



MOST REV. A. LANGEVIN, O.M.I.,

ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF ST. BONIFACE.

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MOST REVEREND A. LANGEVIN, O.M.I.



ARCHBISHOP Taché is the first of French Canadian pulpit orators and Father Langevin is the second." Little did the one who spoke these words, little did Father Langevin himself at that time dream that the two names would one day be written in the same order in the annals of the Church of Manitoba. "Archbishop Taché was the first Archbishop of St. Boniface and Father Langevin the second." But the Patriarch of the North-West thought of it and from the first day on which he met his young brother religious seems to have had him in view as his successor. "I have been wanting you these ten years," said the great Archbishop when in 1893 Father Langevin went to St. Boniface. And it was just ten years since they had met for the first time. In this case Archbishop Taché displayed a foresight and judgment similar to that which made Sir John Macdonald so famous. "They have been wondering where they would find my successor," said the old chieftain shortly after Judge Thompson had become Minister of Justice, "Well, he is found." "Who? Sir John," asked the member of Parliament with whom he was speaking so confidentially. "Young Thompson," was the quiet answer, astonishing those who thought him scarcely great enough for the Attorney-Generalship. No doubt Archbishop Taché's choice was also a source of astonishment to many, as Father Langevin, like the late Premier, was not a man to

obtrude himself on public notice. Moreover, even in a greater degree than Sir John Thompson, he might be charged with "the atrocious crime of being a young man." He will certainly be the youngest Archbishop in America and he may be the youngest in the world. And yet it was the coming of this modest young man that caused Archbishop Taché to utter his "nunc dimittis."

Louis Philippe Adelard Langevin, is a native of the Province of Quebec, having been born at St. Isidore, County Laprairie, on the 24th of August, 1855. His parents, Francois Theophile Langevin and Mary Pamela Racicot, both belong to good families and are possessed of fine natural abilities cultivated by an excellent education. They have lived to see the best beloved of their eight children receive the pallium—best beloved, because to the Catholic father and mother no child is so dear as the one whom they give to the service of God at His altar. Canon Racicot, member of the Cathedral Chapter of Montreal, and treasurer of the archdiocese is an uncle of the Archbishop elect and Sir Hector is also a kinsman.

After having received his elementary education at home, young Adelard Langevin entered Montreal College at the early age of eleven. There the germ of his clerical vocation was gradually developed under the careful direction of that grand body of teachers, the Sulpicians, and at the same time his progress in profane learning was so rapid and thorough that before he had reached his twentieth year, he was thought worthy to take a junior

professorship of classics in his Alma Mater. This position he held for three years when he resigned it to begin his sacred studies in the Grand Seminary. During the two years which he spent in this institution his very marked aptitude for the study of moral theology drew him especially under the notice of Father Rouxel, who is said to have remarked that this young man, if he continued as he had begun, would make the best professor of morals in Canada. Adelard Langevin remained at the Grand Seminary until he had received deacon's orders, and for a time was private secretary to Archbishop Fabre, thus early getting a glimpse at the manner of governing a diocese. As deacon and secretary he accompanied the Archbishop in his pastoral visits and thus had the opportunity of making a comparative study which caused him to change his purpose of becoming a secular priest. Instead of returning to the Grand Seminary to finish his theological studies he went to St. Mary's College and spent a year with the Jesuits. It was during this year that he decided to seek admission to the ranks of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

In 1881 the young deacon began his novitiate under Father Boisramé, at Lachine, following the advice of his spiritual director, Father Colin, the venerable Sulpician "You will be happy among the Oblates," the latter said to him, "they are doing great good. Wherever you may be stationed your life will be that of an Apostle." In 1882 he pronounced his perpetual vows and was ordained priest in the chapel of the Good Shepherd Monastery in Montreal. He was sent at once to St. Peter's Church on Visitation Street which is in charge of the Oblate Fathers. Here his duties were four or five hours study daily, three hours in the confessional every day and six or eight on Saturday, preaching in his turn, visiting the poor and sick in their homes and in the hospitals, and especially giving missions in the surrounding district in which work he took a particular delight. For three years Father Langevin was thus engaged. It was while he was at St. Peter's that Archbishop Taché having come to Montreal on business first met the young priest of whom he at once conceived so good an opinion.

From that date he sought to have him transferred to Manitoba. But it was not yet to be.

Father Langevin had labored in the cause of intermediate education, he had become familiar with every detail of the administration of a large city parish, and had served in every department of that administration. He was now for a time to be engaged in the work of higher education, and the training of aspirants to the priesthood. Up to 1885, both the scholastics of the Oblate congregation and the students of the diocesan seminary lived and studied in the college buildings at Ottawa. But as their numbers increased the east wing, now popularly known as Divinity Hall, became overcrowded, and the pressure had to be relieved by building the Scholasticate at Ottawa East. With the scholastics, went as their superior, Father Mangin, who had been for many years director of the Seminary and professor of Moral Theology; and to replace him in these two offices, Father Langevin came from Montreal to Ottawa, and entered upon his duties in the University in September, 1885.

No higher tribute to his merits could have been paid, than his selection at the age of thirty to be director of a grand seminary, a position more difficult in many respects than the episcopate itself. It goes almost without saying, that one who can fill this position worthily, is worthy of the mitre. And for eight years it was worthily filled by Father Langevin. The Seminary rose to be the school of Theology of the University, and from being merely a diocesan institution, it came to have students from all parts. Nothing could have given more pleasure to the new director. He had never before come into contact with Canadians of English speech. Their language was strange to him, their ways and customs likewise, but he had none of that insularity which can coexist only with narrowness of mind, and he devoutly believed in the maxim of the apostle "Try all things, hold fast that which is good." He devoted the scant leisure left to him by his daily duties as director and professor, to the study of the English language, with what success may be judged from the fact that before he left Ottawa, his sermons in the University

Chapel were regarded as noteworthy events by the students at large. And the preacher who can stand this test will do honor to any cathedral pulpit in the land. The breadth and toleration of his views was in plainest evidence to those who had the good fortune to attend his classes of moral Theology, but not here alone. He was *ex officio* a member of the senate of the University, and not an indifferent one either. He studied our educational system as a whole, and in all its parts, laying aside altogether whatever prejudice he may have previously acquired in favor of other systems or methods. And though very far from believing that every change is a progress, he was distinctly in favor of progress. The great problem of education in mixed communities engaged his most earnest attention, purely in a speculative way indeed, for little did he think at that time that he would very soon be obliged to take an active part in its practical solution. When the tumult arose in the United States over the "Faribault plan," when Archbishop Ireland was assailed at home and abroad, and especially by a portion of the French Canadian press, as though he were almost an arch-heretic, Father Langevin viewed the situation calmly and reasonably, and it is safe to say that he was one of the very few men in America who had not prejudged the case. His attitude towards the controversy concerning the relations to the Church of the Odd Fellows and kindred societies, was equally dispassionate. He did not distrust the American bishops either individually or collectively, and he was not one of those who, when they find the ground on which they stood to prove that "it cannot be" slipping from under their feet, take refuge immediately in "it must not be."

All this was a preparation, an unconscious preparation indeed, for the position he is now about to occupy. Only one thing more was needed, that he should get a close acquaintance with missionary work in the North West. The Archdiocese of St. Boniface comprises not only the whole of the Province of Manitoba but also the Districts of Assiniboia and Keewatin and a part of the Province of Ontario. Fifty mission stations are scattered over this vast but thinly populated

territory. To become superintendent of these missions Father Langevin in obedience to the Superior General of the congregation and at the request of Archbishop Taché left Ottawa in 1893 for St. Boniface. In the following year an additional burden was laid upon his shoulders, he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg. How he is looked upon in this position we are told by the *Winnipeg Nor' Wester*: "At all times during his pastorate has he been in touch with his people. At once on assuming charge he endeared himself to both classes of his parishioners, the French speaking and the English speaking. He is cherished by one as highly as by the other and Father Langevin is as much the *soggarth aroon* as if he hailed from the old land." This is high praise indeed, but it is not strange news to those who knew him at Ottawa. Nor are we surprised to learn that he has thrown himself boldly into the fight for separate schools. His naturally impetuous temperament is well governed and controlled by a wonderfully prudent judgment, but he is not the man to submit tamely to injustice, and he may be trusted to carry on the struggle until victory is won. "Our position as Catholics is not bright in Manitoba," he says, "but I believe that we shall reap what he (Archbishop Taché) has sown with such heroic labor. All hope is not lost. The hour of politicians will pass, and the hour of God will come." This is not an impassioned utterance from the pulpit, it is an extract from a private letter written to one far distant from the scene of conflict, and it shows the sublime confidence with which the newly elected Archbishop enters upon the duties of his office in troubled times. That he does not make light of the difficulties by which he is surrounded is evident from the fact that he expresses the hope,—it was not yet certain that he would be appointed,—that he "will not be called upon to drink the dreadful chalice of the succession." But now that the cup is placed in his hands and he must drink it, he will do so without flinching, knowing that they who share the Master's agony may hope to share his consolation as well.

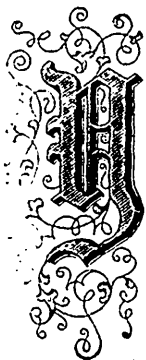
"It behoveth a bishop to be prudent,

a teacher, not given to wine, modest, one that ruleth well his own house gentle, just, holy . . . that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine and to convince the gainsayers." The qualifications required by St. Paul are certainly comprehensive but we have no hesitation in saying that Father Langevin possesses them in a high degree. His strong common sense, his impartial judgment and eminent freedom from prejudice assuredly entitle him to be called "prudent" and "just." He is a "teacher" and one of no ordinary ability. His learning is both broad and deep, and he has the happiest faculty of communicating it to others. His knowledge of Holy Scripture and the faculty with which he uses the sacred text were at once the delight and the despair of his students. He is an orator of the most natural type. Many a commonplace speaker grows eloquent on occasion under the influence of place or theme. But Father Langevin sitting quietly in his chair with folded hands "chatting on spiritual subjects"—perhaps this phrase conveys better than any other the idea of the *lecture spirituelle*—could stir his listeners as the wind stirs the leaves, and lift them to the highest realms of thought with as little effort as a bird requires to fly. His winning manners, his thoughtful kindness, his entire forgetfulness of self, surely correspond with our ideas of "gentle" and "modest." The successful manner in which he acquitted himself as professor, as director, and as parish priest, his ability to win both love and respect merit for him the title of "one that ruleth well his own house." His abstemious habits, his contempt, not theoretically but practically expressed for the business of eating and drinking, bear witness that he

practices in a heroic form that virtue whose lowest degree means "not given to wine." The fiery earnestness of his sermons in which a masterly grasp of theology is supported by the persuasive power of genuine feeling, as well as by all the art of rhetoric, stamp him as one preeminently fitted "to exhort in doctrine and to convince the gainsayers." And any one who has ever seen him saying Mass will readily believe that he is "holy." And there is no better method for a close observer to judge of the piety of a priest. In Father Langevin piety is not an exotic plant, it is robust and hardy for it is rooted in its native soil and has been well cared for besides. It finds its expression not merely in devotional exercises but in every action of his life, in the steady constancy with which he obeys the great command of labor given to the human race. A tireless worker, work is not with him simply the passion of a restless mind, but the cheerful and constant fulfillment of duty. As Director of the Seminary he was constantly warning the young men under his guidance against the seventh deadly sin, the besetting sin of so many who are free from grosser vices. But his example is still more powerful than his words. His lamp was ever burning until midnight, often much later, and he was always in his place at five o'clock morning prayer. No man could unbend the bow more readily and gracefully, or with more hearty enjoyment, but his hours of relaxation were always brief and separated by very wide intervals. Take him all in all and it is not too much to say that he is a bishop after St. Paul's own heart, and that the diocese is blessed indeed in which an Alexander Taché is succeeded by an Adelard Langevin.

D. V. PHALEN, '89.

HYMN TO THE TRINITY.



WE triune Princes of the perfect Sphere,
 Whose single orb of Glory each doth fill,
 Being Himself the Whole : if I in fear
 Raising dim eyes—whose sight, of feeble skill,
 Though through a darkened glass, doth brook but ill
 To scan Your noonday fullness— gaze on Thee,
 The Single in the Threefold, grant that still,
 Though blinded by Thy shining Mystery,
 My soul may faintly glass Thy glorious Trinity.

How shall we grasp the Wonder Which Thou art,
 In Whom the Father reigneth, and the Son
 Forever generated, one at heart,
 And thence proceeding Love, an equal One ?
 We may not comprehend Thee ! Angels shun
 The inaccessible where Thou dost dwell ;
 And mortal thought, at primal pace undone,
 Swoons on the base of effort, feeling well
 That who would cope the Height must fall as Satan, fell.

Is it that each doth interpenetrate
 The others as a diverse-coloured Light,
 All merged to One clear Glory Uncreate,
 Yet each Himself, and speaking to the sight
 Of spiritual vision exquisite
 In colour of distinctive Glory, so,
 As Wisdom, Power, or Love ? Alas, the night
 Can never hold the noonday. I forego
 All feeble stretch of thought to grasp Thee in a show.

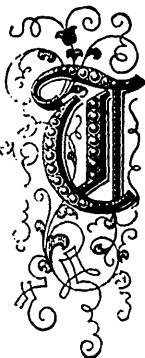
Wherefore the more I praise Thee, knowing too
 That by so much as Thou dost oversoar
 In loftiness of Power my halting view,
 And in Thy wisdom undershoot my shore
 Of wrecked imagination, evermore
 With like stupendous working dost Thou sweep
 To centre in the creature, closing o'er
 And clasping him with Love from Deep to Deep
 Breathing, and filling all the Sphere's tremendous steep.

Praise to the Father, dwelling in the Height !
 And to the Son, His deep of Utterance. praise !
 And praise unto the Love Who fills with Light
 The undivided God's eternal days !
 O Thou whose Power is Love in wisdom's ways
 Working, Thy Wisdom love in power divine,
 Thy Love all-potent wisdom, Thee we praise,
 With bended brows, and souls that fall supine,
 Between Thy Depth and Height o'erwhelmed in Heart of
 Thine.

FRANK WATERS.



ILLITERACY OF CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.*



HERE is not, I venture to say, a person in this hall to-night, who has not heard or read, over and over again, of the vast superiority, in every respect, of Protestant over Catholic countries; so persistently, indeed, is this assertion made, that it has come to be widely accepted as truth, not only by Protestants but by numbers of Catholics who have neither the time nor the opportunity to examine for themselves, and to prove it to be one of the myriad slanders invented by the father of lies against the Church of God.

How often is it cast in our faces that the Catholic Church discourages the spread of education, and fosters ignorance, so as to hold her children in the bonds of superstition and idolatry. Who make these assertions? Is it only persons who do not know any better? By no means! but these slanders are circulated chiefly by men of education, who occupy pulpits and profess to preach the word of God—and generally by men who hate the Catholic Church much more than they hate the devil—they are made by the men to whom our Blessed Lord referred when He told His disciples;—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake; Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

The other day I picked up a copy of the "*American Citizen*," an organ of the American Protective Association, published in Boston, Mass. Inside of it, I found folded up, a printed letter from a man calling himself the Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D., who, to judge from his lan-

guage, is an advanced anti-Catholic; I believe he is a Protestant minister. This letter is stated to have appeared in the *New York Herald* of the 7th of January last, just one month ago, so that it is not a chesnut by any means. Dr. Peters is overcome by the appalling illiteracy, criminality, and illegitimacy of Catholic, as compared with Protestant countries. He speaks of the illiteracy of Spain, 80 per cent. of whose population, he says, cannot read or write, as compared with less than 16 per cent. of Protestant America similarly benighted, but he leaves us totally in the dark as to what portion of this continent he means by Protestant America. If Dr. Peters' figures can be relied on, Spain's record is not very creditable, yet it is remarkable that on the second page of his letter he should quote the statistics collected by the United States Bureau of Education in 1890, which gives Spain's percentage of illiteracy as only 63 per cent. Now here is a considerable difference of 17 per cent. between Dr. Peters and the authority he quotes. The discrepancy is instructive and I ask you to bear it in mind.

Dr. Peters after issuing a defiant challenge for the "mention of one nation whose children the Catholics have taught to read and write," goes on to adduce eight Catholic countries, viz., Venezuela, Austria-Hungary, France, Brazil, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Italy, of whose aggregate population he says 91 per cent. are Catholic, and 60 per cent. are illiterate.

If Dr. Peters' figures with regard to these countries are no more trustworthy than they were regarding Spain, I fear they are valueless. It is worth enquiring how these estimates of illiteracy are obtained. One system is by noting how many couples who sign the marriage register, write their names or use a mark,

*This paper was read at an entertainment given under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society in the University Hall on the 7th of February inst. The writer makes no claims to originality, as he has drawn his material very extensively, and transferred large passages from a most valuable book recently published by the Catholic Book Exchange, New York, intitled "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," by Rev. Alfred Young, one of the Paulist Fathers.—W. C. D.

and another mode is by observing, in those countries where enforced conscription for the army exists, how many of the conscripts sign their names. Such is the test of illiteracy as applied by statisticians, and upon figures thus procured, false witnesses like Peters base their slanders against the Church. I know of men who were able to write their names and nothing more—one such man was president of a bank—another was a member of parliament, and both of them in their day amassed large fortunes. The mere fact of being able to write their names saved them from being classed as illiterate, and consequently ignorant, according to Dr. Peters; yet they had actually no education. I have always been of the opinion that one of the most trying moments in a man's life is when he is getting married, and yet that period is selected for testing the educational acquirements of the simple folk of Catholic countries. If the nervous, awkward swain, and the blushing, timid maiden cannot muster enough courage to sign their names in the register, they are enrolled immediately among the illiterate, but let them make any kind of a scrawl, it may be as undecipherable as Edward Blake's autograph, they are educated.

But *illiteracy is not ignorance*, although the two terms are often synonymously applied. An ignorant man may be illiterate, but an illiterate man is not necessarily intellectually deficient or morally debased. We must draw the distinction broadly between illiteracy and ignorance. Education is no guarantee for good behaviour, nor is it a preventive of criminality. The prison records shew by the small proportion of "illiterate" convicts compared with the educated ones that it is not to the lack of the ability to read and write that their criminal acts are to be attributed, but rather to the lack of having learned a trade or some honest means of earning a living, possessed of which one naturally associates himself with law-abiding citizens, seeking mutual protection for their property and handicraft.

In these days of intellectual pride, illiteracy has come to be commonly regarded as a fitting term of reproach, as though it were an ignominious and criminal defect, much as our purse-

proud age regards poverty, though never so honest, with scorn, and avoids contact with it, as though its very touch were pollution. To be "lettered" or "literate," is a term which may, perhaps, be also rightly used as being "learned," but the opposite of ignorance is not *learning* but *wisdom*, and even the illiterate may be wise.

The true ideal of human happiness, as taught by the Catholic Church, lies in the cultivation and perfecting of man's spiritual nature, which is the only true and worthy end of human life and effort, "for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Opposed to the Catholic plan is the popular idea of the present day, which neglecting the spiritual, exalts the material and seeks only the development of the useful as a means of satisfying our bodily necessities, comforts and luxuries. We are pointed to Protestant countries such as England, Germany and the United States, with their railways, their steamships, their telegraph lines, their innumerable inventions and discoveries, and last but not least, their millionaires, and then we are told to look at Catholic Italy, Spain, Mexico, South America, and the besotted ignorance in which the wretched, priest-ridden papists of those Catholic countries are engulfed.

Another individual, prominent among the foul brood of revilers of the Catholic Church, is the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, the Chief Secretary in the United States of that well known Protestant Association, "The Evangelical Alliance," and who, in a book which he wrote intitled "Our Country," made the following statement:—

"Rome has never favoured the education of the masses. In her relations with them she has adhered to her own proverb,— 'Ignorance is the mother of devotion,'—Rome's real attitude toward the education of the masses should be inferred from her course in those countries where she has, or has had, undisputed sway; and there she has kept the people in besotted ignorance. Instance her own Italy, where 73 per cent. of the population are illiterate; or Spain, where we find 80 per cent.; or Mexico, where 93 per cent. belong to this class."

Dr. Strong is as unfortunate in figures

as his friend Dr. Peters. The statistics of the United States Bureau of Education, quoted by Dr. Peters, charge Italy with only 48 per cent. of illiteracy; Dr. Strong increases it by only 25 per cent.! Another instructive discrepancy.

I propose, for a few minutes to look at these Catholic countries, and see what proofs we can find for the assertion that their people are kept in "besotted ignorance." Rejecting *in toto* the "faked-up" figures of Peters, Strong & Co., I refuse to accept statistics of illiteracy as evidence of ignorance. I ask you to bear in mind that I am not attempting to prove that, in matters of education, Catholic countries are ahead of Protestant countries; what I assert is that they do not suffer in comparison, but take very respectable rank, some Catholic countries being in advance of some Protestant countries, and *vice versa*.

Leaving South American states till later on, let us enquire into the condition of the Catholic countries of Europe. Take Austria-Hungary first, where out of a population, in 1890, of 41 millions, 32 millions were Catholics, and only four millions Protestants. From Chambers Encyclopædia we quote regarding this country:—"Education. The following figures shew how amply the government has provided for the educational wants of the people," (and then the article proceeds to give the numbers of the educational institutions, etc.) "Instruction, whether high or low, is mostly gratuitous, or is given at a trifling cost. The primary schools in Austria are to a very large extent in the hands of the clergy and there the Roman Catholic religion forms an essential part of the instruction. The law enforces compulsory attendance at the national schools, of all children between the ages of six and twelve, and only where Jews or Protestants have established elementary schools of their own, can they keep their children from the national institutions." The Statesman's Year Book for 1894 states that in 1889, in Hungary proper, 81.49 per cent. of the children were at elementary schools, and in Austria, in 1891, 86 per cent. of the children were attending school. I could enumerate the various kinds of educational institutions which

exist in this land of papist ignorance, but it would occupy more time than I have at my disposal. Any one desiring information is referred to the Statesman's Year Book. I may say, however, that great and small, the educational institutions number about 40,000.

Coming to France, and quoting from the Statesman's Year Book we find that in 1891, the total number of children of school age was 4,654,000. In 1890, 4,544,775 children of school age were enrolled in primary and infant schools; besides 70,900 in Algeria, about 78,000 were taught in higher schools and nearly 10,000 at home, so the Statesman's Year Book very impartially concludes that "the number of untaught children is thus very small," and it adds that there was one elementary school for every 445 inhabitants, and one pupil in every six of the population; while in 1891, there were only fifty eight school sections in the whole country without schools. I may be allowed to say in parenthesis that, in Nova Scotia in 1893, there were 196 sections without schools! So much for another country of besotted ignorance.

A friend of mine said to me the other day, when talking over this question: "I suppose you will class France as a Catholic country." "Most assuredly," I replied. "Why," said he, "there are nearly eight millions of the population who profess no religion at all." "I am aware of that," I replied, "but this is a question between Catholic and Protestant and the Statesman's Year Book gives the population of France, at the census of 1881 as consisting of 29,201,703 Roman Catholics, being 78.50 per cent. of the total population, and 692,800 Protestants, or 1.8 per cent. of the population. Those who declined to make any declaration of religious belief numbered 7,684,906 persons." If France is not Catholic, what is she? She is certainly not Protestant, neither is she without religion, unless the tail wags the dog.

In Spain the Statesman's Year Book, after remarking that a large proportion of the inhabitants are illiterate, gives the number of primary schools in 1885 as 30,105, or one for every 560 inhabitants, and attended by 1,843,183 pupils. Secondary education is conducted in

middle class schools, which are largely attended. Chambers Encyclopaedia gives the number of these institutions as 70, with 356 affiliated colleges, but does not mention the number of pupils. There are ten universities with 17,000 students, besides 9000 others attending episcopal seminaries and religious schools. The Year Book ascribes the inefficiency of the primary schools partly to political causes and partly to the wretched pay of the teachers. The expenditure on education in 1885 was five millions of dollars.

In Portugal, Chambers Encyclopaedia informs us that "Education is entirely free from the supervision and control of the Church. Compulsory education was enacted in 1844, but is far from being fully enforced, consequently Portugal lags behind in education and general intelligence. Still there are over 5600 elementary schools (the population is under five millions), 22 lyceums, numerous private schools, polytechnic academies, clerical, medical, agricultural, naval and military training schools, besides 30 schools for training in the industrial arts, and a university, one of the oldest in Europe." The Statesman's Year Book for 1894 gives the total school population of Portugal in 1885, as 332,281, and the students in attendance at the various educational institutions, great and small, for which they had statistics, some of 1890, 91, and 92, as 355,289.

And now we come to the most densely populated country of Europe and at the same time the most Catholic. Surely if we are on the look out for "besotted ignorance," we should expect to find it in Belgium. Yet the statistics of the United States Bureau of Education in 1890, as quoted by Dr. Madison C. Peters, charge Belgium with an illiteracy of only 12 per cent. In 1892, the pupils receiving instruction in the various institutions, great and small, numbered over 900,000, the whole population being a little more than six millions, and only 10,000 of them Protestants.

You will remember that Dr. Josiah Strong placed the illiteracy of Italy at 73 per cent of the population, while the United States Bureau of Education in 1890 gave 48 as the percentage. As Chambers Encyclopaedia places the

percentage in 1887 as 52.58 per cent., I prefer the United States Bureau figures to those of Dr. Strong. Forty-eight per cent. is a large figure, yet education is very far from being neglected. Out of a total population of 31 millions, of whom all but about 100,000 are Catholics, there are over three millions attending the various institutions of learning, and in 1887 there were over 54,000 primary and infant schools, besides some 11,000 evening schools and technical institutes.

Figures are generally acknowledged to be dry and uninteresting, and lest I should weary you, I have omitted many details corroborative of my contention; but I submit that I have adduced sufficient evidence to prove that education is not neglected in the Catholic countries of the old world. I care not for the statistics of illiteracy which, by the defamers of the Catholic Church, are held up as the sole standard by which we are to be judged. But if statistics must be applied, I appeal to Mulhall, who is everywhere known as eminent among statisticians, and who is universally acknowledged as an authority. Let us take his Dictionary of Statistics (edition of 1892), and from his article on Education compare what proportion of the people in certain Protestant and Catholic countries is attending school. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark, which have 8,340,500 Protestants to 4500 Catholics, 14 per cent. of the population attend school. In the United States, where the population is 51 millions Protestants to 9 millions Catholics, the proportion is 13 per cent. In Great Britain and Ireland, where the Protestants are 29½ millions to 5½ millions of Catholics, the proportion is 12.3 per cent. Now let us take some Catholic countries. In France, where there are over 29 millions of Catholics to 700,000 Protestants, the proportion is 17 per cent. In Belgium, where there are six millions of Catholics to 10,000 Protestants, the proportion is 13½ per cent. In Austria, where there are over 20 millions of Catholics to 400,000 Protestants, the proportion is 13 per cent. In Spain, where there are 17½ millions of Catholics to 8,000 Protestants, the proportion is 10.6 per cent.; and in Italy, where there are over 28 millions of Catholics to 62,000

Protestants the proportion is 9 per cent.

France, where the Catholics number 42 to one, is 3 per cent. ahead of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where the Protestants are in the proportion of 1853 to one Catholic, 4 per cent. ahead of that "land of the free," the United States, where the Protestants are about six to one, and nearly 5 per cent. ahead of the mighty kingdom upon whose dominions the sun never sets, where the Protestants are nearly six to one.

Belgium, where the Catholics number six hundred to one Protestant, while it is a half of one per cent. behind Norway, Sweden and Denmark, is yet a half of one per cent. ahead of the United States, and more than one per cent. ahead of Great Britain and Ireland.

Austria, which has fifty Catholics to every Protestant, ranks equal with the United States, and ahead of Great Britain and Ireland.

How do these figures sustain the assertion that Rome has never favoured the education of the masses, and that she keeps her people in besotted ignorance. It is true that neither Spain nor Italy rank as high as Great Britain and Ireland, yet Spain is ahead of Canada, and Italy only one per cent. behind our fair Dominion.

Neither the United States nor England commenced on the work of popular education until long after Catholic Austria, France and Belgium. By the United States census of 1850, fully one-fifth of the adults over twenty years of age, *exclusive of slaves*, was reported as illiterate. Free schools existed long before Protestantism arose to break up the educational establishments founded by the Catholic Church. Free schools were in existence in Rome centuries before the Reformation, and they exist there still.

It is not surprising that Mexico and the countries of South America should be behind in educational matters. They are vast in extent and thinly populated, and the people are a half, and in some, four-fifths pure Indian, or of mixed races, who, under Catholic influences, have been preserved and brought to a better civilized condition, and not exterminated like wild beasts, as in the Protestant republic adjoining us.

Talk of the illiteracy of Catholic

nations! In what Catholic country can there be found the appalling ignorance and vice that exist in such good Protestant countries as England and the United States.

Let us look at a description which I find of the "Mountain Whites of the South," a class of people inhabiting a vast tract of territory, more than five hundred miles long and two hundred broad, twice the size of New England, stretching down through West Virginia, Western Old Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Western North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, and into Northern Alabama and Georgia. These people number between two and three millions and are all Protestants. My authority is the Rev. Frank E. Jenkins, a Protestant minister of New Decatur, Alabama, and his words are reported in a volume published by the Evangelical Alliance, of which our friend the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong is the Chief Secretary, as a report of its General Conference in Boston, in December, 1889, so recently as five years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Jenkins tells us these mountaineers comprise a class of whites who, in times of slavery were "too lazy and too proud to work, without sufficient intellect or energy to enable them to acquire property enough to buy a slave. They sank into a condition scarcely above the brutes in intelligence, or in manner of subsistence. The very slaves looked upon them with scorn, and called them the 'poor white trash,' and thus well expressed their condition and character."

He describes what a stranger travelling through these districts would find as he came upon the wretched log-cabin belonging to one of these families:

"A sad-faced woman, with her snuff-stick or tobacco-pipe protruding from her mouth, or a quid of tobacco swelling out her cheek, is sitting in her door with her elbows resting on her knees and her face in her hands, and gazing stupidly at you. A dozen or more solemn-looking, ragged and dirty children are standing about and staring at you, and all of them, from the oldest to the youngest, probably chewing tobacco, even down to the creeping babes. You see no smiles on these child-faces; and however quietly you stole upon this secluded home, you heard no laughter

from these solemn children. What did they ever have to make them laugh or smile?"

Although timber is not wanting all around them, they are apparently too lazy to build a log-cabin for each family, and make one, consisting of only one room, serve for the living and sleeping purposes of more than one generation. Few things which we reckon as among the necessities of life are to be found in these cabins. Says the reverend orator:—

"You see a gun, a rough home-made table, a few old chairs helped out with blocks and boxes, four or five rough beds in the living room, a few plates and other dishes, an iron kettle or two, no stove, but a rude fire-place with a chimney of sticks and stones and mud, and you have made an inventory of the furniture for a family of twelve, fifteen, twenty or more. This is not an exceptional, but a characteristic home. Anything better is the exception. Here they live, eat, drink, and sleep. Here they are sick, and here they die, with the neighbors from far and near packed in the room and staring at them. From this room they are carried, within a few hours after death as are necessary for the construction of a rough coffin, to be buried without even a prayer, amid the terrific screaming of the remaining members of the family. The funeral will be preached five, ten, or twenty years after the death, and will include in its scope all the members of the family who have died since the last funeral was celebrated."

Rev. Mr. Jenkins describes the schools which he tells us were almost universal among them ten years ago, and which still prevail to a large extent:—

"You are riding along a mountain road and you hear a humming noise in the distance, coming through the trees. You go a little farther and distinguish human voices mingling together in loud discord. What is the matter? Nothing but a school at study, and all studying at the top of their voices. Such a din! This is a 'blab' school, though the modern advocates of this kind of a school, and there are plenty of them, sometimes dignify them with the more elegant term, vocal schools.

"Until within a short time, the only

text-book to be found in nine-tenths of these public schools was a spelling book, and many a school to-day is but little in advance. A word was regarded as correctly spelled when all the letters were named—no matter in what order. It could be spelled forward, backward, or both ways from the middle, and still be correct."

"You can find thousands of people who never saw a dozen books in their lives, and even those who never saw *one*, and do not know what the word 'book' means, and more than a million who can neither write their own names nor recognize them in print. It is an intellectual condition which can be realized only when one is in the midst of it. When one is away from it he begins to almost do it his own memory."

Of the moral and spiritual condition of the great mass of these people, Mr. Jenkins says that, although there are good people among them, let what may be said that is favorable, "there still remains a condition of things whose picture can scarcely be overdrawn." There are bloody family feuds and neighborhood wars raging continually, of which state of barbarism we have heard not a little; "but the worst has not been told—it cannot be."

What is their moral condition on another important score, depending almost wholly, as we know, upon what religious influences have been brought to bear upon the people? Mr. Jenkins states that the most horrible and revolting forms of immorality are prevalent among them and he describes conditions which I dare not speak of here.

And yet all these people, almost to a man, if asked, would reply that they were Protestants. Our informant tells us that there are no infidels among them, that "they believe in God and the Bible, though they know little about either." He goes on to say:—

"The churches are churches only in name. They are not expected to be institutions for the moral reformation of society (!). Their meeting places are generally the rough, dirty, log school houses. . . . Ten years ago Sunday-schools were unknown. A little over a year ago a missionary organized the *first* Sunday-school ever opened in a region

of more than two thousand square miles in size . . .

"There are thousands and thousands of square miles full of people--tens of thousands of children--where instruction in the Bible has never been given, where the voice of family worship has never been heard, and where no child has ever lisped a prayer at a mother's knee, or heard that it is possible for a child to pray."

To return now to Mexico where Dr. Josiah Strong says 93 per cent. of the people are illiterate. The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1890 gives the school *enrollment* of Mexico as 47 out of every thousand of the population. This is certainly low as compared with other countries, but it does not follow that because only 47 out of every thousand of the population are enrolled in the Mexican primary schools, the remaining 953 are all illiterate.

To quote the Statesman's Year Book, we learn that in 1888 there were 10,726 primary schools, with 543,977 pupils. In 1889 there were 7,334 Government and municipal schools with 412,789 pupils. Higher education is carried on in secondary schools and seminaries, and in colleges for professional instruction, including schools of law, medicine, engineering, mining, fine arts, agriculture, commerce, arts and trades, and music. There are also one military and two naval colleges. The number attending these higher schools is stated at 21,000. The entire sum spent on education in 1889 was \$5,512,000. Besides a number of large libraries, containing all the way from 10,000 to 159,000 volumes, there were in 1892, 19 museums for scientific and educational purposes and three meteorological observatories, and last but not least 328 newspapers.

The people who talk about the ignorance and illiteracy of the Mexicans carefully conceal the fact that out of a population of nearly 12 millions, there are only about two and a quarter millions of whites, while four and a half are pure-blooded Indians, and over five millions are half-breeds, and the same proportions of population are applicable to nearly all of Central and South America. You require to bear this in mind if you wish to form a

just judgment of the social status of these countries.

Time will not permit me to refer to Mexican art and literature. I could give the names of scores of distinguished authors, could I but pronounce them, quite sufficient, at any rate, to disabuse any reasonable mind of the idea that Mexico lacks the expression of literary taste or suffers in comparison with other lands from want of scholarly interpretation. I could also enumerate a goodly list of distinguished artists, both men and women, and here the question seems not inapplicable,—If Mexico be the land of illiteracy and barbarism, which it is reported to be, how have the fine arts attained such an extraordinary height of cultivation, producing works worthy to be classed with the great masterpieces of Catholic European genius? Artists do not grow on bushes, neither can they be served to order, even though that order be a government one with millions to pay the bill.

In his circular letter, Dr. Madison C. Peters says:—"Ecuador is the only one of the South American republics holding on to the old system of the parochial school. In all Ecuador, there is not a single railroad or stage-coach, only one newspaper and only 47 post offices. About four per cent. of the people can read and write, and no person can vote unless he is a Roman Catholic." All this of course in disparagement of Ecuador, because it is a Catholic country.

Chambers Encyclopaedia in its article on Ecuador says, "In no country in the world have the Jesuits had such a paramount influence as in Ecuador, or employed it, on the whole, so well. There are numerous convents, monasteries, and seminaries, and in 1887 the Pope sanctioned the organization of a central theological university. Education is compulsory, but still at a low ebb. Since the restoration of the church party to power, public instruction, considering the difficulties the government have had to grapple with, has made creditable headway, hundreds of primary schools, in particular, having been established throughout the country. Technical schools and literary societies also have been founded. Commerce is sadly handicapped by the want

of roads. In 1889 only about 125 miles of railway were open, although other lines were in progress. A few steamers are in use."

Here we see that in 1889, at least 125 miles of railway were open while others were in progress. Dr. Peters, one month ago to-day, stated that in all Ecuador there is not a single railroad. So much for Dr. Peters' veracity! The Statesman's Year Book for 1894 says: "Primary education is gratuitous and obligatory. There is a university in Quito with 32 professors and 216 students, and university bodies in Cuenca and Guayaquil. There are nine schools for higher education, 35 secondary and 1088 primary schools, the total number of teachers is 1498, and of pupils, 68,380. There are commercial and technical schools in Quito and Guayaquil." And this is a country which, according to Chambers Encyclopaedia, has only 100,000 whites, and 300,000 half-breeds, the remainder being pure Indians and negroes; and of the half-breeds it says that they are the true savages of the country.

A better test of the standard of general intelligence among a people than the percentage of their illiteracy as measured by their inability to read and write, is to be found in the number, character and flourishing condition of the schools of higher learning, such as colleges and universities, which they have erected. An ignorant populace does not establish these seats of advanced science, nor does it fill them with thousands of students gathered from the same nation and also attracted from distant parts of the world by the fame of their teachers. So we may say that where universities abound, there general intelligence abounds in all classes of the people. What is more, institutions of this sort, not to speak of the various kinds of schools of a lower order, with few exceptions of a late date, owed their foundation, encouragement, and prosperity to the inspiration, sanction, and fostering care of religion. All past history attests this.

A very just comparative estimate may be made therefore of the beneficent influence of Catholicism and of Protestantism in promoting the general intelligence of a people under their respective control,

by examining a faithful exhibit of what each has done in the way of founding and raising to a high standard of excellence these seats of superior learning. Europe offers us the best means of making the fairest comparison possible, and certainly it presents the most favorable field for Protestantism to show what fruits of this kind it has been able to produce.

Before the Reformation, Catholic nations, with the approval and encouragement of the Popes, founded 72 universities in Europe. Among these are to be found most of those which have attained the greatest renown, several of which are now in the hands of Protestants, as are also many hundreds of the great architectural monuments of religion, the fruits of the wonderful genius of Catholic architects, and of the sacrifices of the Catholic people. In Catholic times, these now Protestantized universities had their thousands of students—now a-days more than a thousand is a number to boast of. Since the Reformation, Catholic Europe has founded 46 universities, bringing the total up to 118, while the total number founded by the Protestants is only 31.

Here is a singular fact. When England became Protestant she possessed Oxford and Cambridge, both famous universities founded by Catholics. One would think that the English having their intellects emancipated from the darkness of Romanism, there would presently be a perfect blaze of light shining from a rapidly increasing number of these halls of advanced learning. What is the truth? Under its Protestantism these two Catholic universities have more than sufficed for England's intellectual wants, for the number of their students has decreased, and has never since come up to what it was in Catholic times—a good proof of the comparatively lower standard of general intelligence and popular desire for advanced literary culture prevailing in England ever since the Reformation.

Worthy of their high reputation as are these two celebrated universities, the number of students now attracted to their halls from other nations is comparatively small. In Catholic days great numbers flocked thither from all parts of Europe. As to their former numbers, we are told that there were in Oxford in the year 1209,

3,000 students; in 1231, 30,000; in 1263, 15,000; in 1350, between 3,000 and 4,000, and in 1360, 6,000. They were able to hold their own pretty well with their rivals on the continent, among which were Bologna in the thirteenth century, with its 10,000 scholars, and Paris with 40,000.

One more remarkable fact deserves to be noted. It was not until the very recent date of 1826, that rich and powerful England felt the need of, or was inspired by its Protestantism to create, more universities than Catholics had left to it ready made. And what sort of new universities did she create? London University, like the Royal University of Ireland, is only an examining board for some colleges. Victoria University, is the title of several associated colleges; and Durham, the third one, is a university founded as late as 1832, reported in 1890 as having only 215 students, with one college in England, one in Barbadoes, and one in Sierra Leone.

There is another test of general intelligence which may be applied, and a very critical one, too. In what countries do we find to-day the highest percentage of university students compared with the population? Mulhall replies:—The number of university students compared with population is much greater in Spain and Belgium than in other European countries. The United States Education Commissioners' Report for 1889 places the number of pupils in the English universities at 8,802, and those in Spain at the same date, 15,787—the populations of the two countries then being 28 millions and 17 millions respectively. Belgium reports 4,252 strictly university students, besides 30,740 students at the schools of fine arts, a total of 35,000 out of a population of 6,000,000, of whom only 10,000 are Protestants. Catholic Italy, with 28 millions population, has 21 universities and 16,992 students, whilst Protestant Prussia with 29 million people, has only 11 universities, and only 13,483 students. Yet Spain and Italy were selected by Dr. Madison C. Peters and Dr. Josiah Strong as countries whose peoples were sunk in besotted ignorance.

One more European comparison—Catholic Europe has 71 universities with

78,251 students, while Protestant Europe has 36 universities with 44,885 students.

The number of universities in South America is 18, while Brazil and the other South American States are reported as having colleges, schools of law and medicine.

Time will not allow me to speak of the vast collections of literature which are to be found in these Catholic countries of besotted ignorance, or of the thousands upon thousands of precious volumes which were ruthlessly destroyed at the Reformation by the enlightened leaders of Protestantism. In England they carried on their work of destruction under authority of acts of parliament and by royal order. The great libraries of Oxford and Cambridge were destroyed by the King's visitors. The present great Bodleian library of Oxford contains only three of all those thousands of volumes, the pride and glory of that once renowned Catholic university. A writer in the Letters of Eminent Persons from the Bodleian says: "Whole libraries were destroyed or made waste-paper of, or consumed for the vilest uses. The splendid Abbey of Malmesbury, which possessed some of the finest MSS. in the kingdom, was ransacked, and its treasures either burnt or sold to serve the commonest purposes of life. An antiquary who travelled through that town, many years after the dissolution, related that he saw broken windows patched up with remains of the most valuable manuscripts on vellum, and that the bakers had not then consumed the stores they had accumulated, in heating their ovens."

These are some of the evidences of the spirit of early Protestantism, and of its methods to bring about the emancipation of the human intellect.

Talk of Romish illiteracy! How does it compare with the following shocking description of ignorance in the great Protestant Republic to the south of us? I quote from so good a Protestant paper as the *Evangelical Churchman*, published in Toronto:—

"A college president recently gave the readers of the New York *Independent* the results of an experiment he made this autumn. To ascertain what the men, some thirty-four in number, who had

recently entered his college, knew of the Bible, he gave them a paper containing twenty-two extracts from Tennyson, each containing an allusion to some scriptural scene or truth, and asked for an explanation of these allusions. They were not difficult or recondite, as may be judged from these samples. 'As manna on my wilderness'; 'Like Hezekiah's, backward runs the shadow of my days'; 'Joshua's moon in Ajalon'; 'A heart as rough as Esau's hand'; 'Gnash thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Baal'; 'Ruth amid the fields of corn'; 'Pharaoh's darkness'; 'A Jonah's gourd, up in one night and due to sudden sun'; 'Stiff as Lot's wife'; 'Arimathæan Joseph'; 'For I have stung thee pearls, and find thee swine'; 'And mark me even as Cain'; 'A whole Peter's sheet'; 'A Jacob's ladder falls'; 'Till you find the deathless angel seated in the tomb.'

These were average young men, 34 of them, belonging to different Protestant churches, there being but one Roman Catholic among them. And what was the result? To quote the report. Eleven failed to comprehend the manna in the wilderness. Thirty-two had never heard of the shadow turning back on the dial. Twenty-six were ignorant of Joshua's moon. Nineteen failed to indicate the peculiar condition of Esau's hand. Twenty-two were unable to explain the allusion to Baal. Nineteen had apparently never read the idyl of Ruth and Booz. Eighteen failed to indicate the meaning of Pharaoh's darkness. Twenty-eight were laid low by the question about Jonah's gourd. Lot's wife fared better, as all but nine were able to explain the allusion; but there were twenty-three who could not tell who Arimathæan Joseph was. Twenty-two failed to explain the pearls and the swine. Eleven knew nothing of Cain's mark. Twenty-seven were paralyzed by the allusion to Peter's sheet. Eleven knew nothing of Jacob's ladder. Eighteen failed to explain the angel in the tomb. Surely, *The Independent* remarks, such an exhibition is lamentable. It is appalling. Such were the results in a quarter where we might have expected the highest attainments—the most intelligent youth of Protestant families. What, then, about the masses of the people?"

Of all countries under the sun where we should expect to find education, enlightenment and civilization, it ought surely to be in England—Protestant England—the secret of whose greatness lies in her open Bible. England is now more than three hundred years under Protestant rule, there surely can be no ignorance there!

Mr. Joseph Kay, in his work, "The Social Condition and Education of the English People," disclosed such a fearful state of affairs among the lower classes, that the Statistical Society of London determined to sift the matter. They appointed a committee who found all that Kay had said fully true, and plenty more untold. These are the committee's comments at the close of what they called "a voluminous calendar of horror":—

"Your committee have thus given a picture in detail of human wretchedness, filth, and brutal degradation, the chief features of which are a disgrace to a civilized country, and which your committee have reason to fear, from letters which have appeared in the public journals, is but a type of the miserable condition of masses of the community, whether located in the small, ill-ventilated rooms of the manufacturing towns or in many of the cottages of the agricultural peasantry. In these wretched dwellings all ages and all sexes—fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children—the sick, the dying, and the dead, *all herded together.*" &c.—(*Journal of the Statis. Soc. London, vol. vi., p. 17.*)

Occasionally, not often, we have read reports of the inhumanities to which the children employed in the English coal mines are subjected. Speaking of a report laid before the Imperial House of Commons, a London newspaper said:—

"The infernal cruelties practised upon boys and girls in the coal mines, those graves both of comfort and virtue, have never in any age been outdone. We have sometimes read, with shuddering disgust, of the outrages committed upon helpless childhood by man when existing in a state of naked savageness. We aver our belief, that in cold blooded atrocity they do not equal what

is going on from day to day in some of our coal mines. Young creatures, both male and female, six, seven, eight, nine years old, stark naked in some cases, chained like brutes to coal carriages, and dragging them on all-fours through sludge six and seven inches deep, in total darkness, for ten, twenty, and in some special instances thirty hours successively, without any other cessation, even to get meals, than is casually afforded by the unreadiness of the miners. *Here is a pretty picture of British civilization.* One cannot read through the evidence taken by the commission referred to, without being strongly tempted to abjure the very name of Englishman."

And here are some examples of the Christian education of these children:—

Elizabeth Day, aged 17; "I don't go to any Sunday School. I can't read. Jesus Christ was Adam's son. They nailed him to a tree; but I don't rightly understand these things."

Wm. Beaver, aged 16; "The Lord made the world. He sent Adam and Eve on earth to save sinners. I have heard of a Saviour; he was a good man, but he didn't die here."

Ann Eggle, aged 18; "I have heard of Christ performing miracles, but I don't know what sort of things they were. He died by their pouring fire and brimstone down his throat. Three times ten makes twenty. There are fourteen months in the year, but I don't know how many weeks."

Bessy Bailey, aged 15; "Jesus Christ died for his son to be saved. I don't know who the apostles were. I don't know what Ireland is."

Elizabeth Eggle, aged 16; "I can't read. Don't know my letters. Don't know who Jesus Christ was. Never heard of Adam either. Never heard about them at all."

Such deplorable ignorance could not possibly exist in Italy or Spain, or Dr. Peters or Dr. Strong would have found it out and told us all about it.

The Rev. T. Hugo, a Church of England minister, writing to the *Church Times* of October 15th., 1876, says:—

"The masses in Lancashire and of London were as heathen as those of whom St. Paul drew a picture in immortal though dreadful colours . . . He

knew the mobs of London and Lancashire well, and he gave his word of honour as a Christian priest that there was no difference between them and the people whom St. Paul portrayed."

The Protestant bishop of Rochester said:

"I lament that dense, and coarse, and almost brutal ignorance in which the toiling masses of the people who have outgrown the Church's grasp are permitted to live and die, of all that touches their salvation and explains their destiny. To hundreds of thousands of our fellow countrymen Almighty God is practically an unknown being, except as the substance of a hideous oath; Jesus Christ, in His redeeming love and human sympathy, as distant as a fixed star."

How does Protestant ignorance compare with Popish illiteracy?

We hear nothing of this appalling state of affairs from Dr. Madison C. Peters or Dr. Josiah Strong. It is true that two blacks do not make a white, but I have fully as much right to attribute the ignorance and semi-barbarism which I have shown you exist in England and the United States to Protestantism, as Dr. Peters and Dr. Strong have to hold the Catholic Church responsible for the circumstance that a large per centage of the Spaniards and Italians are unable to write their names.

I stated in the early part of this paper that illiterates form a small proportion of the inmates of prisons, and that it is not to the lack of the ability to read and write that criminal acts are to be attributed. Here is my authority for that statement. Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics says:

Criminals in England and Wales:—
Able to read, 68.6 per cent.; unable to read:—31.4 per cent. For Ireland; criminals able to read, 70 per cent.; unable to read, 30 per cent.

Let us take a look at the evidence furnished by a few prison reports:—

In Sing Sing Prison, in 1890, of 1553 convicts, 1420 were educated and 133 illiterate; 1403 had attended the public schools, 17 went to other schools.

In Auburn Prison, in 1890, of 1151 convicts, 1025 were educated, and 126 illiterate; 545 had attended the public schools, 480 went to other schools.

In Clinton Prison, in 1890, of 804 convicts, 711 were educated and 93 illiterate; 637 had attended the public schools, and 74 went to other schools.

Take the Philadelphia State Penitentiary. In 1890, of 527 convicts, 462 were educated, and 65 illiterate; 382 had attended the public schools, and 13 went to Catholic schools only. In 1891, of 446 convicts, 403 were educated and 43 illiterate; 339 had attended the public schools, and 12 went to Catholic schools only. In 1892, of 474 convicts, 418 were educated, and 56 were illiterate; 361 had attended public schools, and 14 went to Catholic schools only. There were 87 convicts of 21 years of age and under; 62 had attended the public schools, 18 went to other schools, and 7 went to Catholic schools.

In the Pennsylvania State Penitentiary between 1829 and 1893, there were 17,224 convicts received. Of these, 13,917 had been convicted of crimes against property; 2230 of them were illiterate, 922 could read only, while 10,767 could read and write. Those convicted of crimes against the person numbered 3,305; 809 of them were illiterate, 216 could read only, while 2280 could both read and write.

I trust that none of my remarks have

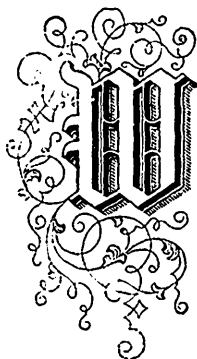
been offensive to Protestants; they have not been made with that intention. I know that while very many good Protestants hold disordered views upon the Catholic Church, so wild, indeed, that even the "old flag" and Victoria's crown, in their opinion, are endangered by the bald suggestion that a sick papist be admitted to a Protestant hospital, there are others who freely accept us as brethren and fellow citizens and accord us the rights to which we are entitled. But even these, who are our friends, can scarcely appreciate how Catholics feel when they hear of all they hold sacred being traduced by escaped nuns and ex-priests, and how it mortifies Catholics to see intelligent Protestants chasing after such reptiles, and listening to their lying and filthy harangues.

If I seem to have drawn highly-colored pictures of Protestant ignorance, it has not been with the desire to wound Protestant sensibilities. These pictures are true to the life. All my artists are Protestants, standing at the top of the ladder in their professions. The scenes may not have been pleasing to my Protestant friends; still they have been afforded an opportunity, that seldom comes their way, of appreciating how it feels to have the hose turned on them occasionally.

WILLIAM C. DEBRISAY.



FRIENDSHIP.



WHAT is Friendship? 'Tis a beam
 Enkindled from above,
 Whose palely glow and tranquil gleam
 Outlasts the blaze of love.
 Whatever cloud our sunshine shades
 And cares our pleasure mar,
 True friendship shines and never fades,
 Like Hesper's constant star.

What is Friendship? 'Tis a joy
 Which lightens daily fears,
 Which sorrow's spectres can destroy
 And dry affliction's tears,
 Which comes to soothe when, sad of soul,
 We mourn a grievous loss,
 Which votive wreaths, while tears fast roll,
 Hangs on the grave-yard cross.

Oh Friendship! would I woo thy stay
 Alike in bliss and pains,
 To spread and deepen day by day
 Like springtime's limpid rains:
 I would not reck what might befall
 If Heaven to me would lend,
 That more than kingly coronal,
 A tried and trusty friend.

J. DANTE SMITH.

Rideau Park.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.



IMMEDIATELY connected with the history of the white man on this side of the Atlantic, is that of the primeval inhabitant of the American continent,—the redman. From the time when Columbus first visited America, almost down to the present, the Indian has obstinately resisted each encroachment of the colonist upon his hunting grounds, and in the conflicts which have occurred he has been described as cruel and cowardly and possessed of other equally obnoxious qualities. But it must not be forgotten that there is much in the Indian's character to be admired as well as much to be condemned, and that, for many of the outrages and acts of unfaithfulness attributed to him, the injustice of his white oppressor is largely to blame.

If we contrast the present condition of the Indian race with that which it was at the arrival of Columbus, we shall find that in many respects the redman has gained little and lost much. Not the least among his early attainments was the high degree of perfection which he reached in eloquence. Strange it may seem that a race, which history depicts to us as cruel, deceitful, treacherous and unfaithful, should have been capable of arriving at any perfection in that art which, among the most cultured peoples, has always been considered one of the most difficult as it is one of the most admirable and cherished of accomplishments. In fact, eloquence would at first sight appear something not only foreign to, but altogether incompatible with the character of the Indian, whose only occupations were the chase and war, and whose only anxiety the procuring of the necessaries of life. But upon reflection we shall find that the very nature of the Indian and his surroundings were most favorable to the cultivation of public speaking.

Eloquence of a high order can originate and flourish, only in a soil free from the

hindrances of a despotism. In Athens, for example, as later on in Rome, freedom gave birth to a galaxy of orators, who, to this day stand unrivalled, not only as the embodiment of all that is admirable in eloquence, but as the exponents of true, statesmanlike principles. But with tyranny and the destruction of popular assemblies—the mother and nurse of public speaking—came the decline of eloquence. It first degenerated into a low, grovelling, empty declamation or procession of grandiloquent expressions, and finally entirely disappeared. So it was with the American Indian. There was a time when he roamed unrestrained over the vast plains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mexico to the Arctic regions, when oppression was a word to him unknown, when he enjoyed a freedom more perfect than which cannot be conceived. Corresponding to the popular assemblies were the meetings of the tribes, the councils and other public conventions, all tending to encourage oratory of a manly and vigorous nature. But the hand of the whiteman did not leave them long untouched. Acts of oppression and injustice had the effect of converting these councils into mere cabals wherein treacherous intrigues and cunning plots were devised against the new comers. No longer could the Indian boast of his unlimited freedom and his sole ownership of the soil; but such did his position become that eloquence, even of an inferior kind, was rendered utterly impossible. Thus the advent of the European witnessed the decline and final decay of Indian oratory, and saw it gradually replaced by debauchery and degradation.

Nor is it to the influence of freedom and popular assemblies alone, that the perfection attained by the redman in oratory is to be entirely attributed; his very nature was particularly adapted to its cultivation and his condition such that eloquence became, to a certain extent, an imperative necessity. We may form an idea of the important part that public

speaking played among the sons of the forest, if we consider that upon them compulsion was ineffectual, and hence the chief urging on his warriors to battle had recourse to persuasion as the only successful means of stimulating his followers. Thus eloquence became to him, as chief, an indispensable requisite, besides being the only passport to power, preferment and influence. Moreover, it was the most powerful means of retaining followers in submission or of subduing the clamors of a turbulent populace. Many instances are within our knowledge of the magic effect of an aged chief's words upon his people; often have a few eloquent sentences overcome obstacles which war itself could not surmount.

The speech of Morning Star, chief of the Wallah Wallahs, to his tribe furnishes us with a striking example of the sovereign power of eloquence over the passions of the savage. In one of their pillaging expeditions against the whites, the Wallah Wallahs had suffered the loss of several of their bravest warriors. Inflamed with a desire for revenge and determined to exact satisfaction, they again advanced with infuriated madness to attack the colonists, stimulating themselves to the onset by the strains of their lamented companions' death-song. "Rest, brothers, rest! You will be avenged. The tears of your widows will cease to flow, when they behold the blood of your murderers, and on seeing their scalps, your children shall sing and leap for joy. Rest, brothers, in peace! Rest, we shall have blood!" Scarcely had they concluded, when their young chief rushing up, addressed them as follows: "Friends and relations! Three snows only have passed over our heads since we were a poor, miserable people. Our enemies were numerous and powerful; we were few and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of children. We could not fight like warriors and were driven like deer about the plain. When the thunder rolled, and the rains poured, we had no place but the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads. Is this the case now? No! we have regained possession of the land of our father's in which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried: our hearts are great within us and we are now a nation. Who has produced this change?

The whiteman! And are we to treat him with ingratitude? The warrior with the strong arm and great heart will never rob a friend." His eloquent, though brief appeal touched the hearts of the enraged savages. The result was an instantaneous and complete reversion of hostile feeling into the kindest and sincerest attachment for their white neighbors; and we are told that this tribe for long after remained the faithful friend and ally of the settlers.

The extreme figurativeness of the Indian's language, the main peculiarity which it presents, was too a factor in the excellence of his oratory. Nature was his only school, and hence it is not to be wondered at that his language should be so profusely strewn with the wild flowers of the forest, and that her influence should be everywhere reflected in his speech. This profuse figurativeness has been common to all peoples in the more crude states of their civilization. The novelty of everything and the consequent inadequacy of language to express the new ideas continually arising in the mind compelled them to make use of comparisons with more familiar objects. From this arose a profusion of figures, especially such as apostrophe, metaphor and simile, and these often give to the Indian's speech, much strength, liveliness, beauty and dignity. The funeral songs, several specimens of which have come down to us, abound in happy and beautiful figures, and demonstrate clearly that the Indian's thoughts were not entirely confined to things material. In a dirge in which one of those uncultured tribes mourns the death of several of its warriors, we find the following beautiful thoughts expressed. "Life is but the bright coloring of the snake which appears and disappears more rapidly than a winged arrow. It is but that noon-tide bow seen over the rushing torrent; but the shadow of a passing cloud."

The harangues of the redman were not, as we might be tempted to suppose, mere appeals to the passions, or conglomerations of words or arguments, without order or system, but they were well-arranged addresses, and possessed all the essential characteristics of a true oration. Nor is it to be inferred because the Indian

delighted so much in figures that he indulged in them merely as embellishments or to the detriment of his discourse. These with him, as with all by whom the art of public speaking has been cultivated, were used solely as an aid to clearness and strength. Solid argument and a clear, logical method are the characteristic traits of Indian speeches. Unfortunately but a few, feeble fragments of an eloquence that was once grand and noble remain to us, and these delivered at a time when it was on its decline; but even in them can be traced many a strain justly deserving of the name of eloquence. Several of these possess a degree of sublimity and grandeur seldom surpassed, even by those whom we consider paragons of perfection in the oratorical art. What can be imagined more felicitous or eloquent than the opening words of the famous Shendoah's last speech to his warriors? "Brothers, I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top."

Though unassisted by education it is remarkable with what ease, fluency and expressiveness the simple redman gave expression to his thoughts. Nothing more astonished the early European settlers than the extreme composure with which the Indian chief addressed his hearers, his graceful gestures and apt expressions together with the remarkable coolness he preserved even in the most critical situations. These, combined with a deliberate and persuasive delivery and the erect posture assumed by the speaker gave to him the appearance of an orator and to his speech a high degree of dignity and sublimity. A distinguished feature of the Indian language is the almost exclusive use of short, pithy sentences, which possess an intense expressiveness, especially where sarcasm is employed. As an example of this we have the response of Tecumseh to Governor Harrison at the conference of Vincennes. The wily chief, after having delivered an address, was observed to be without a seat, and was thus accosted: "Your father requests you to take a chair." But, feeling himself slighted in not being earlier provided with one, he

tensely replied, at the same time seating himself upon the ground, "My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I will repose on her bosom."

The Indian council, the august gathering of the fathers of the tribe, may be said to have been the origin of oratory among these children of nature. Nor is it at all strange that such an assembly should have begot and nourished an eloquence so grand and so elevated, since in it questions of the most vital import were discussed. There treaties were formed, war decided upon, and whatever appertained to the governing of a people, there received consideration. Even the surroundings of these conventions tended to stimulate a spirit of true eloquence. Under the shade of some lofty oak, surrounded by nature herself and amidst her all-inspiring influence, sat in solemn consultation the venerable Indian chiefs, the veterans of many a fiercely-fought struggle: or perhaps it was some deep cavern that resounded with the sonorous voices of these undaunted braves, and there again the workings of nature were pictured to them. Though void of the foolish formalities that so much pervade modern assemblies these councils were carried on with an exemplary order and decorum. Slowly and solemnly was the pipe of peace passed from one to the other, not only as a sign of the good faith and friendship which existed among them, but also as a prayer to Manitou, the Great Spirit, to aid them in their deliberations. Then each chief arose, and with great earnestness addressed the assembly. The most spirited specimens of Indian eloquence which now survive are orations delivered at these councils, and it is remarkable that they are all imbued with that deep melancholy strain which characterizes a people once free and unrestrained but now sensible of the inevitable decree of fate, that it must suffer a lasting subjection and final extermination. Alike characteristic of their orations is a burning desire to resent the insults heaped upon them and to have revenge for the numerous injuries done them. The injustice of the white man was the theme upon which many a noble-minded Indian orator waxed eloquent, as he condemned the oppression to which he had been subjected and the deceit by

which the strangers "with sweet voices and smiling faces" had robbed him of his lands.

Is it not to be regretted that a race so brave and noble, whose character, we have good reason to believe, was not altogether devoid of commendable traits, should have been reduced to a state of utter abjection and degradation? In the building up of this continent there is perhaps nothing more deplorable than the ruthless extermination of the American Indian whose boasted origin was from the very soil from which he has been driven. True, many are the acts of cruelty and treachery committed by him, but, as has already been remarked, the injustice and oppression of the new-comers, especially of those who first colonized the country, encouraged in him deceit and treachery. Nothing is more patent in the present redman—the unworthy successor of the primeval inhabitants of the New World—than his cowardice; and this appears all the more deplorable when contrasted with the intrepidity and valor of his ancestors. As an example of this we would cite a few words from the speech of Black Hawk, who, though a prisoner, did not fail to give expression to his indignation against those who had been guilty of so many acts of injustice towards him and his followers. "Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian

ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal." Later on the same magnanimous and fearless chief says: "The white men do not scalp the heads, but they do worse—they poison the heart." But there is another distinguishing characteristic between the Indian as he was before the European adventurer conceived the idea of crossing the ocean in quest of new lands, and as he now is after the influence of the civilization of the Old World has been at work for four centuries. It is the absence in the Indian of to-day of that eloquence of his forefathers of which we have such eminent examples. And it must not be forgotten that these were delivered at a time when Indian oratory, under the evil influence of oppression, was fast declining. They are but the dying embers of an eloquence that once enthused the heart of many a simple Indian warrior.

J. P. FALLON, '96.



THE SPANISH INQUISITION.



THE character of the Spanish Inquisition cannot be too often nor too strongly described, because of the multitude of calumnies circulated about it by persons who are totally ignorant of its nature. Perhaps about no other point in history has there been more bitter controversy. Protestant authors and Protestant parsons, following in the footsteps of their *godly* predecessors, the Reformers, have never failed to misrepresent that famous tribunal, and even in this enlightened age it is astonishing to see how little of the truth is known about it. More difficult is it still to conceive how, in this progressive nineteenth century, men can be so imposed upon as to believe the inconsistent fictions of those vile calumniators.

Take up any Protestant historical work that has to do with the times of Ferdinand and Isabella and what do you find? So dark and painful a story is nowhere else related. The number of victims that fell into the clutches of those bloody Inquisitors is appalling. The racks, the grid-irons, and all the instruments of torture that perverted genius could invent, are portrayed in the most thrilling manner. But when we look carefully into the matter, when we turn for proof of these statements to those writers who lived in the sixteenth century, that immense number, and those instruments of torture fade away like their actions which infidel writers would fain have us believe are realities.

"The most honorable monument of the Inquisition" says the learned Count de Maistre "is the very official report by which this tribunal was suppressed in the year 1812." And any favorable declaration coming from that society cannot be reasonably disputed. A few modern infidels, bolder than the rest, have gone so far as to assert that St. Dominic was the author of the Inquisition, and he has in consequence come in for a considerable share of abuse. The truth is, however,

that the Inquisition was not intrusted to the Dominicans until 1233, that is twelve years after the death of St. Dominic.

The Albigensian heresy in the twelfth century excited the alarm of both Church and State. Ecclesiastical commissioners were sent to investigate, and from their functions derived the name of Inquisitors. The Dominicans first acted as delegates of the Pope and his legates. It is quite impossible to tell at what precise time the Inquisition began. It came amongst men in the most humble manner, and many years passed without its existence being noticed by the outside world. It is well established, though, that the Inquisition was not lawfully constituted until the 24th of April, 1233, in virtue of a bull, addressed to the Dominican Provincial of Toulouse by Pope Gregory IX.

About the fifteenth century Judaism began to predominate in Spain. The Jews were connected with the best families at the Spanish court, and what kinship could not buy was purchased with Jewish gold. Mohammedanism on the other hand was again taking root and spreading with alarming rapidity; and it now seemed as if, between these two factions, the identity the Spanish nation was to be completely swallowed up. The Jews were nearly masters of the country, and no pains were taken to conceal their hatred for the corrupt sons of Isreal. The eruption, that had so long been threatening, came at last. In the year 1391 an insurrection broke out and the country was deluged with blood. Ferdinand the Catholic, in this crisis, thought of the Inquisition as the best means of putting an end to the trouble, and securing the tranquility of the state. His policy was at first vigorously opposed by Isabella, but Ferdinand's arguments at length prevailed, and Pope Sixtus IV. despatched the bulls of institution in 1478. So, therefore, the Inquisition was absolutely required, it was called into existence by very extraordinary circumstances, and not to gratify any whim on the part of the king. And when we

reflect on the consequences that might have resulted, when we remember that the Inquisition prevented in Spain a thirty years war, we must admit that he acted wisely and well.

As has already been said, the greater part of the abuse heaped on the Holy Office, as it is called, is but the fruit of ignorance; and among the errors that have been sown in the public mind the first to be considered is, that the Inquisition was a purely ecclesiastical tribunal. No more mistaken idea could possibly be formed. The king appointed the inquisitor-general, who in turn nominated the private inquisitors with the royal consent. The subordinate inquisitors had to look for authority to the general; and he was in the same position with regard to the supreme council. This council was not instituted by the Pope's bull; in the event of the inquisitor-general's office becoming vacant, the councillors proceeded not as ecclesiastical but as royal judges. The inquisition therefore is purely royal; the king is the one lever by which the inquisitorial machinery is controlled; and any difficulty in its operations must be traced directly to him. If at any time an individual was punished, though innocent of the crime for which he suffered, either the king or his civil magistrates must be held accountable. Plain and simple as this distinction seems, it has been completely ignored by Protestant writers, because they have wished to shun the truth. The infidel Voltaire, the sworn enemy of society and religion has not hesitated to caricature its picture—

"A hideous set—a bench that reeks with gore—
This dire memento of a monkish clan—
With horror Spain accepts. What murderous
plan!

With fire and sword their altars they defend—
Defend! no, they disgrace, they mar, they end."

Despite this terribly exaggerated picture, this institution is tolerated in a land distinguished for the number and the greatness of its heroes.

Another and grosser error has found its way into the minds of men, one that refuses to be rooted therefrom. It is easy to excuse a man for not understanding the religious usages of heathenism, but it is altogether incomprehensible how any civilized being could be so ignorant of that

faith whose light has penetrated every corner of the globe, as to believe that priests have condemned a man to death. Who has not yet learned that Catholic priests are not allowed to practice surgery lest their anointed hands should draw human blood, even for the purpose of effecting a cure? The Church has never hesitated to bleed for others, but for the shedding of blood she has always entertained an intense horror. She sees in man the likeness of his Maker, and feels for him a holy respect, knowing at what an infinite price he has been ransomed. But undoubtedly the true spirit of the Catholic priesthood on this point should be studied in those countries where the Catholic Hierarchy has held the sceptre of power. Such a state once existed in Germany, and their justice and moderation gave birth to that old proverb, "It is good to live under the crosier."

But surely in Rome the genuine character of the priesthood ought to be unfolded to view. There is to be found the most paternal government, the most impartial justice the world ever saw. The worst that can be said of it is, that it was altogether too mild. It is strange that the centre of Christianity should become for the poor, down trodden Jew the only spot on the globe where he finds himself at home. Pope Clement the fourth, in a letter to Louis, king of France, reproved him: for the severity of the laws which he had enacted against blasphemers, and requested him to be more lenient. And these things happened at a time which discriminating posterity has been pleased to term the "Dark Ages."

It is not known at what precise period the Inquisition first pronounced a capital condemnation. However, it were folly to suppose that it could have wielded such power without first becoming a purely royal institution.

Satisfied that the Inquisition was an exclusively ecclesiastical tribunal, and that priests could condemn culprits to death, infidels take the last step and boldly declare that persons were condemned for the mere expression of opinions. What more horrid calumny could be imagined?

In Spain, as in any other part of the civilized world, men were unmolested so long as they behaved in a respectable

manner. But no government is to blame for enacting severe laws against fanatics or fools who endeavour to throw society and order into confusion. The wisest nations that ever existed were inexorable in punishing all who plotted against the established religion. Even in China a tribunal was established to maintain the purity of her doctrine; it, too, caused more blood to flow than all the European Inquisitions put together.

What right then, has any individual to question Spain for punishing crime as she thought fit? She was best acquainted with her own affairs and knew how to deal with her enemies. This important truth can never be lost sight of, no man was ever punished but by acknowledged laws, equally binding on all the citizens. If then, the Spanish law inflicted death, or imprisonment, or other penalty on the avowed enemies of the established religion, no one is at liberty to try to vindicate a criminal who had become worthy of punishment. The convicted man, well aware of the consequences, could blame no one but himself and his own obstinacy in entertaining and spreading doctrines that were held by the state to be treasonable.

As for the Jews, it is well known that the Inquisition prosecuted only apostates to Judaism, or such as returned to that religion after having adopted Christianity, or such as worked for the propagation of Judaism. If a Christian wished to apostatize, or a Jew to return to the religion of his fathers, he was perfectly free to do so, provided he left the country and took his opinions with him.

But what a howl has been raised as to the means which the Inquisition took to inflict punishment! About the rack in particular, as though that tribunal had not as much right to use it as any other court in Spain. Rome, that laid the foundation of modern jurisprudence, sanctioned it. Athens, the cradle of liberty and learning, subjected her citizens to it. All modern nations resorted to it in getting at the truth. It is altogether unfair, therefore, to heap all the blame on the Inquisition, when the same reproach is applicable to every other tribunal.

The report of the court committee declares that the inquisitors were obliged

to present themselves at the punishment; and that even the bishop was summoned to attend, although he had sent a representative, a fact which shows a deep sympathy for the culprit on the part of the judges.

So also has punishment by fire been a universal custom throughout Europe. Parricide, sacrilege and high treason were expiated in this manner, and as high treason involves both the human and the divine powers, every heinous crime committed against religion was deemed treason against heaven, and was punished accordingly. Our modern philosopher who never sees beyond the barrier of his own prejudice is content with merely vomiting forth high-sounding declamation. In his ignorance he will not perceive that the Inquisition averted in Spain, all the miseries of civil war.

It was the same tribunal that excluded the curse of Protestantism from the Spanish peninsula, in the reigns of Charles V and Philip II. Had it once gained a footing in that country, history would relate one more instance of the ruin and final obliteration of a glorious kingdom. Civil war must certainly have followed. The state already trembling from internal dissensions, needed but a push to send it tumbling to the ground. The Moors looked across the strait with jealous eyes, and eagerly awaited a favourable opportunity to again claim the rich fields from which Ferdinand and Isabella had driven them. The Jews remembered their one-time opulence and power in Spain, and would have taken advantage of the crisis to re-establish themselves in authority.

But Philip clearly foresaw all this. He had witnessed too, once happy and united England pouring forth her heart's blood in a fratricidal contest. He is now accused of having been a tyrant, simply because he took measures to avert a like condition of affairs in his own country. But enough. In spite of all that can be said and proved to the contrary, heretical and infidel writers will persist in repeating their time-worn calumnies, bidding truth defiance, and all that can be done, is to hold forth the truth and wait patiently for that better age, when religious intolerance shall be unknown.

E. HOGAN, 3rd Form.

THE TALE OF A TOMBSTONE.

By D. O'C. Townley.



APPROACHING the fall of 18—, having done the continental celebrities the year before, and having been in England since early in the month of May, I concluded that before returning to New York, I should pay a flying visit to the emerald cradle of that prolific race, which is, in the language of the stumps, when it suits the orators to say so, the bone and sinew of the new world.

Crossing from Holyhead to Dublin, I remained in that city for a few days, then visited the South and West, leaving the industrious North to finish off with.

Of the month I had set apart for Ireland I had but one week left when I found myself at Warrenpoint a pleasant watering place on the margin of the Bay of Carlingford, going northward to Belfast. So near Ireland's highest mountain as I then was, it occurred to me how discreditable the confession would be that I had not seen it save in the purple distance, and I concluded to do myself the honor of a near acquaintance.—“No,” said mine host, “your honor must never say good-bye to Ireland until you see her only living monarch who has not emigrated or been transported to a penal colony!” Slieve Donard, the king in question, was but twelve miles distant. So, about eight o'clock on a beautiful autumn morning, I set out upon my journey to Newcastle, the village nestling at the foot of Slieve Donard; I accomplished it most enjoyably, arriving with but a faint remembrance that I had eaten any breakfast whatever, and just in time for the *table d'hôte* at Brady's.

The hotel was full with its motley occupants, peculiar there as elsewhere, to hotels by the seaside in the bathing season. After dinner I joined a party who purposed devoting the afternoon to an excursion upon the mountain, ascending, as high at

least as would enable them to enjoy a scene pronounced by travellers to be one of the finest in a land praised alike in song and story for its scenic beauty. The landscape which unrolled itself like a scroll as we ascended was of remarkable beauty.

But as I set out to tell a story whose theatre is not the mountain but the valley underneath, I must e'en come down again to supper and to prose, leaving, however reluctantly, Slieve Donard and its poetry behind me.

Leaving Newcastle with that regret which all must feel who leave it at such a season, I started next morning after breakfast for Castlewellan. This village is but four miles distant, and the journey thither was said to be one of the most enjoyable walks in this romantic region. Half way upon my journey I sat down to rest for a minute or two by the roadside and lighted a cigar. I had been thus but a short time indeed when the sound of approaching footsteps broke in upon my thoughts, followed by the customary salutation, “God save you, sir, 'tis a heavenly morning that we have.” Replying in the country phraseology, “God save you kindly,” I raised my eyes to see the passing figure of a stooped old man, with a spade upon his shoulder, moving slowly onward. Strongly impressed by the venerable form of the old peasant, as I deemed him, I joined him, making some casual remarks about the appearance of the country, which easily opened the way to conversation. His calling, he told me, was a sad one. He, too, was a laborer in the field, but the harvest he gathered was moist with the tears of many. Death himself was the reaper. He was the village sexton. I learned from him that a few rods further on my way stood the chapel and burying-ground of Drumbhan. Five minutes' walking brought us to the open gate and to the pathway leading to the modest village church; and guided by my new acquaintance, I entered,

joining in the sacred ceremony, which began soon afterward. On leaving the church at the conclusion of the mass, I rejoined the sexton, followed him across the yard and through the wicket which separated us from the burying-ground. Passing from stone to stone, I stopped near to one which from the quaintness of the inscription and chaste simplicity of its form had a peculiar attraction for me. It was a cross in granite with a wreath, not unskilfully chiselled, crowning the upper limb, whilst along the extended arms was a single line, "The Widow and her Son."

"I see you have been reading that inscription, sir," said my friend.

"I have," I replied. "It seems to me there is much which the tombstone does not tell."

"Very much indeed, sir," returned the sexton, "look around me, as I may at these familiar forms, there is not one amongst them tells as sad a tale as this one."

"Your reply does not lessen my curiosity," I said, "and even if it be the saddest of your sad experiences, and that I did not fear to trespass too much upon your feelings or your time, I should ask you to tell me the story of those whose resting-place is thus beautifully, yet strangely marked."

"No trespass, sir, no trespass," the old man replied. "Having yet an hour to spare, we shall sit down upon this grave here whilst I tell you the story of Mary Donovan and her boy."

Glancing around to see that no unexpected duty called him, he seated himself on the mound proposed. I sat down beside him, an eager listener to that which followed, given in words as near his own as may be.

"Had business or pleasure called you to Castlwellan some six years ago," began the sexton, "you could hardly have failed to meet at Blaney's a good natured innocent, some seventeen or eighteen years old. Ere the rattle of hoof or wheel had ceased in the courtyard before the inn, the voice of poor Ned Donovan was sure to fall upon the stranger's ear in a greeting, wild, yet musical. Ned loved the horses and the cars, and knew every professional driver that came that way to fair or market for miles and miles around.

Few days passed, failing to bring him a chance horse to hold for a fine gentleman "wid boots and spurs bedad," or when he had not an errand to run or lend a helping hand with the luggage of some generous traveller.

God was kindly with him—he was not alone, poor boy! He had a mother, and all that mother's love. Had you travelled that way you must have noticed their little cottage at the turning going up the road to St. Mary's.

Mary Donovan had lived there for many years—since her boy was quite a child. She came one morning, so the gossips said, a passenger by the coach, somewhere from the north. Her child was then but four years old, and then, as ever after, an object for the sympathy of the kind of heart. The prejudices which met her at the first from all save the kind landlady of the "Stag,"—the good-natured Mrs. Blaney—soon gave way before her patient, unbending uprightness of character and the unfathomable sorrow that weighed her down.

When he was yet a child, often have I watched him sitting at her feet, as she sat at the cottage door or window plying her ever busy needle. We were warm friends, sir, Mary and I, for I, and I only of all living beings, knew her secret and the story of her sorrow, and this was the way I learned it:

One day, soon after her arrival in the town, I had just risen from early mass in the chapel and turned in here upon my morning round, when the voice of some one weeping bitterly, drew my attention to a corner of the yard and to the kneeling figure of a woman and that of a little boy, seated among the long grass of the grave beside her. I neared the grave and recognized it as that of a good old man, once the village schoolmaster, who had died two years before. He had been happy in the affections of an only child—a daughter, the very picture of her mother, he used to say—whom he had buried amongst strangers. She forsook him and her happy home, and fled to England with one whom she had known for a few weeks only. The old man never raised his head again in the village. Two years of sorrow, and the grave closed over him. I drew nearer, for my heart told me who the

mourner was, my step was noiseless upon the grass. I leaned upon a headstone near me. I spoke the words that pressed for utterance, "Mary, Mary," I said, "you come too late, too late!"

She started from the grave; an exclamation of terror and surprise broke from her. She looked me wildly in the face and recognizing the sad features of that father's friend, she sank, sobbing convulsively, upon the grave again. I raised her kindly in my arms, and sitting down beside her, her wondering yet gentle boy between my knees, I heard her sad tale of passion and remorse. Well, years passed on, the child had almost reached to manhood, and the silver threads of time and sorrow had stolen in among the once golden locks of the mother. Childlike ever, and uniformly good and cheerful, Ned rose each morning, and as it had been for some years, the daylight was not more certain to enter the pleasant bar-room of the "Stag" than was the shadow of the innocent to fall across its threshold, its earliest visitor. Evening brought him home with his caresses, his childish chat, and his petty earnings to his mother. And so matters had gone for years, when God in his wisdom brought that sore affliction upon us all—the famine and the sickness of '47.

First amongst the victims was the long tried, patient Mary. With sufficient warning only to bring the good priest to her side, to receive the last rites of her faith, to press in her enfeebled arms her terror-stricken son, and upon his lips one agonizing kiss—and her soul was with its God.

The agony of the boy, when once he realized the great grief that had fallen upon him, was, they told me, so fearful and so wild as to wring with horror the hearts of all who heard him. They strove to lead him from the death-bed; but no! The first paroxysm of despair once over, he sat him down, silent, yet stern, by the bed-side. He spoke not, he wept not.

On through the long hours of that autumn night, sat the stricken mourner, and though daylight came, aye, even the sunlight that he loved so much, still he moved not. The hour came at last for preparation towards the removal of the body—when, contrary to the expectation

of all, the innocent voluntarily arose and even assisted at the necessary duties. It was the afternoon of the day following that of Mary's death, when a few neighbors gathered to see her home, poor girl! They bore her from the cottage and along the way to the burying ground of Castlewellan, the parish she had lived and died in.

Mournfully the procession passed along till it reached the cross road leading to this village here; but continuing their journey, those forming it were suddenly interrupted by a wild, unearthly cry from the lips of the idiot. "Where are you goin', men, you must take her to Drumbhan! She said she would lie there some day beside her father!" His agony was fearful, his shriek inhuman in the fierceness of its passion. The bearers stopped, the mourners gathered around the boy, but in vain was every effort to appease him. Seeing that they again moved on, Ned suddenly ceased his cry, as if he had formed some strange resolution which pacified him.

They buried her; he came away quietly with them, and returned to the cottage. He sat down by the vacant bed and rocked himself to and fro, singing with mournful pathos, snatches from an old ballad, a favorite of his mother's. An old neighbor promising to remain with him that night and care for the future of poor Ned, the others went to their homes.

The shadows of the night came down. In and near the cottage all was silent. The old woman crept towards the boy to rouse him from his lethargy. He was asleep. Thanking God for this, his greatest gift to the sorrowing heart, the old woman sat down, and covering her shoulders with her cloak, dozed away. About an hour after sunrise she started from her seat, alarmed by an outcry at the door, her name being loudly called. "In God's name, what's the mather? Who's dead now? Is it the priest, alanna?" "Oh! may the Lord be betune us an' harum," said a voice from amongst a crowd of excited people at the door, "if they havn't raised poor Mary's body in the night! Here's Brian an' myself saw the empty grave as we passed by the chapel just now." "Whist, whist, for the love ave God," said the old woman,

"or Ned will hear yez," and turning toward the bedside, hoping that he still slept quietly, she saw but his vacant seat, the boy was gone.

"I know it all, I know it all," she cried. "As sure as God's in heaven this day he's gone and raised her up himself. Go after him, men! He has gone wid her to Drumbhan."

They hurried off with many others who now heard this extraordinary story. Well, when they reached within half a mile of this spot, sure enough, God knows, they overtook the crazy boy, wheeling before him on a barrow the coffin containing the dead body of his mother.

Never did human eye see sight like this before. He heard their hurried footsteps coming on behind him, and setting down the barrow gently on the road, he turned suddenly upon them with all the frenzy of the fiercest madness in his face. "Back, back, I tell you all; touch her one of you, and I'll cleave him! Didn't I tell you to bring her to Drumbhan? Didn't I tell you she wanted to sleep down here beside her father?" So saying, he raised the barrow once again and passed onward with his burden. They spoke not. They made no effort to turn him from his purpose.

At last he reached the gate there. I was standing at it when he came. He wheeled his burden along that path behind us, and to the grave here. He laid down the barrow gently again, and taking up the spade he had carried with him, began to dig the grave. Other hands were soon at work, and a few minutes more found Mary resting by her father's side and the

last sod carefully replaced—when, failing only when his task was done, the worn-out boy sank senseless upon the grave. They carried him away gently, and when consciousness returned, they soothed him with kind words. He went with them without a murmur; several times turned hastily whilst in sight of the grave-yard to look back, then disappeared. All that day the picture of that poor creature and the scene in which he played so strange a part haunted me at every step.

That night I could not rest. In the morning I arose early, early for me, and although no duty called me here till after early prayers, I took my spade upon my shoulder and came upon my way, feeling drawn toward the place, I knew not why. Some twenty minutes brought me to the chapel, for I lived then as I do now, a short mile below there. I went in to say a prayer. Thence passing into the grave-yard here, I turned my eyes in this direction to behold prostrate upon the grave of his mother the loving, harmless boy.

My knees trembled as with palsey. Tottering, I drew near; I called him by his name. He answered not. I called again. No voice replied; I stooped, I raised him in my arms, I parted from his brow the long hair damp with the dew of morning. I gazed upon that pale, pale face, which in the holy peace that rested there, spoke of the goodness and the mercy of our Heavenly Father, into whose holy keeping the spotless soul had passed. He was dead.

The sexton's tale was told.



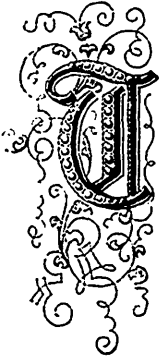
GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

GARCIA MORENO, PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

"Few things inspire us with the desire of greatness as the reading of the lives of great men. Why should we not do great deeds like those which other men have done—be they deeds of heroes, saints or sages?"

"It is hard to live in the bosom of great examples and be uninfluenced by them."

— FATHER FABER.



THE year 1825 saw the downfall of monarchical tyranny in South America. The victory that rested on the standard of Bolivar was the realization of lifelong hopes, the fruition of patriotic labors. But his works were not complete for there yet remained the duty of insuring the permanence of reform. A constitution was necessary. And so the Washington of the South tried his hand at legislation, but unlike his great prototype of the North, he was unsuccessful in his attempts to make an united nation of the states he had won from European control. His high-sounding "Rights of Man" pretended to propose a sovereign balm for the evils of the time, while in reality it unfolded a principle as pernicious, as it was subversive of law and order. On the plea of the sovereignty of the people, he sought the exclusion of a higher influence and the removal of the salutary restraint of religion. An influx of infidel principles and impious literature fed the flame of anarchy. He soon recognized his mistake and saw before his death the dismemberment of the republic he had endeavored to consolidate.

Ecuador, one of the first provinces to detach itself, claimed autonomy under General Flores in 1830. It is the theatre of our story. The story is a tragic one; the great actor in the tragedy is Garcia Moreno. He steps in, a new figure amid the chaos of religion and politics—'Pro

patria et Deo,' his rallying-call, 'Excelsior,' his motto.

Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno, first opened his eyes to the light on the 24th of Dec., 1821, in the city of Guayaquil, a populous seaport on the Pacific slope of the then States of Columbia. From his father, an educated Spaniard of noble family, he learned an early love of industry; from his mother, a pious senora of somewhat austere mould, he inherited a firmness of character and strength of will, that afterwards made him a leader among his fellows. His early surroundings proved meet nurses for the germs of higher sentiment he had in him, and by the time his susceptible nature had ripened into maturity under the clear skies of the tropics, he had drunk in the poetry of the world and laid the foundation of an exalted religious belief.

The Moreno family remained staunchly Royalist, amidst the turmoil of dissensions that followed in the wake of Bolivar's legislation. They paid for their loyalty by the loss of their worldly goods. Garcia sought education,—the premature death of his father made his struggle a desperate one. Hopeless it would have been, had not his exertions gained the interest of a priest, who generously assumed the expenses of a University course. The young Moreno soon distinguished himself by his brilliant parts, and also gained a high reputation for courage and coolness.

At the age of twenty he stood face to face with the serious question of his vocation. He felt strongly drawn to the

ecclesiastical life, but Providence had other designs. After due deliberation he chose the law, thus consecrating his life to a sphere of activity which afterwards proved the salvation of Ecuador.

Moreno entered the whirl of his country's politics as a journalist. His first move was the publication of a periodical, "The Whip," whose scathing editorials castigated the sham government of of Roca, successor to Flores. This chrysalis of opposition expanding its wings, took the significant name of "Avenger," and finally, as "Il Diabolo," sounded a tocsin of alarm to the lethargy of the people. The while our journalist's scalpel laid bare the corruption of the administration, his pen won honor by a distinguished defence of the Jesuits. He had soon to deal with Urbina, another adventurous usurper of the presidential power. The people in an agony of suffering looked to the audacious writer as their exponent, and he could not remain silent. In "La Nacion," page after page of inimitable satire and unanswerable logic, ridiculed the actions of the would-be ruler. As a result, the editor was forced to quit the capital, to save his head. The vote of the people elected him senator in his exile. Like another O'Connell, he stood on his rights of citizenship; like the great Irishman, too, he was refused admittance to his place in the house. Then launching one more invective, a pamphlet, against Urbina, he boarded an outgoing vessel as a passenger for Europe.

In the busy world of Paris, time passed in practical study. His sojourn had the effect of correcting a neglect of religious duties caused by press of work, transforming him from a mere admirer of a cherished faith into an ardent practical Catholic. His conversion, if such we may call it, dated from the day on which he attempted to defend the Catholic doctrine of confession in discussion with a skeptical acquaintance. Our American was worsted by the simple question "When were you last to confession." It was for Moreno an unanswerable argument, but elicited this characteristic reply. "To-day your objection is good, to-morrow it will be of absolutely no value." That very night he sought the tribunal of penance. And after, in the shade of St. Sulpice and the

Missions Etrangères, were felt again the pious yearnings of younger days, until our hero grew fixed in that devotion to Mother Church, which merited for him in later days the name of a nineteenth-century St. Louis.

After a stay of but six months he returned from abroad, determined to win or die at home as the champion of right. He had seen enough of the two sides of Parisian life to convince him that rampant Liberalism, instead of leading on to freedom, was but "the half-way house to Atheism." His choice was made. On finding the country in ruin and the people in open rebellion against Roblez, worthy successor to Urbina, he urged the oppressed masses to rid themselves of the unfortunate dictatorship. Throwing down his pen, at their invitation he took up the sword. A spirited campaign delivered the country from its oppressor, and Franco, an ambitious friend of Roblez, was put to flight at Guayaquil. The voice of the people through their representatives confided the presidency to their deliverer. It proved to be the voice of God.

With the presidential life of Moreno opens up a vista, a succession of reforms, ever widening in spirit and influence, whose culmination left Ecuador far on the way to the much dreamed of Utopia of national life. There were difficulties in the way. An outside enemy, a disordered army, an unprincipled magistracy and a revolted clergy were obstacles seemingly unsurmountable. In the words of Father Berthe, the Revolution had made of the priest, erstwhile teacher of justice and morality, an exile; of the soldier, guardian of the same, a bandit; and of the magistrate, their avenger—a tool. The Catholic masses were affected by false liberal principles subversive of law and order. Above all and behind all loomed the intriguing sect of Freemasonry. No one ignores how palpable has been its work in the past in feeding the flame of the endless revolts indented with South American history—revolts which justify the words of Wendell Phillips: "South American republics topple over so often that you could no more daguerrotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean." But the president was a phenomenon, a genius, and

genius has been defined as the capacity of taking infinite pains. He recognized that "he who is great in thought or will must bear the corresponding responsibilities." In one part, at least, of their acknowledged stronghold, the Masons struck adamant rock in the person of Garcia Moreno. Difficulties instead of unnerving him, but steadied his course towards his ideal of Christian precept as the basis of social government. And this when realized re-inaugurated the kingdom of Christ as in the days when Christendom obeyed Charlemagne or Constantine the Great.

His election galled the Radicals and one and all they resolved to make his position as unpleasant as possible. But after a moment of reaction, both congress and people backed the President in his struggle with a triumvirate of pretenders which the Liberal party had conjured up. In turn Roblez, Urbina, the arch-rebel, and his *confrère* Franco, went down before the energetic action of the man who stood up for liberty, "but not liberty to evil and to evil-doers," and in 1865, after four years of an extremely active struggle, Moreno's victory was complete.

The elections came on again, and Moreno wished to retire, proposing, however, a substitute to carry on his policy against the Liberals and Radicals. Victory crowned his choice. But the new president, Carrion, was too weak for the helm and had not the ex-president held himself in readiness, the ship of state had often foundered. Those who had sworn to obliterate all traces of reform in the advent of a successor, found their old enemy thwarting them as yet. Then was he doomed to death. He knew it well, but with his old-time courage laughed at plots and cabals. A futile attempt at his assassination was made while he was on a visit to Chili. About the same time Carrion was succeeded by Espinosa, who became in turn the butt of the club and press campaign of the Radicals. The destruction of Ibarra by earthquake added to the gathering confusion, and the climax was capped by the entry of the irrepressible Urbina at the head of an invading army. An unanimous vote placed Garcia Moreno in the chair and he left the retirement of his *hacienda*, like the Roman Cincinnatus,

the only one able to save the people. The insurgents lost heart and the uprising ended without bloodshed.

When the second presidency opened with a new constitution founded in part on the Syllabus of Pius IX, the Radicals did indeed fear with a great fear, for it was evident the idea of the originator was that society should defend itself. The first presidency had been indeed but a reaction; with the second commenced an era of organisation, a completion of projected reforms.

The first step had been to define the relations between Church and State by the Concordat of 1862. Then Moreno commenced, conjointly with the bishops, a radical reform of the abuses prevalent among the persecuted clergy, and sustained as he was by the Pope, opposition was in vain. Seminaries were built, new dioceses created. Jesuits were sent to fields of former labors among the Indians of the highlands, and missionaries preached through town and country. Soon the influence of the neo-Christian impulse became universal, and the early ages of the Church were lived over again.

The army-reform next taxed the great President's ingenuity. Wisely enough, though the attitude of the European powers at the present time may seem to gainsay it, only a necessary portion of the standing army was retained. Merit replaced money or favoritism as the *sine qua non* of military advancement. As to discipline, the rank and file soon learned that the president, however personally indulgent, would never brook the slightest breach of duty. Garcia's travels had imbued him with modern methods, and soon his few soldiers compared favorably with the best troops of the war of 1870-71.

There still remained an undertaking of a difficult nature--the reforming of the magistracy and the bar. The code was purified and venal abuses done away with. Then courses with examinations in law were instituted. Severe measures taken against guilty members of the bench, coupled with a merciless campaign against the libertinism and prevalent drunkenness of the people, had the desired effect of putting once more in movement the vast machine of law and order.

Garcia Moreno's indefatigable activity did not rest here. He felt keenly the great educational disadvantages under which his country labored, and he put forth his whole energy in spreading christian education and in raising the standard of scholarship. Success crowned his efforts, for the lapse of a few years saw the foundation of a system of primary schools, whose attendance increased from eight thousand to thirty-two thousand in Moreno's own life. The oft-forgotten poor were not overlooked, and we read of a large yearly expenditure towards the maintenance of free schools. The as yet only half-civilized remnants of the aboriginal tribes came under the influence of his operations; soldiers received the rudiments of an education during service, and prisoners were enabled, while serving their time, to learn an honest trade. Improved industrial schools were also introduced throughout the country.

The Renaissance extended likewise to the University. Experience of the dangerous revolutionary doctrines of which the old institution at Quito was the exponent, warranted its condemnation, and on the ruins of the old, rose an edifice whose Christian spirit secured to his views one of the greatest powers in a land. Literature and science ranked foremost. Faculties in law and medicine were endowed, an academy of arts founded, and all was placed under the supervision of a staff of chosen professors. Laboratories and museums were so generously equipped that the agents wondered where the money was to come from. But the president had no such fears. Giving an order for 20000 dollars worth of outfit, "Buy the best" he said "and don't worry about the rest."

But this was not all. He extended an invitation to France, Great Britain and the United States, to establish an astronomical observatory at Quito, which afforded unique advantages from its height and the clarity of the air. He felt that the great powers should aid in a project destined to be of world wide importance. They did not think so, and turned each a deaf ear. But the president did not abandon his plan, for a splendid observatory was erected at his own expense on the spot

that he had destined for united international research.

Other imperishable monuments remain to perpetuate his name—the great public highways. The mountainous nature of Ecuador precluded the possibility of practicable roads, and thus the produce of the country found no market, no outlet. Agriculture was at a low ebb. Commerce amounted to not more than two thousand dollars a year. The working classes were poor. The connection of the table-land of Quito with the city of Guayaquil, by a highway cut through the intervening rocks, had the effect of establishing circulation. A network of four other roads to the north and south, completed the conquest of the Cordilleras; and agriculture, commerce and industry, improved correspondingly. Harbors were cleared of obstructions, and light-houses stationed on the coast. Ibarra, destroyed by an earthquake, was rebuilt, and Quito, the home of the Incas, transformed into a modern city in business and in beauty. In the meantime the revenue was doubled and the debt of the country wiped out and all this without increase of tax or impost. Where did the money come from? The secret was peace, economy, and Christian policy.

The Panopticon built to replace the old dungeon or state prison, the consequent straightening of prison rule by making wardens responsible, the numerous hospitals for orphans and unfortunates in charge of the sisters of Mercy and of the Good Shepherd, the fact that the president constituted himself inspector and made it his first duty on visiting a town to see the hospital, --all this shows that his heart was equal to his intelligence. It were pleasing to dwell upon that charity whose influence so many a poor family felt, that charity which pardoned all personal enemies, but space allows but a passing glance at his virtues. When we examine the character and extent of Garcia Moreno's public benefactions, no trace of personal pride is found, but on the contrary, humility would seem to have been the most marked characteristic of this great man. Eschewing ambitious motives, he perceived faults rather than merits in his works and deserved to be called "the Just" of his time. He was

truly one of those who seek first the kingdom of God and to whom all things else are added. The cold exterior which he manifested in public life was laid aside in private intercourse and revealed an exquisite goodness and perfect simplicity. There is something in his portrait, in his noble head whitened before its time, in his large dark eyes, and incisive expression, which verifies his historical character.

It may be said of him as of Newman, "Religion was for him a reality, an intense reality, clothing all his thoughts and making them holy and earnest; it was an essential part of his existence, the life of his being." To the deposit of the faith he added solid scientific attainments and a manly piety perfected by meditation and the study of Holy Scripture.

How mean must have been the motives that would bury a dagger in the heart of such a hero! Yet such a death was to be his reward. It is an example of the basest ingratitude. Moreno's protest against the spoliation of Papal territory, a protest that put to shame the apathy of the nations of the earth and showed Ecuador to be the bearer of the standard of the cross, inflamed the anger of the Masons beyond control. "Ah," said the august prisoner of the Vatican, "if this man were but a powerful monarch." The consecration of the republic to the Sacred Heart astonished still more the power of that secret society, which works in darkness and with perverse aims. And when for a third time, in the spring of 1875, the votes of a grateful people installed Moreno as president, a cry of opposition was raised, and frequent reports of the president's assassination gave rise to great alarm and fear among his friends. The air was thick with plots. An attempt by one Cornejo was pardoned, yet the fact that, without knowledge of the hitch, his death had been previously published by a Masonic journal in Berlin, showed the origin of the conspiracy. Garcia wrote to the Pope for his blessing. "I am" said he to a friend, "in the hands of God." Alas! one more blow and all would be over! A master-conspiracy had sworn his assassination. On Friday morning the sixth of August, the president received communion in the church of St. Dominic, and lingered in thanksgiving as if reluctant to quit the old cathedral. No sooner had

he descended the flight of steps leading up to the entry of the church, on his way to the House of Parliament, than he fell, waylaid by hired ruffians. His body was in a moment mangled by the murderous cutlass of Rayo and riddled by the bullets of Polanco, Cornejo and others. Before yielding up his spirit, the martyr summoning his failing strength uttered those memorable words that yet ring distinctly across the distance of time, "Dios no muere." And so he died.

But his spirit did not die—it lives—it will live—it lives in the heart of every true patriot, inspiring and inciting to generous sacrifice and noble action, and though time may pass away and men be forgotten, the dust of oblivion shall never settle on the fair fame of him whose deeds rank side by side with those of Blessed Thomas More, Windthorst, Ozanam and O'Connell.

The assassins fled the vengeance of the public, who realized the loss sustained and expressed the national grief by funeral flags, tolling of bells and booming of cannon. Congress in a manifesto drew up a *resumé* of the great acts of the 'Regenerator of his country,' and "Martyr of civilization." Among the tributes of outside nations, New Granada referred to his acts and principles as "the school of security." The representatives of Chili declared that, "he belonged to that race of giants who, taking fallen humanity from its tomb, made it mount the way of progress in the shadow of the cross." The Catholic journals of England, Italy and Spain, rivalled in doing him honor. Warm-hearted France celebrated his obsequies, and in Germany the incidents of his eventful life became the plot of a popular drama. Pius IX. glorified him publicly as "the just of his century."

The nation passed under the control of rulers more or less faithful to their great model; the constitution suffered at times from the inroads of that Liberalism of which Moreno's life was an open disavowal. But the traditions of the golden age, the legacy of Moreno's influence, have never been lost with the people, nor has his noble motto been entirely forgotten—that Ecuador should guarantee: "liberty to every thing and to every body, except to evil and to evil-doers."

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES

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

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

29—One of the most industrious, gifted, and widely admired contributors to American Catholic Literature, at a date when compared with its present flourishing condition, and the great increase in the Catholic ranks, its patrons were few and its rewards mean, was the late lamented Dr. John O'Kane Murray. It has recently been my pleasure and advantage to read in succession two works by this author, and I was so forcibly taken by their high intrinsic merit and so captivated by the freshness and beauty of their diction that I resolved to bring their author under the notice of the, I fear, too frequently sorely tried readers of these Notes.

John O'Kane Murray was born at Glenariffe, in the County Antrim, Ireland, on the twelfth day of December, 1849. In his early youth he came to America with his parents. He received his early education in the public schools, and with the Christian Brothers. After a studious course, wherein he greatly distinguished himself, especially in the branches of natural science and of modern literature, he was graduated at St. John's College, the great Catholic educational establishment which is the pride of Fordham, in the State of New York. On this important occasion he received the degree of Bachelor in Science and the degree of Master of Arts. After leaving college, he studied medicine in the University of the city of New York, and when his preparatory studies were brought to a successful termination, he practiced in Brooklyn. As a doctor he was soon in great demand. He was a most assiduous worker, and for years devoted from twelve to sixteen hours a day to scientific experiment, literary studies and literary composition. Never robust, his protracted toil and the sedentary nature of his occupations soon told on his over-taxed constitution. His numerous friends were shocked at discovering that he showed vague signs of incipient con-

sumption. Before long he was obliged to acknowledge as much himself, and his disease rapidly increased in virulence. During the year of 1883 he removed to Philadelphia in the vain hope that the change would benefit his health.

Notwithstanding his unmistakable and only too perceptible decline, he could not prevail upon himself to relinquish his favorite studies. Study is the delight of the born scholar; which term may be justly applied to Dr. Murray. Much of the attention which he managed to spare (heaven alone knows how) from an exacting profession, he devoted, as of old, to history, science and literary and linguistic study. I shall presently speak of the results of the first of these occupations, which, perhaps, furnished the crown of Dr. Murray's fame. The extent and success of his linguistic application may be surmised from the fact that he became conversant with no less than six languages.

The change from Brooklyn to Philadelphia was productive of no good result, so far as his health was concerned. Two year's resident in the latter city found Dr. Murray so weakened by consumption that further work, even when it was confined to the practice of his profession, became impossible, and he set out for Colorado Springs, the sunny Mecca of so many victims of remorseless phthisis. The move was made too late, however, for he was destined never to accomplish more than a portion of his journey. He died in the Leland Hotel, at Chicago, on the evening of Thursday, the thirtieth day of July, 1885. His remains were carried to Philadelphia by mourning friends and relatives, chief among whom were our author's two brothers, Rev. B. P. Murray of Chicago and Mr. James J. Murray of Philadelphia, the latter of whom had been accompanying the invalid to Colorado Springs. And now all that is mortal of John O'Kane Murray lies at rest in the New

Cathedral cemetery in the city of Brotherly Love.

Dr. Murray was an ardent lover of Holy Church, and an intrepid knight in her service. No matter how powerful the adversary might be, Dr. Murray was always willing and ready to enter the lists against him, and he lived at a time when his creed, multitudiously and bitterly attacked, had need of many able defenders like himself. He not only defended his religion, but lived strictly up to its dictates, and I have been told that his unpaid work as a physician among the poor transcended all praise.

The most of his volumes were written and published to serve the cause of the Church. The remaining works had a scarcely less praiseworthy object—the glorification of Mr. Murray's native and dearly beloved Ireland. When his sketch of the Catholic Church in the United States appeared in 1876, its author was accorded the rare distinction of an autograph letter and a medal despatched to him by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX.

All Dr. Murray's works are written in a graceful style of which their author was a master. His historical essays are masterly and remarkably comprehensive, if we but bear in mind the enormous extent of ground which they cover and the scantiness of the data which was then at their author's command. A quotation from the introduction to his history will serve to give some idea of his style and to enumerate the difficulties which he had to overcome while compiling the work. "This is scarcely the proper place to allude to the difficulties encountered in the preparation of this volume; yet, it is but truth to say, that they were neither few nor trifling. The hundreds of letters written to obtain the latest and most reliable information imposed an additional labor almost equal to the rest of the work. Except in a few instances, my inquiries met with nothing save kindness and courtesy. But that was not all. The inexperience of the writer, the immense field to be passed over, the many delicate subjects to be handled, the little time at my disposal, and the thousand and one distractions inseparable from an active life, all contribute to swell the shortcomings of the book. However, I trust it is not destitute of some interest and value. To borrow the language of a good old

monk, who lived over eight hundred years ago:—I offer this book as long as I live to the correction of those who are more learned. If I have done wrong in anything, I shall not be ashamed to receive their admonitions. If there be anything which they like, I shall not be slow to furnish more." Now, this is simply charming. He who, after reading such an apology, would not overlook the defects of a work fifty times more faulty than the historical sketches, would be too exacting for his own good or his neighbor's comfort. The bulky volume on the Irish writers, continues to be a useful reference compilation despite its many rivals, especially so as it contains Thomas Moore's magnificent poem in prose form The Epicurean, almost entire. Each of his books, on its appearance, met with great public favor and an immense sale, facts that tell somewhat against the prevailing opinion that Catholics will not patronize meritorious books written by one of themselves. It seems to me that much depends on how the writing is done, and that Catholics would be exposing themselves to a charge of selfishness and of something worse were they to tolerate in one of themselves faults which they would condemn in another. Be this as it may, Dr. Murray met with that success at the hands of his co-religionists which his works so well deserved.

In the preface to his Catholic Pioneers of America, Dr. Murray gives us a vivid though amusing account of the many diversions with which he had to contend whilst engaged in writing. He says: "My book has been prepared under many disadvantages. The duties of an exacting profession called for repeated delays and interruptions—often as annoying as they were unavoidable. Just when absorbed in the march of Cortés to Mexico, I have been summoned to see a boy with a bone in his throat; and when I arrived at the scene, I found the bone had happily taken its way further down. Often while sending my pioneer through the Straits of Magellan, up the River St. Lawrence or down the Mississippi, I have been called upon to study the mysteries of malaria, asthma, rheumatism, pneumonia, bronchitis, or some of the thousand and one ills to which the flesh is heir. A prescription would be written, and then I would

take up the broken thread of my narrative to have it again broken a few minutes later—perhaps by a pushing book canvasser whose hopes to make a new victim by selling the works of the great Bombastus, or some other Jumbo of literature, would be quickly dashed in pieces.” With such interruptions and considering Dr. Murray’s early death, the number, nature and extent of his works bear undeniable testimony to his unflinching industry.

The following is, I believe, a complete list of the published works of John O’Kane Murray: *The Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, 1876; *Prose and Poetry of Ireland*, 1877; *The Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America*, 1878; *Little Lives of Great Saints*, 1879; *The Catholic Pioneers of America*, 1881; *Lessons in English Literature*, 1883; *Revision of Kearney’s General History*, 1884; he was revising Lingard’s History of England when Death laid him low. He had not completed his thirty-sixth year, but his life was well filled up and the inspired words may be applied to him with peculiar appropriateness: “Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased God: therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities.” It may not be out of place for me, even at the last moment, to give *The Catholic Pioneers of America* a slight special notice. I desire to say of the volume that the sketches of American and Canadian Catholics which it contains are charmingly written, and that the incidents are most interesting, yet highly edifying. It is unfortunate that interest and edification are not found in company much more frequently throughout Catholic literature.

30—Tennyson’s biography, now being prepared by his son, will not be ready for two or three years. A great deal of material has had to be sifted and arranged, including 50,000 letters, many of which have been written on the great poet. He will live again in its pages. He will be revealed to us in a manner never before attempted. Yet, much of the existing Tennysonian commentary, unlike the greater part of poetical commentary in general, is scholarly and useful. If we do not appreciate his poems it is not for want of able and sympathetic expounders. That the task they essayed was difficult

none can deny. Even after all the explanations are to hand it is no easy matter to express Tennyson’s leading traits in a few words. From first to last he insisted on the imperative necessity of restraint in art. Perhaps this was his abiding feature. He began to sing while the heart of the world, though still throbbing with the impassioned music of Byron, Moore, Shelley and Keats, was also responsive to the “pastoral reed,” to quote Lowell’s fit expression, of Wordsworth. Therefore, his was not an isolated greatness whose proportions are exaggerated by the pettiness about it, but he was one of a cluster of great men, such as the world has not seen since the Elizabethan age. Beauty is found everywhere throughout his writing; of sound beauty the poems are full; in metrical beauty and variety they are rich; in beauty of thought they are remarkable. At first his song seemed as much for the mere music’s sake as any bird’s is to our human ears. But, by and by, even common men caught the language, and knew it for their mother tongue. The vague pictorial power of his language, relieved by the keen flashing power of his words at frequent intervals, is characteristic of all he wrote, especially of his best. His epithets are Homeric and seem like inspirations. He told his friends: “In brevity is my safety.” True, his briefest efforts are finished with all possible care. He knew the language from its roots, a knowledge which he acquired by many long years of study, and his diction and melody are in perfect harmony with his imaginative faculties to an artistic accordance, and his method of expression to a perfect harmony. “His adroitness surpasses his invention,” says Stedman. “Give him a theme, and no poet can handle it more exquisitely,—yet we feel that with the Mallory legends to draw upon, he could go on writing *Idylls of the King* for ever.” Very true, although Tennyson said that his safety lay in being brief.

Tennyson’s subject-matter is worthy of his diction, higher praise than which I know not. The legion of the San Grail, of which he made so much, is a beautiful Catholic invention. Brother Azarias, in his learned and delightful “Phases of Thought and Criticism,” shows that *In*

Memoriam, is a Christian world-poem. Henry Van Dyke's admirable study of Tennyson proves that he always made the best possible use of his knowledge, a rare achievement for any man to accomplish. Touching on this point, Tainsh remarks: "Possessing an intimate knowledge of nature, Tennyson puts his knowledge to a distinctive use. He does not make it the subject of his poetry. Everywhere his poetry is about men. Yet everywhere nature enters largely into his poetry. He does not draw the man, and then draw the nature around him; but he enters into the man, and sees nature through his eyes, nature at the same time so adapting herself to the mood of the man that her spirit and his seem one." Were I asked to name the great fault of the younger poetical writers of the United States and Canada, I would say it is the way in which they diverge from the cherished methods of Tennyson. They draw the nature around him, and they leave the man out. They produce the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. No human interest attaches itself to their work. No wonder none of them are popular. The noblest study of mankind is man, and the writer who forgets this truth must sink into oblivion no matter what his good qualities may be.

This notice has been written to no purpose if the reader, ere this, does not perceive the importance and utility of studying Tennyson. He is of all our modern authors the most satisfying. Tennyson unites with perfect moral purity the highest types of spiritual beauty. He is, in his *In Memoriam*, the poet of the triumph of faith over doubt, and in his *Idyls of the King*, of soul over sense. He has enchanted men with the beauty of purity, and bewitched them with the nobility of his ideals. His strongest expressions of spiritual conviction and outreaching are purely Christian and Catholic. When your poet would soar he must become a Roman Catholic let his creed for the commonplace be what it will. Tennyson owed his best inspirations to the Ages of Faith, and he was not ashamed to own the debt.

31—Mrs. Parnell, widow of the late leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, has given permission to Messrs. John E. Richmond, T. Harrington and J. J.

O'Kelly, to examine the private papers of her husband, and has entrusted to Mr. O'Kelly the work of writing a biography of Charles S. Parnell, which will be a standard work. Mr. O'Kelly states that the book will be ready in a few weeks.

As an Irish patriot Charles S. Parnell stands next to O'Connell. As a British citizen he will bear no comparison with that great Irish Catholic. Both will be shined forever in the national heart of Ireland. I do not desire to minimize Parnell's sins against society, but when all that can be said against him is said, the fact remains that the Irish people did not inquire into his social morality when they made him their political leader, and that if they imagined their storm cast ship-of-state would be manned by saints once he was removed, the daily telegrams received from over the water prove they were egregiously mistaken.

32—Tens of thousands of boys and girls will lament the lasting silence of R. M. Ballantyne, who has been writing lively stories for lads and lassies almost half a century. Ballantyne, at his best, is a good companion for a lively boy. His pages are replete with adventure. Strange people, strange climes and strange animals are his favorite themes. I will remember (although I must be pardoned if I withhold the exact date) how delighted a youth, who has since waxed old and rheumatic, was, when one day "a vanished hand" put into his eager little paw, Ballantyne's *Four Traders*, and he for the first time formed an acquaintance with the entertaining author who is now no more.

33—Andrew Lang is an implacable enemy of realism. In his speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy the other day, he said: "Shakespeare did not write about contemporary problems. The Athenians fined the author of a play on the fall of Miletus, because he 'reminded them of their misfortunes.' But many of our novelists do nothing but remind us of our misfortunes. Novels are becoming tracts on parish councils, free love and other inflammatory topics. The plan of giving us sermons, produces no permanent literature, produces but temporary tracts for the times."

34—The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the Cardinal was this: "My child, I am sorry for you, but the Scripture tells us to watch as well as to pray."

35—At a dinner given recently in honor of Robert Burns' memory by the Scottish-Americans of Philadelphia, reference was made by one of the speakers to the bard's marvellous economy. At one time he had a government position at \$250 a year, on which anything but princely income he supported a family of five children. Nobody nowadays, said the speaker, could do that, save, perhaps a Philadelphia councilman, who gets no salary and saves money out of his expenses. Mr. Bayard complains that he cannot make both ends meet properly on \$17,500 a year. A Philadelphia councilman would not only live like a nabob on that salary but within four years would have a mortgage on Windsor Castle.

36—Mr. Stevenson's (see Note No. 26) "Open Letter" to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, in defence of Father Damien, appeared at first in the Scots' Observer, and afterwards in a little pamphlet with a brown-paper cover. It would seem to be almost forgotten by Mr. Stevenson's biographers; and yet it is in style, as he intended it to be, his high-water mark. "If I have learned the trade of using words, you have at last furnished me with a subject." If only as an autobiography, the pamphlet takes a foremost place among Stevenson's documents. He tells of his own visit to the leper settlement, which he wept to approach, and which he found to be peopled by these "butt-ends of human beings," these "abominable deformations of our common manhood," these "blots on the landscape." He who had slept out in the pine woods, pictured Damien when "he made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his brethren." Dr. Hyde is reminded by Mr. Stevenson that he, too, is a Scotchman, and of the same sect, "as far as any sect avows me;" but such ties were snapped by the libel on Damien, "which if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying,

would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude." Such was the picture drawn by Mr. Stevenson of Dr. Hyde—whose name must have had a certain attraction. And, as Mr. Stevenson drew him, there was no Jekyll left in him.

37—The late lamented Father Dawson was an industrious author and a writer of elegance and effect. The two methods of expression, verse and prose, were his willing servants. His familiarity with continental languages, especially the French, enabled him to enrich our literature with more than one useful translation. But the original prose works which Father Dawson has produced outdo his translations in merit. His *The Catholics of Scotland from 1593 to 1852*, is a bulky tome which it must have taken great labor and research to compile. Its contents will make the task of the future Catholic historian of Scotland a comparatively easy one. The labor which Father Dawson performed was that of the pioneer, and he has done it well. The historian who will follow him can walk in his footsteps and need not mark out a road for himself. *Pope Pius IX and His Times*, is another original work to the performance of which Father Dawson lent his best talents. It reveals the gifted writer at his best. Some may carp at its uncompromising partizan tone, but all must admit that it is full of graphic scenes and artistic groupings. Father Dawson published several volumes of poetry, all of which were well received. His *Lament for Bishop Gillis* is a poem which could be written by a patriotic Scottish Catholic only. Virgil was before his mind's eye while he was composing his *Zenobia: Queen of Palmyra*. But, in general, he nourished his muse on Dryden and Pope as his adoption and handling of the English heroic couplet prove. *The Last Defender of Jerusalem*, is a poem finely conceived and admirably sustained. In the matter of rhyme he allowed himself the licences which the other writers of lengthy poetical efforts sanctioned. Sometimes, but not often, he made slight additions to their list. On the whole, the poems of Father Dawson are worthy of the priest, patriot, and gentleman—the three words whose sum composed the character of the good pastor, whose scant leisure hours their composition served to tinge with utility.

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AT BROOKLYN AND TORONTO.

The events of the past month have been the strike of the electric railway employees at Brooklyn and of the university students at Toronto—and the comparison is all in favor of the former. Between grasping capital and struggling labor there is an almost necessary opposition in aims and ideas. From their circumstances, they are not supposed to have a very delicate regard for the feelings and rights of one another. But it seems to us that every advantage that men have a

right to expect from the influence of a liberal education was conspicuously absent in the recent scandalous squabble between the faculty of the provincial university and its students. Leaving altogether out of consideration the absolute lack of professorial dignity and student honor, the facts seem to indicate that there was, on one side or the other, a too great disregard for straightforwardness, honesty and truth.

With the quarrel in itself we have nothing to do. But against its methods and results and the consequent disgrace to the whole system of higher education in Canada, we claim the right to raise our voice in most indignant protest. No excuse could justify the shameful language used by *'Varsity*, nor the rowdy-like actions of the students. Professors may be incompetent and councils useless; but vulgar squibs and petty lampoons on Prof. Doolittle, of the Dooless course in the Nulla Bona University, and the harmonious consignment of the powers that be to a place where it is too hot to shovel snow, are not very flattering evidences of that prudent judgment, correct taste and gentlemanly courtesy, reasonably supposed to be among the good results of a university training. On the other hand, the comic mixture of tyranny and weakness exhibited by the University Council would be ridiculous were it not so baneful as to be almost criminal.

Throughout the controversy the students have proved by their actions that their professors have not succeeded in educating them, while the professors have clearly shown that the charge of incompetency may not be purely imaginary and without foundation in fact.

And all this from Toronto University!! Toronto University,—that has for years been held up to us as the sublime exemplar of all that was progressive and praise-

worthy in our educational system! Toronto University, that by its scheme of affiliation gobbled up so many excellent colleges and transformed them into dormitories and dining-rooms, to set off the unadulterated intellectuality of the central figure! Toronto University, that has been established, endowed, enriched and maintained by money from the public purse; that has had greatness thrust upon it, and has haughtily lorded it over every other institution in the country! And is this what it has come to at last?

Let there be an investigation. And if a tithe of the charges be found true, it will be time for this pampered Pretender to cease plundering the province and to live—or die—on its own revenues and the generosity of its friends.

THE FIVE P's.

Who is the successful man? The question is asked in its most strict sense. We all know, without having to go beyond our College walls, that a few men by means of a flashy exterior, and a certain amount of what is vulgarly called *brass* will spring up to a mushroom state of popularity; that they in fact carry all before them. But we also know that these men hold their positions about as long as the mushroom flourishes. What then would you like to find in a truly successful man, be he a college student or one already gone forth to battle in the world? In every walk in life true success is assured to the man who possesses, "Purpose—Plan—Perseverance—Patience—and Piety."

He must have a purpose, or like a ship without a rudder, all his strength, and his other good qualities will be wantonly tossed in the tempestuous world; and in the end his fate will be destruction. Nothing can surpass the absurdity of one who allows his vocation to fluctuate with every

whimsical idea that passes through his mind. Have a purpose; know what you are to be in the future; and turn all your energies to the accomplishment of that purpose.

The second P is plan. Even the most ignorant among us would brand that man as irrational, who, intending to construct a house, would begin by throwing together stones, brick, wood, plaster, without ever thinking of what size or of what shape he intended to make the house. Why then do so many of us even after choosing our vocation stand idly by, while golden hours and golden opportunities pass away. Plan is the complement of purpose; without the first you will lose the other.

And could anything be more necessary for a truly successful man than perseverance. Nothing great can be accomplished without this quality; it makes a man superior to difficulties, and always carries with it a crown. Let a man's natural talent be ever so mediocre, but let him be faithful to duty, let him tenaciously cling to his purpose in life, he will surely, like the tortoise in the race, outstrip his clever but wayward opponent.

The fourth P is patience. This world and the men that are in it, are so hemmed in by time and space, that the good that is accomplished comes only after many trials and reverses. Happy is he who can be as true a man in adversity as in prosperity; for it is the former that tests human worth. Have patience then; do not expect the world to adjust itself to your own speed; to move fast when you do, and to wait for your failings. If reverses come, bear them manfully, always trusting to a brighter future.

And lastly, who would gainsay piety? Impious men have grown rich, and have flourished in the eyes of this world; but the educated man, who knows that human nature and the world are only finite, that they are only a means to a higher life,

understands full well that the truly successful man has more to gain than the applause of this world. With all our endeavors to be successful in the eyes of men, let us never forget that earthly reward will pass away, and give place to a supernatural one which endureth forever, and for which we are all bound to strive.

GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

With the article on Garcia Moreno in this issue, the Owl offers its readers the first of a series of student-sketches of great Catholic Laymen of this century. We hope to be able to continue the series regularly, month by month and to thus present a fair idea of the influence our laymen have wielded, and still can and ought to wield in the cause of the Church and civilization. There are not wanting those who accuse our age of the grossest and most widespread indifference to everything high and pure and noble. No more cruel or lying calumny was ever uttered, and the prejudiced pessimists who father the charge are clearly too blind to see and too deaf to hear. There is no denying that there have been only too many evil influences at work in this 19th century, too many individuals and organizations, the sum of whose efforts made for the attainment of false ideals in politics, society and religion. But the same is true of every age. Man's inherent proneness to evil may be sometimes softened down into a milder and less dangerous form of wickedness, but it can never be entirely eradicated from his character and will inevitably show itself in one form or another. What is perfectly false, however, is the assertion that our century has been prominent for its profession and practice of false principles and at the same time altogether backward in the support and

furtherance of projects tending to the spiritual, moral and intellectual welfare of mankind. The charge is not true either in general or in detail. The whole world has several times this century been profoundly moved by questions affecting the higher interests of mankind, and has shown an active and intelligent appreciation of what might be called its fitting duty in the work of the elevation and enlightenment of the mass of men.

How true this appears when we come to consider nations and individuals in detail! We have no intention of going outside the Catholic body, nor, within it, of considering more than a few members of the lay communion. What a lustre the names of Frederic Ozanam, Louis Veuillot and Montalembert shed on the later-day history of Catholic France. Spain glories in her Donoso Cortes. Germany may well boast of her Windthorst. Marshall, Allies and William George Ward have done England a service, the extent of which she little dreams. Faithful Ireland has given to the world, in the person of Daniel O'Connell, the greatest layman, not only of his own country but of any country, not alone of this century but of any century. Coming across the water, we on this side of the Atlantic have nothing to complain of. Garcia Moreno in South America and Brownson and Daniel Dougherty in the North are sufficient to prevent the stigma of sterility from being attached to our American laymen. In the face of this array of God's best gifts to man, where is the room for pessimism, for useless lament and baseless blame? The OWL believes that a consideration—even brief and imperfect—of the lives of these men cannot but be beneficial to the student body, and indeed to its readers in general. As Father Faber says "It is hard to live in the bosom of great examples and be uninfluenced by them."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The departure of Rev. Father Vaillancourt, O.M.I., for so many years professor of Greek and Latin in the collegiate course, removes from our midst a zealous, painstaking and conscientious teacher. His devotion to duty was proverbial and was well exemplified in the persistence with which he attended his classes until the physician interfered and ordered absolute rest. His students, past and present, will join, we are sure in the wish that he may soon recover his former health.

A contradiction never travels as fast as the statement it denies, and it rarely reaches as many readers. Yet it is pretty generally known now that Mr. Felix Faure was baptized a Catholic, and has never been known to be anything else—the stories of certain Parisian correspondents of American newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Lord Acton succeeds Prof. Seeley as Regius Professor of History in Cambridge University. Lord Acton is an ardent Home Ruler, and leader of the Catholic Liberals. It is said he first proposed Home Rule to Mr. Gladstone as a plank in the Liberal platform, and that he aided in framing the first Home Rule Bill. We most sincerely rejoice in the elevation of Lord Acton to this university chair, since he is the first Catholic appointed to an important position in either Oxford or Cambridge since the reign of James II. The world does move.

Six more Bishops in Italy have been granted the royal *exequatur* that entitles them to receive their official income; the Bishops of Carpi, Pozzuoli, Penafro, Lucera, Anglona and Nusco. The government does not fear religion now. It seeks the strength of the Church against revolution. It cannot conquer the turbulence it bred.

Mr. Gladstone, in a communication regarding the efforts now being made to secularize all public schools in England, says: "In my opinion which I have endeavored to recently set forth in the

pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, an undenominational system of religion, framed by or under the authority of the State is a moral monster. The State has no charter from heaven such as may belong to the Church or the individual conscience." That places the whole question of education sententiously before the people.

The *Catholic Directory* for 1895, just published in Great Britain, states that in the College of Cardinals in Rome, there have been during the current year six deaths, reducing the number to 62, there being 8 hats now vacant. In England there are now 15 Roman Catholic dioceses, with 17 bishops, including 2 coadjutors. The total number of patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops, including those who are retired from illness or other causes, and including archbishops and bishops of titular sees, in the middle of the present year was 1240. The lists of secular and regular clergy in Great Britain, show a total of 23 bishops and archbishops, with 2977 priests, serving 1763 chapels, churches and missionary stations, the last named item being an advance of 19 on last year. There are 42 Catholic peers of Great Britain and Ireland, 52 Catholic baronets and 16 privy councillors, including those who are members of the Privy Council in Ireland only.

"Religious Intolerance" was the subject of a lecture delivered by George Parsons Lathrop, the distinguished author, who is a comparatively recent convert to the Church, in New York city, a short time ago. The lecturer speaking of toleration in this country and Europe, said: "There is a good deal of sham toleration in this country which is near indifferentism. It may be questioned whether genuine toleration is as widespread here as in Europe. In the greatest and most advanced countries neither Protestants nor Catholics think it necessary to sneer at each other on account of their religious beliefs, nor are Catholics looked down upon as inferiors by nature or by faith. The true, independent toleration is practically shown in Ireland, where constituencies wholly Catholic have for

fifty years past overwhelmingly elected Protestants to represent them in parliament, notwithstanding the wormwood memories of wrongs in the past, and the still intolerant hostility of some of their countrymen."

The statistics embraced in the following table indicate the number of students in several of the principal Catholic universities and colleges of the United States:

Boston college, Boston, Mass.	420
Canisius college, Buffalo, N.Y.	325
Catholic university, Georgetown, D.C.	75
California college, San Francisco, Cal.	275
Detroit college, Detroit, Mich.	315
Georgetown university, Washington, D.C.	725
Manhattan college, New York	365
Marquette college, Milwaukee, Wis. . .	225
Mount Angel college, Mt. Angel, Ore.	130
St. Mary's college, Emmitsburg, Md.	190
Notre Dame university, Notre Dame, Ind.	650
Rock Hill college, Ellicott City, Md.	163
Seton Hall college, South Orange, N. J.	200
St. Benedict college, Atchinson, Kan.	175
St. Francis college, St. Francis, Wis.	250
St. Francis Xavier college, New York	900
St. John's college, Washington, D.C.	150
St. John's college, Fordham, N.Y. . .	250
St. Joseph's college, Cincinnati, O. . .	200
St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N.Y. . .	126
St. Louis university, St. Louis, Mo. . .	300
St. Mary's college, St. Marys, Kan. . .	225
St. Mary's college, St. Marys, Ky. . . .	100
St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, Md.	300
St. Viateur's college, Bourbonnais, Ill.	250
Niagara university, Suspension Bridge, N.Y.	300
TOTAL	7,584

Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, may not meet the views of reasonable men regarding his desired partition of the British Empire among France, Germany, Russia and the United States, but he is as orthodox as a Doctor of Theology in the following paragraph that appeared in a recent issue of the *Sun*:

We are asked by a "Roman Catholic Odd Fellow" whether he is compelled to leave the order of Odd Fellows under the recent decree of the Pope against it. As

an American citizen he can take his choice between the order and the Church; but as a Roman Catholic he has not any choice. The decree of the Holy Office is of supreme authority, and he must cease to be an Odd Fellow if he would remain in the Church. It is his 'imperative duty to withdraw from that order, under penalty of being denied the sacraments.' He cannot conceal his membership, or escape the judgment pronounced against it, or offer any plea in favor of retaining it. Rome has spoken in words that are irrevocable, and the voice of Rome is the fundamental law of Catholicity, the world over.

There are three societies condemned in the new decree—the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and the Sons of Temperance—as other secret societies had been condemned in previous decrees.

This does not involve any limitation of the political, civil, or natural rights of our "Roman Catholic Odd Fellow" correspondent. It is purely a matter of religion, and of ecclesiastical discipline. The Church establishes the terms of Church membership, and these terms are inflexible.

Our correspondent's rights of American citizenship are in no way interfered with by the Papal decree. As a citizen he may join any society he pleases, but not as a Roman Catholic."

Professor Rudolf Falb of Leipzig, says that earthquakes and other disturbances of the earth's crust can be calculated beforehand, within two or three days at least. For this conclusion he gives what seems a logical process of reasoning. The interior of the earth is in a fluid or semi-fluid state it is believed. The moon, sun and planets are nearer to the earth sometimes than at others. When it happens that large masses of these bodies operate on the earth from the same side, it disturbs the equilibrium of her inner masses, like the ballast of a ship, and eruptions, storms and other disturbances follow. Such disturbances of the earth's mass will naturally come when the earth and moon are nearest together, when the sun and earth are nearest together and when the sun or moon is in a certain equatorial position. Falb first discovered that earthquakes and shocks and explo-

sions in mines occurred when there were the most tremendous tides and other oceanic commotions. Consulting astronomy he calculates the days of the year which he calls critical days. These will come during certain positions of the earth, sun and moon. The three most critical days for 1895 will be coincident every one with eclipses. He divides the days we are to look out for into three classes or orders according to the violence of the disturbances. For 1895 they are :

Of the first order, September 18, March 11, August 20, February 9, October 18, April 9, July 22, and January 11.

Of the second order, May 9, November 16, March 26, April 25, December 31, October 14, February 24, June 22, September 4 and November 2.

Of the third order, May 24, December 2, December 16, June 7, August 5, January 25, and July 7.

England has given some great cardinals to the Catholic Church. Not to speak of Wiseman, Manning and Newman, but to go back before the Reformation, we may mention Nicholas Breakspeare, who became Pope Adrian IV.; Stephen Langton, of Magna Charta fame; Simon Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, promotor of architecture, art and technical schools; John Kemp, keeper of the Great Seal and Chancellor of Normandy, who also occupied the noteworthy position of Archbishop of York; Thomas Bouheer, who established the first printing press in Oxford, and who performed the marriage ceremony between King Henry VII. and Princess Elizabeth of York, and lastly John Morton, Lord High Chancellor of England, philanthropist, architect and engineer. To this list we may add the present Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Vaughan, who shows a disposition to follow in the wake of his illustrious predecessors.

Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, in an article entitled "Leo XIII. and the Catholic University," written in the *Catholic University Bulletin* says: "After the first shock of the Reformation the Church set

about repairing her losses, and notably the despoilment of her fondest, the universities. Without speaking of the theological colleges formed since the Council of Trent, in and out of Rome, the *Encyclopédie de Théologie Catholique*, names thirty universities founded by the Church in various parts of Europe between the years 1552 and 1834; and since this latter date we have to add to the number, the universities of Lille, Paris, Lyon, Angers, Fribourg, Ottawa, Laval and Washington." The writer then goes on to show the obstacles the Church had to surmount in order to hold her place in the world. At that age of intense intellectual life, it seemed as if reason were to rule supreme over revelation, and Aristotle and Socrates to displace Christ and St. Augustine. He then clearly shows how the Church made out the conciliation of the truths of reason with the truths of revelation; how she mastered and guided a new intellectual movement, which she embodied in her universities, and how she controls and fosters them. The Ottawa university mentioned above is the home of THE OWL.

One of the oldest boundary disputes on the continent is that between New Jersey and Delaware, over the jurisdiction of the Delaware river opposite New Castle and for some distance above and below. New Jersey insists that her jurisdiction extends to the middle of the river there as elsewhere, while Delaware claims jurisdiction clear across to the New Jersey shore. Charles II. granted to his brother James, Duke of York, about the year 1683, a portion of the Delaware peninsula. The grant gave James a circular piece of land twelve miles about New Castle, all islands falling within this circle, and seemingly from the language, the bed of the stream. James gave the land to William Penn, and this land afterwards became the State of Delaware. It is upon the language of this grant that Delaware claims jurisdiction over the whole river opposite New Castle. This was once brought before commissioners from the two states, but was not then nor has it been since settled.

OBITUARY.

In its ceaseless ravages, death is strangely heedless of human feelings. Only four short months ago the Rev. Frederick C. Mudgett, '90, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood as a member of the Congregation of the Mission, and the OWL took advantage of the occasion to wish him a long and useful career in the service of his Divine Master. And now it becomes our sad duty to record his death, which took place recently in New York. Father Mudgett was never of robust health, and even whilst a student here was obliged to be strictly on his guard against the varying influences of climate and surroundings. During his four years' stay amongst us he endeared himself to his fellows by his gentle disposition and unassuming manners. We had hoped to see him long spared to work for the glory of God and the honor of the religious order to which he belonged. We can only take refuge in the christian's consolation, that that life is long which answers life's great end. R. I. P.

SOCIETIES.

Though somewhat later than usual the debating societies have been organized, and give promise of great activity. The Senior English, composed entirely of students of the University course, have met and appointed as committee of management Messrs. C. J. Mea, '95; W. Walsh, '96; J. Foley, '97; J. T. Hanley, '98. Rev. Father Patton continues his efficient directorship of the society.

The first debate of the season attracted a large audience. The subject under discussion "Resolved that France should return to the monarchical form of government," proved very interesting. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. J. P. Fallon and J. Quilty, the negative by Messrs. T. Holland and Geo. Prudhomme.

On the 3rd inst. Messrs T. Clancy and W. J. Collins convinced the society "that trial by jury is obnoxious to the administration of justice." They had for opponents Messrs J. Foley and M. McKenna. A week later "Resolved that the indiscriminate reading of modern literature has a baneful influence" was decided in the affirmative, Messrs J. Walsh and E. P. Gleeson arguing for and Messrs J. Fleming and J. Bonner against.

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The officers of the French Debating Society are: Hon.-Pres., Rev. Father Gohiet; Pres. Mr. A. Gagnon; Vice-Pres. Mr. L. Payment; Sec. Mr. A. Barette.

The general programme of the society consist of debates, declamations, and impromptu speeches. On the 28th a debate, "Resolved that the afflictions of the blind are greater than those of the deaf," was decided in favor of the negative after a most interesting debate. L. Garneau supported the affirmative and L. Leduc the negative. The debate of February 3rd, "Resolved that the Rebellion of '37 was justified," was decided in favor of the negative. The affirmative was upheld by L. Payment, the negative by J. Proulx.

"Resolved that the study of law should be held in esteem, and is worthy of being followed by a young man" was discussed on February 10th, by Mr. A. Gagnon for the affirmative, and Mr. A. Barette for the negative, The former obtained a favorable decision.

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The first debate of the Junior Society was held on January 28th. The subject: "Resolved that the Winter Carnival has been beneficial to Ottawa," proved very interesting. The decision favored the negative, supported by Messrs T. Morin and F. Murphy, while the affirmative was upheld by Messrs. M. A. Foley and G. Casman. On the 4th inst. the subject of debate was: "Resolved that Napoleon was superior to Washington." For the affirmative Messrs. E. Hogan and F. Conlon; negative, Messrs. E. Joyce

and T. Millane. The vote decided in favor of the negative.

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The first meeting of the Scientific Society since the 'Xmas holidays was held on the evening of January 30th, with Mr. T. Holland in the chair. The opening paper was a dissertation on "The Moon" by Mr. J. P. Fallon. The subject was very well treated and proved interesting to all. "A trip to the Stars" by Rev. Father Pallier was the treat of the evening. The subject included a discussion of the stars, planets, and comets. The reverend gentleman treated of the probability of the planets being inhabited, and his paper was full of interest and instruction.

On the 6th inst., Mr. J. Garland, lectured on physics, illustrating the laws of gravity, and giving special attention to the centre of gravity, the scale, and the pendulum. Mr. A. Gagnon illustrated the laws of feeling bodies, and Mr. T. Holland treated the subject of Astronomical Geography, illustrating his subject with lime-light views. Mr. J. P. Fallon occupied the chair.

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The Glee Club has engaged the services of Professor Collier Grounds to give them special lessons in vocal music. It is to be hoped that ere long the members of the new club will let us know what progress they are making.

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On Sunday the 17th inst., the choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert rendered the *Magnificat* and the *Tantum Ergo* in a manner which called forth the warmest commendations. Indeed this year's choir has never been surpassed by any of its predecessors.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Mr, Chas. D. Gaudet, '92, was the chairman at the annual dinner of the McGill Law Students. Among the guests on the occasion were Sir Chas. H.

Tupper, Minister of Justice, Hon. J. S. Hall, M.P.P., and others. We clip the following from the *McGill Fortnightly* :

"The chairman, Mr. Charles D. Gaudet (who, by the way, was evidently made to preside at dinners—for a better chairman does not exist), then proposed the toast of the Queen, which was loyally responded to by all present. He then briefly touched on matters of interest to the Law Faculty, alluded to the presence of so many distinguished guests, and after speaking in a kind of fatherly way to his fellow-students, was loudly cheered on resuming his seat. * * *

At the close of the evening the Dean proposed Mr. Gaudet's health, and the students drank it with such vim that one would never have thought they had been drinking healths all night."

Ward L. Normandeau, who was in college in '84, '85 and '86, is acquiring considerable celebrity in current literature. His article "Reminiscences of Ottawa" in a recent issue of the *Westminster Review* of London, Eng., has attracted critical attention and been widely quoted.

Hon. Edward Morris, '80, is a member of the recently formed ministry that is to bring order out of chaos in the affairs of Newfoundland.

Rev. M. Dineen, ex. '89, who made his theological studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, is at present in charge of the parish of Greenbush, N. Y.

Rev. Bernard J. McKinnon, at one time a member of the class of '91, is attached to St. Bridget's church, San Francisco.

Mr. Chas. E. Devlin, who was with us in '82 and '83 has removed from Scotdale, Penn., to the city of Pittsburg.

Among our visitors of the past month were Rev. J. T. Foley, '88, of Farrelton, Que. : Rev. Ronald McDonald, '88, now stationed at Greenfield, and who had not been amongst us since he left college seven years ago, and Rev. D. R. Macdonald, '89, of the Bishop's House, Alexandria,

Mr. Thos. J. Smith, ex '90, is a successful physician in Valley Falls, Rhode Island. And what is more to the point, "Tom" is one of the OWL's most generous and thoughtful friends.

Rev. Father McKenna, '81, is attending to the spiritual wants of a numerous and flourishing congregation at Barrie, Vermont

Fortune has dealt kindly with Mr. Jos. H. Donnelly of Vergennes, Vermont. Old friends remember his visit to the college in 1889. He renewed his acquaintance with us during the last days of January. We were pleased to learn of his appointment by President Cleveland as postmaster of the Vergennes district. Mr. Donnelly enjoys the distinction of being the first Irish Catholic to hold a federal office in that part of the State.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

WE ARE VINDICATED.

Our readers will remember that, at the beginning of the year, we several times called their attention to the amazing incompetency displayed by the officers of the Junior Athletic Association. Things had come to such a pass that something unusual must be done if the good reputation of the "little yard" were to be sustained. As you are already aware, we then availed ourselves of a prerogative accorded us by the constitution of our association. When we made known to the juniors our intention of so doing, we met with considerable opposition. Some of our warmest friends, among whom were the members for Texas and Calgary, questioned the opportuneness of our proposed step. They maintained that the juniors were unprepared for so sweeping a change; and to give a violent shock to old customs and prejudices, would be imprudent in the extreme. We resolved, however, to take the step, and we are gratified to find subsequent events justifying our action. Under the master hand of the Minister of Agriculture, who was chosen to be Dictator, the animation and activity of the

present month presents a pleasing contrast to the dullness and inertia of the preceding ones. We congratulate the juniors on this decided change for the better. The hockey season thus far has been a most successful one. The number of games is unusually large, and some excellent material has been developed. The gratitude of the juniors is due the Dictator and Hon. G. Washington Fletcher, his able assistant, for the agreeable results they have been instrumental in bringing about.

Within the past two weeks the first team of the "little yard" distinguished itself in several very exciting games. On February 8th it played a draw game with a very strong team from the city. A week later it defeated a 4th Grade team by a score of 4 to 1. The following day it again met the city team which it defeated, the score standing 2 to 0. The following are the members of the team and their positions:—

Alleyn, goal; Smith, point; McDonald, cover-point and captain; Butterworth, Tobin, Roger and Quinn, forwards.

The junior second team has also been contributing largely to the winter's attractions. This team is managed by the member for Winnipeg, who, though having remained here during the holidays, possesses a large supply of the hockey enthusiasm peculiar to the Prairie City. Thus far the record sheet shows three victories and only one defeat. The following compose the team:—

Gosselin, goal; Bawlf, point and captain; Girard, cover-point; Timbers, Prevost, Larose and Barter, forwards.

Messrs. E. St. Jean and F. Clarke, through their solicitor Dalton McCarthy Gosselin, have requested the Government to increase the duty on rubber. They have had a larger supply on hand than they have been able to dispose of.

Mr. S. Morin has promised a series of character sketches of the members of the congé supplementary classes. The first in the series will be a sketch of Honorary President Faribault which will appear next month.

The following held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of January :—

First Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. A. Bissonnette 2. J. B. Patry 3. A. Martin
Second Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. J. Richardson 2. J. Twohey 3. J. Neville
Third Grade B	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. J. Cotè 2. C. Bastien 3. A. McDonald
Third Grade A	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. J. Cassidy 2. B. Girard 3. A. Kehoc
Fourth Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. H. Desrosiers 2. A. Barter 3. P. Turcotte

ULULATUS.

Join the New Crusade--against "rusty," slang and cigarettes.

What nation has the greatest growth? Germination.

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow,
And every time John F--l-y snores
Our beds rock to and fro!

Polo should be both a popular and inexpensive game amongst us. So many students have ponies!

English is my mother tongue, said Joe.
And French is my bother tongue, replied John.

It is rumored that McG-- received a "collect"-ive telegram from his admirers on his birthday.

Prof.—What House reigned in England from Henry VII to Elizabeth?

Student—The House of Tudor.

Prof.—And what House reigns now?

Joe (indignantly)—The House of Lords, Sor!

Gus delights in the good old maxim,
Spare the child, you'll spoil the rod.
But he's never gone a-fishing
Since he tried to hang up "Codd."

How appropriately might Wordsworth's lines be applied to McC-r-th-'s Glee Club: "Swans sing before they die--'twere no bad thing, did certain persons die before they sing."

The following is a sample of the abuse to which the editor of this department is frequently subjected:

Editor Ululatus:

Sir,

I commend to your intelligence (!?) the following extract from a famous author: "We laugh at that in others which is a serious matter to ourselves; because our self-love is stronger than our sympathy. Some one is generally sure to be the sufferer by a joke. What is sport to one is death to another. It is only very sensible or very honest people who laugh as freely at *their own absurdities* as at those of their neighbors."

MY BROTHER.

Who tries to be both strong and bold?
Who has complaints against him told?
Who gets my pants when they are old?

My brother.

Who wears my shirts and collars all?
Who thinks he's smart because he's tall
Who is it that I like to maul?

My brother.

Who gets his money from his ma?
Who gets his — from his papa?
Who is it that we call "Big Chah"?

My brother.

Who says that he can beat us all?
But when we strike begins to bawl?
Who's out of place in a dancing hall?

My brother.

Who is so strong that he can raise
A hundred pounds, (or so he says)?
Who has "Cork County" on his face?

My brother.

Who's always sure to pay his debts?
But when he can't, most sorely frets?
Who thinks the girls are in his nets?

My brother.

Who says he does not like mince pie?
Who eats enough to make one die?
Who for my share does often sigh?

My brother.

Who gets up in the morning bright?
The stove and furnace both to light?
Who's working hard when I sleep tight?

My brother? I guess not.