

VERY REV. JOSEPH FABRE, O.M.I.

MGR. CHARLES JOSEPH EUGENE DE MAZENOD, O.M.I.

# THE OWL.

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*VERY REV. J. B. L. SOULLIER, O.M.I.*

Third Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.



CABLEGRAM received by Rev. Fr. Lauzon, vice-Provincial, announces the election, on Ascension Thursday, the 11th ult., of Very Rev. Father Jean Baptiste Louis

Soullier, as Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Father Soullier succeeds Father Fabre, whose useful and edifying career was briefly sketched in our last November number. The new Superior General was elected, according to the constitutions of the Oblate Order, by a general chapter, composed of representatives from the different provinces and vicariates. The head of the Order is elected for life, and this is only the third time in the history of the congregation that such an election has taken place.

Nothing is more important for a religious order than the election of its first superior. It is his direction that pervades the whole body, and gives life and impulse to all the good and great works that are undertaken by its members. The eleventh of May, 1893, then, shall be registered as the date of a memorable event in the annals of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

The new Superior General is a native of the diocese of Tulle, département de la Corrèze, France. A few years ago he was proposed as first pastor of the diocese of Nantes, one of the most noted sees of France, but the rules of his Order prevented his acceptance. If this fact proves the great esteem, in which he was held by

the clergy of his country, the high offices frequently intrusted to him by his religious superiors, prove the great confidence they too had in him. As an official delegate he has visited all the different parts of the world where the Oblates have planted the banner of Mary Immaculate, from the vast plains of our Canadian North-West, to the gold fields of South Africa, and the shores of Ceylon, the emerald isle of the Indian Ocean.

Very Rev. Father Soullier, besides being the life-long friend of his immediate predecessor, personally knew the Venerable Founder and first Superior General of the Oblates, the late Right Rev. Eug. de Mazenod. This is a name which cannot be quite unknown to those of our readers who are attending the University at Ottawa, or who have been here; yet we fear that too few of us know what we might of the saintliness of life, and unremitting apostolic work of Mgr. de Mazenod, and of the claims he has on our grateful remembrance. Father Cooke's "Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Mazenod, Père Rambert's "Vie de Mgr. de Mazenod," and Mgr. Ricard's "Mgr. de Mazenod" are volumes to be found in our library, and will amply repay in edification and instruction the time spent in perusing them. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find in the records of our century, a more striking example of unselfishness and devotedness to duty, than that given by the first Superior General of the Oblates. The last representative of an illustrious family, and possessed of extraordinary mental endowments, he renounced the brightest pros-

pects in life, to consecrate himself to the service of his Divine Master in the holy priesthood. His earliest labors in the sacred ministry were for the young and the poor. He soon formed and carried out the design of associating with himself a number of priests possessed of true zeal, tried devotion and sterling virtue, who would devote all their energies to the conversion of souls.

Thus, in 1816, was the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate founded; it was approved by Pope Leo XII, in 1826, and its great development since proves that the self-sacrificing spirit of its founder and its members has won the favor of Heaven. At the general chapter, which has just taken place, were representatives from three large and important provinces in Europe, and two in America, also from three vicariates in Africa, two in Asia, and five in America. A province embraces a number of dioceses, in which there are houses of the order; the vicariates are extensive districts in new countries, under the spiritual guidance of an Oblate Bishop, whose priests are, for the most part, members of his own religious family. The University of Ottawa and the other establishments which the Oblates have around the capital, belong to the Canadian province, which was represented at the general chapter by Rev. Father Lefebvre, provincial, and Rev. Father Mangin, Superior of the Scholasticate.

The venerable founder of the Oblates, though he shunned this world's honors, was in his declining years, called upon to accept elevated positions in Church and State. He was named Cardinal *in pectore* by Pope Gregory XVI., and at the time of his death, in 1861, he was Bishop of Marseilles, a member of the Senate of France, and *Pair de France*. Mgr. de Mazenod was but the first of many members of the Oblate Order who have obtained eminence. Most of us are familiar, to some degree, at least, with the services to God and country, which entitle to our gratitude and admiration such men as Dr. Tabaret, founder of the University of Ottawa, Bishop Guigues, first Bishop of Ottawa, Archbishop Taché, and a number of other Oblates, departed or living. Father Cooke, to whom we referred above, was for years the representative of the

Superior General in Great Britain and Ireland, and was noted throughout the two islands for his untiring zeal and astonishing success in directing missions and retreats. Two lately departed members of the congregation enjoyed a world-wide fame. One of these was Cardinal Joseph Guibert, who joined Mgr. de Mazenod's religious community soon after its formation. His reputation for sanctity and remarkable administrative ability caused him to be named Bishop of Viviers, and later Archbishop of Tours, in very stormy times. He afterwards became Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, and was for long years regarded by Pope Leo XIII as a most enlightened and far-seeing adviser. Mgr. Bonjean, who died Archbishop of Colombo, in far-off Ceylon, was the other distinguished Oblate to whom we refer. The marvellous number of conversions made on the Island of Ceylon by the Oblate missionaries, under the direction of Archbishop Bonjean, would have inspired wonder and joy in any age. Those who are well-informed regarding ecclesiastical matters in the East, will recall the satisfaction expressed by His Holiness, seven or eight years ago, in announcing the end of the deplorable schism of Goa. Mgr. Bonjean was one of those who worked most faithfully to have truth prevail, and was specially consulted by the Pope. The records of the Vatican Council show that Mgr. Bonjean delivered a discourse before the Prelates of the world which won the admiration of all, and gained a favorable decision for the cause he defended. He argued against the pretension that Bishops from foreign countries or of small dioceses had not the right of voting on important matters.

The appointment of the new Superior General is a most important event for our young University. The Sovereign Pontiff has supreme authority over the institution, and His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, the Chancellor, with his suffragan, and all the other bishops of Ontario whose colleges or seminaries shall be affiliated, are constituted the guardians of the religious and moral teaching of the University; but with these restrictions, the Superior General of the Oblates has the direction of the University. He names the Very Rev. Rector who is to be confirmed

by the Pope, and he appoints all the heads of departments, and the Oblate professors of the Faculty ; consequently the future of this noble and grand Institution depends to a great extent on him.

We are happy to have this occasion to thank, in the name of all the past and present students of our Alma Mater, the worthy congregation of the Oblates of

Mary Immaculate, for the many and heroic sacrifices of men and money that she has made to accomplish the marvellous work, of which we are so proud.

Long life to the venerable Father to whose wisdom is intrusted the direction of the undertakings of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

*Ad Multos Annos.*



Wisdom sits alone,  
 Topmost in heaven ; she is its light--its God ;  
 And in the heart of man she sits as high --  
 Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,  
 Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind  
 Sees her forever ; and in her youth we come  
 Filled with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,  
 Worshipping God through her sweet altar fires.  
 And then is knowledge "good."

WILLIS.



*BEFORE THE SACRED HEART.*

OW hath the June-month blushed awake in roses,  
 Aroused by joyous birds that pipe day-long ;  
 Boon summer like a full blown flower uncloses,  
 And thrives in loveliness, and waxes strong.

Now earth is at her fairest : and above her  
 The heaven o'erstoops from deeps of dappled light,  
 Wooing her, like a true celestial lover,  
 To emulative beauty in his sight,

Yet, for the crowning beauty of the season,  
 I will not walk the meadows or the woods,  
 To watch how winds a-wing the billowy leas on  
 Wide-rippling sweep ; or in green solitudes

List how the wild bird singeth unto Silence,  
 Slaying her with the passion of his measure,  
 As we slay Happiness and her still smilings  
 In our o'er-yearning reaches after pleasure.

No : I will enter at this narrow portal,  
 And, in the space these straitened walls between,  
 Win to a Beauty far beyond the mortal  
 And finite beauty of the touched and seen.

This narrow porch doth open to our searching  
 A Realm outreaching all our race hath trod :  
 These walls are wider than the heavens o'erarching—  
 They hold and guard the fulness of a God.

Here dwelleth He, the Orb of All-Completeness,  
 His glory compassed in this lowly shrine ;  
 And here the rose of Love's consummate sweetness  
 Blossoms to being in His Heart Divine.

O, in these aisles, where shadows, moving slowly  
 With alternated sunlight, mark the day  
 For Hours that here veil faces hushed and holy,  
 And in mute adorations pass away ;

Here, where the stress of mortal life falls from us,  
 And leaves upon the soul, at sudden peace,  
 A sense of stillness, such as doth o'ercome us  
 If the loud ticking of a clock do cease ;

Here, where indeed the wheels of Time, suspending  
 Their work-day revolutions, give to hear  
 The finer voices of the Never-Ending  
 Speaking through silence to the soul's rapt ear ;

Here, in the hush, we feel It beating near us,  
 The heart of Godhead, human as our own,  
 We feel Its atmosphere of Love ensphere us,  
 Its light of Love soft-shadowing round us thrown.

We grow aware, with trembling adoration,  
 That God is not a dweller far apart ;  
 In our own hearts we feel the fine vibration  
 Of the wide pulses of His Sacred Heart.

We are uplifted from the death around us—  
 That shade which lurks in Nature's sunniest smile—  
 Unto a realm where perfect Life shall bound us  
 With no poor limitations of a while.

We realise, without our comprehending,  
 An endless Being permeating ours,—  
 A Life within our own, its life transcending,  
 Clothing its barren soil with Eden-flowers.

We pace abroad, from Time's oppressive prison,  
 To the wide breathing of Eternity,  
 Where, through illimitable airs hath risen  
 Full Light upon a boundless land and sea.

We catch clear glimpses of a Godhead breaking  
 Through veil on veil of beauty, on the glance  
 Of the rapt spirit, lulled to broad awaking  
 In the loud hush of earth's rude dissonance.

We reach, in widening circles of emotion,  
 Through rosy deeps around, beneath, above ;  
 We lose ourselves, as dewdrops in the ocean,  
 Deep in the Infinite of boundless Love.

We hear its many voices calling to us,  
 More sweet than all the songs of seraphim ;  
 We feel the Precious Blood Itself thro' through us :  
 God lives in us, and we have life in Him !

## THE OWL.

Ah, this were heaven on earth, and earth were solely  
 Another name for heaven, but that within  
 Our closest commune with the Heart All Holy  
 Dwells the disintegrating power of sin.

It shakes our being back into the mortal,  
 And thralls anew the spirit well-nigh freed,  
 E'en while the Heart of God from heaven's own portal  
 Doth stoop and clasp us round with heaven indeed.

It weighs us down from all our freest soarings ;  
 It makes our gladdest pulses slack with fear ;  
 It turns our alleluias to implorings,  
 And substitutes " Hereafter " for heaven's " Here."

But, be it so. Not vainly doth embrace us  
 The heart of Godhead in a fruitless hope.  
 Who from that fixed Heart-hold shall displace us,  
 Save we ourselves with our own weal would cope ?

Let us be true to our predestination—  
 Since all alike to Love predestinate :  
 Not earth nor hell, not trial nor temptation,  
 Shall shake the soul where Love doth arbitrate.

Sin shall be purged from out our nobler nature  
 By love, as dross by fire from gold refined ;  
 And holy Fear, transforming every feature,  
 Shall stand confest as Love in mortal kind.

And earth, the dream, shall in the waking Vision  
 Of God's essential beauty melt apart :  
 And all our being, tuned to pitch Elysian,  
 Throb one self music with The Sacred Heart.

FRANK WATERS.

## A PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC VALLEY IN MASSACHUSETTS.



O those readers of the OWL who have never visited historic Massachusetts, and who would be interested in one of its valleys, rich in remarkable associations and natural scenery, the writer respectfully addresses this article.

Within the limits of the County of Hampshire lies a rich, alluvial basin, twenty miles long, and fifteen miles wide, whose present form not only furnishes to the geologist one of the most interesting spots on the continent, but also presents an inexhaustible panorama to the artist. It is sheltered on the west by the perpendicular walls of the Mt. Tom range, while on the east the shaggy crag of Mt. Holyoke keeps vigilant watch over the placid Connecticut, thirteen hundred feet below. The Green Mountains rise in perpetually varying and undulating arches to the northern and western sky. Within this basin lies the city of Northampton, together with several large towns, while the surrounding hills are dotted with picturesque villages. But, in order to thoroughly enjoy the majestic view the valley presents, let us climb Mt. Nonotuck, which is the northernmost point of the Mt. Tom range, and which stands one mile south of Northampton. We ascend by a long and tortuous road, lined with columnar walls of trap rock, and over-topped with a luxuriant growth of forest foliage. Upon reaching the summit, the finest view in all New England commands the admiration of the observer. He sees acres of fertile fields, hillside pastures alive with flocks and herds, broad meadows and woodlands rising in successive tiers as they recede from view, forest trees rising everywhere at short intervals, and occasional orchards studded with fruit trees common to the region. But the greatest element in the completion of this landscape is the river and the islands and peninsulas formed by its meanderings. Here it is about one fourth of a mile wide, and its banks are beautifully adorned with alternating series of shrubs, shady lawns and lofty trees.

Chas. Sumner, as he stood on the summit of Nonotuck, and scanned the landscape before him, gave voice to his sentiments in these words: "I have been all over New England, have travelled through the Highlands of Scotland; I have passed up and down Mont Blanc, and stood on the Campagna at Rome, but have never seen anything so surpassingly lovely as this."

Perhaps the most unique and interesting sight in this panorama, is what usually goes by the name of the "Ox-bow." It lies right at our feet as we stand on Mt. Nonotuck, and from our elevated position we see that it is formed by a deviation in the course of the river, which describes an arc of 4 miles, to gain 70 yards, enclosing a peninsula of fertile land, whose form and verdure is pleasant to look upon, and adorned at the northern end with a beautiful grove. Added to this natural beauty, are three large bridges, spanning the river in beautiful arches, and on the southern corner of the "bow," are mills, mingling their smoke with a sort of vapory sea, which rises over the valley and forms wreath after wreath, as it slowly moves up the side of the hills. Immediately back of the "bow," and forming the artificial background, is the city of Northampton. The spires of its several churches, with a large number of public buildings, give to the picture its architectural setting.

Before leaving the mountain we can point out several neighboring villages, to which one could make a pleasant and profitable visit, on account of their natural scenery and classic associations.

On the opposite bank of the river is a picturesque rural settlement, known as Smith's Ferry. Here, in the midst of rolling meadows and well cultivated farms, under the shade of Mt. Holyoke, we see the ruins of an old mill—a relic of colonial days—standing on an eminence, a short distance from the highway. The scene is one for a painter, and defies description. But for us it has another interest, as being the spot where Nancy Priest Wakefield wrote her beautiful ode to the River of Death. Was it at all surprising that, dwelling here upon the banks of this, the queen of New



England rivers, and watching in early twilight the glories of the fading sunset over the mountain tops directly opposite, and the sombre aspect and awful stillness produced in this secluded nook, her poetic sentiments should burst forth in effusions so remarkable for graceful imagery and refinement? Whilst listening to the labored groanings of the cabled ferry, hid by the fast approaching twilight, the thought of meeting the boatman Charon, breathes in the words of her poem ;

“ And I sit and think when the sunset’s gold  
Is flushing hill and river and shore,  
That I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman’s oar.”

Now turning still further to the east, we see, nestling under arching elms and glistening in the sunlight, Amherst, the town of colleges. One could linger for days about the pleasant streets and rural walks of this unique town. All of its buildings are models of suburban architecture, and furnish pleasant homes to its thousand students. Here may be seen the added beauty which the forms of living green give to the handiwork of man. The college buildings and grounds, which occupy several acres, are pleasantly located on a gradual slope to village and meadow. Inseparable from the surroundings are numerous influences tending to heighten the imagination and feed the passion for learning.

But we must leave this scene to visit one of the prettiest and certainly the quaintest town of the valley, old Hadley. Antiquarians who are versed in Indian lore will here recall the scene of many a thrilling engagement in the early history of New England. Hadley, in its early days, consisted of a single street, extending nearly across a peninsula, made by a sharp turn in the Connecticut river, a little above Mt. Holyoke. Within the limits of its famed meadows, formed by this circling of the river, were fought some of the fiercest battles of the early wars, and the ruins of no less than three Indian forts are left to mark the spot. It was in August, 1675, that the combined forces of the Colonists made a sudden and determined onslaught upon the Indians. The red men were driven from the forts; and afterwards the war was carried on by deadly ambuscade in the swamps, or by sudden incursions from the northern hills. The last and decisive engagement took place upon a hill just over

the high banks of the Connecticut. The Nipnets were driven from the region, and these skeleton-filled forts are only reminders that modern civilization, with all its blessings and its cruelties, has swept the valley of its first inhabitants. The region has undergone but little change since these stirring incidents took place, and remains to-day an historical scene that links the present with the founding of the Nation.

Returning to the “Meadow City,” the name often given Northampton, let us tarry a short time among its pleasant environs. As we pass up Elm Street, the principal thoroughfare, we see its finest buildings, one of which, Smith College, with the fresh Chinese ivy clinging to its walls as affectionately as its 700 students, and thousands of alumni cling to their Alma Mater, adds beauty to the street and fame to the city. Directly opposite is the Catholic Church, a beautiful structure, the finest church edifice in the city. It was not until 1841 that Catholics became numerous enough to build a church, but from this recent beginning they have grown to be the religious and civil rulers of the city. A little further up, and within a stone’s throw of each other, the inhabitants point with pride to the house where Bancroft lived during the time he was a teacher in Northampton, and to where Jenny Lind, the “Swedish Nightingale,” spent what she termed the happiest days of her life. Here, too, Dr. J. G. Holland, founder of the Century Magazine, and a poet of no mean order, laid the scene of at least two of his novels; while Northampton owes him her noblest tribute in the pathetic poem, “Kathrina.” Through all these scenes, venerated for their early associations, Beecher leads the reader in his “Norwood,” and if one is possessed of a curious vein, he may, by a journey of a few miles down the valley, see the school-house where that famed speaker preached his first sermon, when yet a student at Amherst. In one of the suburbs north of the city can be seen a neat and well-kept farm house, the birth-place of a man who shall always claim a warm spot in the hearts of all New Englanders, Chas. Dudley Warner. By his fascinating style, he has contributed more than any other writer in creating a love for rural life. His “Backlog Studies” will ever strengthen the ties of family affection throughout the land; while the readers of his “Easy Chair” in

Harper's, will gladly acknowledge that a quiet community among the hills may send out influences that shall sway multitudes in distant parts of the earth

Another short trip along a tributary of the Connecticut and we shall bid adieu to these scenes. It is to the town of Cumington, the birth-place of Wm. Cullen Bryant, who has deservedly merited the proud title of America's descriptive poet. As we approach the home of his childhood, scenes that are remarkable for their beauty, even in the Connecticut valley, meet the delighted gaze. Is he not fortunate who is born and nursed amid such scenes, and has such an abundance to feed his nobler aspirations? Where else does man's finer emotions kindle with a more ardent glow? and what place more suited to the youthful days of our poet?

Bryant's biography is so familiar that I shall only touch upon an incident which beautifully shows the character of the man, and the influence of his surroundings. When at the age of twenty-one he was obliged to lay aside his yearnings for liter-

ature, and to seek a field for the practice of his profession, his nature was too sensitive for the life of conflict by which lawyers win fame and fortune. Aspiring only to a country office and having travelled all day on foot in quest of employment, to no avail, he felt, as one of his early associates tells us, desolate and forlorn, for the world seemed dark and his fortune uncertain. The sun had set, and he stopped to contemplate the brilliant sky. Soon he saw a solitary water-fowl winging its way along the horizon, and watched it until it was lost in the distance. The contemplation gave him such a stimulus, that he went on with new strength and courage, and when he reached the inn he wrote the lines, "To a Water-fowl," the concluding verse of which expresses the hope imparted by the flight of the lone wanderer:

"He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

J. F. GRIFFIN, '96.



The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.—LONGFELLOW.



## CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE FROM AN ÆSTHETICAL STANDPOINT.



ARCHITECTURE may be regarded from an æsthetic, a scientific or a utilitarian standpoint. In the first case, it is a means of giving sensible expression to mental conceptions. In the second, it implies a knowledge of mechanics whereby the archi-

tect is made acquainted with certain laws of physical nature and is made the possessor of power to call these laws into play or to counteract their operations. Utilitarian, embraces—or at least should embrace—scientific and æsthetic architecture; its object is the glorification of the Supreme Ruler, the elevation of national and individual character, and the increase of the physical comfort and well being of mankind. The present paper is to deal with architecture especially from an æsthetic point of view.

Architecture properly understood is not merely a mechanical, but is also a fine art. In it are embodied the two fundamental principles which critics exact in a fine art, viz.: 1st, its object is to produce works of a high æsthetic value; 2nd, it possesses the power to produce this æsthetic value. The characteristics of this higher æsthetic value are novelty, grace, beauty, sublimity, truth. Only these are fine arts, then, in which are presented to us, together with the material product, elements of beauty pertaining to the world of beings endowed with reason. That such elements are found in architecture needs no proof; their presence is manifested by the sensations we experience on beholding worthy productions of this art. Magnificent churches, palaces, etc., exhibit not merely those qualities which please the senses but show forth, in addition, "majesty, power, glory, strength and beauty," which appeal to man's higher faculties. The architect, therefore, must be something more than a mechanic. As a writer on

this subject aptly says in one of the current monthly reviews: "We claim for architecture that it is an art on precisely the same footing as painting and sculpture, demanding the same natural gifts and requiring the education and development of the same natural faculties. In architecture, as in other arts, it is the faculty of design that makes the artist."

It is almost universally admitted that all arts have sprung from a religious soil and have there attained their highest development. Burke thus expresses himself on this subject: "We know, we feel it in our innermost heart that religion is the basis of civilization and the source of all that is beautiful and good." It is a fact, placed beyond doubt by history, that the earliest productions in sculpture, painting, poetry, music and the dramatic art were the offspring of the ancient pagan religion, and this latter being, as was demonstrated in a former issue of this journal, not a mere myth but a religion solemn and true in the eyes of the ancients, there is no denying the fact that all arts have sprung from a religious soil. That, in the domain of religion, art is at its climax, is attested by writers of all ages. And in fact, inasmuch as religion appeals to the noblest feelings and aspirations of the human heart, it is but natural to expect that the artist whose soul is filled with these same feelings and aspirations should here find the loftiest inspirations of his genius. "The cult of the highest truth requires the highest beauty. Religion finds in the beauty of art its purest, sublimest and most effective expression." What is true of the fine arts in general is pre-eminently true of architecture. Our knowledge on this subject is most complete from ancient history. In Athens the foremost structure was the the Parthenon, devoted to Pallas Athene, and all the other ornaments of the Acropolis served the purpose of embellishing and enhancing this temple. And if we look about among the ancient nations which had no temples, we see that they had no architecture. With such religion

was a natural cult. Their religion was the worship of humanity. Thus China is not, and never was, noted for its architecture. The teacher of the Chinese, Confucius, though an advocate of justice, humanity, honour and sincerity, was rather a philosopher of the school of rationalism and naturalism. If it is true that religion is the source of art, we must expect that where the doctrine of Revelation was intact there would be found the noblest art. Nor do historical facts disappoint our expectations. Jewish art was in truth the highest art of pagan times. The superiority of the prophets over the pagan poets was as great as the superiority of a heartfelt sublimity over a false artificial sublimity. Among the former it was the offspring of the heart, among the latter, of fancy. Schlegel, speaking of the book of Job, says that it is one of the most admirable books written by man. In architecture it is admitted by all that no pagan temple could compare in beauty of design and of execution with that of Solomon. In it we recognize for the first time the underlying supernatural element which should characterize all religious art.

Connoisseurs on the subject have enunciated the principle that the religious arts in our Christian era exhibit a greater excellence than the profane arts, and that, when religious art flourishes, all art flourishes, when it wanes, all art wanes. Let us examine the truth of this principle when applied to architecture. How do Grecian and Roman architecture compare with Christian?

The distinction between heathen and Christian thought could scarcely be more distinctly stated in words than they are exhibited to the eye in the difference between a Greek temple and a Gothic cathedral. The pagan temples were altogether earthly, their columns and arches were comparatively low; they pointed not heavenwards, but were flat and broad, embracing, as it were, mother earth. Cardinal Wiseman is the author of the following admirable comparison between Grecian and Gothic architecture. "The architecture of Greece and Rome, like their religion, kept their main lines horizontal or parallel with the earth, and carefully avoided breaking this direction, seek-

ing rather its prolongation than any striking elongation. The Christian architecture threw up all its lines so as to bear the eye towards heaven, its tall, tapering and clustered pillars, while they even added apparent to real height, served as guides and conductors of the senses to the fretted roofs, and prevented the recurrence of lines which could keep its direction along the surface of the earth. Nothing could more strongly mark the contrast between the two religious systems. The minute details of its workmanship, the fretting and carving of its many ornaments, the subdivision of masses into smaller portions, are all in admirable accord with the mental discipline of the time, which subtilized and divided every matter of its enquiry, and reduced the greatest questions into a cluster of ever ramifying distinctions. The 'dim religious light' that passed through the storied window, and gave a mysterious awe to the cavern-like recesses of the building, excellently became an age passionately fond of mystic lore, and the dimmest twilights of theological learning. Nothing could be more characteristic, nothing more expressive of the religious spirit which ruled those ages, than the architecture which in them arose." In pagan temples the supernatural elements found no place. This need be no subject of surprise, since for the pagan, life in this world was the greatest happiness which man could enjoy. Existence after death in the imagination of their poets seems at best to have been a dreary one. The shade of Achilles thus speaks to Ulysses:

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom;  
Nor think vain words can ease my doom.  
Rather I choose laboriously to bear  
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,  
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead."

On the contrary, in Christian architecture the lofty towers, arches, and upward tendency of the whole structure majestically proclaim the heavenward aspirations of the Christian heart.

The religious architecture of Christianity is founded on the spirit of Christianity itself. Its churches, the material houses of God, symbolize the spiritual temple of God. The material house is further symbolical inasmuch as it represents to a great extent the practices, duties and

spiritual government of the faithful on earth. This symbolical purpose is ancient, as may be proven from the liturgy, from the writings of St. Thomas, and even from the words of writers outside the pale of the true church.

Schlegel, speaking of this symbolical element in the churches of Christianity, says: "The significance and the expression was the principal object of these old artists, and we cannot doubt that they had often the clear intention to express and to represent in the visible church the church itself, that is to say, its idea in its various conceptions either as militant or as triumphant." This supernatural expression is, in fact, that by which all Christian religious art is characterized. The principle has been laid down that it is not the subject matter by which an art becomes a Christian religious art, but through the intention conveyed in the treatment of the subject, which intention must be supernatural. *En passant* we may remark that this distinction is not well observed by some modern writers. Thus by some the works of Tasso, Dante and Milton, are classified with the hymns of the church. The former productions belong not to religious art proper but to hedonic art. The two following laws must necessarily be complied with in any Christian religious work of art. The first, or negative law is: A religious work of art must contain nothing that excludes or weakens the influence of the Holy Ghost. The second, or positive law, is: Every religious work of art must be so ordained that it corresponds and operates in accordance with the influence of the Holy Ghost. So that a Christian church in which the supernatural finds no expression does not, from an æsthetical standpoint, come up to its ideal standard, notwithstanding the fact that, in other respects, it may present elements of high beauty.

We are now to determine which type of Christian architecture has expressed most perfectly the symbolical idea in accordance with which the church is to be a representation of the invisible temple of God. Christian architecture, like Christian life itself, has passed in its development through several distinct phases.

From the different orders of classical architecture arose the various modern

types. These latter may be thus classified: The Basilica or Romanesque, which was in vogue from the dawn of Christianity until about the end of the twelfth century. Contemporary with the Romanesque was the Byzantine in the East. From 1150 to 1290 was the transition style between the Basilica and Gothic. The early Gothic flourished between 1250 and 1350, then the later Gothic from 1350 to 1500. The Renaissance style appeared in Italy about the year 1420; later it passed over in France, Germany, Spain and England. It flourished until the year 1600, when it gradually died away, or rather was transformed into the so-called Rococo style.

The Basilica was an imitation of Roman architecture. In fact, the early Christians borrowed the forms of their churches from the Basilica, or public hall, which served at once for a market place and a court of justice. In the Romanesque order were found the Corinthian column and the Roman arch, both of which had been considerably improved upon, since their first appearance. The supernatural element was present, it is true, both in the Romanesque and Byzantine styles, but it did not in them make its presence keenly felt. The Romanesque church is highly ornamented, being especially noted for the mosaics of its apse, its painted walls, inlaid pavements and the richness of its colours. The finest examples now remaining of the Basilica style are St. Paul's and Sta. Maria Maggiore, at Rome. And at Ravenna, St. Apollinaire. The dome or cupola may be said to be the chief feature of the Byzantine style. The dome of the church of St. Sophia, Constantinople, became the typical Christian structure of the kind.

We now come to the Gothic, or "barbarous" architecture, the latter epithet being applied to it by some self-styled heralds of enlightenment and progress. The Gothic churches for many a year, with stately composure, heard the sneers hurled at them by numberless scoffers, such as Voltaire, who had the unblushing audacity to assert that one hundred and fifty years before his time there was not in all Europe a single monument of architecture worthy of attention, and later we behold the same Gothic churches hearkening with the

same stately composure to the praises showered upon them by the whole world—how true the old proverb, that real worth sooner or later forces itself into recognition and admiration. The Gothic cathedral has been styled, Christian thought architecturally expressed. Henri Martin has said that “it is the most solemn form with which religious thought has ever been invested since the origin of worship.” It has been well said that the Gothic was not the invention of an individual, but a necessary growth—a gradual development from structural requirement. In it all that is good in Grecian and Roman architecture is made perfect, and in addition the supernatural element, the characteristic of Christian architecture, here shines forth in all its splendor. The horizontal lines, as we have seen, characterized Grecian architecture, and the arch, Roman architecture. In Gothic, the horizontal line is not found at all, the vertical line takes its place. The semi-circular arch of the Romans, after centuries of gradual development, here becomes the Gothic broken arch, composed of two segments of a circle. Whilst in the Roman and old Christian styles mural solidity is the main idea, in Gothic structures the main idea is that of aspiration, so that the walls of the latter are of little importance. The Romanesque architects decorated their churches with frescoes and other paintings, but about the time the Gothic architecture began to flourish, painted glass was invented, and by this the architects were enabled to introduce the most brilliant colours into their designs. The glass of the windows being thus stained, they had to be enlarged and their numbers increased in order to admit sufficient light. The walls of the structure were thereby rendered less massive. This desire for more and more space for stained glass was the origin of the window tracery which forms so beautiful a feature of the style. But it is especially the underlying, the supernatural idea, which gives to Gothic architecture its transcendent worth. Hence it is that, for civil purposes, Grecian and Roman architecture are as good, perhaps even better—it is a question of individual taste. It is altogether logical that the supernatural element should manifest itself to an extraordinary degree of

perfection in the cathedrals of the 12th and 13th centuries. In these times all the science, all the arts, all the learning possessed by man, were centred in the church. The sculptor, the painter, the historian, the moralist, and the divine, all found scope for the expression of their ideas on the sculptured walls, porches, niches and painted windows of the churches. Gothic architecture represents a figure highly animated. What is dead lies low, what stands shows life and nature. Every earthly thing tends towards earth, the flame alone and the spirit tends on high. Once the principle of vertical upright stature was found it was easy to still further increase, by the addition of the forms of organic nature, taken especially from the vegetable kingdom, the expression of life and of an inward force. Thus the geometrical figures which form the ground plan, are everywhere surrounded by a display of leaf-work and an abundance of living forms, just as in plant life, animated by the fullness of spring time, the law of their structure, their inward geometry, does not appear in their single forms, but their beauty is displayed in the luxuriance of life. An essential characteristic of Gothic architecture during its most flourishing period consists in the infinite variety of its inward development and rich outward decoration.

The cross, the characteristic symbol of the “Word made Flesh,” and therefore the fundamental symbol of the Church itself, has almost from the days of the apostles, according to St. Charles Barromeo, determined the fundamental plan of the House of God. In the old Christian basilicas this form was the so-called “*crux commissa*,” similar in shape to the letter T. In Gothic churches it is the “*crux immissa*,” that form of cross with which we are chiefly familiar. Not only does the “*crux immissa*” form the ground plan of the Gothic church, but it is also a foremost figure in all Gothic ornamentation; from it, is derived even the peculiar form of the doors, windows and towers with their profuse floral decorations. After the cross the most notable figure in a Gothic church is that of the rose, the Immaculate Mother of God the “*rosa mystica*.” This figure is found in the form of the small circular window and in the painting

thereof. It appears here and there throughout the church, as in the rosette carved stones, over the doors, at the top of the turrets and towers, etc.

What we have said thus far of Gothic architecture applies to it as it appeared in the 12th and 13th centuries for after that time the perfection which had hitherto been attained began to wane. In this later Gothic or Flamboyant period, "the beautiful forms of the early tracery became distorted into all manner of flowing curves, graceful but unmeaning; in short the art became lost in mere cleverness of design and dexterity of execution, and the architect's place was usurped by the mason."

The Renaissance style first appeared in Italy during the fourteenth century but was not adopted by the other countries of Europe until a century or more after. The Renaissance in Italy was the adoption of ancient Roman architecture and the application of it to the forms and requirements of modern buildings. St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London are typical productions of the Italian Renaissance. In these churches the dome is said to be a feature borrowed from the Byzantine style, whereas some critics hold it to be of Italian origin and thence transplanted to Constantinople. The domes of the Italian churches render the interior of these buildings very impressive but the façades are broken up into stories and want the unity of a Gothic front.

The Renaissance movement spread into other countries and with time the reforms it aimed at became more and more radical. Ultimately architects no longer attempted to apply classic architecture to the requirements of modern times but strove to make modern wants conform to ancient architecture. Thus, the Madeleine church of Paris, a pure Greek temple of exquisite beauty, is made to do service as a Christian church, the idea of which it is incapable of expressing. It is said that St. Pancras' church in London is made up of portions from nearly every temple in Greece.

The Renaissance may be said to have set aside the religious foundation and rich legacy in religious materials, which Gothic art had collected in the past, and returned to pagan forms. It is admitted by the

admirers of the Renaissance that its highest productions are palaces civil and private, castles, manor-houses, etc., whereas its weak features are acknowledged to be its churches. It never could conceal its earthly character in its religious buildings, but the earthly and the divine are naturally opposed to each other. Therefore the characteristic peculiarity of the churches of the Renaissance, especially after 1580, is a return from the vertical to the horizontal direction, from the ideal and spiritual to the realistic and material tendency. And the result of this change is an easy, graceful expansion on the surface of the earth.

"As the Greek feels at home upon this earth, as no longing lifts up his mind above this mundane sphere, so his edifices extend in easy, comfortable elegance upon the earth and instead of a heaven directed steeple, the roof like an eagle, extends its wings in protection over the temple," writes the German critic Maurice Carrière. But the later Renaissance not only abandoned all religious feeling and expression, but also even set aside the essential principle of natural beauty, viz., its agreement with good sense and reason, whose place was usurped by lawless fancy, which finally ended in the tasteless Rococo style with its purposeless vagaries of decoration and ornament.

Of the Rococo style little need be said, it is a tasteless conglomerate of all styles and as such has no place in the present discussion.

The chief styles of Christian architecture then are the Romanesque or Basilica, the Byzantine, Gothic and Renaissance. Each of these, as we have seen, has its commendable features. It would seem that the most magnificent productions of Christian architecture are those of the Renaissance and Gothic style. For civic structures, libraries, palaces, private residences, etc., the Renaissance style is admirably well adapted. For such purposes it is not only not inferior but is even perhaps superior to the Gothic style. But, as we have already seen, for churches, chapels, etc., Gothic architecture stands superior to all other styles. Of course St. Peter's, that immortal poem in stone, the masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance, is stamped by the genius of its great master,

and; like the works of Homer and Shakespeare, must be judged by a special standard. In the early Renaissance the symbolical spirit of the church was embodied, but such was not the case in the later productions of this style. Goethe, a true artist and an impartial critic, thus expresses himself on this subject: "Christian art might have reached the height of antique art, but under the Reformation rule the buoyant force had become weaker. Mighty protectors she still had, but they could not replace the spirit of sanctity, the

sacred essence which had fled from the temples."

Gothic architecture is then the style *par excellence* for religious purposes. For other purposes it compares very favorably with the other styles, and in conclusion we may well say with the critic Lotze: "If we consider the religious life as the centre of our ideal culture, only the Gothic, (and perhaps the Roman) style possesses sufficient flexibility to satisfy all the varied interests of our complex modern life."

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



Poor and content, is rich and rich enough ;  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

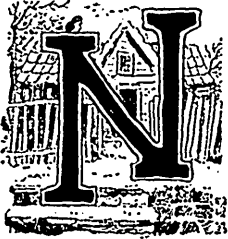
SHAKESPEARE.





## LINES ON A TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

“What has the future to give in return for our not being always *twenty-five*?”—*Lord Byron.*



NOT much, my Lord, indeed, save a few years  
 That half reflect the glow of twenty-five ;  
 But much of tears o'er what has been ; and doubts  
 Of what has yet to be, which we derive  
 Not from a sense of fear so much, as from  
 The contemplation of that matchless reign  
 Of youth ; which then, contrasted, can but seem  
 The golden preface to an age of pain.

Lost youth, lost years, lost faith in faithless things  
 That were the gods of my heart's household then !  
 But farther lost than all, seared trampled trust——  
 “The boy's mite”——in the friendship of most men !——  
 These are the ghouls that rise on vampire wings  
 To drain the hope that in me yet may thrive,  
 And cast their blackness o'er what twilight still  
 Falls from the setting sun of twenty-five !

And yet, although the future life like youth  
 O never yet has given, nor can give !  
 And is the envious thief from year to year  
 Of those we love who bid our hearts still live ;  
 She cannot take the engraven part away,  
 The seal is doomed——the impress left alive !  
 And since the natal hour's return is past,  
 I hail thee, *memories* of twenty-five !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

## UNDER POPE HONORIUS.

By the Very Rev. Eneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., etc



DIVINE of the Oxford School, misled by erroneous traditions, gave out for the information of the British public, that the distinguished Pope Honorius in the seventh century, was condemned as a heretic by the sentence of an Œcumenical Council. The assertion of the learned divine is opposed by such an array of learning, acute criticism, historical investigation, the testimony of witnesses contemporary with the accused Pope, that Pope's own letters which, it is alleged, contain the supposed heresy, the judgment of eminent theologians and even Papal authority, that it would have well become even an Oxford scholar to hesitate and investigate before giving utterance to so serious an accusation. What was really the case? When there was question in the Eastern Church of an opinion with regard to the person of Christ, which, when fully developed and understood, proved to be heretical, and was condemned as such, Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, consulted Pope Honorius concerning this opinion. The excellent Pope replied in two letters which have come down to our time, and, fortunately, for they enable us to use our judgment as to what they express, and exempt us from the perplexing task of examining the whole criticisms and other writings of by-gone times. Having read these letters attentively, and they are the only documents on which the charge of heresy pretends to be founded, we cannot concur in the view expressed by the Oxford divine, that in them Pope Honorius declared his entire concurrence with Sergius' opinion. 'The simple question is,' adds the learned Doctor, "whether the heretical documents proceeded from him as an infallible authority, or as a private Bishop." We do not think that any such question ought

to be asked; but we do think that our author ought, before denouncing the documents in question as heretical, to have asked himself the question whether they express any heresy. Let anyone read the letters, and it will be seen that they are written with much pains and great anxiety. They find fault, it is true, with the term *operatio* as applied to Christ, a term which was at the time new, and which, even at the present day, sounds somewhat barbarous. The Pope advised that this term should not be used as it was interpreted, or rather misinterpreted, to express two contrary volitions in the mind of Christ, causing constant warfare, as in each man the will impelled by concupiscence, wars against the will which aspires to virtue. Thus in man, fallen from primeval innocence, there are not two wills, but the same will at variance with itself having two contrary *operatio*s, the one towards good, the other towards evil. There could be no such operations in our Blessed Lord, who, Pope Honorius distinctly says, is perfect God and perfect man, having all the attributes of the Divine nature and all the faculties of the human, but in no degree subject to corruption or concupiscence, the fruit of original sin, the stain of which he had not, could not have contracted. It would scarcely be possible to affirm more plainly the sound doctrine concerning the person of our Lord, to which the Monothelite heresy, afterwards condemned, was opposed. Holding such sound doctrine, the Pope could well afford to discourage the use of terms which were apt to be abused and which were abused. More than this, he dreaded and had reason to dread that if discussions were continued at the time, there would ensue a separation of the Eastern from the Western Church. In the latter prevailed orthodox doctrines in regard to the matter so violently agitated in the East. Was it wonderful then, that Pope Honorius judged the time inopportune for further discussions, the assembling of

councils and the pronouncing of dogmatic decrees? We are not alone in our view of the Pope's letters. The secretary who wrote them interprets them as we have done. So does a very learned theologian of the seventh century, Saint Maximus. So do many eminent divines whose word is law to the less learned. So do also the successors of Pope Honorius, and, particularly Pope John IV, whose clear and unmistakable words we now proceed to reproduce. This able pontiff writing to the Emperor Constantine, on occasion of his accession, complains that the Patriarch of Constantinople, Pyrrhus, teaches novelties that are contrary to Christian faith and pretends that Pope Honorius "of holy memory," was on his side. This the venerable Pope declares "was far from the mind of the Catholic Father." His Holiness then proceeds to state that the Patriarch Sergius wrote to the said Pontiff that some parties taught that there are in Jesus Christ two contrary wills. To this the Pope replied that "our Saviour even as he is one person, so was he conceived and born in a way that surpasses humanity, at the same time perfect God and perfect man, in order that being born without sin, he should renew the first image which the first man had lost by his prevarication. The second Adam, born without sin, took from the first according to the primitive creation, the one natural will of his humanity; but not the two contrary wills which it is known that we have, who are born of the sin of Adam, so that the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh; whilst in Christ, the will of his flesh never resisted the will of his soul. We declare and confess, therefore, that in Jesus Christ there is only one will of His holy humanity, and not the two contrary wills of the spirit and of the flesh, as it is known that some heretics foolishly say. Thus, then did our predecessor reply to the question of the Patriarch Sergius: that there are not in our Saviour two contrary wills, because he inherited nothing vicious from the prevarication of the first man; and, if any ill-informed person desired to reproach him with having spoken only of the human nature, he must be told that the answer of the Pontiff was shaped according to the question which was addressed to him.

We, therefore, in consequence of Adam's sin, have two contrary wills, so that the sting of the flesh sometimes resists the spirit, and the will of the spirit sometimes endeavours to combat that of the flesh. But our Lord assumed only the natural will of humanity of which he was absolutely master as God whom everything obeys. My predecessor, then taught that there are not two contrary wills in Jesus Christ as in us, sinful men. Some parties misinterpreting this teaching in order to suit their own views, suspected the Pontiff of having said that there is only one will of our Lord's Divinity and humanity which is wholly contrary to truth." These words of Pope John IV are conclusive. They would warrant us in holding that any passages in the letters of Pope Honorius, if indeed there were any such, which might seem to tell against his orthodoxy, are interpolations,—ingenious devices of the enemy—the Levantine supporters of the Monothelite heresy.

Let us now consider what Oxford learning has to say as regards Pope Honorius having been found guilty, as it is alleged, of heresy by an Œcumenical Council. He was not and could not have been so condemned. Such an august assembly as an Œcumenical Council, would not pretend to judge and condemn without trial. Now, Honorius was not tried; he was not even cited, and could not have been cited to appear before the said council. It was held some forty years after his time.

There was no possibility, therefore, of inquiring into his case, or of affording him a trial whether fair or unfair. Less important tribunals do not condemn without hearing the accused. Hence we are compelled to agree with the most eminent critics that there is no condemnation of Pope Honorius in the genuine acts of the Sixth Council which was held at Constantinople. If mention of his pretended heterodoxy be contained in any writings connected with the Council, it could only be as a rumour current at the time through the care of the Monothelite party in the Levantine Church. Such rumours cannot be the subject of Œcumenical dogmatic decisions. This alone would show, as proved by so many able critics, learned theologians and Popes, even, that there

was no condemnation of Honorius in the genuine original acts of the Council. Supposing for the sake of argument that there were. What then? There is no Œcumenical Council without the Pope, any more than there is a living human body without the head. But no Pope was a party either in person or by his legates, to the alleged condemnation; nor was it afterwards ratified or accepted by any Pope. On the contrary, as soon as it was rumoured that there was such a thing in the acts of the Council, it was repudiated by the Popes and the orthodoxy of Honorius, as has been shown, completely vindicated.

Erroneous ideas of long standing are not easily eradicated; and so, there may still be some, who, notwithstanding the great weight of evidence above referred to, and much more that could be adduced, persist in holding that there is error in the correspondence of Pope Honorius with the Patriarch Sergius. Let such take consolation from the admission of our Oxford Divine that by such correspondence the question of infallibility is not touched, no erroneous observations in consultative letters or in the course of discussion on a question not yet finally decided, amounting to a judgment or pronouncement *ex cathedra* by the Pope.

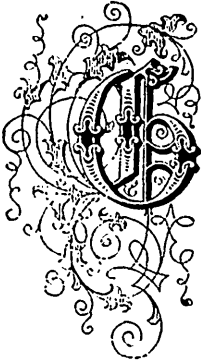


There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.



## THE POETRY OF DESPAIR.



REAT movements that stir deeply the minds of men, have ever been the prolific source of poetry. Poetry is at its best, as its greatest master has told us, a species of madness, and its greatest triumphs have been attained in every age when

the sober currents of life have been diverted from their regular course and are seeking new channels for their activity. All history attests the truth of this, but at no time has the connection between social change and its manifestation in poetry been made clearer than in the first half of our own century.

Two great political revolutions had towards the close of the eighteenth century changed the faces of two continents; but they were in themselves, and still more in their effects, much more than mere political revolutions. They marked a new era in the history of mankind, an era of equality, in which all men are kings alike; an era of liberty, in which men are freer to act and to speak out their free thoughts than at any former stage of the world's history. The brotherhood of man, freedom of thought, and the supremacy of the people, these were ideas to fire the minds of men and to raise wild hopes of a millenium to arise from their magic influence on society. It was natural and inevitable that the thought of the time should become crystallized, and, as it were, glorified in verse, and we feel that it is an effect in just proportion to its cause that poetry should abound. It was, perhaps, no less inevitable that some of this poetry should embody notions at variance with the best interests of men, and contrary to the true object of poetry itself. Liberty and equality are good in themselves, and so far as true liberty and a real equality was the aim of the revolutionists, the movement was one of unmingled good; but liberty may degenerate into license,

and equality may beget anarchy and confusion. In response to this tendency of the best things to be abused in the hands of man, and to produce evil instead of the good they are designed for, the reign of liberty, degenerating into license, has produced "The Poetry of Despair."

Poetry may be characterized by its form, its subject, and the mode of treatment, or the standpoint from which the poet views the subject matter of his poetry. To these might be added the effect which all true poetry, and especially poetry of a high order, must have on the thoughts and actions of men. This effect, however, will be in proportion to the importance of the subject and the truth and beauty with which it is presented.

In form, the poetry of despair is brilliant. The beauty and charm of its dress make us often forget the naked deformity of the thought. For smoothness echoes to the sense, for strength and force of diction to give impressions of grandeur and sublimity, for choice imagery and for powerful description of the great features of nature, or the immortal productions of art, the poetry of despair is unsurpassed in modern times.

Neither is the subject of this poetry unworthy of the beauty and sublimity of its form, for its great subject is man. But man in the poetry of despair is not man as he really is, nor man idealized in keeping with nature as he appears in the pages of Shakespeare and Homer. Some modern poets, as Wordsworth, have thought it not beneath the dignity of the poetic art to take the roadside beggar and the common toiler in life's way, and to beautify them without changing them, and to give to them that indefinable charm poetry imparts to what it touches. "The grand old poets, the bards sublime," raised men to the dignity of Gods without robbing them of the essential characteristics of men. It was reserved for the poetry of despair to open out a new field and to represent man as he can become only when degraded by weakly yielding to his baser passions, and by consequent disregard of the laws of his

moral nature. The subject is the same that furnished the heroes of Homer and Tasso, and the sublime creations of Shakespeare, but with scarce less power to paint, the poets of the school of despair produce but a base travesty.

There is, no doubt, and has ever been; sufficient evil among men to form some slight ground for the despair of this poetry, and individuals of the type they depict are to be found in the byways and slums of life. But it cannot be held that to drag these forth to the light and deck them out in the splendid garb of the most brilliant poetic diction is to be true to the object of this noble art, "whose purpose," to alter slightly the application of the poet's words, "was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature." It is of the very essence of human nature to hope, and it is only the weaklings or the vicious among men who hold it as a maxim that "man was made to mourn." The poetry of despair then violates the primary purpose of poetry. It represents not the essential objective elements of human nature which should appear concentered in poetry that is true to the real purpose of the art. It embodies rather the perverse dispositions of the poets themselves which they mistook for human nature. To establish this connection between the poetry of despair and the lives of its authors, it will be only necessary to notice briefly the careers of the two great leaders of the school.

In the lives and characters of these two, Alfred De Musset in France, and his English prototype, Lord Byron, there is a striking similarity. It is a noticeable fact in its bearing on what they afterwards became, that both these poets received a highly injudicious training in youth. It is not difficult to believe that Byron had his own sad experience in mind when he penned those bitter lines in the opening Canto of Lara. For of him, as of Lara; it could be said that he was

Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
With none to check, and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime.

His father died when the future poet was in his infancy, and the wayward and capricious temper of an indulgent mother

intensified the too similar disposition of her son. Never taught to control passions by nature strong, he had scarcely emerged from boyhood when he plunged into vicious and degrading pleasures. Liberty was, for him, a true heritage of woe, and he became, by its misuse, what readers of his poetry are familiar with, a moody, reckless, defiant, despairing man.

Without entering into details beyond the scope of this article, it may be said that De Musset's life was as bad as Byron's, or even worse. For him, too, there is the palliating circumstance of a neglected youth. Like Byron, he was extremely precocious, very nervous and irritable in temperament, of strong passions, and extremely desirous to distinguish himself while yet very young. He was indulged by his parents in all the whims of his youthful fancy, stories almost incredible being told of his early life by his brother Paul de Musset. The following extract from a letter written to a friend in Paris, while he was yet only seventeen, will give better than any description a notion of the life he led, and the reckless tone of his mind:—

"If I were at present in Paris, I would drown in punch and beer every serious and respectable emotion there is left within me. That would indeed be a relief. They give opium to a dying man in order to lull him to sleep, although it is known that sleep will kill him. I would fain do the same with my soul." Thus, at an age when the heart should be light and buoyant with hope, and the imagination fired with the chances of the future, the unhappy poet finds life a burden too grievous to bear. A recent writer says of De Musset, that his writings have an elective affinity with his life, or in other words, what we see in his poetry is just what he was in himself. His poetry is desolate and forlorn, because his life was such, a concatenation of anguish and despair. He has been called "the genius of despair," a title he must share with Byron, who sometimes sinks to depths as low as De Musset.

Everywhere in this poetry we find evidence of the bitter source of its cynicism and despair. And the poet himself is under no mistake as to the fatal cause of the strife within that finds vent in his wild poetic ravings. Sometimes, indeed, he

seeks to accuse fate, nature, any abstraction, so that the mind be relieved of the intolerable burden of the consciousness of self-ruin. Thus does Lara shrink from the contemplation of his wasted youth, whose bright promise memory recalls for his torment.

But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
He called on nature's self to share the shame,  
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form  
She gave to clog the soul and feast the worm ;  
Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
And half mistook for fate the acts of will.

This gives the characteristic feature of this misery of mind and heart. The unhappy victim of his own passions and lawless life scorns repentance, bids defiance to the remorse that tortures him, and tries in vain to rid himself of responsibility by accusing fate. In calmer moments, however, he recognizes and acknowledges the true source of the bitterness of heart that fills his life with woe. Thus Manfred exclaims: "I have ceased to justify my deeds unto myself, the last extremity of evil;" and Childe Harold, in a moment of honest self-accusation, says: "This is of the seed I sowed; I should have known what fruit would spring from such a tree."

The poetry of despair, having its source as such, as we have seen, in the unfortunate characters and lives of the poets, is not creative in any high poetic sense. It never delights us with new combinations of those universal elements of human character such as live in the pages of Scott or Shakespeare. Byron may be said to have but two characters in all his poetry, and these are often little more than names under which the poet speaks directly to the reader. All through his poems we meet the same weak, erring sister, a beautiful piece of living clay finely moulded, made, it would seem, to be the willing victim of the dark-browed, remorseful hero. All through his pages, too, stalks the same haughty, mysterious, despairing man of gloom, with scarce variety enough to fit the varying circumstances in which he appears. The ordinary interests or passions of men have no power to move his soul, and he lives among his fellow-creatures as a being of a different sphere. The haughty soul bears an inward burden that commonly manifests itself only in the abstracted gaze and the sarcastic bitterness

of tongue. Pride is usually sufficient to sustain it, but sometimes the terrible strain is too much for the overwrought heart and brain, and he that boasts himself equal to all faints away in a deadly swoon or gives vent to his wildness in the idle curses of impotence and despair. In the dead of night the servants of Lara are awakened from their slumbers by a shriek of fearful anguish to find their master stretched apparently lifeless on the floor of his chamber, his set face wearing a look of horrible menace and defiance. Manfred, alone on the mountain top, summons the spirits he has learned to command, the spirits of earth and ocean, of air and night, the spirits of the heights to which he has climbed, and of the all-embracing winds. They come at his command, and with them the star that shone over his nativity, and of them he craves the sole boon of self-forgetfulness. Like Arnold, in "The Deformed Transformed," he would be "at peace—in peace," but the spirits he has summoned, potent for all else, have no power to confer on him the oblivion he seeks, the forgetfulness of that which is within him. The past appears before him, he thinks to seize its joys once more, but it vanishes at his touch and his senses fail under the blow. At one time he boasts that he can bear, however wretchedly, what others could not brook to dream, and again, he breaks forth in this bitter strain:

I have gnashed my teeth in darkness till  
    returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset ; I have prayed  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me ;  
I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me  
And fatal things passed harmless—the cold hand  
Of an all pitiless demon held me back,  
But by a single hair which would not break.

From the dark source of these pictures of despair could be expected no cheering or ennobling pictures of life. The same uncertainty as is manifested in the actions of Manfred, marks their feeble attempts at anything, like speculation on the higher aspects of life. Everything that men are prone to believe in, free will, the moral responsibility of man, and a future life, are placed among the brain-born fancies of weak minds. All things happen by a necessity that has been pre-ordained, and the best that man can do is to follow blindly its dictates. "You must obey

what all obey, the rule of fixed necessity :  
against her edict rebellion prospers not ;”  
such is the advice of the demon Cæsar,  
which is of a piece with that of the wan-  
dering *Childe* :—

Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best,  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :  
There no false banquet claims the sated guest  
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome  
rest.

We see here proclaimed a fatalism that would reduce man to a condition far worse than that of any living creature, his life a sickly dream of agony, his pursuits phantoms that lure him to destruction, meteors with a different name, and “Death—the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.” Man, “the heir of all the ages,” of Tennyson, “the paragon of animals,” of Shakespeare, is for Byron the living plaything of chance, more unhappy than his chattering ancestor of orthodox Darwinism.

The glamour of beautiful language can not hide the utter worthlessness of such poetry. It has no redeeming feature. Something might be conceded to mistaken views when there seems some reason to believe there is conviction behind them. But the wild vaporings devoid of decency or consistency, born of a licentious mind, deserve only contempt. Such poetry can serve no good purpose if it be not “to point a moral.” For perhaps we could have no stronger proof of the necessity of well-living, of careful training in youth and

sound morals in manhood, than the examples of these great poets. It would be wrong to suppose that they were wholly bad in their lives, or delighted solely in painting “wild-eyed despair.” They were, we may well believe, men like Lara, whose aspirations for good were strong in youth, but whose passions were still stronger, and who were untaught to curb their fiery flow till they had worked the desolation of their lives. The bitter fruit is seen in their poetry, which cannot then be said to represent, as poetry generally does, any really characteristic feature of the age. For those who know the lives of the authors, it causes no surprise to find their poetry replete with misanthropy and despair. They find in it only the more reason to be thankful for the many good poets whose grand creations give life a nobler aim, and make it more enjoyable, while increasing hope and belief in a higher life in the world beyond. Neither can the existence of a poetry of despair be deemed any evidence of increasing wickedness and depravity in men, for it should be remembered that if the century has given birth to Byron and De Musset, to *Manfred* and *Rolla*, it has likewise produced Tennyson and Chateaubriand, Newman and Longfellow, and many others, whose legacy of good far outweighs the evil of the poetry of despair.

P. CULLEN, '93.





## CARDINAL ZIGLIARA.



O be obliged to chronicle the death of any of the friends of the University is always a mournful duty, but when, as in the present case, we have to write of the untimely demise of one of the Princes of the Church—of one whose scholarly pen has in the past done noble work for the cause of truth and religion, and of one who has exerted the strength of his great influence in the Eternal City in favor of our Alma Mater, our task becomes doubly mournful.

Cardinal Thomas Zigliara was born at Bonifacio in the Diocese of Ajaccio, Corsica, in the year 1833. His early passion for speculative studies developed as he advanced to manhood's years, until the literary field of his island-home no longer offered scope to his abilities. To Rome then he went, Rome, the Eternal City as it is justly called, Rome, the home of science and truth, and there amidst the bustle of that cosmopolitan centre adapted himself to the life of a student. He joined the Dominican order and after finishing his theological and philosophical studies, he began to teach philosophy in the famous University of that great order. For ten years he occupied this chair at the Minerva and subsequently taught dogmatic theology in the same institution.

His great fame as a teacher was such that prelates of all degrees of eminence, and churchmen of high philosophic attainments were, during their sojourn at Rome, attracted to his lecture-room, which was daily crowded with enthusiastic students.

The late Cardinal was a man of retiring disposition and studious tastes, and is therefore not as well known to the Catholic world as some of his more worldly confrères. To the student of Thomistic Philosophy, however, he will always stand out in bold relief as one of the master

commentators of the Angelic Doctor; to the thinking world as one of the few great writers who have been most efficacious in their endeavors to stem the torrent of infidelity and false doctrine which threatens to deluge the world. Among his works those that call for most attention are his "*Summa Philosophica*," "*Luce Intellettuale*," and "*Propedeutica ad Theologiam*."

His "*Summa Philosophica*," which is so well known to the students of philosophy in this institution, is, as the name implies, a summary of the Philosophy of St. Thomas, especially accommodated to the wants of young men. It is a clear, concise, epitome of scholasticism, commented in a masterly manner, and remarkable for the logical order preserved throughout. The connection between the parts of philosophy is clearly shown by the introduction of prologues to each book and chapter, which, summarizing what is to be treated of, renders the task of mastering it a comparatively easy one.

The careful student of Cardinal Zigliara's works acquires not only a knowledge but also the science of Philosophy.

His "*Luce Intellettuale*" has been pronounced by Canon D'Ameglio "the most remarkable work of Ideology published in our century." In it, as in all his other works, Cardinal Zigliara shows himself to be deeply conversant with the most intricate problems of philosophy, and at the same time his unassailable logic serves as a foil which easily does away with all objections.

His "*Propedeutica ad Theologiam*," or preparation for theology filled a long-felt want, because in it the writer constructs a bridge between philosophy and theology, leading students who believe in God and in an immortal soul to Christianity and to the Catholic Rule of Faith.

He was entrusted with a complete edition of the works of St. Thomas and had already completed six volumes in folio replete with notes and comments when death cut him off.

Ottawa University has always been an

especial favorite with the great Cardinal and our Alma Mater always found in him a strong and zealous advocate in the Eternal City.

To our Alma Mater, too, belongs the honor of having introduced his works to the college-world. The first edition of his now world-known philosophy was published in 1876; in 1877, even before his volume on *Morals* was out of the press, his *Logic and Metaphysics* was being used as text-books in this institution. Soon after other colleges followed suit and in short order the Philosophy of Zigliara was read wherever Scholasticism is known.

The Cardinal has shown his appreciation of the good work being done here by

annually donating a medal for the course of Philosophy and it was only a short time before his death that the last one arrived at the University.

Monsignor Zigliara was created a Cardinal Deacon at the first consistory of the now reigning Pontiff, and in the distinguished company of the late Cardinal Newman. His great abilities and scholarly achievements placed him in high repute among the distinguished members of the Sacred College and his comparatively untimely death is a heavy loss to that august body.

May his soul rest in peace.

F. Mc., '93.



### THE INFINITE.

The infinite always is silent :  
 It is only the finite speaks,  
 Our words are the idle wave-caps  
 On the deep that never breaks.  
 We may question with wand of science  
 Explain, decide and discuss ;  
 But only in meditation  
 The mystery speaks to us.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



## CONTRASTS.



ONE morning I went walking  
 In a garden bright and fair ;  
 The scent of purple jessamine  
 And roses filled the air ;  
 But, nestling in the shadow  
 Of a lily proud and tall,  
 Peeped forth a modest violet——  
 The sweetest flower of all !

## II.

In a cushioned pew, with grandeur sat  
 The maiden of high degree,  
 Greeting her God with languid grace  
 And mock humility ;  
 While away in a corner, with downcast eyes,  
 A village maiden stood  
 And sang with simple, heartfelt joy,  
 Of Christ's redeeming blood.

## III.

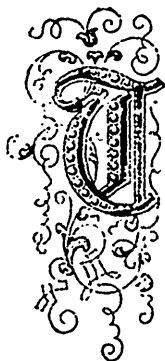
Away in the crowded city street,  
 'Neath a sunless, smoky sky,  
 I watched the carriage of gilded wealth  
 Go rolling proudly by ;  
 And, close on the heels of stately pomp,  
 Pressed the victim of want and pain,  
 Whose eyes, the lights of joy and peace  
 Could ne'er reflect again.  
 But there, 'mid the tumult and hum of life,  
 Stood a maid with aureate hair,  
 Within whose eyes one time blue skies  
 Were mirrored—then fastened there !  
 And a basket, held in her dimpled hand,  
 Was filled with blossoms rare,  
 That spoke to me of a day long past,  
 In a garden bright and fair.

## IV.

And so these pictures of lowly life  
 Daily before us rise ;  
 Lifting us up from earthly things  
 To the gates of Paradise.  
 Teaching us, too, that a humble mind  
 Is a palace, untarnished by pride of kin  
 Or greed of gain, where love and grace  
 Enter : and entering, dwell therein.

HENRI B. SULLY.

## TALE OF A FLOOD.



THE Bunn family lived in a small house, in a low and unhealthy quarter of New Lowell. In a small house, and the family was large, as poor families are apt to be. Mr. Bunn, who was wonderfully good-natured under all his trials, would facetiously call the roll every night to make sure that none of the children were missing, and sometimes he would purposely forget two-year old Baby Bunn, who would shout indignantly from his mother's lap: "I'se here! I'se here! why don't co call Ditty Bunn?" And then Mr. Bunn would say in a puzzled voice: "Dickey Bunn—who is he? On, yes, to be sure! Dickey Bunn is the name of the last one, ain't it? Well, then—Dickey Bunn!" and the baby would answer with a pleased giggle—"Here!"

Although the bill of fare was plain, and the clothes well patched, the Bunn family managed to extract a good deal of happiness from life. When Mr. Bunn found a good job and they had, in consequence, a "hot supper,"—which meant plenty of beefsteak and vegetables all around, and some red-cheeked apples, or a can of peaches for dessert,—and the fire burned brightly, and the children were every one well, life seemed actually overflowing with blessings.

But often the children were not well. In fact there were so many of them that about half the time the old lounge was the resting place for some ailing one; and the doctor—whenever they could afford to call one—would always say more or less about the location being an unhealthy one.

In her early days Mrs. Bunn had lived in the country, and as her family increased the little house and the still smaller yard formed a painful contrast to the roomy farm house, the big wide-door'd barn, and the broad fields that she used to know, and she often expressed a desire to move into the country. But Mr. Bunn, born

and brought up in the city, was like a Laplander in believing that no place could be better than that in which he lived.

With the exception of a rare glimpse of the grand Park, or some rich man's fine grounds, he knew of nothing better than his low rooms and the struggling, homesick lilacs and tiger-lilies which Mrs. Bunn tried to grow in the sloppy backyard.

To have a long fat job of hod-carrying, and to know that the children were not very sick, was all the happiness Mr. Bunn could comprehend, and he always laughed at Mrs. Bunn's absurd wish to move into the country, where there could be no chance to shoulder brick and mortar up a fifty-foot ladder.

A desire for the country always smouldered, however, in Mrs. Bunn's heart, and she never gave up the hope that some time they might live on a whole acre of ground, and have three or four trees and maybe a glimpse of a brook, like the one she used to wade in when she was a girl. It was this hope that sustained her through all these years, and led her to toil bravely on, and make the best of the cramped and dismal home in "The Flats." They owned their house—that was one comfort—and had none of that wretched breaking-up and packing about from one rented place to another, which they observed in their less fortunate neighbors.

And yet, although these shabby premises were their own, it seemed as if in this spring of 1884, the house had never seemed quite so small and quite so sickly. Both Tom and Annie were down with low fevers. Baby Bunn was crossly cutting some double teeth, and a series of long, hard rains interfered with hod-carrying to such an extent that Mr. Bunn, in a tattered rubber coat, had taken to looking for jobs of wood-sawing. Dismal, indeed, was the outlook, and it required all the Bunn fortitude to eat suppers of corn-meal cakes and black syrup contentedly, and to rise uncomplainingly to breakfasts of corn-meal mush and sky blue milk.

"If we lived in the country," began Mrs. Bunn, and then checked herself.

She was in no mood to be laughed at. She went on thinking, however, that if they lived in the country on an acre of land, they could at least have potatoes and turnips and fresh eggs and an occasional chicken, and, perhaps—oh, mercy of mercies—they might keep a cow, by letting the children lead her along the roads to crop the free pasturage there.

Probably Mrs. Bunn was getting a little feverish herself, for whenever she closed her eyes she seemed to see fair green fields and dancing brooks, and a white cow feeding upon the hillsides, and happy children gathering violets in the spring sunshine; and she could hear the thrifty cackle of ambitious hens, and the carol of robins on the tip-top branches of the budding trees.

A river runs by the Flats, separating that locality very distinctly from the highest of Upper Lowell. Every spring it rises and runs away with its usual petty larcenies of woodsheds, chicken coops, and the like; but, in the spring of 1884, it meant more than petty larceny; it meant a bold and defiant raid.

But the Flat people did not fear it; and even when it crept up to their back yards, and lapped hungrily around their doorsteps, it was still but a new and refreshing excitement,—this big rise of the peaceful "Little Wolf."

Some authorities rode over to the Flats and suggested that the houses along the river had better be vacated, and the families living there only laughed, and said they were not afraid; and every one went to bed that night feeling perfectly safe, and thankful that the weather had cleared, and that there would be chances for going to work again on the morrow.

But "at midnight there way a cry." Mr. and Mrs. Bunn did not hear it, for Annie and Tom were sleeping soundly for the first night in a week, and the father and mother, tired out with vigils, were also deep in slumber. They were all sleeping up stairs, as the doctor had advised,—Tom and Annie in their bunks near the window, where a breath of fresh air could touch their fevered faces, three small boys in the trundle bed, Nelly, the oldest girl, on a lounge, and Baby Bunn with his father and mother.

The cry came from some of the houses

along the river, and there was only time for the bewildered snatching of a little clothing, and a frenzied escape to higher ground; every one, thinking but of himself and those belonging to him.

The little Bunn house stood the lowest of any in the Flats, and the river had been nosing about for an hour or more before it took its final grip. When it really set its jaws together, Mr. and Mrs. Bunn were awakened by the queer, straining creak and jar, and they now heard the wild shouts outside, the lap and swirl of the waters about them, and knew, with freezing hearts, what it all meant.

With the instinct that makes all woman-kind want to die decently, Mrs. Bunn dashed into her gown, which hung over the foot of the bed, and even gave her hair a swift twist. Then she caught up Dickey Bunn, who gave a sleepy cry at such disturbance, and she breathed the name of Christ's mother, as she held him tightly to her breast. Mr. Bunn—steering, with great presence of mind, through the sea of sleeping children—looked from the window. Was there a torch-light procession? And had all the stars joined in it? For the lamps that were now flashing out from the windows, and the bright stars above were all moving in the same direction. No, it was his own house that was moving,—they were afloat! Mr. Bunn staggered back to the bed and drew on his trousers, and felt about for his stockings, and said not a word. Nelly, the oldest child, who had awakened, sat up and called out: "Oh! mother!" even as her mother had called upon that other sacred name.

"Be brave, darlin', and don't wake the other children! We're all goin' together, anyhow," said her mother.

"Maybe she'll hold together," said Mr. Bunn, who always found the hopeful side of things. "We'll light a lamp, and see where we are."

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror in the little house—reeling and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris—held together, and in the early dawn, floated along "all there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it; and all the children, except Nelly, slept peacefully, as if lulled

into deeper slumber by the rocking of their one common cradle.

"If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Nelly, nervously shivering, in spite of the thick shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Darlin', be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord 'll save us, even yet," said her mother.

As daylight advanced, they seemed to have floated into stiller waters; and, presently, there came a gentle shock, as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennie, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, jewel! We're on land, that's where we are; and here's a tree beside us as big as a church steeple—a tree right side up, too—and we've come to a stoppin' place, sure!" and Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all these hours, sat down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennie, dear!" said his wife, patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

The Bunn family had indeed come to an anchorage. Not only one but several trees stood about them, and in between two of these staunch supports the house had drifted and was firmly held. The fog lifted slowly, and by and by the faithful blue of the sky smiled down upon them, and hilly shores came into view, with glimpses of cultivated fields and budding woodlands.

The Bunn family had moved into the country, at last!

As the cradle stopped rocking the children awoke, and clustered about the small-gable windows quite stupified with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaned out of the window. Just emerging from the lingering fog up the river, floated a remnant of a small country bridge, and clinging to it was a little girl in a red cloak, who again screamed with terror as the tossing planks almost submerged her in the current. Mr. Bunn had not grown up beside a river without knowing how to swim. In fact, Little Wolf, in some of its

sequestered nooks, had been his bath room for many a summer. His shoes and coat being already off, he plunged down from the window and struck out for the red cloak like a hero. The current was bearing the fragment of the bridge straight toward him; but the planks were separating and the child was about to sink as he reached her. She made a frantic clutch at his neck; but he held her off with one hand and swam as best he could back to the house, which seemed the nearest landing-point.

Mrs. Bunn had, with practical promptness, tied two sheets together and let them down from the window. Mr. Bunn steadying himself upon a floating timber, fastened the sheet about the waist of the half-drowned child, and any number of hands pulled her up and lifted her through the window.

"Now I'm in the water," shouted Mr. Bunn, "I may as well swim ashore and see where we are. Keep up your spirits, my jewels, there's the shore just a bit beyond the house."

Mrs. Bunn leaned from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that he had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little, dripping mite who sat on the floor in the midst of the small Bunn's, crying convulsively. She was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable, before voices were heard shoreward and soon a brisk hammering began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"Oh, I can hear papa!" exclaimed the blanketed girl, after she had listened a moment. "Papa, here I am!" she called at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice.

It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out, and beneath the window. The man in the army coat was then recognized and received with a little shout. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were overflowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly

crazy. Drop her right down," and he held up his strong arms. "I've sent my man back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"Oh, Papa! I'll never, never, never, never, disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, and as they bundled her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was carefully dropped into the upreached arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but Pa has saved somebody else."

Such a large family could not be shipped at once. Mrs. Bunn let Nelly and baby Bunn, and two other small boys go ashore first; then Annie and Tom, carefully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and finally Mrs. Bunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

They filled the farm-waggon quite full, and the horses, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made Baby Bunn's cheeks shake like two bowls of jelly, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shone radiantly; there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hill-sides came the plaintive bleat of little lambs: and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trillium—trillium—tree" of the robin from his topmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Bunn. "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday."

At the farmhouse a great breakfast was in waiting for them.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh boiled eggs and the delicious cream toast, while Mr. Bunn and the little boys accepted everything, from the broiled ham and cold baked beans to griddle-cakes and dough-nuts.

As for Mrs. Bunn, the dear old associations of early days so crowded upon her she could hardly taste anything.

"This is the way people can live in the country," she whispered to Nelly, and shuddered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night she was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farmhouse for two weeks. Mr. Bunn and Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her tenderly, and took good care of Dickey, while the other children lived at large in the fields, the big barn, and the large kitchen-garret, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now sweet and leafy in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile he stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two kingly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a large kitchen, Mr. Thompson explained. Down at the foot of the slope ran a sparkling, pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road on which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"It is a right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the neat little porch and up at the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it would be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location, because it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Mine?" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment. Were the fever dreams still buzzing in her head?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you recognize your own house? All we did to it was to haul it up from the river, and give it a little paint and a little white-wash, and so forth. Your man said you were fond of trees, and so we set the house by these elms. Your man's around there at work on the kitchen now—it'll be finished in a day or two—and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech; and we've picked out a nice, gentle cow for a present to your Nelly; and—well, it's a small enough return for what your man did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand yonder," and Mr. Thompson drew

out his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All—the land—the cow—ours?" Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say, that there's a first-rate school just over the hill there, for your youngsters. But you musn't get flustered—just after a fever, so we'll drive 'round home now, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house to-morrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able the next day to look the house over. And she discovered what

Mr. Thompson's "and so forth" meant. It meant substantial new furniture for all the rooms, pretty shades for the windows, a big, handsome new stove for the new kitchen, and a whole pantry full of grocery supplies and crockery.

"Oh, it's all too much—too much!" cried Mrs. Bunn sinking down into the new rocking-chair.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been smilingly watching her surprised and happy face. "We value our Kitty's life at a great deal more than this. Indeed we do."—*Emily Hewitt Leeland, in New York Independent.*



O winter! ruler of th' inverted year,  
To crown thee king of intimate delights;  
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.

COWPER.





## UNITY OF LANGUAGE.



SCIENCE, ever progressive, is continually opening new vistas—new fields of industry, in which the eager student may gratify his longing after knowledge. Amongst its most recent developments we may mention Ethnography and Comparative Philology, branches of learning, which, though not yet

widely and popularly known, nevertheless engage the keenest interest of the thinking portion of the community. The main object of these sciences is to establish the relationship of the different races of humanity, and of the languages spoken by them. Ethnography shows us the racial distribution of the human family over the entire globe; comparative philology deals chiefly with the languages spoken by the various races, their gradual development, and original relation and interconnection. In the Mosaic account of the dispersion of mankind, we are told that all came from one family and spoke but one language, and that owing to their disobedience to the will of the Almighty, their speech was confounded, and they were scattered far and wide over the face of the earth. Commentators in general supposed that this confusion was produced, not by the complete abolition of the original tongue, but by various modifications, in themselves sufficient to cause the dispersion of the human family, and only on this supposition can the long-continued and futile attempts to discover the original language be satisfactorily explained. But the adversaries of revelation, of course, consider this narrative a myth; "a poetical fragment in the Oriental style," Herder terms it.

Philosophers may be allowed to discuss such abstract questions, as whether man obtained speech directly from God in all its entirety, or gradually invented it, and whether such invention commenced by interjections, as Blair claims, or by substantives, as other authors maintain. While

the discussion remains within these speculative bounds, no danger need be feared. Other writers, however, have gone further, and have considered this account from an historical standpoint. Maupertius, for instance, claims that at first the human race had no speech, but that in course of time its different divisions gradually invented separate dialects. Another, Volney, represents man as the "*mutum et turpe pecus*" of the ancients, thrown by chance on a savage shore; an orphan abandoned by the unknown hand that had produced him, and left to find the first principles of social life as best he could. Many more follow in the same strain, and their views are upheld by not a few, even in the present day.

The inquiry thus conducted seems to involve the authenticity of the early history of man, as set forth in Genesis. It then behooves us to carefully examine the investigation which has given rise to such objections, and we shall readily perceive that the more they have advanced towards perfection, the more confirmed has become the veracity of the inspired historian who "died by Nebo's lonely mountain."

The linguists, who first devoted themselves to the study of this branch of learning, instituted an exhaustive research after the first language spoken by man, arguing that if there could be found some one tongue which in itself contained the germ of all the rest, then the confusion of Babel would be strikingly confirmed; but all in vain. So many attempted to solve this intricate problem, and such conflicting plans and plausible pretensions were upheld, that no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. Some claimed the Celtic to be the original tongue, others the Hebrew, others still the Biscayan, and some even the Low Dutch. Such was the object first aimed at in the comparative study of languages and in the means employed to reach this end desired, two glaring faults are plainly visible. First: No affinity was admitted between different tongues. As soon as two languages were

found similar in form it was at once concluded that the one must have sprung from the other. No parallel descent from one common stock was ever dreamed of. Second: Etymology, not comparison, was employed—a system extensively used by those popular writers who uphold the pretentious rights of the Hebrew as the original tongue.

These defects naturally followed from the system then in vogue. Hence, before any decisive result could be obtained, it was at once seen that a radical change must be effected in the method heretofore adopted.

The philologist saw that it was incumbent upon him to look upon these matters in a broader and more comprehensive view. And that he might accomplish this, a collection of facts was needed as a basis for his future mode of procedure. Had he himself to search out these facts, the science would have taken a much longer period of time to reach maturity. But, as fate would have it, two unexpected sources unconsciously contributed the data required. Travellers, for curiosity, had brought with them lists of words from the countries they had visited, whilst missionaries, led on by far higher motives, had learned to speak foreign tongues, and, in addition, had written books in them. Those two sources then furnished abundant materials for the successful prosecution of what we may term the closing of the second, and the advent of the third period in the comparative study of languages.

This latter period, though imperfect, paved the way for discoveries more important, which, in some respects, may be considered the most critical both for philology and religion. The reason of this is manifest. The old tie which had hitherto held the languages together the hypothesis that they all came from the Hebrew was now discarded, and no substitute placed in its stead. The different tongues now seemed to form one shapeless mass with no apparent connection. And, to complicate matters still more, new discoveries were continually bringing to light languages altogether independent of those previously known, thus manifestly increasing the difficulty of reconciling existing facts with the scriptural narrative of Moses.

The presence of three or four similar

words in different tongues would not now suffice to prove the common origin of all. No affinity would be admitted which would not stand a most rigid scrutiny. It would appear then that the more this science advanced the further did it encroach upon the sacred precincts of inspired history. Anxiety on this all absorbing point is clearly discernible in the writings of philologists at this critical period. For instance we may cite Hervas, a Spanish Jesuit, who, fearing that many would be led to believe that this science would prove detrimental to revelation, wrote long treatises for the sole purpose of showing that the two go hand in hand. But not so much for those dissertations is this distinguished philologist remarkable as for his untiring zeal in making collections of different languages and comparing them so that even now the student of ethnography finds in his works a compendium of ready reference that could not well be done without. And, as with Hervas, so with the vast army of linguists, confusion and perplexity assailed their researches at every step, but even then a ray of light was beginning to peer through this chaotic mass of materials and with its lurid lustre show it forth in some regular form. Thanks to the ceaseless efforts of Colonel Vans Kennedy and Francis Bopp the affinities which before were merely suspected now began to appear definite and certain. As a result the number of independent original forms of speech gradually disappeared and formed themselves into homogenous bodies, whilst connections were found to exist between languages which no other method of enquiry would have shown to be mutually related.

In short, all tongues were discovered to be included in three great groups styled respectively the Inflected, the Agglutinative, and the Monosyllabic, from the peculiar combination of the word elements they contain. And the deeper and more earnest the investigations of philologists have been the fewer have become the number of languages heretofore isolated, so that at the present time they are comparatively nil. In other words we now know that all forms of speech may be classified in various well connected, well defined families, whereby the number of primary tongues is materially lessened.

These are the first results of this science. If nothing else this narrowing down of all tongues to three groups brings us one step nearer to that mysterious event, the confusion of Babel. But not satisfied with this the linguists of the present day still press on in the noble work already begun and so far have honorably acquitted themselves of their arduous task. The object they had in view was to discover if languages of different families were mutually related and whether they came from one common stock. To accomplish this they made an especial study of the isolated tongues and among these particularly of the Coptic or Old Egyptian. The result of which was, according to Dr. Lepsius, one of the most devoted philosophers of the present century, that "it (the Coptic) was found to have preserved in its formation traces of a higher antiquity than any Indo-European or Semitic language and to partake of the nature of both these groups."

This justifies us in no longer considering these great families as completely isolated, but by the intervention of the Old Egyptian, as linked together in a mysterious union founded on the essential characteristics of all three. Thus far have the linguists proceeded and no farther.

Now the question arises will future investigations show that it was because all these groups were originally one and have broken off like fragments from a rock that they now possess these peculiar traits in common? Or because they have all been derived from one common stock formed into varieties by circumstances now unknown and subject to laws now most likely imperative. Anticipate whichever solution you please and you must necessarily arrive at the same conclusion of the original identity of the three great groups.

The last and most important part of my

subject yet remains and that is how to show the reconciliation between the Scriptural narrative and the results obtained by ethnographers and philologists.

The method of proving connections by affinities shows conclusively, as we have seen, that all idea of one language having borrowed from the other should be excluded and as each could not have arisen by an independent process, we are forced to conclude, on the one hand, that these languages must have been formerly united into one, whence came the essential characteristics common to them all, and, on the other hand, that their separation must have been caused by some sudden and violent force, sufficient to account for existing resemblances and differences. With these conclusions accords the testimony of Herder, Turner and Abel Remusat and a host of other ethnographers. In conclusion let me bring forward the opinions arrived at by Balbi, who has covered the entire field of this particular science and who has had to assist him the works left by men who had devoted their whole lives to these important investigations and whose assertions as a natural consequence, should command the highest respect. This diligent and distinguished philologist is best known to us through his "Atlas Ethnographique du Globe," the most exhaustive publication on philology yet extant. And in this work far from considering the researches of linguists as detrimental to the veracity of the sacred historian he rather looks upon them with complacency and delight, expressing himself thus boldly:—"The Books of Moses, no monument, either historical or astronomical has yet proven false; but with them on the contrary agree in the most remarkable manner, the results obtained by the most learned philologists."

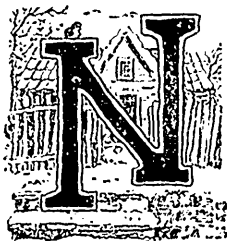
M. POWERS, '94.





HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.A., LL.D., Q.C., M.P.  
(From a Photo by Topley.)

## HONORABLE EDWARD BLAKE.



On passing event can vie in interest and importance for the English speaking world with the present proceedings in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. For the first time in the history of mankind a mighty revolution is being brought about by law and within the law, the successful issue of which can now scarcely be doubted. Ireland will once more have her Parliament in College Green, and history will enshrine in her pages the names of those who have been foremost in the great fight and have contributed most to the sublime though bloodless victory. And among those names few will be more deserving of recognition than that of the subject of this sketch, the Hon. Edward Blake, who has left his native land to devote his time, his fortune and his talents to the cause of Ireland.

Mr. Blake needs no passport to the esteem and affections of the majority of his countrymen in Canada. Throughout his career he has been uniformly high-minded and patriotic, and has apparently known no other motive of action than the demands of enlightened duty. But perhaps no single act of a singularly unselfish public life shows better the noble qualities of the man than his acceptance of the invitation of the Irish leaders to represent an Irish constituency in the Imperial Parliament. With impaired health, and a thorough dislike of the petty expedients and questionable methods too often prevailing in Canadian politics, he had retired from active part in public affairs in Canada. His own wish was doubtless to remain in the retirement he had chosen. There was nothing in the prospect to entice him. Novelty or the hope of fame which might influence lesser men have never had any attraction for him. But he was convinced that he could be of service to the cause of Irish Home Rule which has always held in his affections a place

only second to the welfare of his native Canada. He sacrificed his own wishes then to what he considered his duty, and has rendered services to Ireland which can only be fully estimated when the battle is over.

Mr. Blake, as is well known, is a Canadian by birth and education, having been born in the County of Middlesex, Ont., on the 13th October, 1833, but by his ancestry he has legitimate pretensions to the role he is now so ably filling in the Imperial Parliament. The Irish family from which he is descended have their estates in the County Galway. His father, the Hon. Wm. Hume Blake, came to Canada while yet young and became a successful lawyer, and Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery for Ontario. Having completed a brilliant course in Toronto University, where he was graduated in 1853, Edward Blake took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1856. He began the practise of law in Toronto, for a time alone, and later in partnership with his brother, S. H. Blake. His rise in his profession was at first slower than his ability might have assured him. He had none of this over-confidence in his own powers that frequently hurries young men into disastrous mistakes at the outset. On the contrary, it is said that at first he did not even hold his own briefs, preferring to entrust them to more experienced practitioners. Soon, however, he overcame this timidity and by unwearied industry, coupled with extraordinary talents, in no long time he stood without a rival at the Ontario bar. He is especially adept in the cross-examination of refractory witnesses, his prodigious memory, retentive even of the minutest details, often serving to confound a witness whose memory is less strong than his wish to pervert the truth.

In 1867 Mr. Blake first appeared in the political arena. His father had been a prominent member of the Liberal party previous to his elevation to the bench, and when Edward Blake's great ability was recognized the Liberal party anxiously sought his services. It was with extreme

reluctance he consented to accept a constituency, and throughout his career he has never evinced the least desire for political preferment for its own sake. This is one of the rare examples of men who have risen to a foremost place by sheer force of superior abilities and superior fitness. Having once consented to assist his party it was inevitable he should become leader, and since his first appearance in the Ontario Legislature till his retirement, he has been the real leader of the Liberal party in Canada. It is true that for two years he sat in the Ontario Legislature in a subordinate position, and for some years in the Dominion Parliament, but in broad-minded statesmanship Mr. Blake has had no superior and scarce a rival among Canadian politicians. His peculiar glory is to have risen above mere party politics to the loftier ground of statesmanship and patriotism. It cannot be charged against him that he ever narrowed a national question to a provincial or party issue. A deep student of politics and constitutional methods, he brought to the treatment of every question of practical politics a profound knowledge of the principles which can alone insure the success and permanence of popular government. Indeed, it may be truly said that every important question he has discussed before the House of Commons or the country has received a broader national application from his treatment of it, a fact which has more than once gained for him the high honor of being styled the Edmund Burke of Canada.

Mr. Blake's health, never very robust, has often failed to bear the strain of hard work his conscientious performance of official duty imposes. More than once he has been compelled to retire from active part in public life from this cause. When for the first time in 1871 he was called upon to lead a Liberal Government in the Ontario Legislature, from ill-health he was forced to decline official responsibility, and only under urgent party pressure did he consent to accept the portfolio of President of the Council without salary. Then, after he had transferred his services to Dominion affairs, when largely through his exertions his party had come triumphantly to power in 1873, he had again to decline a responsible portfolio, and only

from a sense of duty to his party he accepted a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio or official salary, a position he held for a few months till he was assured of the new government's stability. In 1875 for the first time he took office, as Minister of Justice, in the Government of the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. After two years unremitting attention to the duties of this office ill-health once more forced him to resign. The general elections of 1878 soon came when Mr. Blake was returned to Parliament for his old constituency of West Durham, but his party were in a minority in the new Parliament and he went into opposition with them. On the retirement of Mr. Mackenzie a little later Mr. Blake was unanimously chosen to lead the Liberal party in the Dominion, and fulfilled the duties of leadership with conspicuous ability till after the general election of 1887 when ill-health, combined, no doubt, with other motives, induced him to resign. Since his retirement from the leadership of his party his voice has not often been heard on political questions in Canada, but his utterances are always eagerly looked for, and heard with respect by his countrymen. Of late he seems to be in touch with neither of the great parties who contend for the government of the country, his famous Durham letter which he published immediately after the general elections of 1891 being pretty equally divided in its censure of both. Still, though no longer in the Canadian Parliament he has not ceased to be a power in Canadian politics, particularly where broad questions of right or policy are concerned. No one has contributed so much of permanent value to the political literature of Canada. So it is, Mr. Blake's utterances are now quoted by politicians of both parties as the soundest and clearest pronouncements on great public questions. His ability indeed was never questioned, and now that he has retired, for a time at least, from public life in Canada his utter honesty of purpose and single minded devotion to what seemed best to him for the country is admitted by all.

It is sometimes said that Mr. Blake's career as a Canadian politician has not been a successful one, and though no one denies him ability of a high order, many



think him wanting in the art of winning and holding the affections of the masses. The truth seems to be, however, that Canada was not yet prepared for statesmanship so broad and far-seeing as his. The Canadian people have been slow in recognizing that they are, in fact, if not in name, an independent nation, and must work out their destiny for themselves. This failure to grasp the true meaning of Canadian Confederation has introduced parish politics into the affairs of the nation. It was Mr. Blake's aim to educate the people of Canada to a right understanding of what Confederation means. Whether in opposition, or as a member of the Canadian Cabinet, he has taken every opportunity to assert the entire freedom of the Canadian people in the management of their national affairs, with the greater responsibility such freedom entails. Not that he has ever advocated, or believes in, the separation of Canada from the great Empire of which it is a part. But he saw from the first what British and Canadian statesmen are beginning to see more clearly now, that if the connection is to last, it cannot be a connection of dependence but one of equality as far as equality can be attained. It was with this view he advocated the concession to Canada of the right to negotiate her own commercial treaties, a right that is, in fact, exercised by Canada now, though not formally conceded. With this view, too, when he was Minister of Justice he objected to the term "colony" as applied to Canada, and the use of the word "ordinances" in the instructions to the Governor General. "Not only Canada but all the British Colonies," says the author of "Government in Canada," referring to Mr. Blake's services to responsible government "owe a debt of gratitude to the distinguished Minister of Justice who successfully pleaded their cause before the Colonial Secretary on this occasion."

Thus, though to outward seeming success has not crowned his efforts he has in reality won the highest success man can hope for, the triumph of his ideas. The man dies, but the spirit he has breathed into a nation lives on in the hearts of the people. Yet it sometimes seems a pity, little as Canada could afford to have done without Edward Blake, that his lot had not been cast in the land of his ancestors. From 1878 to 1893 in Ireland, and the same period in Canada, which of us, having the power to choose for him a field of action so suited to the greatness of the man, would consign Edward Blake to Canada. Ireland, indeed, has wanted little in those years of trial that she has not found within herself. She has been lacking neither in able and courageous leaders, nor in the patriotism of her people. But among the patriots of the Irish Parliamentary party Edward Blake would have found his most congenial associates, his eloquence have attained even loftier heights, and his self-devotion have had nobler motives for its exercise. The history of Ireland, too, during that period, glorious as it has been, would have new lustre from his career.

Mr. Blake is still a young man as the years of statesmen are reckoned in Great Britain, and Canada or Ireland may yet have many years of his able services. But whether he remains in Ireland, or returns to Canada, as he promises to do when the struggle for Home Rule is successfully concluded, his past services to his native country and to Ireland will not be forgotten by the people of these countries. His name will be an inspiration to future generations of statesmen, for

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,  
And to conciliate, as their names who dare  
For that sweet mother land which gave them  
birth  
Nobly to do.

P, '93.



## HYPNOTISM.

(Concluded.)



ONCE the hypnosis has begun, the medium becomes, in the hands of the hypnotizer, a mere unconscious tool or automaton. In a few cases of incomplete hypnosis, it has been observed that mediums preserved consciousness, but this did not prevent them from being slaves to the will of their hypnotizers for weeks and months. All doctors agree in acknowledging this phenomenon.

Now, how do the suggestionists explain this? They answer that the higher and intellectual centres being paralyzed, the lower and reflex centres, acted upon by suggestion, are immediately led into action. "It is certain," Bernheim says, "that there is in the hypnotized subject a special aptitude to transform into action the idea received . . . and he transforms it into sensation, motion, image, and this is so rapidly done that the intelligence has no time to control it . . . that the psychical organ of perfecting, the superior plane of the brain cannot prevent this transformation."

It seems to us that the school of Nancy relies too much upon the credulity of its followers. Every body knows that the only physical and physiological process through which an idea can cause an organic movement is indirect and mediate. An idea moves the body through the will and causes it to receive external impressions that excite various sensations. Those sensations transmitted to the internal sense and the imagination in the brain, become images in which the mind perceives spiritually its object. After that perception, the human will can cause a corresponding nervous movement. Thus the idea produces an organic movement in man. The impulse originates in the soul, not in the soul alone, but in the soul as it animates and vivifies the body.

To state that a suggested idea acts upon a nervous centre directly and immediately, as the suggestionists say, is

contrary both to common sense and metaphysics; how could an intellectual faculty exercise a physical and material activity? How could an idea cause paralysis? Well, Doctors, say it openly you do not yourselves believe what you teach, and you see clearly that hypnotical sleep, mysterious as it is, cannot be explained in this manner.

But were it admitted that a suggested idea can paralyze the intellectual centres, it would still remain for the suggestionists to account for the full control that the hypnotizer exercises over his medium. Bernheim agrees that in the ordinary state of wakefulness "any suggested idea is being discussed by the brain, and accepted only when it please," but in the hypnotic sleep, he says, "the hypnotized medium gets asleep with the idea fixed (*immobilisée*) in his hypnotizer, and thus it is possible for this foreign will to suggest to him dreams, ideas and actions."

So many affirmations, but where are the proofs to be found? If, as all psychologists agree and Christians believe, the principle of life in man must be but one how can the hypnotizer's idea move the medium to organic and vital actions, without his consent and even against his will? Moreover, who among us, either well or ill, either awake or asleep, ever experienced the direct and immediate action of another upon the free actions of his mind, or of the autonomous motions of his body!

Too amusing indeed is the explanation given: "The hypnotized medium gets asleep with the idea *immobilisée* in his hypnotizer, hence it is possible for this foreign will to suggest to him dreams, ideas and actions."

Not at all, eminent Doctors! Sleep has been sung by the poets, *ab origine mundi*, and has been sought by all the sons of Adam as the surest relief to pain and sadness. Why? Because man when asleep, loses sight of the cause of his troubles. And nevertheless, in hypnotic sleep which, they say, is natural, just the contrary would take place!



No more true is the second assertion. When sleeping, a man does not feel the influence of another; if he does, he wakes up. It is therefore naturally impossible to account for the mastery with which the hypnotizer commands all the organic actions of his medium, nay, his feelings of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge.

But there is still more. This influence of the hypnotizer over the medium is an open contradiction with one of the leading principles of the suggestionists. Do they not say that suggestion paralyzes the higher nervous centres or what they call the intellectual centres of the brain, while it enlivens the lower centres that preside over motion, sensation and imagination? Well, now, how can the hypnotizer rule over these latter centres through suggested ideas? Will Bernheim say with Doctor R. Hammond that mental faculties are at work not only in the brain, but also in the spinal chord? And, if this gross materialism were accepted by the suggestionists, could they tell me why in hypnotism, some intellectual centres would be paralyzed and others of the same nature, not? We also fail entirely to see why a man asleep cannot be controlled by other men as well as by his own hypnotizer if it be true that he is naturally reduced to be a mere automaton under the influence of a suggested idea?

Before bringing this article to a close let us sum up the conclusions which we hope to have successfully proved against the suggestionists school: 1st. The hypnotic phenomena are due to a morbid state; 2nd, suggestion does not account for the sleep of mediums, and still less for their many and wonderful achievements; 3rd, there is not anything like the dissociation of nervous centres which suggestionists claim as the key-stone of their system, and 4th, the entire submission of the medium to his hypnotizer is not in any way explained by this new theory.

Therefore, we may conclude, *suggestion does not account for hypnotism*. If now some of our readers want us to say what we think of hypnotism, we will modestly and clearly give our opinion.

Of the hypnotic phenomena, there are some *substantially* opposed to the well

known laws of nature, and others contrary to the same laws only *as to the manner in which they are produced*. The former we believe to be preternatural and diabolical; as to the latter, we say that they are of a doubtful, but suspicious, origin.

Amongst the former, we reckon the foresight of free actions or of facts due to complicated and remote physical causes, the knowledge of purely mental actions performed by others and the communication of ideas, without any external sign; the view of things naturally hidden; speaking unknown languages and doing what otherwise would be absolutely impossible.

Very near to those preternatural effects come the translation of the senses, the power of seeing through opaque bodies, of reading a sealed letter, of counting coins in the purse of another, raising oneself, others, or heavy objects in the air, and many other similar phenomena whose existence cannot be denied.

We number among the latter phenomena which are not *in se* contrary to natural laws, nay, which sometimes take place spontaneously, lethargical sleep, catalepsy, somnambulism and many nervous motions consequent on those states. Such are also the false sensitive impressions the medium experiences, the disorders of his imagination and, as a consequence, of his mind, will and memory. Such may be even his blind submission to the orders of the hypnotizer.

We must say however, in regard to those latter phenomena, that the manner in which they are produced, warns us to be very cautious in declaring them merely natural. When they are the effects of a disease, they flow from proportionate causes, increase regularly, reach their paroxysm and at last end either in a catastrophe or by slowly disappearing. On the contrary, hypnotic phenomena are due to a moral cause; to the will of another person; appear or disappear, grow or diminish according to another's command, and thus have not the characteristics of any natural effect.

Hence we conclude, while awaiting the judgment of the Church, that both series of phenomena are preternatural and dangerous.

J. J.

## A HOLIDAY IN THE FAR WEST.



It has been a gala week in Victoria. The good people here are ultra-loyal and are to a great extent unaffected by the craze for money-getting that prevails so greatly in the east. Hence when Her Majesty's birthday comes round our good citizens proceed to celebrate, not for a day, but for almost a week. At no time is business carried on in the Queen City of B.C. on such stringent lines as in the east. Eight o'clock in the morning is the regular hour for opening the shops; seven in the evening sees the shutters up. A holiday in Victoria therefore is a holiday in earnest.

If the people are less eager in business they are more zealous in seeking pleasure than their eastern brethren. Nature has dealt kindly with them in this respect. The city park, known as Beacon Hill, is one of the loveliest spots to be found anywhere. Art has done far less for it than she has done for the parks of Chicago and other great eastern cities, but nature has more than compensated for the deficiency. The park, as its name implies, is a hill from which a beautiful view can be had. To your rear lies the city with its quaint frame cottages of which there are so many that a new comer from the east was led to enquire if the island were subject to frequent earthquakes as he could conceive of no other reason for the presence of such a number of low set buildings. Out in front lie the straits of Juan de Fuca, almost always covered with tiny whitecaps that glitter in the sunlight, making a scene of dazzling beauty. Far across the waters rise snow-capped mountains, forming a beautiful setting to the dark blue sea incircled by them. Here the people repair to pass the morning hours of their holiday. Sports of all kinds are indulged in—running, jumping, bicycle races, etc., whilst out in the straits a fleet of yachts with their wide spread sails speed by,

leaping forward as if they felt the eyes of thousands of spectators are upon them. In another part of the park a lacrosse game is going on, the contestants being teams representing New Westminster and Victoria. For fully twenty minutes the game goes on and neither side scores. The play will hardly stand criticism if judged by the eastern standard of excellence, but the teams are evenly matched which suffices to make the contest interesting. At last New Westminster scores a game and a disappointed murmur sweeps over the crowd of spectators. A few minutes rest, and the play is recommenced. In less than a minute Victoria has evened the score, and inside of five is a goal ahead. The crowd shout and New Westminster loses heart. After a further lapse of time the score stands three to one in favor of Victoria and New Westminster gives up the ghost. Two of their team have been quite badly hurt during the game, for lacrosse is played with no more gentleness here than in the east. The crowd files slowly back to the city and the forenoon sports are over.

After regaling the inner man everyone prepares for what is really the great event of the celebration—the regatta up the "Gorge." This "Gorge" is a lovely sheet of water and is moreover a natural curiosity. It is an arm of the sea which runs up past the city about five miles inland. It varies in width from a quarter of a mile to, at the gorge proper, a few yards. At this point, at certain times every day the water rushes through, either in one direction or the other, with astounding velocity. It boils and seethes with the greatest fury, whilst a comb of water rises every few seconds to a height of four or five feet. After a few hours the turmoil ceases and the surface becomes as calm as that of the rest of the arm. Then the current begins to flow in the opposite direction, gradually attaining the same velocity that it previously had. But this "Gorge" fortunately is situated about two miles above

the city. Below it is a sheet of water which forms an ideal course for aquatic sports. This is the scene of the great regatta. Lunch over, everyone hastens to the various boat houses to start for the races. But think not that boats are to be secured then. If one would have a craft of any description for the 24th he must engage it not later than the middle of April, else he will find it impossible to get one. For though there are more than sufficient boats to meet the demand at any other time, everyone goes to the regatta and the influx of Americans from the neighboring cities is such that the supply is early exhausted. It is a lovely pull up to the starting point. For a quarter of a mile below the starting point, which is also the finishing point, the shores are lined with crowds of merry-makers. The light flannels of the men, and who does not wear flannels in Victoria on the 24th, and the gay dresses of the women are set off by the dark background of evergreen forest that girls in the waters. Immediately below the "Gorge" a rope is stretched from shore to shore gaily decked with brilliant streamers marking the point of start and finish. On the various points that jut out into the water brass bands are stationed which discourse sweet music during the entire afternoon.

The boom of a cannon announces that the races are begun. Those which evoke the liveliest interest are the Indian canoe races. Of these there are three. The canoes are from sixty to seventy-five feet long, hollowed out from a single tree and gaily painted and decorated. As the pistol shot gives the signal to start, the fourteen natives who occupy each craft dip their paddles into the water and work like demons. The canoes fairly fly through the water and are soon lost to view. In about ten minutes they come in sight again, still almost abreast, their inmates paddling still as only savages can. As the first canoe's bow shoots under the rope the referee's pistol announces its victory and the assembled members of the tribe set up a wild yell of triumph. But hark! the bugle is sounding for the next race. A steam yacht comes down the course at a fair rate of speed and the smaller fry hasten to get out of

the way. A wide course is wanted this time and every one pulls as near the starting point as he can to have a view of what is coming next. Two long canoes are under the rope and in each are about twenty Indian women, paddle in hand. The great "Kloutchmen's Race" is at hand. The canoes hug the shore on either side and someone within earshot inquires the reason. It is explained that last year the Kloutchmen's canoes collided and the ladies proved themselves to be true daughters of Eve by dropping their paddles and falling to hair-pulling. To prevent a repetition of this, the canoes are placed far apart. The signal is given and off they go. Whilst not the equals of their dusky lords they prove themselves to be adepts with the paddle. The race is finished amid intense excitement and the winners receive the encomiums of their supporters with the air of duchesses.

Rowing races between crews from different men-of-war are another attractive feature of the programme and second in interest only to the Indian canoe contests. The merry sport goes on through the whole afternoon, and as the sun begins to sink behind the hills the fleet of boats slowly wends its way towards the city. As the shades of evening begin to fall thousands of Chinese lanterns are lighted in the government grounds and upon the bridges and on the boats in the harbour. Wandering about the green sward in which the government buildings stand, and looking out at the harbour dotted with the multi-colored lights and arched over by two bridges ablaze with oriental fantastic lanterns, one might easily persuade himself that he is in fairyland. Bands stationed about the grounds furnish music continuously whilst a constant stream of people pour by. The city clock strikes twelve before the lights begin to wane. You stroll home weary, indeed, but delighted with the day's enjoyment. As you rise next morning you see crowds pouring out to the horse races and you are tempted to join them but your old eastern habits assert themselves and you stroll reluctantly off to work, envying the merry crowd that can lay it aside so lightly.

D. MURPHY, '92.

Victoria, B.C., May 27th, '93.

## \* TO THE EARL OF DERBY.



O Winnipeg's town hall one day you came,  
 And, standing 'mid fanatic hosts, did dare,  
 With humour and with bravery most rare,  
 To quote, approving, Pius, Ninth of name,  
 Of Popes the most papistical, the same  
 Whom current fable meshed in Jesuit snare.  
 Such fearless words their fruits in hearts still bear  
 That now your earlhood hail with glad acclaim.

What Stanley sowed in calm defence of right  
 May Derby reap in fields imperial,  
 Where, too, the lying shibboleths are found  
 Of base unreason bolstering with might  
 Of words weak pleas. May God bless you and all  
 That love you unto life that knows no bound.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S J.

WINNIPEG, May 24th, 1893.

\*These eulogistic lines refer especially to the following words used by His Excellency, the Governor-General, in replying to an address presented to him on the occasion of his first visit to Winnipeg: "Though I am inclined to regret that I have only three days to visit your beautiful city, still I console myself with a saying of that acute observer of men and things, the late Pius the Ninth: 'If you intend to spend a month in Rome you will see very little; but if you have only three days, you will see very much.'"

## CANADA'S ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



We find, in the report of the deliberations of parliament in the year 1874, a statute providing for the establishment of a Military Academy in this country. Previous to that date the attention of parliament had been frequently called to the growing demand for an institution in which Canadian subjects might pursue a course of studies to qualify for the military profession. The Mackenzie government, then in power, while recognizing the advantages that would accrue to our militia, at the same time saw that under the prevailing circumstances Canada could not support an establishment wholly military in object. A medial measure was proposed. The government would create an institution such that while military studies should receive precedence civil branches would not be excluded from the curriculum.

Kingston was selected as the place best adapted for such an institution, and the neck of land opposite the city, extending into Lake Ontario and terminating in Point Fredrick, was chosen as the site. Regarding the situation, a few words may not be uninteresting. The main entrance to the grounds is situated at the end of Cataracqui bridge, a structure which joins the city with the village of Barriefield. A beautiful drive along the lake shore leads to the lodge gate which marks the entrance to the inner enclosure. Within this portion of the grounds are situated the college buildings and officers' quarters. The educational building is of cut limestone five stories in height and facing on an ample lawn flanked on the south side by the cadet barracks. The gymnasium is a detached stone building, situated at the north side of the campus. The parade and recreation grounds, comprising about sixty-five acres, extend from the college to the water's edge. At the extremity of the parade grounds is situated a Martello tower now used as a magazine to store the ammunition required by the cadets in rifle and artillery practice.

Behind the educational building and stretching across the extent of the whole grounds is a high stone wall enclosing the portion set aside for practical work in engineering. Here earthworks are thrown up by the cadets and general military fortification is practised.

The Royal Military College and staff are organized on a military basis, the general officer commanding the militia being, *ex officio*, President of the College. The commandant however exercises all executive authority in the management of the institution. Admission is granted to successful candidates at competitive examinations held every year in the different military districts. There are, however, qualifications other than educational required. The candidates for admission must be between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. They must be British subjects, and present a certificate from a medical officer declaring them free from all bodily defects and qualified as to height and other physical requirements. At present the number in attendance is about seventy, and, owing to the limited accommodation, this number cannot be increased. Consequently the vacancies each year correspond to the number of graduates. The course of instruction lasts four years, and the branches taught are for the most part scientific, as may be inferred from the object of the institution. The modern languages however receive a limited amount of attention. An option is allowed between French and German, but one or the other is necessary at a pass matter. The courses of civil engineering and surveying are of a high order, as attested by the success achieved by the graduates who have embraced those professions.

The educational staff consists of the commandant; the staff adjutant, seven military professors and seven military non-commissioned officers. The military professors are officers of the Imperial Regular Army, who have been lent for duty at the college. The experience they have acquired during active service and the well established reputations they enjoy have added prestige to the institution and proved of great benefit to the cadets.

The scholastic term comprises ten months, college opening on the first day of September and closing the last of June. During the year short vacations are granted at Christmas and Easter. Being organized on a military basis, the cadets at all times wear uniform. The costume adopted consists of navy blue breeches with a narrow red stripe, a white helmet and a tight fitting red coat with brass buttons. The regulations though not very severe are rigorously enforced. Punctuality and regularity are strictly insisted upon at all times. The cadets rise at half past six in summer and seven o'clock in winter. Special hours are set aside for recreation but the students are not allowed to leave the college grounds without a pass.

The uniformly gentlemanly conduct which has ever characterized the cadets has won for them a high position in social circles in Kingston. During the winter months, dramatic entertainments are frequently given at the college and the élite of the city is always represented in large numbers. The military ball given every year by the cadets, is looked forward to as one of the society events of the season.

With a view to encourage students in their studies four commissions in Her Majesty's Regular Army are annually granted to the college; one in the Royal Engineers, one in the Artillery, one in the Cavalry and one in the Infantry. The commission and choice of corps is granted in regular order to the cadet who has attained the greatest number of marks from the time of his entrance to the date of his leaving the college. Those students who do not obtain commissions in the Imperial service are appointed lieutenants in the Canadian Militia.

The greater number of the graduates embrace the military profession, although many are found in various civil employments. Of the one hundred and fifty seven graduates who have been sent forth from the institution nearly one half now hold commissions in the imperial army, others have become architects, railway surveyors or mechanical or electrical engineers, and in these professions many have attained distinction.

Athletics have always received their proper share of attention from the cadets. The systematic course of training which is there rendered obligatory has done much to increase the strength, and add to the

physical development of the cadets. These advantages have, on more than one occasion been demonstrated by the success they have attained in their athletic contests. It was mainly through the efforts of the cadets that hockey was introduced into eastern Ontario. This game, which has now become so generally popular, was previously unknown to the cities of Ontario, with the possible exception of Ottawa. In the winter of '85-86, the first game played west of Ottawa was that between the cadets and Queen's College. Since then the game has grown in general favor until it is now undoubtedly the most popular winter sport in Canada. Football and cricket have also received much attention at the hands of the cadets and in both games their representatives have achieved success. For years they have been members of the Ontario Rugby Union, and the games between the R. M. C. and Queen's University have always been stubbornly contested. True they have never succeeded in holding the Rugby championship but their failure to do so in later years may in a measure be attributed to the refusal of the authorities to allow them to travel. Now that this obstacle has been removed, more determined efforts to secure the envied trophy may be expected of them. The excellent advantages which their position affords for boating has not been neglected by the cadets. Canoeing and yachting in summer are amusements which are generally enjoyed. In winter, the glassy surface of Lake Ontario presents a splendid field for the enjoyment of that most invigorating sport ice-boating.

Such briefly is a sketch of our Canadian Military College, an institution of recent creation yet whose value has already been proved. As will be seen the college is a military one, having also a civil object. Although many of the studies in civil subjects, are similar to those followed in polytechnic schools, the results attained differ, for the reason that the military portion is alike for all. The habits of regularity, exactitude and punctuality therein acquired cannot fail to produce beneficial effects in after life. In fine, we have here an institution, which, while it combines most of the better qualities of military colleges in other countries, yet is admirably adapted to the circumstances prevailing in this country where arts of peace are more sought after than those of war. T. J. RIGNEY, '95.

## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

.....Sundry jottings  
 Stray leaves, fragments, blurs, and blottings.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

## II. SHELLEY, THE POET.

Considered merely in its human relations, the career of Shelley, taken in its brief entirety, scarcely deserves respect and absolutely repels admiration. Wilfulness, weakness and irregularity were its leading components. When we think of it, the comparison with a rudderless bark drifting on a storm-beaten sea, almost irresistibly suggests itself. If we search for the cardinal cause of his numerous shortcomings as a man, we find it in his studied disregard for revealed religion. What Shelley might have been, had his intellect been chastened by Christianity, it were idle to conjecture. It is much more profitable to think how very insufficient his Pantheism or his Platonism proved themselves to be in the great battle of life. Had the poet not been endowed with many good qualities of the heart it is certain he would have walked this earth a moral monster. Even as it was, his compassion for the poor and suffering, his impulsive sympathy for the weak, and his abiding hatred of tyranny, are grand and glorious qualities which shine only dimly when viewed through the lowering mist of his religion. Place all the acts which grew out of those noble intuitions during his life in one column, and over against it set down the wrong and dereliction of duty committed by him, and excused by his absurd creed, in another column, and we venture to say that the way in which the latter class will outnumber the former will amaze the inquirer. But, perhaps, the acts of the average Christian, if submitted to the same test, would yield the same results. The best amongst us is woefully prone to evil, and the just man, we are told by the best authority, often falls. There is, however, an important difference between the erring Christian and the erring infidel. When the former goes wrong, he does so against the dictates of the dogma he disgraces, whereas the latter quite frequently

falls into crime, only to find his transgression justified by his tenets. It is the antithesis between Shelley the man and Shelley the poet that render a knowledge of this ill-fated bard in both capacities essential to all who desire to read his transcendent strains without permanent damage to their immortal spirits. No one could peruse an account of his wayward life and accept him as a teacher, much as their admiration might be captivated by his great powers both as a musician and a singer.

The creed to which Shelley most lent himself was a sort of mystical Platonism, the god of which is Beauty. As Daniels says of Spenser, he paints shadows in imaginary lines. Now, Beauty is the reflection of God, but it is not the Deity, and it follows that your Platonist takes the shadow for the substance, the created for the creator. The poet has often been described as a Pantheist, and the portrayal is correct so far as it goes. However, inasmuch as the Platonism affected displayed itself in two distinct and separate manners, the description does not go far enough. When Shelley wrote of nature, he represented it as possessing an omnipresent, all sustaining, vitalizing spirit, which assumed for his imagination the specific attributes of intellectual or ideal beauty. It is this notion that underlies the whole of *Alastor*, which term, it may not be supererogatory to state, means an avenging spirit. The stirring narrative of this beautiful poem relates how the poet leaves his home, and wanders to foreign lands among the empires of the East, as far as Cashmere. Here a veiled maid visits him in vision and kindles in his heart the fire of deathless yearning. The "veiled maid" personifies the love unattainable in mortal guise. Pursuing this "phantasmal beatitude," *Alastor* reaches "the lone Chorasman shore," where he embarks in a shallop, and is hurried by the current past the towering heights of the Caucasus,

through a wild and terrible mountain cavern, and is at last stranded close by the verge of a great fall of water. Thence Alastor roams through a primeval forest, in a remote corner of which he finds—Death! Such is the tale, and it bears its moral on its surface. "In Alastor," says John Addington Symonds, "he describes the fate of one who is forever haunted by mystical beauty, burning dimly through things of sense, and eluding the neophyte in every appearance which takes form and fascination from the immanent splendor. In vain Alastor pursues his vision across the world; in vain the fairest creatures and sublimest scenes are offered to his gaze; it is only in sleep that his soul is comforted by the divine intuition; he dies unsatisfied, to blend with that which lured him through far lands disconsolate."

He, I ween,  
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,  
Actæon-like, and fled affrighted.

In *Alastor*, Shelley is much of a Pantheist, but in others of his writings, as, for example, in the "song" which a Voice sings to Asia in the *Prometheus Unbound*, he recognizes a Spirit of Life, an *anima mundi*, and much to his credit, be it said, this belief found a more and more prominent place in his composition as the years added to his store of experience. Mr. Symonds says that this Spirit of Life is made to manifest itself in thunder and the voice of birds, in the choral dances of the planets, in herbs and stones, in stars and exhalations and the soul of man. Indeed, this Life of the world it is that has for one of its main manifestations the ideal beauty which led Alastor captive. When the unhappy wanderer met death in the dismal heart of the dark forest, Shelley believed that his hero went out of this life to become a part of that potent Spirit of Life, if we may judge by the teachings of *Adonais*. Keats has died, and Shelley mourns over his dead friend:

"He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear  
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling  
there  
All new successions to the forms they wear;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its  
flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear  
And bursting in its beauty and its might,  
From trees, and beasts, and men, into the  
heaven's light."

This is Pantheism without a doubt, but it contains so much of the "airy fairy" form and the "misty" meaning, for which Shelley has been adversely criticised, that it cannot be taken as excluding the idea of a superior being who might inform and sway the powers which compel the "unwilling dross" to assume "the forms they wear." Nevertheless, this statement of the relation of man's soul to the world-soul, may be accepted, in the words of Professor Dowden, as the other side of Shelley's Platonism.

But I do not think it would be quite correct to call Shelley a Platonist, at least in the restricted sense of the term, and I am positive it would be unfair to speak of him as essentially a Pantheist. There can be little doubt but that Shelley's beliefs, or unbeliefs, contain a dash of Paganism. I have not hesitated to call him a pagan more than once in those crude paragraphs. It is right to state more explicitly now, that his was a Paganism, artistically rather than superstitiously, enthroned. The *Prometheus Unbound*, I think, amply sustains this remark, and if any doubts remain, they will be effaced by the *Adonais*, portions of *Queen Mab*, and certain passages in the otherwise Christian creation and beautiful *Epipsychidion*. Shelley tried Paganism, only to find its utter insufficiency. Viewed in a way, and I may confess that my partiality for the poet inclines me to this view,—viewed in a way, then, the whole life of the unlucky bard was an earnest search for the eternal. The pagan stage, and the platonist stage, and the phantistical stage were, I like to believe, mere transitory conditions in his religious evolution. This accounts, to my mind at least, for his embodiment and personification of the forces around him. He wanted one to whom he could unbosom himself. One who knew his thoughts, and could fulfil his ideals. Indeed, much of his poetry, the most touching and delightful portion of it, if I may trust my own poor judgment, is a passionate cry after this, and yet, alas! nothing but a cry. Yet, the desire is there, and it is constantly growing stronger, for which reason I find great consolation in reflecting that if the years of Shelley had not been so few, this divine yearning would have led him on, like his own Alastor, not to disappoint-



ment and death, but to resplendent triumph and eternal life. The great poet, then, was mainly neither a pagan nor a pantheist, although at times he was one or the other and even both commingled. We must seek the leading motive of this surpassing poetical genius elsewhere, and when the searching is made wisely and well we find him above and beyond aught else an idealist. This one word affords a key to his whole character. As Woodsworth was a naturalist; Coleridge, a metaphysician; Byron, a pessimist; Hood, a humorist; Tennyson, a moodist, and Browning, an optimist: so Shelley was in the innermost depths of his profound, poet-soul, an idealist.

Idealism teaches that matter is merely a phenomenon of the mind, that external objects do not exist from any inherent property in themselves, but solely as conceptions in the mind of definite structure and order in the world. A devotee of this theory is called an idealist. To Shelley the world was a phantasmagoria of impressions and ideal, belonging to the soul, or spirit; and love, or ideal, beauty, the essential nature of that spirit, the pervading principle of the universe. But all is one, and diversity, variety, are but passing manifestations of that one. This briefly and meagrely, is the idea that runs through his poetry. Now, it is probable that if Shelley was asked for his direct opinion on this system he would have pronounced it absurd. Yet he was ever possessed of some belief, some hope or aspiration, some comprehensive idea, some impulse, some imaginative glow, which he incarnated in some work, bodying it forth with all the wonderful strength and directness which he possessed. He was forever telling not what he saw but what he wished to see, although he never failed to give the most airy of his visions "a local habitation and a name." In fact Shelley was an idealist of idealists without knowing that he was so. With him imagination was everything, and his models, colored by the light of his peculiar tenets, were large and noble. He steeped all his literary handicraft in ideality. He would have scoffed at the artist who could devote his time and talents to the reproduction of scenes, which, if not offensive and ignoble, are utterly

unattractive. His tragedy, *The Cenci*, will, I suppose, be put in proof against the statement just made. There is no dearth of evidence, however, that in framing this play on repulsive events he depended solely on his powers of expressing powerful passions and not on the outlines of the play. *The Cenci* is at variance with the art he habitually employed. The exception only serves to point the rule. Take Shelley anywhere outside of this powerful, but repellent tragedy, and it will be found in every case, I think, that he makes everything give way to idealization. Inasmuch as *The Cenci* is idealized it is filled with the sort of terrible attractiveness which Milton attributes to Satan, who is never represented by him as anything less than "archangel fallen." Cardinal Newman somewhere says that vice can be rendered attractive in poetry solely by endowing it with some of the qualities of beauty. It is well to remember that poetry is the perception and the poetical art is the expression of the beautiful. As the aim of civil government is the well-being of the governed, and its object is expediency; as the aim of oratory is to persuade, and its object is the probable; as the function of philosophy is to view all things in their mutual relations, and its object is truth; and as virtue consists in the observance of the moral law, and its object is right; so poetry may be considered to be the gift of moving the affections through the imagination, and its object to be the beautiful. No poet knew better than Shelley that out of Ideas there is no salvation, and none more assiduously than he put his knowledge into continual practice. Poetry, according to Aristotle, is a representation of the ideal. This is precisely what it became when struck from the golden lyre of Shelley, who had a world within his mind to discover and bring forth. His poetry supplies us with pictures drawn, not after an existing pattern, but after a creation of the mind. He saw his ideas. I must not be understood as maintaining that he addled his brain systematically and eternally about such things as ideal motives, any more than Shakespeare did, but when he succeeded in developing as powerfully as he could the subject which had possession of his

imagination the ideal was there just as if he had set out with it as his object. Lessing rightly held that where there was no ideal there was no art. 'The ideal in a man or a writer is his message to the world. Thus, to illustrate by a reference to the artists, Raphael is virginal, and it was this quality he lived to celebrate; Rubens is sensual, and the sensuous is his care; Rembrandt is mysterious, and the illustration of mystery is the secret he taught to men. Ideas are the great warriors of the world, each one of which, like Napoleon, may command its million of followers. Every man is an idealist in his way, and shapes his every act, albeit unconsciously, in the world of some dominating idea. The great generals lead their "big battalions" different ways and their conquests differ broadly. The mighty leader whom Shelley delighted to follow was he who dealt in surprise and enchantment, and was forever seeking to express that which eluded words, and hence issue the mistiness and volatilized fancy which together make many portions of his works more obscure than the proverbial Greek to those who have no poetry in their souls. This alliance it was also which won for Shelley the title of "the poet's poet," because as a poet never fails to understand a poet, every true bard finds much to imitate and admire in the great genius whose high gifts I am striving most inadequately to describe. A leading characteristic of genius is a power of simplifying, of taking that view of a subject in its rounded completeness that makes it more easily understood, of possessing one idea, in the light of which all others are resolvable. Shelley possessed the power of giving shadows immortality, of molding mists as if they were plastic materials, of "calling spirits from the vasty deep." This power was the essence of his ideal, although it is not likely that he ever troubled himself with an exact analysis of his endowments. Few are those who can appraise their intellect at its exact value, and still fewer are those who can name their ideal, although its power is never absent from them.

"Couldst thou in vision see  
Thyself the man God meant,  
Thou nevermore wouldst be  
The man thou art—content."

Of all our poets Shelley is the most imaginative. Almost everything he wrote is surcharged with the "shaping spirit of imagination." *The Cloud*, *Mont Blanc*, and *The Ode to the West Wind*, serve as brief examples of his unequalled power of producing mental imagery. Those poems present us with imagination and tender and grand ecstasies, the like of which has never been produced by an English poet since the days of Shakespeare and of Spencer. *The Witch of Atlas* is more an exquisite iridescence of the fancy than a creation made vital and comprehensible by figures and images. I may be pardoned for dwelling a moment on the distinction which I have just ventured to hint at between the products of the imagination and those of the fancy. Imagination runs through all poetry. The poet conceives images, and succeeds as a poet as far as he presents to his readers or hearers vivid images in worthy and beautiful language. Those images are the results of foregone emotions. Imagination selects ideas, or trains of ideas, from the mass of those which have been collected by memory, in order to form new combinations, which may delight the mind and extend the intellectual sphere of man. Memory records the past, imagination embraces the past, present and future; the former borrows, the latter creates; the character of the one is servility, its merit, fidelity; the character of the other is freedom, and its merit originality. The imagination differs from the understanding inasmuch as the former is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty, which is eternally robbing Peter to serve Paul by taking from one thing to add to another; while the latter is a dividing and measuring faculty, a wise magistrate that judges of things, not according to their impressions on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. Imagination, again, is something more than fancy. Fancy lacks power of embodiment; it possesses no distinctness of features; it is impalpable as air. Its forms are ghostly and ever varying, like the glowing shapes in a kaleidoscope; it can neither be grasped, localized, nor recalled. The imagination possesses more practical functions, ones which do not disdain the tangible and the concrete. Despite its subjectivity, it embodies itself

in abiding forms, in unfading colors, and in undying truths. Those qualities make it the natural instrument of the true poet. Real poetry rests on figure. Figure is its necessary means of communication with man; for in the feebleness of ordinary words to express its ideas, and in the absence of terms of abstract perfection, the adoption of metaphorical language is the only poor means allowed it for imparting to others its intense feelings. Remembering those few facts, when we read such poems as the *Witch of Atlas*, and the exquisite *Hellas*, we are prepared to pronounce them of fancy and imagination all compact, with the latter quality predominating in the last named, and subordinate in the first mentioned. The *Hellas*, and many more Shelleyan productions which will easily suggest themselves to every reader, are, therefore, real yet unreal, embodiments yet etherizations, on the earth yet not on it, walking the strange border line of what, for want of a better term, I shall call the mystical. The peerless *Sensitive Plant* is another production, the component parts of which are so transformed in the alembic of his brain, and by the alchemy of his imagination, that they all live, breathe and yearn. I believe this poem is the best adapted of all that Shelley wrote whereby to test the pertinence of the remark which I have made. But those who make this experiment should not forget that this poem, the story of a plant, is also, in the words of Taine, the story of a soul—Shelley's soul, the sensitive.

Returning once more to the major works of this poet, let us endeavor to discover in part what are the teachings and philosophy of such poems as his *Queen Mab*, the *Revolt of Islam*, the dramas of *Prometheus Unbound*, the *Cenci* and *Hellas*, the *Masque of Anarchy*, the *Adonais*, the *Triumph of Life* and the *Epipsychidion*—in a word, of the chief among his writings. His *Queen Mab*, written when he was eighteen, crude and defective as it is, and unworthy to be classed with what he wrote in his maturer years, was probably the richest promise that was ever given at so early an age of poetic power. By it, Shelley avowed himself to be at the outset of his career, what indeed he was, the fearless apostle of unconventionalism. He

recognizes no precedents; to him the past is neither a god to whom reverence is due, nor a tyrant to whom servility may be rendered. A recent writer on Shelley, Mr. Marshall Mather, alluding to this prominent feature of his character, says: "He is never swayed by what has been; he never maps his course by the latitude and longitude of early teachers and mind-geographers. No, he rather sails the unknown seas, explores the forbidden lands, and rushes wildly within the precincts of the esoteric shrines. Religion, politics, social observance—all these to him, despite their hoar antiquity and restrictive power, are but superstitions, party cries, and mockeries. Here he resembles Byron, without Byron's excesses." This last sentence reminds me of a statement which should have been made long ere this, but which the reader probably surmised. It is the clean immunity which Shelley's works enjoy from obscenity that induced me to make their author the subject of this paper. I argued that much may be forgiven to a man who is clean of heart. He was irreverent, and ungodly and revolutionary, but no Christian grounded in the rudiments of our faith, will suffer the smallest injury from the crude, unreasonable blasphemies of the author of *Queen Mab* and the *Masque of Anarchy*.

Yet, although not immoral in the sense in which Byron was immoral, his literary art knew no reticence. He could not prevail upon himself to insist that in art the half is always greater than the whole, and that to select is always the first duty of an artist, in poetry, as in fiction, or in painting, or in sculpture. He would not have understood George Eliot, who correctly maintained that we are powerfully bound to reticence by that reverence for the the highest efforts of our common nature, which commands us to bury its lowest fatalities, its invincible remnants of what Tennyson calls "the tiger," its most agonizing struggles with temptation. Shelley would have none of such concealment. He was, as Mrs. Browning named him, "in his white ideal statue blind." As one critic observes, Shelley would leave no veils on, brook no reticences. Psyche will behold Cupid with her bodily eyes, and retain him in all his visible

beauty. But the god will not have it so, and vanishes from her. The remarks of Roden Noel on this characteristic are so just that I cannot deprive the reader of the advantage of borrowing a few of his words. Mr. Noel says: "For Shelley the ideal is naked, but he invests it with the rosy hue and glory of imagination; (there is no poet less gross or sensual, all is shadowy and ethereal); and so, when the reality mocks the dream, like a wilful babe, in petulant disappointment, he flings the toy away." All his principal poems are alike in this, they judge the real world by the dream, they each and all record a disappointment, a flinging away of some toy.

His philosophy was of the sort which is now called socialistic. His theory of government was highly original. Men in the ideal condition were to be tribeless, classless, unobedient to law. Yet, as in the *Witch of Atlas*, he could anathematize impulses, when they did not tend in the direction of his personal taste. This inconsistency crops out in all the belongings of the poet, and of itself is quite sufficient to prove, I opine, that whatever else Shelley might have been, he was a blind teacher. He hated shams with "the hate of hates," and his eye was as quick to discern, and his heart to dispise, as his tongue was to scathe them. Reared a Protestant, he looked at the religion of his race, and saw its fallacies, its hypocrisies, its lack of logic; born in monarchial England, he looked at the political life around him and saw its corruption and cruelty; the son of a calculating upstart, he looked at the social life of his age, saw its artificiality and insincerity,—its Mrs. Grundy admonishing from the threshold and then going behind the door to drain the contents of the black Holland bottle! All this maddened Shelley, and prompted him to the utterance of much which stung and embittered the insincerity of his age.

A great deal might be said about Shelley as the writer of delightful lyrics, but I shall content myself by saying comparatively little. The success of his considerable efforts in the lyric line is measured, not by the cold approval of a few cultured and critical readers, as is now the case with Swinburne, but by the answering sympathy and emotion of the general heart of man-

kind. From his simple *Skylark* to his most ornamental *Ode* he shows himself the possessor of those first indispensable qualities of the lyrist—musical rhythm and beauty of versification. Lyrical poetry, as its name implies, suggests musical cadence, although it may not be set to music. The lyric expresses individual feeling, as the epic expresses national feeling. The first condition of the lyric is that its form be perfect. A lyric that is badly verified, whatever else it may be, is a bad lyric. The reason of this is clear if one considers what lyric verse means. It is the essence of Art to be creative, and it is the essence of creation to exhibit itself in order and harmony—thus, Lotze holds the term *Kosmos*, or order, and being, to be strictly identical. Now, almost all of Shelley's lyrics fulfil this prime requisite. The object of lyric poetry is to touch the feelings in the most direct and immediate manner. For this reason we require that this form should contain a thought or a narrative of intrinsic significance or interest. Here also the lyrics of Shelley will be found entirely up to the standard. The third quality of lyric poetry is concentration, by which I mean that reserve of expression which lends a charm to such poems as "Break, Break, Break" and "Crossing the Bar," and springs from the perception, only to be found among the most perfect artists in poetry, that all passages which do not distinctly aid in giving force to the expression of the thought or the narrative, are not merely negatively but positively injurious to the poem as a whole. Once more it will be found that here also Shelley complies with the most rigid requirements. With him the subjective and lyrical elements are balanced and blended. The thought with him is always a simple, often a single one. Sometimes, as in the pathetic lines beginning, *When the Lamp is Shattered*, the thought is dual. But neither here nor elsewhere is it complex. Lyrical poetry of the subjective order has to deal with single ideas, which it is expected to adorn and render musical. In the poem just referred to the underlying thoughts of two very simple ones, yet of deep human interest—that a love that has once been and is no more, leaves life desolate and joyless, and that of two

natures that have loved, it is the stronger that first casts out love. The essential meaning of the poem is all in those two easily comprehended propositions. What remains is but illustration and intensifying of these ideas, and the means employed is the use of peculiarly picturesque and significant imagery drawn chiefly from nature, and expressed in verse as musical as it is apparently spontaneous. Thus the master musician shapes his strains when he desires to move men. I say the poem has the appearance of being spontaneous, but this may be a result of "the art that hides the art." Shelley, with all his abundance and facility, was a fastidious writer; scrupulously attentive to the

effectiveness of words and syllables, and accustomed to elaborate whatever he wrote to the utmost. In other less tragic and equally perfect lyrics of Shelley's, such as *Love's Philosophy*, *One Word is too often Profaned*, and *Music, when Soft Voices Die*, we find the same type of poem. There is, first, the expression of a simple but not trivial thought; next, the employment of metaphors which at once illustrate the central thought, and at the same time cluster around it a picturesquely varied imagery, and lastly, we find the decorative design of each poem is itself intrinsic with definite thought, the quality which distinguishes genuine poetic imagery and metaphor from mere simile-hatching and windy bombast.

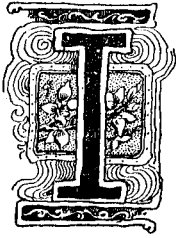
THE END.



## FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN.

Among the manuscripts of the late lamented Father Bennett, we find the following brief sketch which we are sure will be read with pleasure by all who knew that saintly and scholarly man. What will add interest to this little gem, is that it was written in 1845.

“DA NOI.”



It is on a foreign shore, that our tenderness for home is most felt, and needs but to hear it decried, in order to be evinced. I was the inmate of the College of Propaganda for many months, where I had for my companions young men from all parts of the world. From Inverness to Peking, from Ethiopia to California and Quebec, every country seemed to have sent its representative. Every shade of colour on the human countenance might be seen there. All of us loved Rome as children love their mother, but no one thought of his own first fireside without those emotions which always arise within us when thinking on the scenes of childhood. It may easily be supposed that even those from the most unpolished regions were not quite dead to such reminiscences.

I always remarked that every one tried to keep out of view those specks on national character which abound so plentifully under every sun, while he as readily placed in relief every advantage which he remarked, by comparison, his native country to possess. When it happened that some unseemly trait peculiar to any one nation was brought under notice, it was instantly pounced upon by the rest with expressions of triumph. *Da noi*, such things are not done, was invariably the remark. If any thing worthy of esteem was mentioned, every one claimed

it as peculiarly practised *at home*, *Da noi*, this is quite common. In fine those words *Da noi* came so often into the talk, that I marked it down as a national expression, sacred to patriotism, and was moved by it sometimes to a smile, sometimes to serious musings, according to my own temper at the time, or to the skill and cunning with which it was introduced. It was a very innocent expression, for it was intended rather to indulge national vanity than to insult over other nations, and as it was used exclusively for no race, it did not seem to be peculiarly remarked by any. I was most amused to hear it most frequently from those whose country seemed to have the least to boast of. If anyone's pride was more than his vanity, he thought that he had the less need of it. But they whose home was barer of great events, and farther back in the progress of civilization, sought to put forward their claim to notice with more avidity. *Da noi*, said the Arab, is the horse seen in all his majesty and perfection; and his jet black eye glistened with a more glossy brightness as everyone was silent in consent. *Da noi*, said the American, the Chinese, the German, the Scot. *Da noi* was always the prelude to something worth hearing, because national. *Da noi* always came from a happy face, because the relater told either of the possession of some good, or of the absence of some evil. *Da noi*, always brought my thoughts to home, even when it spoke of Circassia or Peking, for to me the very words had become sacred to home.



## UP THE GATINEAU.



**S**TANDING on Parliament Hill on a clear day, if you look northward, the first object of interest, upon which your vision must fasten itself, is a slender church spire, whose tinfoated sides, together with its comparatively lofty elevation, render it doubly prominent.

By the aid of a medium sized telescope, you can discern a number of smaller structures clustered around its base, after the manner in which Egyptian huts would be found scattered about the base of Pompey's Pillar. This is the village of Gatineau Point. Its Nile are the turbid waters of the Gatineau itself—one of the giant twin tributaries of the Ottawa. Looking down upon this modest little hamlet, that lies at the mouth of the giant twin, you would scarcely conceive, from the unassuming appearance of the place, how picturesque the shores the giant twin's turbulent current laves.

But should you go up the Gatineau—you, who have an eye for beautiful scenery and a soul expansive enough to take in and appreciate its charms, you would discover a land, rich in the enjoyment of nature's prodigality, pre-eminent among the many poetry-inspiring spots for which our Dominion is justly celebrated.

As you ascend the mammoth stream, you become conscious of a gradual elevation in the river-bed and a more marked rise in the surrounding country.

Quite imperceptibly, however, you pass from the low, marshy pampas of Gatineau Point to the bold declivities of the Upper Gatineau, till, at length, you find yourself in a veritable paradise for the naturalist. Massive beds of Trenton and Devonian deposits rise majestically on either side—the sole survivors of an age whose records are confined to the few inscriptions indelibly engraven upon those rude, gigantic monuments of the past. But have you entered a field where the geologist alone may

revel in the glories of a superseded age? By no means. Here also are the delights of the botanist, the zoologist; here, even the simple pleasure-seeker is satiated.

“And shall I find all these marvels along the banks of this wonderful river?” you will ask. No; not exactly. Less than a dozen miles from its junction with the Ottawa, the Gatineau is divided by a magnificent oasis, known as Wright's Island. It is to this spot particularly that the pleasure seeker should direct his steps, would he taste some of the sweets that, we are told, honeyed the Happy Valley. Nor would the naturalist regret accompanying him. Grand old pines of Patagonian stature—the rivals of their primordial ancestry—stretch out their brawny arms to ward off the piercing rays of our summer sun. Underneath stands the airy cot with its wicker walls, the tall swing, whose gentle swaying invites repose, winding paths through the density of a luxuriant foliage, the rustic bridge spanning the smaller branch of the river and connecting the island with the main-land. Gardens blush with pride over their display of rare tropical flowers, lavishly scattered upon their bosoms from the well stocked conservatory attached to the Manor. St. Bernard dogs—the noblest type of the canine race—frisk and gambol in scores about the spacious lawns. Here the easy-going kine and innocent-eyed sheep, browsing in happy contentment, make a striking contrast with the noisy precipitousness of the saw-log shoals, hurled down the eddying current with lightning-like rapidity.

Here, everything is grand and imposing, everything is pleasing and attractive.

Charming as are, indeed, the pastorals of Cowper or of Goldsmith, one cannot help thinking how much more charming they would have been had the eyes of their authors feasted upon the deliciousness of these enchanting scenes, in the midst of which, undoubtedly, reigns the Muse supreme. But is the Muse the only ruler in these Etesian fields? you will query, or

do flesh and blood dispute her claim? And if so, has nature been as munificent in her endowments of this fortunate lord as she has been lavish in her bestowals upon his domains?

Should you thus question anyone of the tillers of the soil in that blissful realm, your answer in all probability would be a laugh of derision.

Pardon the unsophisticated rustic, this little impropriety: how should he know that there could exist—and not apologize for such existence—a person so backward as to be in ignorance of the “King of the Gatineau”?

Be enlightened, then. Yes; Nature, copiously as she dealt with these fair regions, saved an abundant store of her treasures to bestow as ungrudgingly upon their owner, who, in turn, dispenses favors with as open a hand as the donor herself.

And does it surprise you that such an one is not widely known? Distant as the feeble gusts of rural commendation can bear a good man's fame, thus far has the fame of the “King of the Gatineau's” liberality been borne—and, yet, not half far enough!

It may be truly said—and it is one of those things that are better said than left unsaid—that, as few parts of our extensive Dominion can boast such natural embellishments as those that ornament the valley of the Gatineau, so few there are among the many illustrious sons of Canada, who have been gifted with such sterling qualities as those that grace the “King of the Gatineau.”

Whether as a law-framer at the Capital, or as a thrifty lumberman in its vicinity, he has always been the same whole-souled public benefactor; liberal in sentiment, liberal in pocket: proud enough to scorn

the vile policy of those who would draw party lines in politics on religious ground, who would stir up sectarian bigotry to destroy the harmony that binds our populations of different creeds and tongues in one solid, united people; humble enough to befriend the beggar, and to extend a helping hand to those whose avowed occupation is the alleviation of misery and distress under every form and wherever found.

Who is the needy farmer along the Gatineau that has not shared in the generosity of Alonzo Wright? Where is the meek sister of charity that has ever sought his patronage or other aid, and was disappointed?

Providence, in all truth, poured out riches upon this picturesque country; but the work had been left uncrowned had it not been given a possessor such as it rejoices in. But why sound his praise before his departure hence?

Simply because there are so many good things to be said of some men, that it behooves the sayer to begin early, would he do them ample justice.

And let no one say now that this little sketch, entitled “Up the Gatineau,” whose beginning promised a pastoral in prose, turns out, after all, to be a mere eulogy of an influential individual. Should any portion of what has followed the title have been omitted—and especially the latter part—the title would be ill-chosen and deceptive. For should you ever go “up the Gatineau,” to behold nature in her pristine loveliness, and fail to participate in the hospitality extended by the “King of the Gatineau,” you would do as did the pilgrim that visited the Holy Land and came back without having seen Jerusalem.

PEREGRINUS.





# The Owl,

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*FAREWELL.*

In taking leave of its friends and patrons for the present, the Owl gives space to its retiring editors to close their labours in his behalf with some parting remarks. When the old bird mounted his Perch in September '92, he announced to the public the loss of his managing editor, and of many able contributors to his columns, who had departed for other spheres of usefulness, and as he gazed upon the gap made in the ranks of his workers, and beheld the raw, inexperienced recruits who were occupying the places of old vet-

erans of the quill, a fluttering in the regions of the heart betrayed a momentary fear for the future. But "the new editors, on taking up their quills, pledged themselves to make Vol. VI worthy of a place beside preceding volumes," and, taking them at their word, the Owl calmly set forward on his career anew. However, we sometimes have been led to suspect that the bird had really less faith than he pretended to have in the pledged word of ourselves, the said new editors, but he knew well his own resources in exacting the fulfilment to the letter of any promise made to him, and he had doubtless made up his mind that this one should prove no exception from any lack of vigilance on his part. And in fact, whenever a lagger was found among our number, he pounced upon the delinquent and in his own inimitable way never failed to elicit more copy.

The result is before the public, complete with the present number, and to them the retiring editors and their brethren who remain, leave it to decide how well we have fulfilled our promise. We have met with nought but encouragement from our contemporaries of the college world, whose too favourable comments on our labours have been an incentive to us to make ourselves worthy of their approval. To the friends who have assisted us by their timely contributions to the columns of the Owl, whether of the student body or of graduates of the University, who have given this tangible proof of their friendship for their Alma Mater, from the depths of grateful and relieved hearts we return our thanks. To the graduating class of this year, and to those who, having obtained certificates of matriculation or other diplomas, will pursue their studies elsewhere next year, we would say, remember the Owl, and do it in some tangible way by sending in your subscription or

by contributing an interesting article. As we glance over the list of subscribers for the past year we miss many familiar names of former students of the University, and the list itself is shorter than it should be. So we take leave, recommending constancy to our fellow-students, and pledging ourselves to watch with kindly interest and what encouragement we may be able to give, the future career of the bird whose healthy development has cost us much anxious care.

#### CONGRATULATIONS.

At the recent meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax and Mr. S. E. Dawson Lit. D. were elected Fellows. Both gentlemen well deserve the honor of election to the Royal Society, if that honor can be merited by valuable contributions to Canada's best literature. His Grace Archbishop O'Brien is a native of Prince Edward Island, a province which, though small in population, has given Canada and the neighboring Republic, a large number of distinguished literary men. Dr. Dawson is from Montreal, and is of the clan Dawson, to which such remarkable men as Sir William Dawson, his son Dr. Dawson, president of the Royal Society, and the Very Rev. A. E. McI. Dawson V. G., I.L. D. are proud to belong. It is with genuine heartiness that the OWL extends its congratulations to these new members of the Royal Society. We are pleased too to have this occasion of expressing our acknowledgements to Archbishop O'Brien and Dr. Dawson for the kind words of encouragement and prized contributions with which they have often been good enough to favor our College journal.

#### A SUGGESTION.

The number of subjects which have to be taken up by the university student of

the present day, unfortunately precludes the possibility of obtaining a really thorough knowledge of every branch studied. But there are studies in which we are all expected to become fairly proficient. English literature is one of these. Graduates of only a few years standing, say that they envy the present generation of Ottawa students the facilities now provided by our Alma Mater for acquiring a knowledge of English. Considerable time given to this branch, efficient professors, the numerous and carefully prepared essays insisted upon, and the work done for the College journal, undoubtedly contribute much towards perfecting our course in English; still we believe there is more to be done. An exchange from one of our sister universities in Ontario, lately expressed regret that numerous graduates go forth from that institution unacquainted with many of the standard writers of their language. This is, we fear, true of some of us. In fact, for the reason given above—the number of matters to be undertaken—we presume it must be true in any of our American universities for the average student, who does not do considerable reading outside of prescribed works.

Whenever we feel that we need some strong incentive to move us to serious effort in the discharge of duty, we recall the example of a fellow-student—one who left us not long ago—who, while he was in the University, devoted four or five hours a day to reading during vacation. He made his mark amongst us, and had not the reputation of being a "grind." That student's commendable industry has no doubt been equalled or surpassed by other men in our midst, we mention this case as an example of which we are certain. It is an example which we feel sure everyone who wishes to take with him from the University a really satisfactory practical knowledge of our standard authors would do well to follow.

Four or five hours a day seem a great deal to some. Well, try a regular course of reading of one or two hours a day and see if, in a short time, you do not feel inclined to do more. A taste for reading is acquired by the perusal of a number of well-chosen works. That taste is something certain students never acquire, for the simple reason that they have never taken the means to do so. Happy the student who does acquire it; in spite of the numerous subjects which claim his attention during the College term he will find many an hour for reading, and this with what he will do during the holidays, without trespassing on time needed for relaxation, will make him conversant with what is best in the English language. Besides an enviable knowledge of English such a reader will obtain a valuable fund of information on other subjects, which will give him a breadth of mind and a self-confidence, to which he of exclusively class-room attainments can never justly lay claim.

Try the plan of daily giving a definite portion of time to reading from commencement day until our studies are resumed. Everyone taking a course in English literature knows of much worth reading that he has never had time to read. In our days of cheap books and public libraries the average student will find little difficulty in procuring suitable works. The man who follows such a course of reading, will come back in the fall in better condition physically than he who has been at a loss how to kill time.

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#### *OUR BAND.*

The band has always been one of the most successful organizations in the University; indeed we can look back to a time when the Ottawa College Band was numbered among the best in Canada. Of course it is unreasonable to expect this prestige to have lasted; a student's life at

College being too short for him to obtain any great proficiency with an instrument; or if he does become a first-class player, his graduation is generally close at hand. Many of us are probably ignorant of the difficulties met with in keeping up the band. A few figures will reveal some of these. Of those who belonged to our band only three years ago, not one is a member at present; but six or seven remain of those who began to play two years ago. These are certainly great drawbacks in a band of twenty-five instruments; but thanks to the exertions of its director, and the majority of the members, the band of '93 has done creditably. Everyone is ready to acknowledge the usefulness of a band; it helps to keep music alive in the University, and it is always a welcome aid at our entertainments. Unfortunately, whether it is owing to the spirit of indifference which has weakened some of our organizations of late, or to downright laziness, some of the members have been backward in attending practice. This should not be.

Next year the band will require a large number of recruits. Let the students who purpose joining it apply themselves to music during the holidays, and if possible procure instruments. They should remember that, although band practice may be somewhat tedious in the beginning, yet when the player has mastered his instrument and can read music fairly well, he is abundantly repaid for his trouble. Band practice, as those who have been successful with their instruments will testify, then becomes not a task, but a great pleasure, and many an hour which otherwise would be spent in loneliness may be whiled away with profit and enjoyment. We sincerely hope that the band will continue to flourish in the future as it has in the past, and that the gentlemen who are members and those who intend to be such will give satisfaction to their director.

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THE LATE JAS. A. SADLIER.

Seldom has it devolved upon us to record a death which we more deplored than that of Mr. Jas. A. Sadlier, the well-known publisher and Catholic book seller of Montreal. To estimate the loss which Catholics throughout America have sustained by his death would be simply impossible. But especially we Canadians have a double cause of regret, for certainly no man has been more prominently identified with Canadian Catholic literature than has the late Mr. Sadlier. His preparation of Catholic school books alone should place him among the greatest of our benefactors; but besides this he has had prepared and published a large portion of the reading matter to be found in our Canadian Catholic homes. In business transactions we know from experience that uprightness and integrity were characteristic of him. He practised honesty not because it was the "best policy," but because he was a practical Catholic. We say a *practical* Catholic, for not content with being a daily attendant at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, his whole aim was to labor for the welfare of his co-religionists. Nor was he instigated by ambition or selfishness, for these were foreign to his very nature. Speaking of this phase of his character, the *New York Catholic Review* says: "Innumerable were the acts of truly noble, and always delicate charity, which marked each day of his busy and useful career. Truly his right hand knew not what his left hand did. Nor was he less charitable in word than in deed. Never was he heard to pass an uncharitable judgment on any one. His piety always unostentatious, was deep, fervent and sincere." We can only add as we fervently breathe *requiescat in pace*, that it is well for the man about whom such

words can be truly said, and we believe they can be truly said of the late Jas. Sadlier.

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ORDINATIONS.

On Saturday, May 27th, at the Basilica, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel ordained the following:—

Priests: B. Ducharme, Joliette College, J. P. Bernéche, O.M.I., W. Valiquette, O.M.I., Thos. Murphy, O.M.I. Deacon: G. Simonin, O.M.I. Sub-deacons: V. Pilon, Rigaud College: D. A. Campbell, B. A., Alexandria, Ont.; L. Gschwind, O.M.I., J. Pérusset, O.M.I., A. Sirois, O.M.I., T. Campeau, O.M.I., O. Lambert, O.M.I., B. A. Boyer, O.M.I., D. Laferrière, O.M.I.

Minor Orders: C. C. Delaney, B.A. Burlington, Vt.; M. F. Fitzpatrick, B.A. Peterboro, Ont.; A. Henault, O.M.I., S. Beaudry, O.M.I., J. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., C. B. Charlebois, O.M.I., P. Bousquet, O.M.I.

Tonsure: J. A. Carrière, Ottawa, A. Lemonde, L. Baupré, O.M.I., J. Duffy, O.M.I., J. Sloan, O.M.I.

Rev Father Murphy made his classical course in the University and graduated B. A. in 1888. He said his first Mass in University Chapel on Sunday, the 28th. The students presented him an address complimenting him on his ordination and wishing him success in his priestly career. To him and to the others who received orders at the hands of His Grace, the Owl extends hearty congratulations.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The writer of "Philosophical Talks" in the *Toronto Catholic Register* has something to say in a late number about liberty of conscience, and succeeds so well in saying what he wishes to say that we quote for the benefit of our readers the following extract from this excellent article: "Does liberty of conscience mean freedom from authority, truth, reason, and right? Surely such freedom would be something worse than folly in a man who is not a fool. But I am free not to follow my conscience. I can keep Peter's umbrella. Yes, you can, but not because of your freedom of

conscience, but because of your free will, which is quite another thing. And as your free will walks with Peter's umbrella, or his purse, you shall find this out; for conscience, supposing of course you have a conscience, will keep crying out: "thief." You may quiet the cry, but only when you have killed your conscience—or returned the umbrella."

How they make the opium-stuffed death machine, the cigarette—told by Rev. Father Boorman S. J. of Detroit College: "Large purchases are made of cast-away tobacco, cigar stubbs, and floor sweepings. Several tons being gathered together, the whole mass is mixed with Spanish moss taken from the trees of Southern swamps. Machines are employed to cut the mixture into fine particles. The stuff is now spread out upon the floor and heavily saturated with solutions of opium, Indian hemp and *belladonna*. The material being dried is rolled into scented paper and sold to indiscreet children and weak-kneed grown people, who rapidly acquire a jaundiced complexion, a weak heart and a worthless constitution."

Cardinal Logue, speaking to the students of St. Mary's College, Dundalk, incidentally made the following remarks about Mr. Gladstone: The whole secret (of success) is diligence. We have an instance of this in the great English statesman of whom everyone is speaking, Mr. Gladstone. He acknowledges himself that the great secret of his success in life was his diligence. And to-day, even in the midst of the cares of State, and with a burden on his shoulders that would overpower many a young man, he publishes literary works which astonish the world. He was a famous man at Oxford in his time and carried off the "Double First," a prize which is very rarely taken.

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#### EXCHANGES.

In the *Georgetown College Journal* we read that, at the commencement exercises of the Medical Department of Georgetown University, the Reverend Rector, before conferring the degrees, addressed the graduates in these terms: "A physician should possess a liberal, profound, and varied culture; be versed in the ancient languages of the world, in which much of

the history and literature of medicine is embalmed; have engaging manners as a part of his stock in trade; combine judgment and ready tact with persuasive power, and have the rare faculty of governing himself, as well as those around him. Above all these qualities a physician should be a man of high moral principles and stability of character; devoted to the path of duty, and always ready to help the sick and afflicted, with sympathy and advice."

*The Fordham Monthly* is especially characterized by excellence of style. Be it said to their credit its editors and contributors write pure, simple, clear and forcible English. In the issue before us we take much pleasure in perusing the article entitled "The Author of Lachrymæ Musarum." Its author thus speaks of poetry: "To that class of hard-headed, righteous men who regard a leaning toward poetry as a mild form of madness, I would suggest that setting aside supernatural agencies, the greatest power in the world has ever been the power of literature. It was song that of old thrilled and roused the heart of nations; it was song that gathered up a people's sympathies, traditions and aspirations which thus 'Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme' did more than laws to perpetuate a nation. Even in the supernatural order, see how the message of God to men is conveyed in the highest form of literary writing. Consider how the words of St. Paul still quiver and thrill through the ages. Indeed, after some reading of history and much thought on the different forces in the world, I am convinced that, whoever, in remote or recent times, has moved men mightily to noble or ignoble ends, possessed in a great degree the literary temperament."

It is with no little pleasure that we extend the hand of welcome to a new arrival viz: *Leaflets from Loretto*. Simplicity and neatness characterize its general appearance. Its contents comprise a long list of short spicy articles on a variety of subjects together with a few choice bits of poetry. "Repented at Last," an original story, and "A Word for the Christian Hero," deserve special mention. May this little journal meet with all success and may it often be found on our table.

*A PHLETICS.*

May was a very wet month and outdoor athletics had to contend with many rain storms, but despite the draw-back of unfavorable weather the base-ball team did considerable work. The first team played four games and the second team one, all of which resulted in victories for Varsity. Our space being limited we can give but short accounts of these games. On May 6th, the Hull B. B. C. sent a nine across the inter-provincial bridge, to give our boys the first game of the season. The result was a victory for the latter, by a score of 37 to 4. The Nationals of Ottawa were then defeated on May 13th, the score at the end of seven innings being Nationals 6, Varsity 16. May 20th, was reserved for the Diamonds, but as all the members of that nine failed to put in an appearance, a game was played with a picked nine, and the result was 13 to 4 in favor of the collegians. The closest and best game was that of May 27th, when the Pastimes crossed bats with Varsity. The Pastimes were strengthened by three of the Diamonds and put up a splendid game. Varsity showed better form than in the previous matches and succeeded in holding the visitors down to a single run. The score was Varsity 9, Pastimes 1.

The Varsity players were, catcher, Bonner, pitcher, Clark; 1st b., J. Coyne; 2nd, b., T. Clancy; 3rd, b., Garland, l. f. Kenny, r. f. O'Malley, c. f. Rooney.

\* \* \*

After being worsted by the first nine of Varsity, the Nationals thought they would try conclusions with the second nine. The match took place on May 24th, and the Nationals once more met defeat. Nine innings were played and the score at the end was, Nationals 6, second Varsity 18.

\* \*

Football has not been neglected this spring, but on the contrary considerable interest has been taken in the game and this augurs well for next season. Four teams were organized and captained respectively by Jos. McDougal '94, L. J. Kehoe '94, A. Bedard '94 and E. J. O'Reilly '96. A series of games was played

for the Wallace Challenge Cup, the winning team being that captained by E. J. O'Reilly.

\* \* \*

On Saturday, June 9th, the second nine scored another victory, their opponents being the second nine of the Hull B B.C. The batteries were, Gollege—Garland and O'Malley. Hull—Berthume and Harris. Score, 8 to 7.

*JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

The near approach of the mid-summer examinations has tended to somewhat dampen the athletic ardor of the Juniors and, consequently, the sporting events have, during the past month, been less numerous than usual. The most interesting event was a base-ball match, between the Junior Second team and a team from St. Joseph's School, which was played on the College grounds on Saturday May 27th. The two clubs were captained by H. Glasmacher and H. Leclerc respectively. The result was in favor of the visitors by a score of 15 to 12. Glasmacher and Mortelle, the second team battery, did some very effective work. C. Hayes at first base, with the exception of two costly errors in the beginning, also played a good game. The best players on the visiting team were the battery, Leclerc and Green, and Belanger short-stop.

Messrs Phaneuf and Dempsey of the Terpsichorean Club will assist at the entertainment which is to take place on June 20th, in aid of the sufferers from the recent flood at Gatineau Point.

Just before going to press we learn that Messrs. Ryan and Finnegan have in preparation an after dinner joke-book with copious foot notes entitled "The Button BUSTER or Aid to Digestion." The authors expect a large sale during the next two months. They recommend it especially to those contemplating a trip to the sea-side.

Tommy Powers has been retained as vocalist by the Syracuse contingent for the home trip on the 22nd inst.

The Minister of Agriculture, we understand, intends during the coming recess, taking practical lessons in work connected with his department.

Some of the Juniors will be glad to learn

that a fast train will make daily trips between Pembroke and St. André Avellin during the holidays.

The following held the first places in their classes for the month of May:—

First Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Tobin.</li> <li>2. P. Favreau.</li> <li>3. J. Gleason.</li> </ol>
Second Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. W. P. Ryan.</li> <li>2. J. Dempsey.</li> <li>3. E. Leonard.</li> </ol>
Third Grade B	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. E. Donegan.</li> <li>2. C. Hayes.</li> <li>3. P. Champagne.</li> </ol>
Third Grade A	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. D. Kearns.</li> <li>2. J. McCosham.</li> <li>3. J. Mortelle.</li> </ol>
Fourth Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. A. Belanger.</li> <li>2. J. Burgess.</li> <li>3. R. Gosselin.</li> </ol>

In our official capacity as editor of this department we desire to thank the Junior reporter for the very valuable services he rendered us during the scholastic year now drawing to a close. We also desire to congratulate him upon the success that attended his efforts to remain incognito, notwithstanding the many and vigorous attempts made to render his identity known. At the same time we extend to our young readers, one and all, our best wishes for a most pleasant vacation and a prompt and safe return.

### SUBRIDENDO.

#### NO GROUND FOR IT.

A professor who used to teach the grandfathers of the present generation of students, objected to the pronunciation of "wound" as if it were spelt "woond" and the students used to hunt for chances to make him explain his objections. One day he stopped a student who was reading to the class and said, "How do you pronounce that word? "Woond sir." The professor looked ugly and replied, "I have never foond any ground for giving it that soond Go on."

*Argonaut.*

#### IT LOOKED LIKE A SEQUENCE.

A queer coincidence occurred in one of the city churches last Sunday.

During the service one of the ushers notified a

physician in the congregation that a call had been made for him in the vestibule. The doctor bounced out with hat and overcoat and was soon on his way to see a patient.

About ten minutes later the usher walked down the aisle until he came opposite a well-known undertaker. There was a whispered word or two and the undertaker hurried out. It was not the same case, but he followed the doctor, and a broad smile floated over the congregation.

*Atlanta Journal.*

#### IT WAS THE OTHER WAY.

Another story was told at the club the other night, about a prominent spread-eagle speaker in the last campaign. It seems that he went down to Lynn to make an address in favor of Cleveland. During the speech he got warmed up, and began to saw the air with dramatic force. Suddenly from the front of the hall came a long, infantile wail. The speaker continued speaking, and the baby kept on crying. The mother tried in vain to stop the noise, but to no purpose. Then the speaker looked down upon the mother and child, and gave a grand flourish.

"My dear madam," he said, with his hand upon his breast, "why not let the dear baby cry. He'll soon stop. He isn't annoying me in the least." The mother gave a glance upward, then looked at the wailing child.

"Oh, it isn't that, sir. It's you that's annoying the baby."—*Boston Budget.*

#### A STORY OF TOM HENDRICKS.

"I think," said the lady of the house, "I must contribute my little anecdote. I spent some weeks in 1885 in Indianapolis. One day I went down among the offices to consult a lawyer. I had difficulty in finding a certain room. Finally I asked a plain-looking man in a shabby coat who stood on the steps of the building to guide me. He was excessively obliging and polite. When he brought me to my destination I naturally opened my purse. An expression crossed his face that made me shut it up again and only tender thanks instead. I pointed him out from the window to my lawyer. "Some way I didn't care to tip him," I remarked. He opened his eyes very wide, "Well, I should guess not, that's the vice-President of the United States." I met Mrs. Hendricks afterwards, and thought the story too good to keep from her. "Yes," she said plaintively, "Tom will go picking like a rag-picker. I'm always scolding him. Now I shall tell him of your mistake. Perhaps he will be ashamed."—*New York Times.*

Well, *but sour*, Joe!

"Pendy, the Popcorn Man," is the title of the latest song issued.

When the predatory 22nd will have robbed one of the Siamese twins of the other, they will uncharitably say that it will take *forty to fill up* the chaos.

Toughy asked: "When would the 'Blue Books' be no longer blue books? and after everyone had "given it up"—Phan included—Toughy asked himself, and answered without a moment's hesitation: After they are read." His other two jokes are waiting to be foot-noted before publication.

The bright boy of the Business Class has discovered another exception—besides that of negotiable paper—to the rule which holds that a person may not sell the same article twice, giving a valid title in both cases. It applies to the cobbler, who sold a pair of shoes immediately after having soled them.

#### THEORY vs. PRACTICE.

(Suggested by the Geary Bill.)

I sing a song of a Chinese,  
Who embraced Christianity,  
Urged on by a Missionary:  
America was his country.

This holy man preached, "Love alway,  
To-day, to-morrow, yesterday.  
Love every man that comes your way,  
Black, white or yellow, blue or gray.  
Ta-ra-ra-boom de-ay, etc.

If this you do you'll ever dwell  
Where angels' song is heard to swell  
Eternal over hill and dell;  
But if you don't you'll go to h—l!"

"A lovely creed," quoth good Yangtse,  
Pray makee Christian out of me,  
And I shall sail across the sea,  
Where everyone will likee me."

But when he came they cried, "Avaunt!  
No ducks of your shade here we want,  
So back again just take a jaunt,  
And never more these regions haunt."

"But you are Christians," cried Yangtse,  
"You love your brother poor Chinese,  
So said your good Missionary,  
Who makee Christian out of me."

"Oh, we be Christians as you say,  
And love you too—far, far away!  
Proximity we would delay  
Until some future, future day."

So back to Chinaland hied he,  
But ponders in uncertainty,  
As to how much sincerity  
There is in Christian charity.

"Tennyson's" latest production entitled "The Reconciliation" is a noble execution. The *English* used is especially fine, as one may judge from the opening stanza which runs as follows: "Oh, leave me alone till to-morrow's sun."

Take our advice, Gilly, and keep away from them; they are not *eggs-actly* a suitable diet for you, as experience should have shown you by this time.

"The millionaire's" ship came in last week with a full cargo. He still carries that cane, however. Why, boys?

We regret to say, Joker, that owing to circumstances over which we had no control, we must disappoint you this month; but anyhow your champion, Lucas, would be after us, you know, were we to say anything about you.

Professors No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were in great demand in the Lab. during the past two weeks, and the Chemistry Class is to be complimented for having so successfully analyzed their solutions.

As the great International Pugilistic Tournament to be held at the World's Fair comes off very soon now, our "Michigan Cyclone" was forced to leave before the end of the term. Success to you, Dan.

There was a young student perverse,  
Whose ambition was to write verse,  
But it was all about spring  
And that sort of thing,  
So he was carried away in a hearse.

Cahey's hand-ball alley has been running in grand style for the last few weeks under the able management of Jimmy. Like a lad who knows his business, J. persevered and now he is about as good at hand-ball as "The Shark" is at batting the base-ball.

He had just purchased a pair of the latest style tan shoes, and had almost reached the street when the thought occurred to him to ask for "a bottle of that stuff they used, so that he could *pink'em* again whenever he wanted to." He was given the polish.

The "Irish Landlord in America" has turned his attention to sprinting.

It is now known for a certainty that we have a veritable "dark horse" in our midst. At the close of last winter he successfully contracted for the removal of the snow and ice from the campus; during the early spring days he shone as an invincible player of "Duck-on-the-Rock," and here a few evenings ago he turned out to be one of our fastest sprinters. That fast-as-chain-lightning man from Kingston had better go and *fall* on himself some place. *Say Lind*, what's next?



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