
His origin divine ; in truth was he  
Begotten of the Undivided Three  
To whom fair Revelation traced her birth.  
But when a stripling, he, consigned to earth,  
Long ere Archæan crusts enjoyed the place  
Of honor on the new-born planet's face,  
The gift of everlasting youth obtained  
And thro' the countless ages thus remained  
Till excavated and in mail confined  
Against his own unwittingly combined  
With traitors who'd annihilate mankind.  
But now divested of his loathsome guise  
Into his sister's outstretched arms he flies.  
'Twas thus that Thomas, by a single stroke,  
The prison-bars that bound True Science broke,  
Setting the long confinèd captive free,  
Changed deadly strife to lasting amity ;  
Then woke to find his sabre, quiv'ring still,  
Transformèd likewise to a glitt'ring quill,—  
The mighty quill which penned in after time  
The pages of his Summary sublime,—  
That bristling bulwark of resistless power  
Raised on the ramparts of the Church, that tower  
Of strength upon whose lofty summit shine  
His lamp of fame, his virtue half divine.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

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All wit which borders upon profaneness deserves to be branded with folly.

—TILLOTSON.

## PRIEST AND ASTRONOMER—FATHER PERRY



NUMBER of priests have distinguished themselves by their services to the science of astronomy, for example: Copernicus the founder of the modern system, the learned Gasendi who first observed the transit of a planet across the sun's disc, Clavius who did the astronomical work, connected with the reformation of the calendar for Gregory XIII., and in more recent times Grimaldi, Mayer, Boscovitch and De Vico. Our own age counts among its many eminent scientists Fathers Secchi and Perry whose names will be known and honored as long as astronomy is studied. An elegant article in the OWL a few months ago told of Father Secchi and his discoveries. Father Perry passed to a better life without perhaps leaving to the world as rich a legacy of scientific truths as his *confre*, yet he occupied a distinguished place in the foremost rank of great astronomers; a brief sketch of his life may then be interesting to our readers.

Stephen Joseph Perry was born in London on the 25th of August, 1833. When he reached his tenth year he was sent to Gifford Hall where he studied for one year and a half and then entered college at Douay. Like many great scientists he did not, as a student, display dazzling talents but was resolute and persevering, and in the end always remarkably successful, especially in his mathematical studies. After seven years at Douay, feeling himself called to the sacred office of the priesthood, he left for the English College at Rome, where he began the study of philosophy. After a successful course in divinity he returned to England, and soon after entered the novitiate of the Jesuit Fathers. His superiors, perceiving in him great talents for astronomy and physical sciences, procured him considerable advantages tending to perfect him in those branches. He attended the lectures of Dr. Morgan in London, in 1858, and of Bertrar l, Lionville, Delanay, Cauchy and Serret in Paris, during the following years.

His natural aptitude for astronomy and the especial advantages he had enjoyed, well fitted Father Perry to take charge of the observatory at Stonyhurst, when it was entrusted to him on his return to England, in 1860. The scientific periodicals, at home and on the continent, soon after began to chronicle important data regarding terrestrial magnetism and solar physics obtained from skilfully recorded observations at Stonyhurst. Father Perry soon also gained an enviable reputation as a lecturer on scientific matters, both before popular audiences and learned societies. That reputation he sustained to the end of his life, steadily increasing with advancing years his rare and wonderful faculty of interesting both learned scientists and ordinary hearers; some of our readers were perhaps fortunate enough to attend one or more of the lectures he delivered in various places whilst visiting Canada and the United States with other members of the Royal Society of England a few years ago.

The routine work inaugurated and most carefully carried out at Stonyhurst for long years by Father Perry, did much, say those best qualified to judge, toward the development of the new science of solar physics. That work consisted in the daily drawing of the sun for the purpose of measuring the depth of the bright envelope which surrounds our great luminary, and of obtaining records of the heights, positions and directions of the streaks called faculæ, which at times rise from the envelope. Daily records were also made of the positions, &c., of such solar spots as were to be seen. Father Perry's aim, so he tells us himself, was: "Not to undertake any work that would be a mere repetition of what was being done better elsewhere." Hence he substituted the pencil for the camera, and instead of taking photographs of the solar surface, he secured drawings. The results obtained by work of this kind have made the drawing system a common feature in our observatories to-day; the successful work done at Stonyhurst first commended it to general use. The process consists in taking the direct projection of the image

of the sun on a drawing-board carried by a light frame attached to the equatorial. By means of this arrangement the details of the solar surface can be studied and sketched at pleasure. The advantages of this system Father Perry himself makes known in the following words: "The clock work of the equatorial keeps the image fixed in position on the paper whilst an accurate outline is traced of the umbra and penumbra of every spot visible on the disc. The details are then filled in as quickly as the nature of the sky permits, each position of the drawing being over and over again brought into coincidence with the projected image in order to detect and remove the slightest difference between them. By this means the final picture gives the advantage of all the best moments of seeing that occur during the progress of the observation, and not merely at one instant (as by photography) which may be far from being the best or a good one even on the finest day."

Father Perry's object in carrying on these accurate observations of the sun's surface, was to solve the still unsettled question of the formation of sun-spots, and if possible to find a clue to the connection between terrestrial magnetism and solar activity. He secured valuable data, but death overtook him before he fully accomplished the noble project he had in view. What characterized Father Perry's scientific work was thoroughness and almost perfect accuracy. These features of his observations won for him the unanimous and unqualified praise of his fellow-scientists, and brought him the honor of being chosen as the leader of several most important scientific expeditions sent out by the English government. His enthusiasm for his favorite studies conquered all difficulties and yet never led him to accept unsustainable theories. He was, as a rule, an enemy to theories, for he believed that operations were easily distorted into a false meaning, if one possessed a mind already biased by a theory. Hence he insisted on methodic routine work; on no consideration would he permit any disturbance in the order of the duties he had undertaken to perform at Stonyhurst. Accordingly the results which he published on astronomical matters came to be implicitly trusted as deduced not from a few, but from a long series of observations.

Father Perry served for many years on the council of the Royal Astronomical Society, and on the Solar Physics Committees. He was a regular attendant at the meetings and his opinions and plans were ever listened to with the greatest interest and usually adopted. He took part, as we have already said, in several important astronomical expeditions; indeed it is said that he was a member of more scientific expeditions than any astronomer of his day.

He was in charge of one of the expeditions sent out by the English government to observe the transit of Venus in 1874, and again in 1882. The first of these took him to Kergulen, a desolate island about three thousand miles away from any inhabited spot; to observe the second transit he went to the island of Madagascar. For the benefit of readers who are not amateurs in astronomy it may be well to explain, that by a transit of Venus is meant the projection of that planet upon the sun's disc as a black round spot, and its apparent motion across the disc from east to west. The first of these transits known to have been seen by any human being, took place in 1639. The phenomenon moves in cycles of 235 years and 8 years alternately; the next transit of Venus take place in 2,004. Transits of Venus are important to astronomy in as much as they supply data by which the sun's distance from the earth, and, mediately, from the other planets, can be determined with far greater precision than by another method known. Two, three, even as many as four or five observing parties were sent out by almost every government in Europe and America to view the recent transits; the wonderful precision with which instrumental measurements can be made in our day, led to high hopes of success. Expectations were fairly well realized, in spite of unforeseen difficulties; astronomers now claim to be able to determine with great accuracy the distance of the sun on any particular day. Father Perry's skill in precise observation and recording, on both occasions won him unbounded praises from all the eminent observers who compared notes.

His visit to Kergulen Island in 1874, was not Father Perry's first scientific expedition. Total eclipses of the sun, which occur on an average every two

years, are now always studied in whatever part of the world they occur, by a large number of observers sent out by scientific societies or by the different governments. The photographic and spectroscopic work done during the few minutes of totality, furnishes most important data for the determination of the elements of which the sun is made up. The solar eclipse of 1870 was the first which, in this connection, excited the keenest interest in the scientific world. The recent triumphs of the camera in the hands of De LaRue and Secchi, and the no less marvellous spectroscopic victories achieved by Janssen and Secchi had opened a new field for speculation and research. As a consequence when the time of the eclipse approached, solar physicists from all countries were sent to Spain and Northern Africa which were crossed by the line of totality. Among the distinguished scientists who observed the phenomenon were Huggins, Lockyer, Young, Secchi and Janssen who had escaped from Paris then besieged by the Prussians. England alone sent over fifty observers; it speaks highly for Father Perry's reputation that he was chosen even at that early stage of his career to take charge of one of the four parties into which the English observers were divided.

At a solar eclipse, or indeed in any astronomical work in our day, it is about impossible for any *individual* observations to attain results which command astonishment and admiration; it is a comparison of the sum total of the observations made which bring out valuable data. The results arrived at from the study of solar eclipses during the last quarter of a century are truly marvellous, but the merits of securing these is shared by a dozen, perhaps a score of great observers. Some of those best qualified to judge, however, say that Father Perry, ever careful and painstaking in preparation, accurate and skilful in observation, zealous and enthusiastic in the love of his science, has perhaps done more than any other astronomer, by the data he collected in his various expeditions and his observations at Stonyhurst, to raise solar physics to the dignity of a science.

As often as he was available he was made leader of the solar eclipse expeditions sent out by the English government. Among his lengthy trips in this connec-

tion, may be counted, besides that to Northern Africa in 1870, a trip to Carriacoa, one of the Windward Islands, in 1886, one to Russia in 1887, and another to Salut Island, West Indies, in 1889. All these expeditions were remarkably successful, with the exceptions of that to Russia, which failed owing to a thick curtain of clouds which hid the solar corona. Russia, with its calendar at variance with the heavens and stars, seem to be an unlucky place for observers. Ferrari, who was sent thither by the Pope in 1882 to observe the transit of Venus, failed to get a view of the sun during the critical moments.

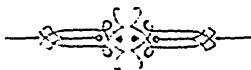
Father Perry was most retiring and self-sacrificing in disposition; he never thrust himself forward to gain praises and honors; but where work and sacrifice were required, there he was ever found. To quote from a kindly notice published in the *Observatory* by the chief-assistant at Greenwich: "Father Perry was always eager to gird on his armour in the sacred name of science; the discomforts and anxieties, nay the real dangers of the crusade never daunted him for a moment, and we can claim for him all the laurels due to the soldier who pays for victory with his life, and dies bravely, cheerfully, nobly at the moment of success." Those words are literally true of his last expedition, that to Salut Island in 1889. Though only in his fifty-sixth year his constant and arduous labors and the hardships inseparable from his many and protracted expeditions to distant and unhealthy climes, had told heavily upon him. As from the deck of H.M.S. *Comus* he waved good-bye to his friends, he thought not that he was never more to set foot on his dearly loved native land. The voyage was a rough one and Father Perry who had always been subject to sea-sickness, became seriously ill. As the time of the phenomenon drew near he was helped to his post and when the critical moment arrived, electrified with enthusiasm, he forgot his sufferings and made the observations with the accuracy of his best days. Never before had he obtained results more satisfactory, victory indeed was his and he saluted it by waving his hat whilst his companions joyfully cheered for the great work accomplished. But the energy which had revived him during the observation

sustained him no longer ; faint and weak he fell into the arms of those around him, he was carried back to the *Comus* and after a few days of patient endurance peacefully passed to a better life.

We have spoken of Father Perry as he was at the learned council-board, of his patient study of the heavenly bodies for long years at the Stonyhurst observatory, and of his many long and often difficult expeditions in the interests of science, but it was in another and a nobler walk of life that he put forth his energies most strongly to obtain final success. His fidelity as a priest, a religious, member of a society which traces out for all who belong to it long hours of daily arduous study, prayer and religious exercises, won for Father Perry the warmest admiration of all, more especially those not of his own creed, with whom he came in contact. The following from the pen of a Protestant writer in the *English Mechanic* is a sample of a number of notices before us : " No more single-hearted, earnest servant of

science than Father Perry ever existed . . . . . He was a very religious man, but without any pretension. It always seemed to me that he lived to give the lie to that conception of that *monstrum horrendum*, the typical Jesuit of the Rock and Record. Surely no man was ever less of a schemer or conspirator than he was." The commander of the *Comus* has written a most thrilling and edifying account of the last hours of the good Father who though far from his brothers in religion, was consoled in his death struggle in that distant land, by the presence of a fellow-priest of the Church Universal. The death-bed surroundings of that devoted, simple-hearted priest furnished a scene from which man may learn that faith and science are not yet divorced, and that as the telescope brings within the field of view the unseen glories of the skies, so faith brings within the spiritual ken of the believer the unseen glory of a hereafter.

ALPHONSE CHARPON, '92.



### GREATNESS.

He may be great who proudly rears  
 For coming years strong pyramids ;  
 But greater he who hourly builds  
 A character by noble deeds.

He may be wise whose mind is filled  
 With all the wisdom time has given ;  
 Who sees and does his duty well  
 Is wiser in the sight of Heaven.

## HUMAN PROGRESS.

*As Viewed by Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning.*



NY school-boy asked to characterize the nineteenth century would declare it to be the age of progress. But if it were further queried, what constitutes progress and what are the best means of promoting it, the deepest philosophers

would be found to hesitate and differ widely in their replies.

It will be of interest, therefore, to ascertain what are the views that find most favor in our time, and these will be found most clearly exposed in the writings of the leading poets, since it has been truly said that the poets are the best historians. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are the two leading singers of our days, and it is proposed to sum up and estimate the value of their theories of human progress and of the method to be pursued in attaining it. To fix a standard whereby to do this, a few ideas will be premised as to what is here accepted as the true notion of human progress.

Man is a composite being made up of a body and a soul and in his soul are two leading faculties, the intellect and the will. Hence the necessity of a three-fold cultivation—physical, intellectual and moral. Progress, then, may be defined the harmonious development of all the faculties of man, a physical development to be attained by a thorough knowledge and observance of the laws of hygiene and of the means of preventing disease, an intellectual development to be evidenced by a firmer grasp of truth and by a widening of its horizon, as well as by an increased power of conceiving and expressing lofty ideals of beauty, and finally a moral development to be marked by a world-wide observance of the code laid down by the Divine Law-giver in the gospel. Truth being universal, this idea of progress includes a knowledge of nature's laws and their application to promote material prosperity as well as the establishment throughout the world of free and relatively perfect political institutions.

How do Mr. Tennyson's views compare with this standard. Excluding the idea of physical development as hardly constituting a theme for modern poetry, there remains to be examined his notions on intellectual and moral progress, these being accepted as embracing likewise material and political development. Mr. Tennyson makes progress consist in a gradual evolution of the powers of the race, an evolution ever subject to one universal law and leading up to the millenium, to the time "Of those that eye to eye shall look on knowledge; under whose command is earth and earth's. And in whose hand is nature like a book." This applies particularly to intellectual progress. Its essence, according to him, is knowledge and therefore truth. So far he is with us, but he stops short of the true good. The intellect must be content with a knowledge of nature and of the general laws that govern her; into the clearer, brighter light of the spiritual world it must not dare enter, for there it is out of its sphere of action and can only wander about in hopeless bewilderment. Its highest conception must be that of law.

And as the will follows the intellect, Mr. Tennyson in thus bounding the range of mental development within the narrow limits of nature likewise cripples man's capability for moral perfection, and is logically forced to set a correspondingly low standard of moral development. Not that the great laureate who wears "the white flower of a blameless life" has in his writings sinned against morality in its technical sense. Few English poets have been more moral than he in their works. But by the exclusion of the spiritual element in life, Mr. Tennyson is forced to make morality consist chiefly in the universal presence of a spirit of concord and brotherly love, producing in time a higher society in which "the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled, in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

True, he would have men

" Arise and fly  
The reeling faun, the sensuous feast,  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."



an advice which shows that he favors a high morality. But the motive he proposes as an incentive is the weak point in his system. This purging out of the old leaven is to be done not with a view to fulfilling divine injunctions, but as a necessary preliminary to the formation of the brotherhood of man. And indeed to advance the former motive would be incompatible with the idea of God that Mr. Tennyson entertains. To him the Redemption is a part of evolution and the notion of God himself merged into the idea of universal law.

Such, then, are the poet's ideas of intellectual and moral progress. His means of realizing them next command our attention. As law is the highest conception of the mind, so is obedience to it to be man's guiding star in his voyage to the millenium. The race must move on from precedent to precedent, but must never violate this sacred principle of obedience to laws. Any movement that savors of revolutions he abhors. In the whole history of the human race two forces are found to have been ever at work. These are conservatism and the spirit of revolt against antiquated ideas. Mr. Tennyson is always on the side of the former. The French Revolution was to him the work of madmen and his strictures upon it might apply with almost equal force to the American Revolution. It is true that for the last two centuries liberty and progress have gone forward in England proper by the slow making of precedents which the poet advocates. But he forgets that England too had her revolutions in the days of the Stuarts, and that in these did liberty and progress take their source. He also forgets that if England has progressed under the system of settled government he so much admires, other countries over which floats the British ensign, notably Ireland and India, may question the benefit they have derived from it as applied to them. There is much truth in what Mr. Tennyson puts forth, but he errs in unreservedly condemning all revolutionary movements. Did this hold, all the martyrs in the cause of freedom and progress would be shorn of their glory.

Even in the purely mental process of acquiring knowledge, how often in the history of the race have not revolts against set forms and old beliefs been the source

of wonderful progress? In fact, has not that intellectual activity so characteristic of our time had its origin in a spirit of revolt against the acceptance of any theory until it has been proven true. It is readily admitted that this principle is a dangerous one when not properly controlled, or when applied to lines of thought wherein no revolt can be tolerated because the matter considered is beyond the scope of human innovation. But the abuse of a principle in applying it to matters it does not cover, must not be taken as a proof of its inherent falsity. The wonderful advance the application of the principle under discussion has brought about in natural sciences may serve as a particular illustration of this truth.

Mr. Tennyson is nearer the truth when he makes obedience to law the *conditio sine qua non* of moral progress, but he errs in the standard of law he sets up. Rejecting the Christian idea of God as a being for the love of whom moral perfection should be sought after, the poet attempts to inculcate morality on the plea that its maintenance is essential to the interests of the race. This sounds very prettily in poetry, but in real life self-interest will in nine cases out of ten be the guiding principle of men, if the moral code is without a sanction. And wide-spread self-interest would prove fatal to the attainment of even that limited moral progress which Mr. Tennyson has set up, for it would destroy all possibility of universal concord and love.

In general, then, it may be stated that having eliminated from his idea of life its most essential feature, if it is to be a harmonious whole—religion—his ideas of moral and intellectual progress and his means of realizing these ideas are alike defective and utopian.

Mr. Browning, on the contrary, has admitted this element, though he has distorted it in the process, and consequently his good is in general nearer the truth than is that of Mr. Tennyson, although his means of attaining it are more faulty. Intellectual progress he makes to consist in the constant striving after unattainable ideals. Hence in proportion as an ideal is attainable it militates against true progress. Here we meet a radical difference of opinion between Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. The pro-

gress shadowed forth by the former is attainable in this world though only in the remote future, that of the latter can never be realized here below and only serves as a beacon-light to lead men onward and upward to God. It is at once seen that this last view is an embodiment of the scriptures though possibly Mr. Browning would have been much surprised had any one told him so.

The same principle predominates in his idea of moral progress. He thinks little of the fabled golden age which is Mr. Tennyson's destiny of the race, but he occupies himself much with the heaven to which each individual can attain. Man must not rest content with the earth, but must grasp at the highest ideals which, if realized, prove unsatisfying, and, stimulating new desires, send him on to God. This too comes very near the scriptural idea of moral progress, and because it is so, Mr. Browning's view is more correct than Mr. Tennyson's.

But if the pinnacle he aspires to is higher, his flight is less sure than that of his distinguished brother poet. If his ideals are truer, his means of realizing them are less trustworthy. Mr. Tennyson in advocating conservatism too strongly has at least the merit of erring on the safe side. Mr. Browning, on the contrary, by resting progress almost wholly upon passion and passion uncontrolled, generating new ideals and evoking a desire for their realization, is granting too much to the spirit of revolution, a spirit to which any concession must be made very cautiously. The natural aversion of man to self-control of any kind is such that revolutionary tendencies whilst not calling for unqualified reprobation, must be ever kept within the strict bounds of reason, and this would hardly be possible if Mr. Browning's views were adopted. To cite an individual instance of their application by himself, let us consider his

treatment of the passion of love. In conformity with his principle that progress must have its origin in uncontrolled passion, he advocates the removal of all restraint. Indeed, throughout his works, in dealing with love—even in those composed in the sunset of life—he writes more like a youthful enthusiast than like the grave philosopher he would like to have us believe he is.

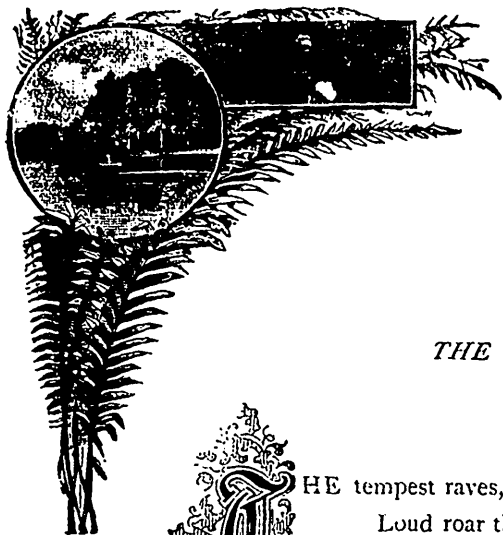
And similarly in his dealing with political passion, he believes that passion for a righteous cause may reveal new ideals of beauty and may confer power enough to advance towards them. Whilst this is undoubtedly true, what has been said about the spirit of revolt when it is allowed to become rampant, must not be forgotten, and the true road to progress must ever be a happy mixture of both conservatism and liberalism.

With regard to moral progress, Browning holds that revelation has left room for doubt, so that the same principle holds good in this field also. The knowledge revelation gives us of God spurs us on to loftier ideals of Him, which in turn generate new ideals, and thus we continually advance on an ever ascending scale. The refutation is furnished by the history of the "reformed churches" which are based on this principle and which have ended not unfrequently by bringing their members to deny even the divinity of their Founder. Whilst Browning's conception of the goal of moral progress is, therefore, a truer one than that of Tennyson, his means of attaining it are more faulty.

The conclusion forced upon us by this brief examination of these two poets is that they are both men of high moral aims and of lofty genius, but of genius too often shooting wide of its mark, owing to their lack of true Christian principles and of a thorough knowledge of Christian morality.

D. MURPHY, '92.





*THE STORM STAR.*



THE tempest raves, and wild clouds clash on high,  
 Loud roar the winds across the wintry plain,  
 Against the mountain breaks the barbed rain,  
 While wrapt in mist the dripping lowlands lie.  
 The downpour stops, and through the depthful sky  
 That stern and dark frowns over land and main  
 A lone star's lustres weak and trembling strain,  
 But where its arrows fall all deep shades die.

It silvers o'er the haggard brow of night,  
 Illumes the wood, and gilds the swollen stream,  
 And witches street and field with saffron light ;  
 So, when our gloom is deepest let Hope beam,—  
 Though ills surround us with their sere and blight  
 Cheerful and steadfast may her smile still gleam.

M. W. CASEY.



## THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY.



WHEN the greatest of poets wrote, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," he used that profound intuition—for he had this rather than philosophic analysis—that we so reverence in all his works. For said he, "The good is *oft* interred with their bones;" he did not say *always*; he did not put his assertion in the positive form necessitated when he spoke of evil.—"The evil that men do lives after them;" there is no exception here, no qualification. Truly it is the salvation of our race that the good done by men does not always lie down with them in the grave-clothes and cerements of the tomb. Nay, rather, it blesses them in their quiet sleep, and speeds noiselessly away from the dead to do its mission among the quick. For between the quick and the dead, goodness is the bond; and "Love is stronger than Death."

I speak not of mere benevolence, not of that impulsive human goodness which Dickens and those of his school have been charged with making the standard of moral excellence. I mean the goodness which is hallowed by grace, the human impulse vivified by the supernatural, the law which comes forth from faith.

Of such is the goodness that planted the seed of the American Church; that nurtured the infant plant; lovingly tended the frail sapling; and saw it develop into the stately tree in whose blessed shade the Catholics of the United States find rest and peace.

Nothing can be more interesting to the American Catholic of to-day than the story of the trials and triumphs of the pioneers, martyrs, and founders of the Church of America; and it is sad to think how little knowledge exists in the midst of us—and, consequently, how little appreciation—of the life sacrifices of the men who bequeathed to millions the priceless inheritance of Faith. The pages of the Protestant historian Parkman are a revelation to many Catholics. When one reads there and elsewhere of the Catholic

heroes who left, in many instances, princely homes and, in all cases, human love and social pleasures to hew their way through pathless forests where foot of white man had never trod before; to suffer every pang of hunger and thirst and cold and loneliness; to die a daily death of weary drudgery;—when we read this in Parkman's fascinating page, we are filled with wonder. And the wonder is intensified on finding that this was all done for the love of God and of His Christ, to win from heathendom the souls of ingrate savages who thirsted for the blood of their missionary saviours.

Long years ago, Eric, Bishop of Garda, in Greenland, was made Bishop of Vinland. He had come to America with the hardy Norse and established God's Church in this new world. Here on a calm Sabbath morn might be heard the little bell in the chapel softly calling the Northman and the savage to prayer and sacrifice. All was peace. It was an Acadia. The men passed away, but their deeds have lived. Clouds of obscurity came down upon the land and its very existence became unknown to Europe. Where the priest had offered up the Clean Oblation, the red man roamed; and where had stood the humble chapel, arose the gaudy wigwam. So can time change things and so, in the words of Dickens, "do all things pass away like a tale that is told." For centuries America remained hidden from the civilized world. From the time of its discovery by Columbus dates the modern history of the Church on this continent.

In the history of the Church in America there is a great name on which I would love to dwell. It is the name of Francis of Laval, peer of France, and first Bishop of Quebec. Although after I pass from the mention of him, my brief reference to the Bench of Bishops will be to those of the United States solely, he is the true founder of the American Hierarchy; for his vast diocese took in almost the continent itself. He has been fittingly called the St. Francis de Sales of the New World and indeed he had much in common with the illustrious Bishop and Prince of Geneva. The nobility of his birth; the

sweetness and dignity of his presence ; his ardent love of souls ; his gentleness towards his enemies ; his extreme tenderness towards the poor and the afflicted ; and his impassioned zeal for the glory of God's House, all conspire to make the comparison between this Francis of Laval and that Francis of Sales singularly happy. Seated on the Rock of Quebec, whose stern grandeur was brightened by stray sunbeams from the gay Court of France, the sainted prelate saw his episcopal jurisdiction extend over a vast region, almost from the pole to the equator and from ocean to ocean. Oh ! could he but have dreamed of the Church and the brilliant hierarchy that was to be in the great Republic, how it would have gladdened his apostolic soul ! Now from the citadel of God he looks down on scores of Cathedral Churches lifting up the cross to heaven in all that vast domain where once he alone was the Bishop of a continent.

The time of the American revolution was an epoch in the history of the church. The Catholic colonists, released by the issue of the revolution from their allegiance to the throne of England, were at liberty to work out their religious destiny, untrammelled by the fanatical and satanic restrictions of penal laws. It was a day pregnant with great happenings when Bishop Carroll was consecrated Archbishop of Baltimore. He was an extraordinary man, one of those whom Providence raises up at critical times with character and power singularly fitted for the crises in which they live. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." A devout Catholic prelate but loved and honoured by those outside his fold ; learned without ostentation ; dignified without austerity ; social without undue familiarity ; humble without forgetting his rank and its claims,—this was a character in which all virtue and wisdom were so blended that it is not easy to discover what particular trait is most admirable where all are so admirable. The Archbishop enjoyed the friendship of Washington ; and indeed the panegyric which Dr. Carroll pronounced at the grave of the Father of his Country

bespoke the strong affection that existed between the prelate and the president.

The name of Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York, is great among the greatest of American Bishops. He was, under Providence, a self-made man. With but a scanty education in his youth, he is a wonderful instance of what strength of will, blessed by God, can achieve in a single lifetime. The hands of that young man, hard with the toil of the fields and soiled with honest labour, were yet to be lifted up in benediction over a Metropolitan See ; and that passionate love of God which made the boy beg Him for a place among the least of the priests of His church, was to bear fruit worthy of a master passion. The life of Archbishop Hughes is a model for young men, and especially for those called to minister at the altar. He died "full of years and honour."

Turning regretfully from the names of American Bishops who have left enduring marks of their life-work in the American Church, from New York to San Francisco, and from Montana to Texas, I may mention two in Western New York, whose virtues and labours, excellent though they be, are fair samples of as great a hierarchy as the world holds. A hundred years after the consecration of the first Archbishop of Baltimore, John Timon was placed upon the newly erected episcopal throne of Buffalo. He still lives in the hearts of the people, and his monument stands on Franklin Street in that busy city. It is that very noble cathedral church whose every line is eloquent of the life and works of the first Bishop of Buffalo. In the words of Canon Kingsley, he made "Life, Death, and that vast Forever one grand, sweet song." *Nunc placida compositus pace quiescit.* His chair is right worthily filled by Stephen Vincent Ryan. What eulogy can be greater for him than to say that the second Bishop of Buffalo is worthy of the first ? and truly it can be said of the whole American Hierarchy that it has been so splendid that never yet did shadow fall on land or sea so dark as to dim its glory.

REX.

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS.



N man's journey from the cradle to the tomb there is no period on the proper and wise development of which so much depends as that of childhood. And this because of its great impressionableness. The influences which are then brought to bear on the young mind have a strong effect, and if important in their nature are likely to abide throughout life. It was with justice then that Wordsworth wrote these oft-quoted words: 'The child is father of the man.' It was merely the expression in a new form of a truth as old as the world and as general as mankind. In the growth of a plant it is well known that on the care bestowed on it while young hinges the success or failure of its maturity. It must be guarded with attention and its progress watched from day to day. It calls for the aids which are calculated to ensure its safer growth. All things which might prove dangerous to its proper development must be removed; a healthful atmosphere is necessary and the proper degrees of heat and light must be provided so that nothing remain in its neighborhood that might retard its progress. And the tenderer the plant the more indispensable these conditions. If these precautions be not taken and the young germ be left exposed to all the unfavorable influences which threaten its natural existence, if the weeds which encumber its growth remain untouched and the necessary prop be not given it nor its rank excrecence checked it will grow wild and unmanageable and betray the want of care in the inferiority of its fruit.

With the human plant it is much the same. The young child is strongly influenced by its surroundings, be they favorable or detrimental to its future well-being. If care be not taken to remove all noxious influences the child will receive impressions prejudicial to its whole career. A chance word or action thoughtlessly indulged in may leave a lasting influence on the young mind. Consequently in the presence of the young it is of the utmost importance that nothing should be done or said which stimulates not to good. A

false notion has taken possession of the minds of many who suppose that education proper begins with the age of reason. This is far from the truth as is proven by experience. For long before the child has reached that period of life when it is imagined that the mental faculties first dawn into reason's activity, it is strongly acted upon by the objects and circumstances which mark its environment. The more tender the age of the young child the more susceptible it is to outward impressions—evil as well as good. In those parts of a large city where vice holds triumph and crime is a familiar spectacle, it is rare that the young offspring grow up to be worthy citizens. And this is easily accounted for. Born amidst low and degrading surroundings, they see nothing that leads to virtue and become wicked because such were their parents, and everything around them points to a life of crime. It were preposterous to suppose that among all such children there should exist no spark of goodness which need but the magic touch of an encouraging hand to burst into flame. But this encouragement in the form of noble example is but too generally wanting. In fact, if the child of the most wicked parents be removed from its unhealthy abode to a congenial place of safety where it may be taught by example that vice is to be abhorred and virtue fondly sought after, the change from what might have been will be truly amazing. There is something good in the constitution of every human being and it depends greatly on the circumstances whether it will act in accordance with its appointed end or whether by neglect it will be bent from its true purpose. And if on the other hand a child be born in a truly Christian family where virtue assumes its true place, where every action springs from a high motive and where love and its consequent kindness rule supreme, we may reasonably presume that on account of such happy surroundings its path through life will be marked by uprightness and honor. The home training is the most important factor of education. It is the groundwork of the rest and if it be not stable and sound its superstructure must necessarily be

weak. And if the power of early impressions is appreciated as it ought to be, it follows that primary education should embrace the training of every faculty of the human being. As regards the bodily training this is seldom neglected. It is highly important that the young body should receive that nourishment and exercise which its healthy development demands. Everything should be done to enable it to withstand the hardships and trials which this life necessarily imposes.

It too often happens, however, that excessive care is bestowed upon the child or that it is misdirected and applied unwisely, and the results are sometimes more deplorable than when nature is left to her own resources. To him, who in his infancy is rocked in the lap of luxury, the chances of growing up to a strong and sturdy manhood are even less favorable than to the offspring of the poorer middle-class whose childhood enjoys but a scanty competency. Unless the kindness of the mother's heart be tempered with stern wisdom, it perceives not that in pampering her darling's appetite and undermining his digestive powers, she fastens upon his poor little body habits which must prove the blight of his manhood. The young intellect always should be the object of careful attention. The first thing to be taught is, that virtue is commendable and desirable. This is best done by force of example. High ideals should always be placed before it and the defeat and punishment of vice should be one of the pictures frequently shown it. It should be taught the beauty of kindness and love and the happy results which follow in their wake. Not only should all that is worthy of imitation be presented to their view, but it should be our endeavor to keep it clear of all examples that are base and ignoble. Now is the time to inculcate those principles of truth

and justice which are the brightest ornaments in human character. A child should never be applauded and encouraged for the performance of an action which in later years it would be ashamed of, simply because the action is a sign of such "precocity and cuteness." The more liberty is allowed a child, the more difficult may we say it will be to satisfy its wants and whims in later years.

In regard to the youthful will we should likewise be solicitous, as on the proper management of this faculty depends in large measure the success of earthly life. If it bend in the right direction let it so proceed. Firmness should be practised in dealing with the young, but always tempered with kindness and gentleness, so that parents may not be looked upon as tyrants, but as loving friends. Their tastes ought to be led in the direction of what is beautiful and worthy of esteem and imitation.

In religion above all is it of great moment that the early impressions be favorable. But here the mother's instinct is generally the safest guide. In all circumstances and on all occasions should reverence be manifested towards sacred things. We might go beyond the limits which duty prescribes in order that the young may obtain the highest possible love and admiration for all that conduces to spiritual welfare.

If in later years persons fall away from the path of virtue, the strength of early teachings will not be lost. For how often does it not happen that the remembrance of some chance event in childhood has the effect of deterring men from crime and leading them back to the ways of righteousness? How often is the influence of an early impression the means of bringing grace and peace in dying moments to the souls of the most hardened sinners?

L. J. K., '94.





*THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.*

A STORY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.



AUGHRIM'S sad day was done. The battle over,  
 The blood-red sun behind the distant hills  
 Had sunk ; and thoughtful Night, as if to cover  
 The rape of War, that worst of human ills,  
 Her sable mantle flung, in mercy tender,  
 O'er ghastly corpses strewn upon the plain :  
 Beneath its ample shade she sought to render  
 More peaceable the sleep of warriors slain.

Soft zephyrs faintly sighed among the hedges,  
 Dark clouds athwart the heavens slowly stole,  
 While now and then, between their silver edges  
 Pale Cynthia would for a moment roll ;  
 That loathsome panorama all revealing,—  
 The awful spoliation of the dead !  
 The sight of human jackals stripping, stealing,  
 Of carrion-birds and beasts on heroes fed !

But one there lay upon a hillock sleeping,  
 His heart's blood nourishing his native land,  
 O'er whom a noble guard was vigil keeping,  
 His body shielding from the spoiler's hand.  
 His dog—a friend not even Death could sever,  
 Stood over him and licked his upturned brow,  
 And whined to waken him ; for he had never  
 His master known to sleep so sound as now !



In order, while he slept, from harm to ward him,  
The dog stayed by his side, as night wore on,  
Anon, some skulking figures ventured toward him ;  
A spring,—a howl of pain,—and they were gone.  
Yet other forms stole from the shadows deeper,  
A warning growl—a muttered oath,—they fled ;  
No desecrating touch disturbed this sleeper,  
Alone *he* rested quiet among the dead.

And thus, except when forced by famished nature,  
To search for food, true to his sacred trust,  
Month after month remained the faithful creature,  
Guarding the hero's flight "from dust to dust."  
Until one night the sound of footsteps hearing  
Close by the sacred object of his care,  
He sprang into the gloom, poor fellow ! fearing  
They might disturb the bones that whitened there.

He never sprang again ! a soldier hieing  
Across the field had roused him from his rest ;  
Who, seeing the angry beast upon him flying,  
Flashed out his blade, and pierced the faithful breast.  
And so he died, whose friendship ne'er did falter,  
Beside his master sinking on the sand,  
Both shed their life's blood on Devotion's altar,  
One for his master,—one, his native land.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.



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

THE CHURCH.



WE have now arrived at the Church, and taking a first look around we observe that a slated octogon steeple resting upon a square base and surmounted by an iron cross, crowns this unpretending edifice, the architecture of which seems to belong to the XVth century. A triangular façade with two doors and a pointed arched window supports the wings of the tiled roof.

We enter by the smallest door and behold! we are in the nave of the side—chapel, the altar of the Œuvre Expiatoire at once attracts our attention.

This altar composed of white stone, inlaid with black marble is richly gilded. Statues of Faith, Hope and Charity occupy the three centre niches of the lower part of the holy table, while two angels placed on the outside ones, fitly represent the holy guardian spirits (protectors of all good works), and black marble columns at each end, finish off, this part of the altar.

The tabernacle (of a circular form) has two small pillars of marble on either side of its door, and three slabs of the same material beneath it, whilst above the door is a pedestal for the large crucifix. The tabernacle is surmounted by a kind of mausoleum with a small cross on the top: square blocks of black marble are let into the stone pedestals on either side of the altar to which are affixed the candelabra in general use for the daily masses; the columns are of marble and stone, the acanthus leaves of their capitals as well as the vine foliage entwining the lower parts of the shafts are, with their bases, richly gilded.

The upper portions of the altar consist of a centre piece of stone, marble and gilding, supporting a cross on which is suspended a wreath of *immortelles*, and of cornices at each end with funeral urns upon their acroteria.

The reredos of the altar thus forms a frame for the statue of the Œuvre Expi-

toire. Three stone-steps (in the top one of which is inlaid a narrow slab of black marble) leads as it were to the recess above the tabernacle where the statue is placed and shows to great advantage.

It represents Our Blessed Lady breaking a chain that detains a soul in the place of suffering, and holding on her left arm the Child Jesus, and the freed captive is shown with the broken links still hanging on her wrists, springing from the fires of Purgatory to take the crown He offers her. The background vividly portrays the scene, its upper part of a subdued tint seems to fall like a curtain half over the glowing flames that rise around the Holy Mother and Divine Child, as if they would fain encompass them in their fiery embrace, whilst the light coming from the roof projects all the beauty of this symbolical group and its lurid surroundings.

Addressing a short prayer in favour of the Holy Souls to their Blessed Queen, we pilgrims continue our archæological inspection. Four windows give light to the nave, three on the southern side and one at the end opposite the altar. In this window there still remain some portions of painted glass of the 16th century, which, although damaged by the ravages of time and the work of desecrating hands, is remarkable enough to make us deeply regret the pieces lost; we can still distinguish in the left mullion, "Our Lady of Pity" holding on her knees the dead body of Christ, and in the centre one, a clerk (in white surplice and violet cassock) kneeling with hands clasped; a scroll is over his head on which is written "Mater, memento mei." The benefactors and patrons of a Church were often represented in like manner, and the scroll shows that centuries ago, Mary was particularly honoured in this parish. In the right mullion is a Bishop in his episcopal vestments, but there is nothing to indicate who he was. The upper mullions also contain a few panes of painted glass; in the centre one "Our Heavenly Father" is depicted with sceptre and orb in his

hands, but all that can now be discerned in the other portions is the form of an angel.

The windows on the side are modern and represent the Blessed Virgin; first, "as the star of the sea, protecting the voyagers over the sea of life;" secondly, "as the consoler of the dying;" thirdly, "as the advocate of the soul before God, who is here pictured as seated on the clouds in judgment; one angel at his feet holds the "Book of Life," another with extended wings is standing before Him, with the scales of justice balancing Lucifer against the soul, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, with her eyes fixed imploringly upon the Sovereign Judge has one hand upon the scale containing the soul and weighs it down to the consternation of the defeated devil." This window is most appropriately placed nearest to the altar of the *Œuvre Expiatoire*.

A picture of the Annunciation hanging on the gospel side of the altars, bears the date 1642; and on the epistle side is a portrait of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, with an inscription dated May 30th, 1888, granting the apostolic benediction to the *Œuvre Expiatoire* and manifesting his gracious approval of the purpose for which it was founded.

Ex-votos and mortuary tablets are fixed upon the walls, and numerous wax tapers are lighted every day, whilst several lamps are kept constantly burning in the Sanctuary.

The altar is *privileged*.

The upper part of the nave has been carefully renovated by the present curé of La Chapelle Montligeon, Rev. Father Buguet, founder of this great work for the deliverance of the forsaken souls from Purgatory.

We now pass into the large nave, where we find the high altar and choir. This altar and its screen in carved oak are remarkable for the beauty of the sculpture, and, although little in keeping with the style of the church, really have a striking effect. A painting of St. Peter is hung over the altar, and statues of St. Julian and St. Roch are on either side, whilst one of the "Sacred heart of Jesus" is seen in a niche above the reredos.

The north window nearest to the altar has panes of stained glass in its upper mullions, but the other two on the opposite side are quite plain.

These two naves separated by sharp-pointed arcades, are alike in form and length, and it is said they were two churches placed side by side. The parish records explain this singular juxtaposition by telling us that the larger one was the parish church under the name of St. Peter, the other being used for the reunions of the confraternity of St. Barbara and its altar bearing her name.

There are several statues in both naves, notably of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, St. Michael, St. Anne, and St. Barbara (mostly gifts from pious persons), and the flowers in porcelain vases placed beside them are humble tokens of devotion from all classes who come to worship in this favoured spot.

Having then noticed all these things, we pilgrims address a last prayer to the Holy Protectress of the suffering souls and prepare to leave the Church.

The principal door, however, does not give direct access to the square, we must first pass through a portico of unattractive appearance, on one side of which is the sacristy of the "Brothers of Charity," whose mission is to bury the dead.

At last, however, we are outside, and can talk at our leisure; our curiosity has been excited about the "Confraternities" (that of the Charity still exists), and of these we shall speak in our next.

M. T. L.

*Note.*—All enquiries respecting the *Œuvre Expiatoire* must be addressed and P. O. O. *Internationale* made payable to the "Rev. Paul Buguet," Director General, La Chapelle Montligeon (Orne), France, at the post-office there. Subscriptions yearly, *one halfpenny*; 20 years, *one shilling*, and in perpetuity, *five shillings*, to have a share in the merits of over 3,000 *Masses* per month.

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## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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

The immense development which the natural sciences have undergone during our own times, has produced a vast and exclusively scientific literature, each volume of which must be approached in a manner different from that with which we were used to take up a novel or a poem. One simple fact too frequently overlooked should be firmly grasped from the outset of our reading. Books are only the instruments by which knowledge may be acquired. This comprehensive truth, once properly understood, places the student in an intelligent relation to the treasures of his library. It has been said that, a thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lesson of experience; yet a man shall read them all and go forth none the wiser. The experience of a man may be considered as a book of which each day forms a page and the finale of life completes the volume. It is a book that cannot be truly translated into any language sufficiently expressive to impart to the reader the full text, force and meaning of its contents.

The five known senses which man possesses appeal, if they do not cater, to his reasoning faculties. In the operation of gleaning information from a book, the sense of seeing only is called into use, while the experience of many persons has contributed to the accumulation of the knowledge, the enunciation of the problems and the expression of the thoughts contained therein.

Our environments are so crowded with mysteries, that it is hardly safe to say that we can express a thought that will convey the exact meaning intended. The capacity, the experience and the conditions of the individual must be considered; the impressions vary as the conditions of the individual vary. At one time the meaning will be as clear as the dawn of a summer morning, while at another time words seem expressionless.

There goes with experience an impression of reality unattainable by other means, the demonstration of a thought satisfies the mind that the thing is not only a logical conclusion, but an objective entity. It is suggested by some that the mind of man

is gradually approaching such a degree of perfection that eventually all facts may be arrived at by a system of logical reasoning, and indeed some of the ancient philosophers believed that they could solve all of the problems in the universe by thought alone, but the modern philosopher realizes that meditation is futile unless accompanied by observation and experiment. In fact the rise in modern science is due to the adoption of the principle that the discovery of a physical truth consists, not in mere logical statement, but in its experimental establishment.

The discoverer of a truth is not he who guesses, though he may guess aright, but he who practically demonstrates a new fact, and thus compels its acceptance within the body of knowledge. Theories can be made to fit facts, and this is often done by the more presumptuous of modern scientific men. But facts are inflexible—they are "chiefs that wilna gang," as Robert Burns well said. Facts form the wall around the fortress of knowledge, against which the arrows of hollow theories and of false conclusions fall harmless. Thus were the laws of scientific research laid down long ago by the learned monk, Roger Bacon, and thus were they elaborated later on by his namesake, the famous Lord High Chancellor of England.

There may be several theories to explain a single fact, but the fact remains unattained. Oftentimes a fact is burdened with as many theories as there are instances in which it has been subjected to individual contemplation. The fact is the exponent of the discoverer's thought, the index to the operation of his mind. By observing known phenomena he has been able to extract practically from nature new phenomena. Hypothetical reasoning, upon which a theory leading up to that result may be formed, are themselves valuable and instructive, but the practical exposition is the true value and real resultant of the demonstration. The first thing that must be done in reading books of science is to differentiate strictly between theory and fact. Many modern scientific writers dress theory in the garb of fact and thus

strive to make their crow pass for a peacock. The student who strictly separates fact from theory will find out ere he proceeds far in his studies that the mountain of modern science often labors to produce only a fly.

A book impresses the mind like the portrait of a friend. The finished picture is before you, the outlines of a reality are spread upon the canvas, every feature has been faithfully portrayed, the visage of the friend is recognized at a glance, the work of the artist is complete. But you cannot follow the various processes of nature nor the surroundings which have gradually developed the characteristic features of his subject; he can only present a picture of the work that has been previously done.

A book can be no greater than its author. Who are the authors of the works in our scientific libraries?

But books are composite productions, and the modern author has more authorities at his hand than Homer and Dante or Aristotle and Newton could command. In a sense, books are the pictures of many minds, and like friends in need they are friends indeed. While they cannot impart to us all that is necessary to enable us fully to comprehend and understand some of the complex problems of life, they are as faithful guide-boards in the path of knowledge, and point toward the direction of progress and success, without which we would wander unceasingly in the wilderness of mystery and ignorance.

Mr. Howells, the founder of that rather dubious literary quantity the "Boston novel" has recently delivered this little piece of just and helpful criticism by way of advice to the young man who would excel in writing fiction:—

"Go first of all and be a man, in the widest and deepest sense of that much abused word; a man so genial that tolerance, which is as modern among the virtues as music among the arts, is a birth-right and not an acquisition with him, and whose impulses are all as kind as they are wise; who finds the bewildered spirit of humanity in vulgarity itself; whose smile never wounds and whose brows are lifted in patient deprecation when other brows would frown; who knows too much even to despair of learning something from every lesson he teaches. Be that kind of man,

and all the rest shall be added unto you—beauty of phrase, refinement of manner, subtlety of perception, delicacy of touch, all that you admire and that you have been told can be acquired by the study of good models, you will find in yourself; and they will clothe you like your own flesh and blood, and not like those slop-shop things that you have got ready-made from the Chatham street 'puller-in of the schools.'"

Prove to a man that you understand and appreciate his motives and you have taken a long step towards winning his affections. Personal magnetism is only another name for human comprehension and comprehension is founded upon sympathy. Kindness is the key to the human heart. A journalistic commentator of Mr. Howells remarks that, perhaps the most conspicuous example of the whole-souled, kind-hearted and thoroughly manly man of letters is Sir Walter Scott, of whose school Mr. Howells is one of the stoutest opponents; and to do him justice, Mr. Howells is a man of very similar disposition. There is a wide difference between the style of "Ivanhoe" or "Waverley" and the style of "A Hazard of New Fortunes" but each is excellent of its kind, only one of the former is worth a cool million of the latter.

The reference to an American man of letters reminds me of a book recently produced by a famous American of illustrious descent. I mean the volume which has for title: *American Literature. An Elementary Textbook for use in high schools and academies. By Julian Hawthorne Leonard Lemmon.* This manual of American literature appears to have been prepared on the assumption that there are no boys and girls in the schools and academies of the New World. The work is extremely scholarly and critical, where it should be expository and didactic. Were young pupils born with wise heads and mature judgments this manual would be most suitable for school-room use. But children are not born with wise heads and mature judgments. It follows that the rich crudition of the critic, Hawthorne, his scientific dissection of style, treatment and literary motives of American writers, will probably perplex sadly the mind of the young student. On the other hand, for those who have read widely, and who understand and appreciate something of

the art of making good literature, this literary history will prove a boon. There is another fault, the didactic principle is entirely absent from the book. Otherwise, Mr. Hawthorne's share of the work—that is the criticism—has been done with a master-hand. Probably there exists no other critical analysis of American literature, characterized by such intricate philosophical reasoning, which is so thorough, and so strong, and so ably performed as that Mr. Hawthorne has herein written. Although the book is more of a learned and scientific review than a text-book of literature and better fitted for the study of the author than the desk of the pupil, it is highly valuable and entertaining as it embodies the opinions of the relative of Nathaniel Hawthorne concerning the whole body of American literary men.

Mr. Hawthorne holds Washington Irving in high esteem, an estimate with which few will disagree. Poe he pronounces to be a "psychological study of profound interest and permanent significance," although "never was so broad a reputation built upon a basis of actual achievements so narrow." Of Tryant, he declares that he lacks the human touch, and that when you have read "Thanatopsis" you have read all of him. His criticism of Longfellow is fair, even friendly, but not fulsome. Emerson, he says, was "that rare phenomenon, a type of pure human innocence" who knew not evil, and who wrote "by a sort of divine innocence." His "works are like a soap-bubble; they mirror and enhance all beauty and delight and educate the aesthetic sense; but they can be applied to no concretely useful purpose. At the contact of mortal fingers they vanish." Still, Hawthorne thinks Emerson's fame will increase. Hawthorne senior, Hawthorne junior writes down "as the greatest of American men of letters," and to the analysis of his literary temperament and

of the influence his writings produced upon American literature Julian Hawthorne gives extensive space. To Holmes, he accords versatility and brilliance, breadth but not depth. "He is not great, but what there is of him is good." To Lowell, Hawthorne awards the honor of being the most distinguished of writers of the present day. His imagination was strong, his facility in literary allusion was rich, but "original he is not." Whittier is "characteristically and almost exclusively American in his theme; and he reaches the heart of the people as a poet of higher culture might fail to do." Of Bayard Taylor, Hawthorne says that "a few more strokes of his wings would have made his immortality secure." "A flavor of Dickens is" we are told, "perceptible in Bret Harte's work, which is on level with the best literary product of the nation." Henry James is an aider and abettor of the "Boston novel." The glaring fallacies in Henry James' method of treatment are intelligently pointed out by Hawthorne as also are those in the so-called "realism of Howells." Yet, if Howells would but "bestow his exquisite workmanship upon some fitting theme, his place in American literature would be not far from the top." Hawthorne pillories Walt Whitman unmercifully,—calls him an ignorant egotist, clumsy, "braying forth his message upon a fog-horn," and says his style is a "mixture of the double shuffle and the limp, the stride and the break down." "He gives us the slang of the street, the *patois* and pigeon-English of the frontier, and the bald vulgarity of the newspaper penny-a-liner." Of the best writers of current literature, Hawthorne speaks most kindly but does not think any of them shows signs of real greatness. His book covers the entire products of American literature from the earliest times to the year 1891, and the writers are analyzed by groups.





*THE TWO FIATS.*



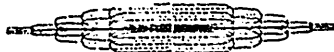
VAST chaotic heap,  
 Where blackest night sleeps sluggishly ;  
 A Triple Spirit moving o'er the deep  
 Whose sullen surf breaks on non-entity.

A Fiat's thund'rous sound ;  
 A sudden burst of new-born light ;  
 And callow spheres, by walls cerulean bound,  
 In paths elliptic wing their reg'lar flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time moves with giant strides,  
 And gloom o'erspreads Creation's face  
 Once more, and like a friendly mantle hides  
 The guilty blushes of a fallen race.

A second Fiat's burst  
 Of heav'nly sweetness rends the shade  
 Darker than that which dimmed the world at first :  
 A Virgin speaks, and Light again is made.



# → The Owl ←

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## A WARNING.

Our fighting editor is in Montreal at present, but will shortly return and then take the road. In the meantime we wish to draw the attention of some friends to a little delinquency on their part. There are some who have not paid their subscriptions. They should remember that this journal costs us something, and we cannot afford to send it to them eternally for nothing. We would't mind if these people sent us *something* once in a while, for example, a paid-up advertisement, a new student, or a contribution of some kind. Some of our "patrons" are very kind and generous in receiving but never think of giving in return, and these are the people we warn about the movements of our above mentioned representative.

## BE REASONABLE.

The press for some months has been teeming with articles on the late Cardinals Newman and Manning. These two men excited the interest of the world, and, like all great men, their deaths recalled the events of their lives that constitute an important part of their country's history. Much has been written about them, and they deserved every word of praise and kindly reference they received, for no other men of the century attracted more public attention, and merited more esteem by their qualities of mind and heart. That they were great men in the truest sense of the word is conceded on all sides, and how could anyone deny it? And that their lives were eventful is a matter of history that must be accepted. But as the reign of bigotry is not ended, there have not been wanting the ever ready few who hesitate not to interpret a man's motives and actions according to their own likes and dislikes, and hence it is that the characters of Newman and Manning have been variously portrayed, and attempts have been made to diminish the brilliancy of their qualities and counteract the influence of their lives. And why these attempts? Because they were Catholics. Their critics cannot cease to lament that these two great Englishmen demonstrated the utter emptiness of the claims of religious sects to the possession of the only divinely instituted religion. And it is not, in most cases, that critics believe that they committed any great error, but simply because they hate the Catholic Church, and become enraged with every countenance of it. It is annoying to them that the world should applaud the late Cardinals, and call them great men, while it must be admitted that they were Catholics. And these men who furnish information to their readers cannot possibly in all cases believe the Catholic Church and its mem-



bers to be what they are anxious to have them believed to be. These writers make some pretense to learning, and must know better than they express. It is prejudice pure and simple. We sometimes hear of people, who on a favorable allusion being made to the Catholic Church are prepared to throw up their hands and in horror cry out, "Can any good come from Rome?" This is due to their ignorance and we readily pardon it. But the other offence is not pardonable.

But among the class that duly recognize the merits of the two great Cardinals are found those who are racking their brains to find out how such eminent men could have "gone over to Romanism." They may rest easy, they did not go over to Romanism. There is no such thing as Romanism, it exists only in imaginations distorted by fanaticism. The attraction for Newman and Manning was not in Romanism, but in Roman Catholicism. And that element of attraction is drawing every year thousands of other men into the Church. It is remarkable that men are easily led to bend to the study of some new scientific system, or an old and rejected one again brought before the public under the patronage of a distinguished man. And the same may be said of any religious vagary. But when it happens that such a man discovers the truth and divinity of the Catholic Church, he is immediately put down as having some unworthy motive or as having made a great error of judgment. He is prejudged, and the matter ends there.

The religion of the Catholic Church is the only system in the field of religion, science and politics, which, with rare exceptions, is not deemed worthy of consideration when brought before the minds of those not already professing it. The erring love their error and they will perish in it.

It has been discovered by some one that Cardinal Manning was a great man

in spite of Romanism. Indeed! what had Romanism to do with him, or he with it, and how could it hamper him, when this wonderful thing has no real existence. It is a very convenient logical entity to appeal to in time of need. Of course it is meant that Cardinal Manning was a great man in spite of Catholicism: but to form such a judgment a man must have three requisites: a knowledge of Cardinal Manning, of Catholicism and its influence, and an unprejudiced mind. Now, any one who says Cardinal Manning was a great man in spite of Catholicism does not know what he is talking about. He may know something about Cardinal Manning, but he is in absolute ignorance of Catholicism, and his mind is filled with prejudice.

How, we ask, can any man become a great and good man, in spite of his religion, when whatever is great and good in man is due directly to the guidance and direction he receives from religion? Such a statement as the above is absurd, and plainly bears on the face of it the marks of enraged bigotry and prejudice.

One profound thinker has found it easy to explain that Cardinal Manning became a Catholic because he was a High Churchman. But this acute intelligence confesses his inability to explain how any man with a Bible in his hand and the use of reason could ever be a High Churchman. We can explain the case for a High Churchman, Presbyterian, or anyone else of the kind. The Bible that such a one has is not the true one to begin with, but even if it be the true one it is only an auxiliary in finding out the truth. It is good and useful since it is the word of God, but it is not the whole word of God. The truth-seeker must go elsewhere for the remainder. But the great difficulty is with reason. And it is precisely because man's reason is so imperfect and limited, as we know it to be, and incapable of finding out the whole truth and nothing but the

truth (even from the Bible), that men who rely altogether on the Bible and reason are satisfied with being High Churchmen, Presbyterians and such others.

If these men who attribute infallibility to reason would seriously examine the limited powers of this faculty, and consider whether it is reasonable to employ it in reasoning upon things that are beyond the powers of reason, they might be brought to wonder that there are any intelligent people who stake their faith and chances of salvation on the Bible and reason alone.

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### CO-EDUCATION.

Articles have appeared in several of our exchanges recently, which show that the advisability of co-education is becoming a burning question in the college world. Some years ago, when this matter was settled off-hand by the throwing open of a great number of our universities to women, many showed their admiration for the superior liberality and wisdom of our own age over all preceding ones. The ecstatic tendency is highly developed in the modern mind, particularly when there is question of the superior enlightenment of the nineteenth century. But now that the experiment of co-education has been tried, there are those who tell us their raptures have been premature. And not without reason. In the first place women by nature require a different training from that bestowed upon men. Their place is by the fireside, and it will be a sorry day for the world when they forget their heaven-given mission and go forth to wrangle in the law-courts or about on the hustings. Their duties in life differ *in toto* from those of men, and no system of education can be devised which will serve as a preparation to both one and the other class. We believe in cultured women, but not in

maidens who are quite at home in *calculus differentiations*, and who would gasp and stare if asked to prepare a meal.

This is not, however, the feature of the case that has evoked the discussion now going on in the columns of our exchanges. It is rather that the association of the sexes is detrimental to progress amongst the students. When co-education was first advocated, it was maintained that the presence of women in our universities would exercise a refining influence on the youths gathered therein. The realization seems hardly to have fulfilled the expectation. In fact, cases may be cited when the opposite result was produced. In one of the co-educational establishments across the border last year, on the occasion of a class contest between their brother-classmates, the freshgirls—if they may be so termed—and the sophomores—ladies of course—became so interested that they indulged in a *mêlée* of their own and fought, according to all accounts, in the orthodox style of the true termagant. We freely concede that such extreme instances are rare, but anyone who takes up an exchange hailing from a co-educational institution and reads the flippant references to women put forth as wit, will scarcely believe in the refining influence of association. No one, indeed, values more highly than we the chastening power exercised by women in the world nor the benefits which accrue therefrom to mankind. We do not advocate the total withdrawal of the student from its sphere of action. Such withdrawal would, in fact, be detrimental to the formation of a truly manly character and would place the college man at a great disadvantage in the race of life, inasmuch as it would render him awkward in the performance of social duties. But there is much truth in the proverb that familiarity breeds contempt, and we believe few better exemplifications of it are to be found than that furnished by the co-educational collegiate

press. Again, this association of the sexes draws away the students' minds from serious study, to occupy them with matters of social enjoyment, if not in silly flirtation. Upholders of co-education may find an object lesson in such announcements as this which appeared in one of the exchanges during the last scholastic year: "Miss——'94 and Mr.——of the same class will not return to college. They were married in August last. The news came in the way of a surprise for though they were known to be "chummy" —so our contemporary termed it—they were not thought to be more so than several other couples in school." With such facts staring them in the face it is no wonder that the thoughtful educators of America are beginning to question the wisdom of co-education, It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

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*AGAIN.*

It is with satisfaction not altogether unmixed with something akin to pride, that we see many of our foremost exchanges re-echoing and endorsing the statements made in a former volume of the OWL concerning college secret societies. The question is now being so universally agitated, that we think it but proper to come once more to the front and state our opinions regarding it. The general tendency of college fraternities is undoubtedly evil. Their members as individuals may be, and no doubt generally are, highly respectable and honourable. But these institutions are founded on uncharitable, unchristian principles, consequently their effects cannot but be bad. To substantiate this assertion we here quote the words of one who surely well understood whereof he spoke. Dr. Howard Crosby says: "Thirty years ago I was a member of a college secret society, and while I had upright fellow-members, and we encouraged literary culture, I

found the association was chiefly a temptation to vice." Fraternities are directly opposed to that divine precept: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Their members display a want of charity towards fellow-students, teachers and superiors. Why are such societies formed unless it be to defend the rights and push forward the interests of their members? But who is to encroach on these rights? It would surely be uncharitable to attribute any such motives to the teachers or faculty of an institution. And if oppression comes from without why not let all, students and professors, stand together as one body to defend their rights? In our American Universities there already exists too wide a gulf between the student and the professor, and fraternities tend to increase its width. They do away with all harmony, for how can unity or feelings of mutual confidence and love exist in an institution within whose walls are found several different factions each of which is striving to gain a mastery over its rivals?

In whatever college fraternities are in vogue non-members are subjected to glaring injustice. However great their individual merit may be, it cannot obtain for them any position of honour among their fellow students. They are treated with coldness, almost with contempt. And herein is manifested the narrow-mindedness which these societies engender. The chief object of college training is to broaden the intellect, to remove those petty religious and national prejudices which ever go hand in hand with ignorance. We would heartily encourage any institution which has a broadening influence, but facts and experience prove that fraternities produce the opposite effect. He who joins them does so not through motives of philanthropy, patriotism or the like, but in reality is actuated rather by selfishness and vanity. He imagines by joining a secret lodge he will stand higher in the estimation of those around him, he will acquire for himself a certain amount of

power and distinction which he knows he cannot obtain on his own merits. But after all does he not deceive himself? Does he not, by sacrificing his individual independence, lower himself in the eyes of his fellow-men and rob himself of that which he so anxiously seeks, viz, prestige?

And here arises another question, has any man the right to sacrifice his independence and bind himself by solemn promise to live up to laws and regulations concerning the nature of which he knows nothing? We understand the necessity of submission to legal authority, but it does seem strange how any one can conscientiously so far give up his rights as to make of himself a mere machine in the hands of a secret society. It is but natural to expect that promises so heedlessly made are as easily broken. And such in fact is the case. The *Colby Echo*, speaking of the influence of society in class and college politics says: "Written contracts, it is said, are made to freeze out certain societies. These contracts are ruthlessly violated, and the society which considered itself sure of some fat office suddenly finds that society pledges are worthless. As it now stands the fraternities instead of being an element of good are a positive injury and are rapidly developing into positive nuisances." And surely the *Echo* would say nothing detrimental to fraternities which is not strictly true, for it earnestly supports them as is proven by these words quoted from a later number: "The American Fraternity system is a sound one, it fills a very important place in college life and it is bound to live and grow." It is needless here to discuss the evil effects of being unfaithful to one's word of honour. Suffice it to say that a man whose word cannot be relied upon is no gentleman. He may for a time pass as being tricky and smart, but sooner or later his double-dealing will discover itself and make of him an object of scorn.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Again has come and gone, the day on which we celebrate the feast of dear St. Patrick; again has the soggarth told us who and what manner of person he was—that whether a Scotchman or a Frenchman, he was Ireland's Apostle and patron saint, and great in sanctity, and who are they who celebrate his feast? Are they natives of Ireland, all? Far from it; the great bulk of them is composed of those who have never seen her green shores except through the glasses of a father or a grandfather. They are Americans, they are Canadians, they are Australians, they are even Germans, Frenchmen and Spaniards, but yet Irish every one of them. And what is their number? Assuredly no other mitred father in the calendar has such a multitude to do him honor, for of millions he has at least two score. And what is the social standing, what the occupation of these forty millions? They are the purest, the best, the most trustworthy citizens in the land of their adoption. They are tillers of the soil, they are artisans, they are poets, they are historians, but above all, they are missionaries who make their grand old Church honored and respected by the nations among which their lot is cast. What wonder, then, if Irishmen throughout the world, with such numbers, such respectability, such talent, should rejoice in honoring their fatherland? What wonder if the laborer should cease his work and the merchant leave his counting-house to cast a longing, backward glance at the land which if it be not his own, was, at least, that of his fathers? What wonder if rich and poor should unite in honoring the saint to whom they alike owe their faith? It is a principle founded on human nature, that no true man can forget his birth-place. And not only does the Irishman not forget his native island, but he teaches his children to love it by reminding them of its brave men and its pure women, of its sufferings, its faith, and its ancient glory.

Thus, it is not strange that Irish college students should unite on the feast of their patron saint to do honor to the land whence came their fathers and mothers, the land which in former days was "one

great university from which science and Christianity flashed throughout Europe." And still less strange is it that the students of Ottawa University, who are noted for their love of Ireland, should celebrate the day in a fitting manner.

The preacher of the day was Rev. Father Doyle, one of the Paulist fathers, whom the Rev. Rector had invited for the occasion. College boys are more critical with regard to St. Patrick's day sermons than they are wont to be, for on this occasion they expect something beyond the common; and, hence, the preacher who would satisfy them has a difficult task before him. But Father Doyle's fine bearing and manly countenance accomplished half the desired end, and his eloquence did the rest. He said the life of St. Patrick was divided into three parts, viz., the period of his preparation, the period of his trials, and the period of his apostolic career. The history of Ireland, the preacher pointed out, has three periods corresponding to those in the life of St. Patrick, viz., the period of her great learning and sanctity extending up to the Danish invasion; the period of her trials and persecutions lasting from the Danish invasion until very lately; and the period of her apostolic career which is now going on. After dwelling on these points for some time, he closed with an eloquent appeal to the students to stand manfully by that Church which their fathers had so firmly established throughout the vast continent of America.

#### THE BANQUET.

The St. Patrick's day banquet is an annual affair at Ottawa University, and is always looked forward to by the students as an occasion of intellectual as well as material treat. This year, as before, they were not disappointed. A glance at the menu alone, would be enough to delight young men far more fastidious than college students, while, as was agreed by all, the responses to the different toasts were delivered in better style than on any former occasion.

Among the guests present were Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University; Rev. Father Conaty, D. D., of Worcester, Mass.; Rev. Father Gavan, Rev. Father McCrory, O.M.I., Rev. J. Quinn, O.M.I., Rev. J. McArdle, O.M.I.,

Mr. W. J. Kehoe, of "*United Canada*," Messrs. N. Cormier, A. Trudeau, R. Belanger, J. J. Ivons, and F. Latchford. During the course of the meal, appropriate selections were rendered by McGillicuddy's orchestra. When at length the tables had been relieved of their burden, the Chairman, Mr. J. P. Collins who, by the way, discharged his duties in an admirable manner, rose, and after making a few happy and pointed remarks, proposed the first toast, "The Pope." In response, Mr. J. R. O'Connor delivered a speech excellent for its material as well as its form, and received the rapt attention of the students. He said we should toast Leo XIII. first, as personating that faith which St. Patrick planted in Ireland, and which no oppression or persecution could ever uproot, which an Irishman considered his richest inheritance, and which distinguished Erin's sons throughout the world to-day. But especially, he said, should we drink to him as our present Pontiff. For no one of his predecessors had stood out in bolder relief upon his age. Leo XIII. had combated those evils which threatened social ruin in our day,—divorce, anarchy, communism, false philosophy, and the discord between the civil and religious powers, so strongly and effectively as to gain the admiration of even Rome's bitterest enemies. He was not only a saint, but one of the three greatest statesmen in the world to-day. He was the recognized arbiter in international disputes, even of non-Catholic governments, and in fine, was the "Lumen in Coelo" shining refulgent over the troubled social seas of our times.

The second toast proposed was, "St. Patrick's Day," which, to say was answered by Mr. D. Murphy, is to say that justice was done to it. He pointed out that the motive which actuated the Irish race in adopting St. Patrick's feast as their national day was gratitude to him for the inestimable boon of the true faith which he had brought to them. He added that though the majority of those present had never seen the green hills of Ireland, there was much in Ireland's history of nobility and heroism that should make them proud of being numbered among her sons, and there was more of bitter sorrow and heart-rending anguish which should bind them to her lacerated bosom with hands too strong to be torn asunder.

It was well then, he thought, that the sons of Irishmen should celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

Then followed the toast, "Ireland's Destiny" which was answered by Mr. H. J. Canning. Ireland, he said, had a destiny all its own. Its mission was to spread the faith among the English-speaking people. God had permitted the Irish to lose their language but not their religion, and this was a significant fact; it showed that God had intended them to become English in language and customs, that they might thus be instrumental in converting the English-speaking races. Ireland, he continued, was every day spreading Catholicism in England, and the time would soon come when England, once more Catholic, would feel she owed to Ireland a debt of gratitude. Irishmen also had a mission to spread the faith in America; if they would be successful, they must give good example, for example was everything to Americans; if the Irish in America had any serious moral disease, they must cast it off, and their Church would shine with such a splendor that Americans would be unconsciously drawn into it. When Ireland had accomplished the great work of converting the English and American nations, then would she be hailed as the mother of English-speaking Catholics throughout the world.

"Canada our Home" was next drunk amid great enthusiasm. Mr. A. Newman rose and in a neat speech did justice to his native land. He showed how proud we should be of our heroic missionaries who sacrificed all the comforts and delights of a happy home in order to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel among the Indians. He pointed out the need of all classes casting aside their petty race prejudices, and becoming imbued with a thoroughly Canadian spirit. He drew attention to the fact, that Irishmen had succeeded in Canada, and laid the blame of the oppression of the Irish not upon the English people, but upon the English Government.

Mr. C. Gaudet followed on the same toast. He said he was but the humble mouth-piece of a nation which had inherited from generous France that sense of righteousness and duty which has ever prompted her to side with the oppressed against the oppressor. Her sympathy, said he, like that of every other enlightened

and unbiassed nation was with that much abused and suffering people, whose noblest aspirations were chained with the bonds of oppression. Canada was proud to be among Ireland's sympathizers. The French-Canadians, in early days had extended to Irish immigrants a hearty welcome to the shores of the St. Lawrence, why then should they not unite, and make of two nations who have the same interests and the same noble aspirations, one great and powerful people, rendered doubly strong by the harmonious fusion of their many rare and sterling qualities. We should understand, he said, that in unity strengthened by a firm national sentiment, lay unbounded prosperity.

Next came the toast "America the Free" which called forth a neat little speech from Mr. J. Dean. The land of Washington had millions of Irishmen who were the bravest and the best citizens within its borders. Irishmen were the first to stand up for American independence; they had loved liberty, and by the aid of others had secured in the New World what they could not get in the old. Not only were American Irishmen sympathizers with the old land, but all true-hearted Americans extended to her their hearty support. He hoped that the day would soon come when Ireland would enjoy such freedom as her sons in America now have.

That time-honored toast the "Soggarth Aroon" which stirs the heart of every Irishman was next proposed, and when the Rev. Father McCrory arose to reply, he was received with deafening applause. What do we mean, said the Rev. Father, by the Soggarth Aroon? He is the spiritual comforter of the people, the one who has always been the friend of the Irish people and who in return is respected by them. Whatever might be said to the contrary, it was an undoubted fact that the Irish hierarchy and priests were Ireland's best friends.

"France and Scotland" was next introduced and was responded to by Messrs. Phillion and McMillan. Mr. Phillion in behalf of France, made a splendid effort, and throughout his speech received much applause. He drew attention to the fact that in every age France had been the friend of Ireland, that she had given her material as well as moral support in the dark days when her distress first began.

Frenchmen, he said, would indeed lack their characteristic love of fair-dealing, if they did not extend to Ireland their sympathy.

In behalf of Scotland, Mr. D. McMillan remarked that Scotia's sons were always happy to join with their brother Irishmen to honor St. Patrick. They loved to honor him because of the great good he did for the Irish and through them for the world. The Scot, he said, was a man of few words, but did not hesitate to sing the praises or mourn the sorrows of other nations. Ireland was deeply indebted to the poet Campbell for that touching poem, "The Exile of Erin." The friendship between Ireland and Scotland might be traced back to the earliest times. He hoped, in conclusion, that Ireland would soon again assume her position among the nations of the earth.

Mr. Cullen gave a very sensible speech in response to the toast "Erin's Exiles." He said that famine, alien government and landlordism had forced the Irish to emigrate. But this forced emigration had proved a blessing to humanity by spreading the Catholic faith and making the Church known and loved in other lands. It had also benefited Ireland, for the Irish exiles had assisted their countrymen at home in their hours of distress; and the generous financial support to the Irish Parliamentary party had forced England to terms. The Irish exiles had, moreover, by their conduct as citizens, by their ability and love of freedom, ever contributed to the welfare of their adopted land, and had conclusively demonstrated to the world the capacity of Irishmen for self-government.

Mr. W. Cavanagh in response to the same toast said that a cruel foe had driven the sons of Erin from their own loved island. Two nations, France and America, had received them with open arms. France had gone so far as to make bold attempts at different times to rescue our nation from the tyrant's grasp. Her efforts were an earnest of her good will. America also, he said, had done much for down-trodden Ireland. Irishmen in their turn had shown their gratitude by being the first to come to her aid when her safety was threatened. He believed that few more St. Patrick's days would be celebrated ere Ireland's national banner would again in freedom float on College Green.

"Literary Ireland" elicited from Mr. F. McDougal one of the shortest, but most vigorous and pointed speeches of the day. The speaker drew a picture of the Island of saints and scholars, as Erin was known among the nations at the time when the northern barbarians were pouring into the southern countries, and sweeping before them all traces of civilization. He pointed out that Ireland though retarded in her national progress by the coercive laws imposed upon her, was always most prolific in the production of men of genius. Taking Moore as an example from among the many writers, he panegyricized "Ireland's sweetest singer," saying, that in no age, in no nation, and in no language could such a pure and melodious collection of lyrics be found wedded to such soul-stirring and such plaintive airs, as are the immortal Irish melodies. He finished by hoping that the words of John Boyle O'Reilly might soon be realized when he writes: "Island of destiny Innisfail! for thy faith is the payment near."

"The University" was next proposed, and was answered by Rev. Father Quinn, O. M. I. All were welcome—Irish, French, Scotch, and German—at Ottawa University. He spoke of the sacrifices the reverend professors had made in forsaking home and friends to perform a work of love in teaching the Catholic youth of the land. He hoped in conclusion that the friendly relations which had always existed between faculty and students would long continue. Everything would be done on the part of the authorities to make the University a success in every respect.

The storm of applause which greeted "THE OWL" shewed with what respect our magazine is looked on by the students. The "bird" should be well satisfied with St. Patrick's day, for it is said, that in eulogizing it, Mr. Jas. Murphy gave what many called the speech of the day. The sole object of a classical training, he said, was to teach the student how to think correctly, and how to express his thoughts in proper form. Universities on this continent wished to make of their inmates thinking men, and not mere parrots of other men's thoughts. If we viewed education in this light, he believed we would be forced to conclude that the college journal was a factor of almost as great importance

in the University as was the class-room. To support a first-class paper as was the OWL, required an immense deal of individual labor, and in doing this work the student acted in perfect accordance with the two-fold object of a classical training; he is learning to think correctly and to express his thoughts properly.

The toast "University Athletics," drew from Mr. J. P. Smith one of the best speeches of the day, and notwithstanding that it was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, he succeeded in thoroughly capturing the entire audience. He quoted the president of a prominent American college as saying that the experience of a man gained during his college career was of more importance than the amount of book-knowledge he obtained. Participation in athletics, the speaker claimed to be one of the best ways of getting experience. Athletics had been once regarded as detrimental to a young man at college, but opinion had changed; and although there were a few prejudices still existing against athletics, yet Ottawa University authorities encouraged them. It was the general opinion among educators that athletics developed the young, physically, intellectually, and morally. The physical development, he said, was evident. The intellectual followed as a natural consequence, for the stronger the body, the better was a young man able to undergo the mental strain necessary to attain success in pursuits intellectual. Athletics, he claimed, developed in the young man, pluck, coolness, self-control, patience, and taught us the game of give and take which, if they were not learned in college, must be learned afterwards. The games in Ottawa College had always been a source of union with the students. In conclusion he hoped that the present state of affairs would continue, and that as we were united now to celebrate the glories of old Erin and to wear old Erin's colors, so might next year see us united to celebrate the victories of old Varsity and to wear old Varsity's colors.

The last toast on the list "Our Guests" was responded to by Rev. Dr. Conaty, who, in a stirring speech exhorted the boys to stand by truth on every occasion. We needed young men who had the courage of their convictions, and who had opinions of their own. There are few more forcible speakers in America than is

Dr. Conaty. Mr. Latchford spoke of the early days when he was a student of the University, and referred to the many changes which had taken place. Mr. W. Kehoe who rose in response to the same toast received an enthusiastic reception from the boys, with whom he is a general favorite. In a few neat sentences he expressed his thanks to the students for their kind invitation, and hoped he should frequently be able to join the college boys, both in the banqueting-hall and elsewhere. Mr. R. Belanger in a few words thanked the committee for their kindness in giving him an opportunity to avail himself of such a splendid treat as he had today enjoyed.

The thanks of the committee are due to Messrs. Tetreau, Valcour, Leonard, Rigney and Rev. F. McCardle for the choice songs rendered during the course of the afternoon.

#### ST. THOMAS ACADEMY.

On Monday March 14th, this society held a public meeting in the Academic Hall at which a special programme was carried, the occasion being the celebration of its patron Saint, the Angelic Doctor. In the audience were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Mgr. Routhier, V.G., Rev. A. Dawson, LL. D., the Rev. Superior of the Capuchin Monastery and numerous other members of the clergy, together with the University faculty.

The president of the society Mr. D. Murphy delivered a short introductory address in which he welcomed the large number assembled and pointed out that the presence of so many distinguished members of the clergy was a proof of the heart-felt interest which the Church, in all her representatives, ever manifests in the education of youth. He then introduced Mr. P. Cullen who read a Latin thesis on the nature of logical truth, maintaining that whilst imperfect cognition is obtained from simple apprehension, judgment is necessary for the possession of complete and perfect knowledge. His thesis was impugned by Friars Sebastian and Maurice of the Capuchin order, who proposed many objections that evidenced a thorough knowledge of the subject in hand.

Mr. McNally followed with another thesis also in Latin, upholding the right of private property, particularly in land.



His views were opposed by Messrs. A. Charron, and D. Murphy, who creditably played the part of followers of Henry George.

After this discussion was over, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel spoke a few words to the members of the society, saying he was well pleased with what he had heard as he could thereby judge of the good work being done within the University. When he had first seen the Holy Father, he continued, he asked what he could do to make his episcopate of service to the Church, the reply had been to look above all things to the proper education of youth. His Grace thought that were he to give the Pope a report of the discussion just closed, His Holiness would be much pleased with the results achieved in the college he had raised to the rank of a Catholic University.

The presence of the Capuchin friars marked a new era in the history of the society, and they proved themselves to be such worthy metal, that monthly philosophical debates will in future be held, in which they will figure.

The discussion was carried on throughout in the Latin tongue and the disputants showed themselves quite apt in the use of the language of Cicero.

#### "LES MEMOIRES DU DIABLE."

A large number assembled in the Academic Hall on the evening of March 15th, the occasion of the annual entertainment given by the French students of the University. Among those present were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Mayor Durocher of Ottawa, and several well known members of the city's clergy and laity.

The entertainment was opened by a well rendered selection from the College band entitled 'Serenade au Camp.' Then followed the first act of the comedy. The "Memoires du Diable" which proved highly interesting throughout. The play tells the story of injustice heaped on an innocent man who bears up well under its weight, until finally the opportunity arrives and the guilty ones are put to shame and confusion. The Baron de Ronquerolles is wrongfully dispossessed of his property through the dishonesty of three scheming noblemen, the Marquis de Lormias, Chevalier de la Rapiniere and the Comte

de Cerny. Robin, a notary officer, sees the villainy and resolves to restore to the Baron, his lost fortune. Under the guise of the devil and with the assistance of certain papers in his possession, he exposes the fraud and the treachery of the three noble rogues and by a happy consummation reinstates the much injured Baron in his former position. The play passed off very successfully, the characters being well sustained and the scenery and stage settings, especially in the second act, being particularly fine. The role of Robin, the Devil, was well taken by Mr. Tetreau, whose abilities are well known. The high-minded and unflinching Baron de Ronquerolles received good treatment at the hands of Mr. C. Gaudet. The characters of the three dishonest noblemen were well presented by Messrs. Jacques, Pillion and Chabot. The remainder of the cast, Messrs. Chevrier, Belanger, and Christin, did creditably in their respective roles. The College band under the direction of R. F. Gervais, O. M. I. deserve no mean share of praise for the manner in which they executed the several selections between the acts. Altogether the entertainment was highly successful; so much so, in fact, that by request it is to be repeated in the presence of Viceroyalty on the 22nd inst. for the benefit of the Sacred Heart Church fund. Much praise is due to Father Constantineau O. M. I., under whose painstaking guidance the entertainment was brought to a successful issue.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The *Canada*, one of our regular exchanges is not a college journal but "a monthly magazine for Canadians at home and abroad." It is a paper well suited to inspire the hearts of the young Canadians with sentiments of true patriotism. Its contents comprise bits of poetry which picture our country's scenery in glowing colors, besides interesting biographical sketches of Canada's most eminent sons and daughters. "Scott at Lundy's Lane" is a feeling and vivid description of that event which, as the author rightly says, is "among the remarkable struggles of the century." The author of "Canadians abroad" shows himself a true patriot and a man of broadened views. Speaking

of our absent countrymen he says: "They hold it to be an ignoble life in that man to whom his country is merely a patch of ground, a stretch of territory, a convenient shelter, and not something worth living and dying for." And again, "Let not the Dominion judge ill of her sons and daughters in the Republic. Their hearts turn fondly home and the honour and prosperity of their native land are still dear to them."

It is with pleasure we welcome the first number of the *Budget* to our sanctum. Neatness and order characterize it throughout. In a spirited editorial directed against the Louisiana Lottery it says: "The very name of lottery is an insult to a high-minded honorable people."

The *College Student* is again before us. We concur in its sentiments regarding the manifold advantages a student may derive from being connected with the literary societies of the institution wherein he resides. As this journal rightly points out, foremost among these advantages is the acquisition of the power to think for oneself.

The February number of the *Magnet* contains a few well written and instructive editorials. In one on the employment of time it says: "Let us remember that an important factor in the student's success is the power to concentrate the mind on the subject on hand and to keep up this kind of work for a number of hours at a time." In another it voices our sentiments when it declares that cheerfulness is absolutely necessary for him who wishes to make life a success.

A warm discussion regarding the advantages and disadvantages of co-education has been carried on during the past month, in the columns of the *Varsity*, from Toronto University. Several of our exchanges have recently dealt with the same subject. We think a word concerning it from us will not be out of place. It has been said that in several institutions where this system is in vogue, it has become the source of serious abuses. Of course this may be an exaggerated statement, we know not. We deem it preferable, however, for a young lady to follow a course of studies more congenial to her

refined taste than that found in our modern universities. We do not wish to make dolls of our sisters, still a system of education, which has for its primary object the development of an unflinching manly character, is, in our opinion too exacting to properly bring out those tender, gentle traits so many and so amiable in woman's nature.

The *Buchletite* is jubilant over its Alma Mater's success at the recent Ohio Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest. The representative of Buchtel College came out second. "Transformation and imagination" was the subject of his oration. The style of this production is simple, easy and at the same time animated. The composition is certainly a praiseworthy effort, being well balanced and supported from beginning to end. Congratulations on your success, Buchtel students.

We accept with thanks the sympathy extended us in the March number of the *Meadville Campus*. At the same time, we are conscious of no hard feelings on our own part towards the Athenaeum. The latter journal is still on our exchange list and whenever one of its productions may seem to us praiseworthy, we shall not hesitate a moment to appreciate the same and to make our appreciation public. For from voicing the sentiments of an institution "enslaved by the shackles of submissive thinking" the editors of the Owl claim and exercise as much liberty as the staff of any college journal in the land.

Students who intend taking up the study of Medicine should read the article entitled "Medical Responsibility" which appears in a recent issue of the *Dalhousie Gazette*. It is to be feared too many enter upon this profession without due preparation. The article before us says: "It is in the M. D.'s power to promote the welfare of all socially, morally and religiously." Yes, but to do so he must needs have his mind well stored with general knowledge. In our opinion the *Gazette* gives a pretty satisfactory answer to that question dealt with by so many college journals at present, namely, "What is the Use of College Education?"

The *Fordham Monthly* makes its appearance under form of a double number.

"An Essay on Hail" is long but well worth reading for the useful instruction it affords. It deals not merely with hail, but is moreover an interesting summary of the chief meteorological discoveries made by scientists up to the present time. The poetry in the *Monthly* does not merely tickle the ear, it penetrates farther and at times finds its way to the heart. A poem on the "Death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga" is full of animation, variety and tenderness.

"Fraternity's Place in College Society" in the February number of the *Muhlenberg* is about the best article we have read on this important and much discussed question. The author of the present essay takes a decided and well-supported stand against college fraternities. In the course of his remarks he uses these pointed words, "Fraternity loves the brotherhood. But it is not the brotherhood of Christ. In fraternity Samaritan loves Samaritan and Jew loves Jew. In Christ Samaritan loves Jew." "Whither is Science Leading Us?" is the title of another interesting and well digested essay in the *Muhlenberg*.

The first editorial page of the *Acamedian* contains a useful bit of advice to students. It censures all who neglect their studies, but especially those who seek to avoid passing the regular examinations. It says: "Shirking examinations shows a lack of thoroughness on the part of the student. Thoroughness is the road and the only sure road to success." The *Acamedian* opposes college fraternities in these terms: "We like to see people go on their own merits, which fraternity members do not do."

The last number of the *Manitoba College Journal* contains two first-class articles: "John Keats" and "Ideals and Ideals Made Real." The essay on Keats gives a complete history of that poet's life as well as a scholarly appreciation of his chief works. The authoress of "Ideals and Ideals Made Real" cleverly shows how necessary it is for each one of us to keep before his mind a lofty ideal which he should ever strive to make a reality.

The *College Rambler* contains an article entitled "George Elliot's Heroines." Its

author is a critic of no mean taste and discrimination. Criticising the works of George Elliot is not an easy task, since she possesses two great qualities which are rarely found combined, viz., high speculative powers and a rich imagination. A comparison between Hawthorne and Longfellow as to their descriptive powers is an article interesting and to the point. We think the author right when he declares Hawthorne was a greater philosopher than Longfellow. The latter was too warm-hearted and too much taken up with the beauties of nature, to devote much of his attention to dry philosophy.

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#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

*Donahoe's Magazine*.—The March and April issues of this popular monthly are more than usually bright and interesting. A splendid portrait of Cardinal Manning adorns the former number and his career, death and burial are sympathetically sketched. Joseph W. Gavan continues his pen-pictures of the literary men of New York. There is one article of surpassing interest in the April number—"The Importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life"—from the pen of Hon. Edwin Arling. It is clear that the Irish have a strong grip on both the Democratic and Republican parties in the Empire State. "Present Outlook of Negro-Catholic Missions in the United States" sets forth a startling array of facts and shows what a vast field for Missionary zeal exists in the Southern States.

*The Indian Review*.—We have received from Rev. Father Morice, O. M. I. some copies of his publication—The Indian Review—devoted to the interests of the Indians on the British Columbian Mission. Our studies in Indian have not been very extensive, but with the aid of a key sent by Father Morice we have learned that the following are among the subjects treated: Scriptural questions, news from the new and old world, lives of the saints, short stories and hymns. Evidently Father Morice has the welfare of his Indians deeply at heart or he would not impose on him-

self so much voluntary, though greatly needed and extremely profitable labor.

*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*—The Dartmouth Literary is one of best representatives of the literary life of the higher American Colleges. It mingles charming bits of verse with learned literary criticisms and spices the whole with pleasing short stories. "The Villain of the English Novel" and "Carlyle and the Sartor Resartus" are two articles that show extensive reading and splendid analytic abilities. "The Trial" is interesting and welltold. The Dartmouth's "Contributors' Club" is in our opinion superior to the same department in any of the other literary monthlies.

*Pastoral Letters on Education.*—That veteran in the Episcopacy, Most Rev. C. E. Bonjean, O. M. I., Archbishop of Colombo, Ceylon, has just issued to the Catholics of his Archdiocese an energetic pastoral letter on Education. After a brief review of the progress and present position of Catholic education in Colombo, His Grace points out the crying need of further advance especially in the line of higher collegiate and classical studies. He then outlines his plans for the establishment of an institution to meet the wants of his Catholic subjects. The proposed institute will be composed of two sections—a commercial, presided over by the Christian Brothers, and a literary and scientific, under the direction of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Ottawa University prays that success may attend the new venture and hopes that the nucleus of a great Catholic university is now forming in distant Ceylon.

*Dominion Illustrated Monthly.*—Unless this magazine, of which we had formed so high hopes, wishes its career of usefulness to be considerably narrowed, it had better radically change the tenor of "The Raid from Beausejour." Never was an article better named "fiction," but even fiction cannot excuse bitterness, partisanship, and untruth. Not even the great name of Prof. Roberts is sufficient authority for the attacks. We tell the Professor that his whole story so far is based on ancient calumnies and impudent forgeries. The Professor, no doubt, takes

his information from the Nova Scotia documents compiled under the superintendence of a man named Aikens, who had the audacity to insert a note endorsing the statement that Abbé Le Loutre was an accessory, to the shooting of Capt. Howe advancing under a flag of truce. Another gem in the same precious collection is a letter purporting to be from the Bishop of Quebec to Abbé Le Loutre and which was forged by the French spy Pichon. We have not the slightest objection to the lime-light of true history being turned on the Acadian or any other question, but there is no use in painting even Negroes blacker than God made them. Professor Roberts is making the whole body of Acadian priests a set of scheming villains, filled with implacable hatred of those in any way opposed to them, and revelling in deeds of more than devilish cruelty. Professor Roberts ought to be heartily ashamed of the nasty job he has set himself to do, and the *Dominion Illustrated* of being the circulating medium for such offensive falsehood.

*Nassau Literary Magazine.*—The Nassau Lit. pleads guilty to the charge that *dolor sancta* is bad Latin; the excuse is: "We were always backward in dead languages." This from Princeton, one of the three great universities of the United States! But the Lit. has a Roland for our Oliver. It censures us for applying the term "sonnet" to a poem of twelve lines. While admitting that "sonnet," meaning any short poem, is now obsolete, and acknowledging that we used the word in the Pickwickian sense, we must say that there is good authority for making a "sonnet" thirteen and even twelve lines. The Lit. advises us to study our "splendid literature" in "plain English." The advice is tendered in a sentence of *eighty-eight* words, and which, as an example of not practising what you preach, is worthy of a place beside that other dictum "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with." Judged by your eighty-eight word sentence, Dear Lit., you are also "backward" in the living languages. It may be the result of deep study, of our "splendid literature" in "plain English," but to us it looks like one of Mark Twain's famous funny translations from the German.

## SOCIETIES.

The day of the year for St. Thomas Academy, is March 7th, the feast of its great patron. The celebration held this year under the auspices of the Academy so far surpassed any of the previous attempts, that it deserves special mention, and accordingly will be recounted in another column. Since our last issue the weekly meetings have been held as usual, the first taking place Feb. 12, at which L. Raymond '93 defended the proposition. "Evidentia est ultimum, imo, dummodo hic intelligatur evidentia sive veritatis, sive credibilitatis, unicum internumque veritatis criterium, in quod ultimum resolvitur omnis humana certitudo." He briefly and clearly explained what is meant by "evidence," "criterion," and "supreme criterion," and then proved that the supreme criterion is objective evidence. Walter Cavanagh '93, boldly and ably attacked the thesis, but was unable to successfully penetrate the skilful defence. The next week, Plamandon '93 proved: 1st: *Evidentia non potest esse erroris obnoxia in iudiciis sibi propriis.* 2nd. "Ratio humana in iudiciis mediatis per ratiocinium inferendis per se non fallitur, at falli potest per accidens" Guerin '93 brought forward several objections which Mr. Plamondon ably rejected. On Feb. 26th J. Philion '93 had the floor and defended the following thesis against the attacks of Mr. Meagher '93: "In rebus historicis et facti, non autem in scientificis auctoritas humani testimonii, si debitis vestiatur conditionibus scientiae et veracitatis, est sufficiens et firma causa certitudinis moralis." Rev. Dr. Nilles also took a hand in the discussion, but even so able an opponent could not destroy Mr. Philion's defence. Dr. Antoine officiated as director in place of Dr. Nilles and Dr. Arde. Jos. P. Collins '92, proved the following definition: *Lex est quaedam ordinatio rationis—ad-bonum communue ab eo qui curam communitatis habet—pomulgata.* A. Carrière '92 objected to the proof and produced several practical and interesting arguments. No meeting was held on the following week on account of the public disputation with the Capuchin Friars on St. Thomas Day.

## SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Feb. 14, the subject for discussion

before the Seniors was: "Resolved that Gladstone has done more for Ireland than O'Connell." Messrs. McKenna '93 and Rigney '95 upheld the affirmative against Messrs. Cavanagh '93 and Johnston '95. The decision of the society favored the negative.

The question at the next meeting was: "Resolved that war can and must be abolished." Affirmative, T. A. Troy '92 and W. Doyle '94; negative, Jas. Dean '92 and Sullivan '95. The affirmative was declared successful by a small majority. The following week there was no debate on account of the philosophical and theological entertainment of the students of "Divinity Hall." But the next week we had one of the most interesting discussions of the season. The subject was "Resolved that the immigration of the Jews into Canada should be restricted." L. Kehoe '94 and M. Johnston '95 defended restriction against Jas. Murphy '95 and M. Powers '95. Not only did the debaters do full justice to the question, but the speakers from the audience exceeded in number and excellence anything we have heard in past debates. Such able orators as Messrs. McMillan, Newman, Cavanagh, Cullen, Doyle, Collins and Owens, could not fail to secure the closest attention. Each side argued with eloquence and to the point, but the speakers in favor of the Jews wielded the greater influence and accordingly secured the vote. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm displayed by the speakers from the house will be kept up for the rest of the season.

## THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

Through the devotedness and zeal of the reverend director and committee, the work of the society has been most satisfactory. A constitution has been drawn out, and a list of interesting and varied topics selected for the semi monthly discussions. A short review of the debates held since the opening of the season will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, especially to those who were once devoted and energetic members of our society, and who are now far away from us.

The history of Canada, replete with the thrilling adventure and heroic deeds of the first colonists, suggested the first debate: "Lequel du prêtre ou du laïque, a le plus fait pour la civilisation et la colonis-

ation du Canada." The patriotic nature of the subject gave a decided impulse to the discussion. Messrs. Carriere and Vincent, upholding respectively the priest and the layman, made a strong and pathetic appeal to the audience. In this they were ably supported by their seconds, Messrs. Gagnon and Rochon.

The following meeting of the society, brought face to face two of the veteran orators, Mr. A. Charron and Mr. J. Philion. "Romantisme et Classicisme," was the difficult question at issue. The former displayed a careful study of the principles of art, but the latter added to the convincing proofs which he adduced in favor of the old French classics, an elegance of diction and a facility of expression which would have been a credit to an older speaker. Mr. Bédard strongly seconded Mr. Philion's efforts. He was opposed by Mr. A. Chevrier.

The sad events which have of late afflicted the Catholic world, gave rise to a debate full of actuality. The death of the two great prelates and statesmen, Cardinal Manning and Bishop Freppel, awakened in our midst sentiments of sorrow and admiration. Mr. Raymond's colleague being absent, Mr. C. Gaudet volunteered his services in support of Cardinal Manning's character and virtues. The debate was a success. Mr. Raymond dwelt in a touching manner on the loss experienced by the whole world but especially by the working classes at the death of the great English cardinal. "Monseigneur Freppel" found an enthusiastic admirer and panegyrist in the person of Mr. Sedilot. In this he was well supported by Mr. P. Paradis. The presence of several of the members of the English debating society, one of whom made his *début* as a French speaker, was a pleasing feature of the evening.

The committee chose for the 6th of March, a livelier subject, and one which was the cause of much mirth and laughter. It contained in two words "Intelligence et Instinct" the source of hundreds of pages of reviews, periodicals and philosophical works. Four of the disciples of St. Thomas, Messrs. Plamondon, Guerin, Gaudet and Jacque, entered the arena to fight on this difficult question. Mr. Plamondon exposed with much clearness the true doctrine concerning brute souls. His principles were vigorously at-

tacked by Mr. Gaudet. This debate was one of the most interesting yet held, and judging by the number of the speakers who rose from the assembly, produced the very desirable effect of bringing to light much of the latent talent of the society.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated by the junior students in an eminently loyal and besitting manner. The management of affairs was not carried on by the Irish boys alone, but all united in doing honour to the great Apostle of Ireland. The main feature of the day was an excellent dinner which began at twelve o'clock sharp. The junior refectory was tastefully decorated for the occasion. From each corner to the centre of the ceiling were suspended streamers of red, white, and blue; and attached to those were chinese lanterns of various colors. At one end of the room was hung a large picture of St. Patrick, surmounted by the flags of the stars and stripes and the union jack; while on either side were appropriate mottoes and flags representing each class of the commercial course. When full justice had been done to the elaborate spread before them, the chairman proposed several toasts to which able and eloquent replies were given. The following is a list of the toasts and of those by whom the responses were made:—

The Day .. .. .	E. Burns.
Irish Poets .. .. .	W. P. Ryan.
Canada .. .. .	Joe O'Neil.
Massachusetts .. .. .	F. Belanger.
The Turf .. .. .	J. L. Hillery.
Infirmary Table .. .. .	C. Phaneuf.

When the proceedings were brought to a close, an adjournment was made to the gallery of the senior banquet hall, where the rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to the music and the speeches then in progress.

The season for winter sports this year has been a comparatively short one. On account of the Christmas holidays the rink was not got into condition until about the middle of January. Notwithstanding the shortness of the season, however, the

managers of the hockey team put on several very interesting games. About six matches were played with outside teams this season and in five of these the college team was successful. The game of hockey is yet in its infancy in the college, but judging by the progress made in this branch of athletics during the past season next year will find us possessing a junior team second to none in the city.

We are glad to note the gradual decrease of the number upon the sick list. Messrs. Casault and Hayes have almost recovered from their recent illness. The bright spring days will doubtless restore them to their usual health and vigour.

OWEN.—Why is Jean like a certain compound, "for sale by all druggists"?

HECTOR.—I give it up. Why?

OWEN.—Because he is "rough on rats."

Owing to the unfavourableness of the weather the gymnasium has been the centre of attraction for the past few weeks; and as a consequence some hitherto unknown athletic talent has been brought to light. Allard, O'Neil and Hanly are getting very familiar with the gloves and will soon become quite proficient in the manly art. A new deparature in the way of tumbling, introduced by J. Cowan has proved to be a very fascinating and interesting pastime.

The juniors intend putting on in the near future their annual athletic entertainment, and the members are already at work practising the many different branches. Under the pushing management of W. Murphy, P. Lamoureux, J. McCabe and F. Leonard, something more than the ordinary may be expected.

The following is the rank in class for the month of February:—

<i>First Grade.</i>	{	1. H. Leclerc.
		2. Geo. Casgrain.
		3. A. Lapointe.
<i>Second Grade.</i>	{	1. A. Rocque.
		2. M. Lapointe.
		3. P. Burns.
<i>Third Grade.</i>	{	1. W. Brophy.
		2. E. Corking.
		3. A. Beaulieu.
<i>Fourth Grade.</i>	{	1. J. Cunningham.
		2. T. Coulombe.
		3. J. Cushing.

## ATHLETICS.

### SNOWSHOES, SLEIGHS AND SKATES.

In our last issue we made mention of a proposed snowshoe tramp to Aylmer, and predicted a day's enjoyment for snowshoers, but we little suspected that the affair would be as successful as it really was. Besides those who tramped the distance there was also a sleigh-riding party to the village by the lake. Wednesday, February 17th, was the date decided upon for the outing, and on the morning of that day twenty-one members of the Club, with their snowshoes thrown over their shoulders, started out for the Ottawa river. At the foot of the locks the shoes were strapped on and the descent made to the bosom of the river. In going down the hill "Tennyson" sustained an accident, and as the others turned to enquire what was the matter he of the curly locks made reply: "Broke, broke, broke," and untying the fractured shoe, returned to Alma Mater. The party crossed the Ottawa, landed in the Province of Quebec, went through the transpontine city, and on the Aylmer road. At the first toll-gate a halt was called for the benefit of those who were delayed on account of loosened strings. There were still seven miles to be covered, but the trampers were anxious to go ahead. They were just sufficiently warmed up to enjoy the trip, and the weather was that of a typical Canadian winter's day. The temperature was low, there was no wind, the air dry and frosty. There had previously been heavy snowfalls and the crystals fairly sparkled under the glaring rays of a warm sun. Setting out, the snowshoers passed Tetreauville before the sleighing party overtook them. As the sleighs passed by, the trampers lined up on either side of the road and cheers were exchanged; and the trampers scornfully refused all invitations to ride the remainder of the distance. Residents of the Aylmer road driving into the city looked with seeming amusement on the ruddy faces of the snowshoers as they perspired in their self-imposed task, when, wrapped in buffalo robes and listening to the merry tinkling of sleighbells they might just as conveniently, and with less fatigue, have covered the same ground and reached their destination in half the time. Time passed pleasantly as the party trudged along; the miles were quickly covered and Ritchie's hotel was reached at 11:45, exactly two hours and twenty minutes after the time of starting. Between the snowshoers and those of the sleigh-riding party there were in all about fifty-five. Shortly after the arrival of the former dinner was announced, and at the very first invitation there was a scuffling of feet in the direction of the dining-room. After dinner there was

s'nging and music. At four o'clock the snowshoers started on their homeward journey. The sleighs did not leave until five. Gaudet led the snowshoers on their way home and the pace he set was by no means slow. Some lagged behind, but five landed on the Ottawa side of the river at 6:30, thus making the nine miles homeward trip in two hours and thirty-five minutes. Early retiring was in order that night, and the next morning there were many stiff limbs, but none regretted having made the trip, for it was the best day's enjoyment they had this winter, and they will look back to the Aylmer tramp of '91-'92 as one of the pleasantest events of their college life.

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The last month has been a very active one in hockeydom. Apart from a few matches between picked teams there were four with outsiders, and one between teams representing the College and University courses respectively. The College men were particularly strong in their defence and frustrated the University men's every effort to score. Nor was their forward division by any means weak. The University men were no mean players, but they were without the services of McDougal, and in consequence were not so aggressive as they might have been. At the call of time the score was four to one in favour of the College course.

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The third team of 'Varsity met defeat at the hands of the Young Ottawas. The players in the 'Varsity third are as yet rather green at the game, and not very much at home on skates. The Young Ottawas were much younger and lighter than their opponents, but they were all fast and graceful skaters, and as their team play was faultless, they were easily victorious by a score of 6 goals to 1.

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The first seven of the garnet and grey evidently believe in the old adage: "better late than never" for they have improved wonderfully in the last few weeks. On March 5th they met and defeated the seven of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute. The play in this match was very even. After the puck was faced it travelled from end to end, and neither side seemed to have any decided advantage. Then the Collegiates kept the puck for awhile in the vicinity of their opponents' goal and finally succeeded in driving it through, thus scoring the first game. Before the call of half time, however, White scored for his side, and made it one to one. In the second half 'Varsity had the advantage, About ten minutes after the face White shot a

second goal. To make matters even again the Collegiates added one to their score, and the game stood two to two. Towards the close Collins sent the puck through the Collegiates' goal and scored 'Varsity's third and final goal. The match was played on Dey's rink, and the teams were: O.C.I., goal, Faries; point, Scott; cover point, R. Bradley; forwards, O. Bradley, McDougal, Morgan, McDonald. Varsity, goal, O'Reilly; point, Reynolds; cover point, Rigney; forwards, Collins, Dean, Clark, White. Referee, E. Dey. Umpires: W. McDonald and J. McCabe.

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ELECTRICS 1—VARSITY 4.

The return match with the Electrics was played on Dey's rink on March 11th, and the tables were turned on the Electrics as they were defeated by 4 goals to 1. The play on both sides was ahead of that of the previous match between those teams. Varsity particularly showed a decided improvement in their system of play. Reynolds was seen again at point, and White resumed his place among the forwards. The defence put up a very strong game and the forwards did much passing. In the first half Varsity scored one goal, White sending the puck through. In the second half Varsity's team play told to advantage. Shortly after the play began McDougal, who was playing a strong game, brought the puck up along the side of the rink and passed it out to White who sent it through the Electrics' flags.—Varsity 2, Electrics 0. Then through the co-operation of Clarke and White the Collegians' score was augmented by 1.—Varsity 3; Electrics 0. Making a spurt the Electrics forced the play. They carried the puck towards Varsity's flags and Ned Murphy, by a nice lift, scored for his side their only goal.—Varsity 3; Electrics 1. Before the call of time White again sent the rubber between the Electrics' flags, and thus the match ended in Varsity's favor. Score, Varsity 4, Electrics 1. The following were the teams:—

ELECTRICS.		VARSITY.	
Shea .....	Goal.....	O'Reilly	
Nolan .....	Point .....	Reynolds	
E. Murphy.....	Cover Point.....	Rigney	
Goodwin....	} Forwards. {	White	} {
J. Murphy... }		McDougal	
O'Neil..... }		Clark	
Baldwin..... }		Leonard	

\* \*

O. C. I. vs. VARSITY.

The second game with the Collegiate Institute was played on Dey's rink on March 12th. The game was as evenly contested as the match on the previous day, but Varsity was again victorious.



In the first half there were two goals scored, one by each side. The Collegiates won the first goal, McDougal scoring by a nice shot from the side. From a scuffle in front of the Collegiates' goal a Varsity player sent the puck through the flags and made the score one to one. In the second half Rigney carried the puck from his position at cover point to the opponents' goal and scored.—Varsity 2; Collegiates 1.

On March 19th a third match was played with the Collegiate Institute and resulted in Varsity's favor again, and this time the score was larger than in any of the previous matches. The teams were the same as in the two preceding matches, except that K. Bradley was prevented through illness, from taking place on the Collegiates' defence. He was replaced, however, by Jenkins, of the Ottawas. The change should not have weakened the Collegiates, but they failed to make matters as lively for Varsity as in the two previous matches, for at the call of time the score stood: Varsity 5; Collegiates 1.

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### SUBRIDENDO.

A Fowl Bawl—The rooster's crow.—*Smiles.*

Undertaker (to dying editor)—What epitaph shall we place on your tombstone?

Editor (feebly)—We are here to stay.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

#### *Mail and Express-IONS.*

Book-keepers—Librarians.

Trouble at sea—A screw loose.

Reigns every day—Victoria.

An absorbing article—The blotter.

For a change of air—Ventilators.

Extracts from the pen—Pork chops.

Needed a Bracer.—Young Author :—But don't you think my humor is delicate?

Old Critic—Oh, very! Why don't you take a tonic for it?—*Puck.*

First Boy.—Your folk ain't as rich as ours. My father and mother go driving every day,

Second Boy.—My father drives every day, too.

First Boy.—I don't believe it? What does he drive?

Second Boy.—Nails.

"I see you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month!"

"Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Why is B——r's knife like the saying: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." (Answer.) It is an old saw —*Phikhonian.*

HE FINISHES HIS WORK.—"Doctor," says Mrs. Worritt, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"

"None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves.—*Puck*

Ye hummers, do you remember the serenade?

Music, gentle music,  
Wafted in the air,  
Making hearts grow lighter,  
Making light the weight of care.

Stealing through the moonlight,  
gently as a dove,  
Telling tales of fondness,  
Telling tales of ardent love.

Music in the night time,  
Stars are twinkling bright,  
Wafted on the zephyrs  
Come "the voice of the night":  
Me-o-o-ow-wow-wow!!!

—*Ex.*

## ULULATUS.

ὦ λειοπωγῶν νεανία!!!

Mister O'R—l—y!

How are they coming?

A la "Barney": Noah!

Play "the fox," John. Fool 'em!

A freshman is not necessarily a fresh man.

Might a gambler's den be referred to as a *di*-ssecting room?

Even in the most difficult straits the iceberg's coolness never deserts it.

"Dry up!" said the sun to the rain, as he came from behind a cloud after the storm.

Scribbler: "What was the matter with that article on "The Atomic Composition of Molecules?" "Wasn't it all right?"

Editor:—"Yes, that's what was the matter with it. It was all write."

Whether engaged in scaling *Alpine* heights or in battling with a delirium resultant from *crisp* elas, he ever contentedly hums this soothing ditty:

"I used to go to school with 'Maggie Murphy,' and 'Maggie Muryhy' used to go to school with me."

"Why does old Moneybags look so shaky as he stalks along? He usedn't look that way."  
"Well, he's got hold of some stocks just now that are pretty shaky. I suppose that accounts for it."

Every one present at the banquet expressed himself as especially delighted with the "Broma."

Like a true *Englishman* he still seeks for new championships and is now, as the latest acquisition, to be considered as "the best ring-blower in the smoking-room."

With bloodshot eye and un*kempt* hair, he strode toward the dormitory, muttering as he went: "My sole relief is to consign myself to the arms of *Morpheo*."

It has been reported in society circles that "Juice" has become divorced from the Banjo and is soon to be married to the Violin. When is the wedding, Ted?

## MACK'S COMET.

*When Robins chirp and poets sing,  
Gray bearded sages say; 'tis spring!*

Now glowed ambition's burning coal  
And fired th' astronomer's young soul,  
At eve, he loved to scale the sky,  
To walk those worlds that, mounted high,  
Ride boundless space above his own,  
Or search for planets yet unknown.  
To-night he bends his practised eye  
Upon the dimmed hesperian sky;  
And where his rolling orbs are bent,  
O'er the Dominion Parliament,  
A flaming star-like globe appears—  
A comet, which for countless years,  
(So he surmised) had groped its way  
Till it had stood o'er Canada;  
Or, perhaps, as old folks say, a star  
Prognostic of a pending war,  
A torch to light the obscurity  
That overhangs futurity;  
A beacon-lamp to guide the nation  
Safe to her final destination—  
The storm-proof port of Annexation.  
As spheres revolved thro' the great void,  
Such wild conjectures now enjoyed  
Untrammelled freedom in his mind  
Where little else was e'er confined.  
To fill the hollows of this brain  
A knowledge more defined he'd gain—  
He grasped the mighty telescope,  
The only anchor of his hope;  
But ere he'd wheeled the *seer* about,  
The curious comet had gone out—  
Leaving the sombre veil of night  
To shroud a new Electric Light.