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CÆSARISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*



FOR 753 years the power of Rome had been growing into fulness. Founded by the leader of a band of outlaws, it had first become a prosperous kingdom, then a powerful republic, mistress of the world. This republic, at first very jealous of anything which tended to revive the monarchy, had taken care that the government should be vested in the hands of many. Its greatest warrior and statesman had been assassinated because he seemed to aim at absolute rule; yet a dozen years later his nephew was entrusted with greater powers than the great Julius could have possibly desired. Commander of all the forces both on land and sea, perpetual Consul, Proconsul, Senator, President of the Senate and Tribune, Censor, Prætor, and Sovereign Pontiff, Augustus Cæsar was the sole ruler of the Roman dominions from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea, from the Rhine and the Danube to the African deserts. From then until now Cæsarism and absolutism have been convertible terms.

It was when the new emperor was at the zenith of his power that he ordered that memorable census to be taken, on the occasion of which, in the far off province of Judea, "Joseph went up out of the city of Nazareth to the city of David which is called Bethlehem, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child." Mary's child was born in the humblest surroundings, yet his coming strangely agitated the heavy poisonous atmosphere of King Herod's court. All the male children of two years old and under, in

Bethlehem and its borders, were slain, and the danger was thought to be averted. But *the Child* escaped, grew up to manhood, became a public teacher of whom it was said, "Never man spoke as this man,"—a teacher who taught "as one having power." But at last he was brought before the Roman governor and accused of sedition. "We have found this man perverting our nation," it was said to Pilate. The charge was supported by the most flimsy evidence, and the governor would have set him free but for the half-veiled threat, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Why did Herod with such savage earnestness seek the life of the Carpenter's Son? Why did the fair-minded Pilate hasten to sign the death warrant when taunted by a Jewish rabble? Because something told these deputies of Cæsar that one had appeared on earth who was to be Cæsar's deadly foe. Jesus of Nazareth had always obeyed the laws of the Roman province of Judea, he had even exerted his miraculous power that he might pay the money tribute required of him,—but he had made a declaration which has placed him and his in conflict with Cæsarism to the end of time: *Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's.* Cæsar had declared that *all* things belonged to Cæsar; Christ declared that *some* things did *not* belong to Cæsar. Well might the Jews cry out to Pilate, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend." For this man it was who said, that Cæsar should no longer bind the souls of his subjects with the chains which bound their bodies. On the day when Christ, without asking Cæsar's leave, sent forth his Apostles to teach

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all things whatsoever he had commanded them—on that day was established a power in the world which Cæsar would forever vainly attempt to destroy.

Christianity, therefore, teaches the existence of a double power, the temporal and the spiritual. The king is the representative of the one, the priest the representative of the other. Man is created to live a double life, one ending upon earth, the other unending in heaven. The duty of the temporal power is to procure man's welfare in the natural order; the duty of the spiritual power is to procure his supernatural welfare. As far, then, as the supernatural is above the natural, as far as heaven is above earth, so far is the spiritual power superior to the temporal. It is a fundamental principle of Cæsarism that both powers must be vested in Cæsar, whether Cæsar be an absolute monarch, an oligarchy or a democracy, and it is a fundamental principle of Christianity that only one man has existed or will exist with the right to hold both powers in his hands—the Incarnate Son of God. "If man could obtain by his natural power his last end," says St. Thomas, "it would be the duty of the king to guide him in it. But as man cannot by merely human virtues attain to his end, which is the possession of God, it follows that it is no human direction but a Divine direction that must conduct him to it. The king to whom that supreme direction belongs is not man alone but God also—Our Lord Jesus Christ." From this it will be understood that while earthly rulers have the right to direct their subjects in the observance of the natural law, yet with regard to the supernatural law they themselves must seek for guidance from those appointed by Christ to teach all nations.

It was not strange that this doctrine should prove displeasing to Cæsar—so displeasing that even after 1900 years of conflict, he still refuses to accept it in its entirety. It was not surprising that Christianity should be decreed an unlawful religion by a monarch who had to be addressed as "Your Eternity," and whose very decrees often began with the words, "It has come to our divine ears." Nay, from the hour when the Prince of the Apostles uttered the first *non possumus*, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard," unto the present hour, the battle has raged between Cæsar

on the one side and Christ in the person of his Vicar on the other.

For 300 years all the machinery of the vast Roman Empire was employed to crush Christianity. Not fewer than five millions of martyrs were given to the Church, half of whom perished in the capital itself. And what was the result? It may be summed up in the blasphemous dying words of Julian the Apostate: "Thou hast conquered, Galilean!" Constantine the Great constituted himself the first imperial protector of the Church and rendered it eminent services, but he established a mischievous precedent, which has been so faithfully followed by succeeding Cæsars, as to lead moderns to doubt that state protection has not been a bane rather than a blessing to Christianity. Instead of being satisfied with procuring the Church that perfect freedom of action necessary to the performance of its duties, Constantine took sides in the great doctrinal discussion which then divided the Christian world. Arius, one of the public preachers of Alexandria, had denied the divinity of Christ—and the emperor, at first opposing him, ended by supporting him and sending into exile his greatest opponent, Athanasius the Alexandrian Patriarch. Four times was this great champion of orthodoxy banished by the successors of Constantine. Here we see at once how little the nature of Cæsar had been changed by his conversion to Christianity. Men change but principles do not, and Cæsar is not a man but a principle. The Roman Emperor had resigned the title of Sovereign Pontiff and acknowledged the Vicar of Christ as its lawful possessor, yet he reserved to himself a casting vote in doctrinal disputes, thereby setting his jurisdiction above that of the Sovereign Pontiff. Constantius upheld Arianism, banished Pope Liberius, and told the 300 bishops assembled in the Council of Milan, "My will must be your canon." Justinian I. assumed the right of confirming the election of the Pope; and his wife, the infamous Theodora, ardently desiring the spread of the Monophysite heresy, had Pope Silverius expelled from the Holy See. To Justinian II. is owing the abolition of celibacy in the East. All who opposed the Iconoclastic heresy were persecuted bitterly by Leo the Isaurian. Thus did the Byzantine emperors busy themselves in widening every rent

made in the seamless garment of Christ, in propagating every heresy that arose within the Church. So engrossed were they with this task that they entirely neglected their proper duties. While engaged in deciding questions of faith and discipline in the supreme court of appeal which they had set up in Constantinople, they offered but a feeble resistance to the inroads of the fierce Lombards upon the western portion of the empire. Italy groaned beneath the yoke of these barbarians, and looked with earnest entreaty to the one man who was able to deliver her. She remembered how in former days the Vicar of Christ had turned aside the terrible "Scourge of God," and now she saw the victorious Luitprand falling at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff and resigning his conquests. Was it unnatural, then, that failing the protection of their lawful rulers, the Italians should have asked the Pope to become the head of their confederacy, and that he should have thought it a duty not merely to Italy but to Christendom to accept the position? As head of the Italian league, Pope Stephen III. sought the aid of Pepin, king of the Franks, in freeing Italy from the Lombards. This aid Pepin readily lent, and when the task had been successfully accomplished, the Frankish monarch thought that the best guarantee for the permanence of his work was the establishment of the Pope as an independent temporal sovereign. Such was the beginning of that temporal power which, rising out of the political exigencies of the moment, and growing gradually in strength, enabled the Church of the Middle Ages to become the salvation of Europe. "It was this power," says Dean Milman, speaking of the Papacy, "which was most imperatively required to preserve all which was to survive out of the crumbling wreck of Roman civilization. . . . Even the perfect organization of the Christian hierarchy might in all human probability have fallen to pieces in perpetual conflict, it might have degenerated into a half secular feudal caste, with hereditary benefices more and more entirely subservient to the civil authority, a priesthood of each nation or each tribe, gradually sinking to the intellectual or religious level of the nation or tribe. On the rise of a power both controlling and conservative hung, humanly speaking, the life and death of Christianity. Providence

might have otherwise ordained; but it is impossible for a man to imagine by what other organising or consolidating force the commonwealth of the western nations could have grown up to a discordant, indeed, and conflicting league, but still a league, with that unity and conformity of manners, usages, laws, religion, which have made their rivalries, oppugnancies, and even their long ceaseless wars, on the whole to issue in the noblest, highest, most intellectual form of civilization known to man. . . . It is impossible to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the middle ages, without the mediæval Papacy." These words of the judicial Anglican church historian represent the opinion held by fair minded Protestants concerning the Church of the Middle Ages. They acknowledge that in order to preserve the unity and universality of the teaching entrusted to her, it was necessary that she should gain supreme control during the period of chaos consequent upon the breaking up of the Western Roman Empire, and they hail her as the mother of modern civilization. But though circumstances might force her into the position for a time, the Church had no intention of usurping the place of Cæsar. On the contrary she blessed him in the person of the most powerful and most Christian monarch of Europe. The Roman emperors had been pagans; the great Constantine bade the Christians come forth from the catacombs, but his immediate successors on the Byzantine throne were violent persecutors in the interests of heresy and schism; and it may almost be said that only on that Christmas day in the year 800, when Pope Leo III. saluted Pepin's son as "Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific emperor of the Romans," was Cæsar at last baptized. It would be pleasant to say that the cordial understanding on that day arrived at between Church and State remained unbroken. But it was not so. "Rarely," says Dr. Brownson, "was there a Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, from Charlemagne to Charles V, that respected the freedom of the Church, that allowed her to exercise her spiritual discipline without his interference; that permitted her without restraint to manage her own affairs, or that did not wage open or secret war

against her." Even well-meaning monarchs sometimes did her more harm by their injudicious zeal than hostile ones by their malice. Thus, Otho the Great found the Holy See held in degrading servitude by an Italian baronial faction, but in order to set it free he used such drastic measures as deposing a lawfully elected Pontiff and keeping another in confinement till his death, thereby claiming for Cæsar the right of choosing the Vicar of Christ. "It might have been easily seen," says Frederick Schlegel," that so extended a prerogative, little compatible as it was with the independence of the Church, would in the sequel provoke a strong reaction." For Cæsar was logical enough to conclude that, possessing the power of selecting the Chief Bishop, he also had the right of naming the subordinate bishops. But both of these rights were vigorously denied by Pope Gregory VII. to the reigning Kaiser, Henry IV., and hence began the famous struggle concerning Investitures which was to last for half a century. The courageous Pontiff decreed that "if any person should accept a bishopric or an abbacy from the hand of a layman, such one should not be regarded as a bishop or an abbot, nor should he enter a church till he had given up the benefice thus illegally obtained. And, if any person, even though he were king or emperor, should confer the investiture of an ecclesiastical office, such one should be cut off from the communion of the church." The angry Kaiser, to whom had been permitted the ratification of Gregory's election, now declared the Pontiff deposed, and announced the fact in a letter beginning: "Henry, not by usurpation, but by God's ordinance, King, to Hildebrand, no longer Pope, but a false monk." But when he found nobles and people falling away from him as from a leper, he was glad to implore pardon of the magnanimous Gregory, in so humble a manner that "going to Canossa" has passed into a proverb. And though he used the new lease of power acquired by his mock repentance to drive the Pontiff into the exile in which he died, yet imperial interference with ecclesiastical elections had received a deadly blow, and succeeding Kaisers understood that they could no longer practice simony with impunity. From time to time, however, the lesson was forgotten. Frederic Barbossa had two anti-popes set up; Fred-

eric II. was continually at war with the Holy See, and on one occasion imprisoned more than one hundred bishops on their way to attend a council called by the Pope.

The first principle of Cæsarism, so firmly held by the German Emperors, *quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*, led also several kings to France to assume control over spiritual matters within their own dominions. Philip the Fair, finding Pope Boniface VIII. an obstacle to his designs, tried to have him deposed, and failing in this, succeeded in influencing the election of Clement V, who took up his residence in Avignon. This was the beginning of what Italian writers call the *Babylonish Captivity*, which was to have a very serious effect upon the future of the Church. Just as one of the chief causes of the Greek schism was "the despotical interference of the Byzantine emperors in purely religious matters, and the state of servitude to which they had reduced the clergy by honors and riches as well as by menaces and persecutions," so the beginning of the great schism of the West, which distracted the church for a period of forty years, during which there were as many as three claimants for the Papacy, is directly traceable to the sinister influence of the French court over a portion of the Sacred College, rendering them unwilling to see the Pope leave Avignon.

In England, the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs were not behindhand in asserting their claims to spiritual jurisdiction. William the Conqueror prohibited appeals to Rome; his sons plundered churches and monasteries, and twice exiled the saintly Anselm of Canterbury, who resisted their encroachments. Henry II. aimed at the complete subjection of the hierarchy to the crown, and was brought to his senses only by finding himself responsible for the murder of the courageous primate, Thomas à Becket. And Richard II., to guarantee "the rights of the Crown," had passed the statute of *Præmunire*, which afterwards did such excellent service in the hands of Protestant sovereigns.

Looking back upon the conflict unceasingly carried on between successive Vicars of Christ and the German, French and English Cæsars, our only surprise must be that the great religious revolt did not occur earlier than the 16th century. True,

the Hohenstaufens, the Capets, the Plantagenets ever professed themselves dutiful sons of the Church; they had no thought of denying any of her dogmas. And yet they were laboring utterly to destroy her teaching authority. By their scandalous simony, they filled ecclesiastical benefices with unworthy men ready to obey a prince's beck and nod, ready to teach anything he desired—men whose disedifying lives were calculated to extinguish all piety in the people. By their defiance of Papal censures, they deprived the Church of the power to reform the many disorders to which their simony gave rise. By their assumed control over Pontifical elections, their assumed right to raise and depose those Pontiffs whom it pleased them, by their support of pretenders who disputed with the true popes the homage of the faithful, they undermined belief in Apostolic Succession and in the infallibility of the Holy See, and by their frequent prohibitions of communication between bishops and the Pope, they prepared the way for the great breach of religious unity and the establishment of national churches. And all these things they did because of the universal application they gave to the principle, *quod principi placuit legis habuit vigorem*. The corollary of this principle, itself the second great principle of Caesarism, they did not dare to draw. Not Frederick Hohenstaufen, nor Henry Plantagenet, nor Philip of Valois ever proclaimed *cujus est regio ejus est religio*. But their not doing so merely proves that their faith was stronger than their logic.

Their successors were less scrupulous. "The Reformers would have accomplished little or nothing," says Dr. Brownson, "if politics had not come to their aid. Luther would have bellowed in vain had he not been backed by the powerful Elector of Saxony, and immediately aided by the Landgrave Philip; Zwingle and Calvin would have accomplished nothing in Switzerland, if they had not secured the aid of the secular arm and followed its wishes; the powerful Huguenot party in France was more of a political than of a religious party, and it dwindled into insignificance as soon as it lost the support of the great lords. . . . In Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the Reform was purely the act of the civil power; in the United Provinces it was embraced as the

principle of revolt or of national independence; in England it was the work, confessedly, of the secular government, and was carried out by court and parliament against the wishes of the majority of the nation." While the revolt was yet only beginning, while there was still hope that religious and political unity might be restored to Germany, this hope was rendered vain by the alliance entered into between Catholic France and Protestant Sweden. France remained Catholic indeed, but the spirit of nationalism fostered by the greatest of her kings, the tendency to political idolatry which has been the bane of all nations, took deep root, and before long bore fruit in the French Revolution. The French are reputed the most inexorable logicians in the world, and their actions in '89 certainly merit them the title. While England and Germany stop short at the declaration of their absolute independence of the Vicar of Christ, France declares its absolute independence of Christ himself. Henry VIII's Parliament solemnly denies that any foreign potentate hath any jurisdiction within the realm of England; the National Convention solemnly denies the existence of God. Rome is entered by the armies of the Directory, and declared a Republic. And as Pius VI. lies dying in captivity at Valence, the world triumphantly exclaims that the Church is at an end.

Ten years later, however, the Church was still in existence, and another Pius in captivity was calmly refusing the conqueror of Europe the right of revising its Constitution. "What does the Pope mean," said Napoleon, "by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" Listen to the comment of Sir Archibald Alison, the Protestant historian of Europe: "Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the Pope did excommunicate him, in return for the confiscation of his whole dominions, and in less than four years more, the arms did fall from the hands of his soldiers; and hosts apparently invincible, which he had collected were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter." And Alison adds: "There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, and

which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world has not gone back a thousand years, but that Being existed with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years."

Thirty years ago, modern paganism clamored for a new political idol, to be called "United Italy." It was set up; and once more was heard the joyous cry, "The Papacy is ended." Which is the more important figure in the world to-day, the Monarch of the Quirinal, ruling over a bankrupt European power, or the Prisoner of the Vatican, the spiritual head of 250 millions of Christians?

Twenty years ago, the most powerful Cæsar of our own times determined to separate the Catholics of Germany from their Head, by a policy of "blood and iron." Seven years later, all episcopal sees except three were either vacant by death or deprived of their bishops by exile or imprisonment. Two years later, the great Prince-Chancellor was obliged to make "a journey to Canossa," a journey which he has several times repeated with salutary results. Five years ago the "May Laws" were virtually abolished, and to-day

Bismarck is no longer a name to conjure with.

Such is a brief and hasty sketch of some phases of the conflict between the Church and Cæsar—conflict which may be called the political consequences of the Incarnation. It began with the first Christmas-tide, and the end is not yet. For 1900 years have "the kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against his Christ." Even in our own free land we hear the echoes of their war-cries, when "Native American" and "anti-Jesuit" agitators tell us that no Catholic can be a loyal citizen of the Republic or the Dominion. It is the old, old blasphemy which reduced to its simplest terms reads: "The State alone thou shalt adore, it only shalt thou serve." As has been so well said by the great philosophic historian Frederick von Schlegel: "The great gulf of perdition to our age is political idolatry, whatever shape it may assume—whatever name it may bear. Until that idolatry be abolished, until that abyss of ruin be closed up, the house of the Lord, where peace and righteousness embrace each other, can never be founded on a renovated earth."

D. V. PHALEN, '89.

THE KINGFISHER.



NEAR where yon sparkling waters glide
 Through arching woods and pastures green,
 The Kingfisher is wont to hide
 Girt close by glooms of leafy screen;
 Upon a willow bough which droops
 Beside the waves, in lonely state
 He watches for the sinny troops,
 Alert from early morn till late.

With sudden dart, throughout the day,
 He preys upon the shoals that swim
 Athwart the still, sequestered bay
 Beneath his deathly freighted limb.
 Sweet strains from feathered songsters flow
 But pass his callous ear unheard,
 An Indian ambushed for his foe
 Is emblem of this direful bird.

There is a stream which solemn flows
 With restless rhythm through a vale
Wherein a weak flower, trembling, blows
 With tear-weighed petals soft and pale,
And here, by each beleaguered hour,
 A stealthy sorrow ever lies,
To pluck the bloom from pleasure's bower
 And plunder effort of its prize.

But see! the bird springs up the air,
 And flashing in the glinting beams,
His frame with azure glories fair
 Like to a wielded sword-blade gleams.
So fairly foul! so brightly base!
 He gambols in the tingeing ray;
His plume condones his dark disgrace
 Before the gentle gaze of day.

Swift as a shaft by giant drawn,
 Across the deep ethereal blue
A pinion bears him, bright as dawn
 With effulgence of blended hue.
A moment only pois'd on high--
 His changeful beauties, shifting, glow--
His varied tints dance in the sky--
 Then, drops he to the flood below.

Thus, day-dreams in our youth arise,
 A single moment shining bright
Lucid and changeful they surprise
 With fairy fancy's glorious light;
Their lavish colors charm the eye,
 And, dazzling, spreads their magic beam,
But sink, when Reason bids them die,
 In darkling Time's abysmal stream.

M. W. CASEY.

*ENGLISH-CANADIAN AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE.*



DN contrasting the literature of Canada and the United States, it will be necessary from the outset to keep in mind what a national literature should be, for neither our fair Dominion, rapid and prosperous as have been her strides during the past century in material, intellectual and spiritual progress, nor the neighboring republic, although eclipsing the older and richer powers of Europe, in her gigantic efforts to build up a powerful and compact nation, can be said to possess a distinct national literature, a literature in which the history of our people is reflected, a literature bearing upon it the stamp of originality, and the tone and dignity which characterize the literature of the first nations of the civilized world.

Nor should the Canadian and American people be censured because their literature is still feeble, incomplete and provincial, for whether we regard the age of these countries, the natural difficulties subsequent upon early settlement,—the various nationalities which go to make up our population, and which cannot as yet be said to have properly coalesced, we find ample apologies for the crude and unpolished condition of our literature.

A barbarous race, recognizing neither the God of nature nor revelation, had to be subjected, taught and civilized, the primeval forests, through which the deer and bison roamed unmolested, save when startled by the occasional arrow of the red man, demanded the labors of the original settlers, dwellings had to be constructed to shut out the biting blasts of our northern clime, forts erected to ward off the still fiercer onslaughts of the forest tribes, and all this before a single thought could be given to laying the foundation of national schools. "It seems but yesterday," says a Canadian writer, "since the savage Indian dipped his noble limbs in our sedgy lakes, and paddled his birch canoe along our rocky shores. Scarce two generations have passed since on the very spot where we now stand, surrounded with all that exalts and embellishes civil-

ized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared." Note the change! Across the sea came a ship equipped by a Catholic queen, and guided by a Catholic captain, bearing the seeds of "life and death." The former were sown for us, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. America was discovered, a new continent had risen from the bosom of the parent ocean, and towards it the eyes of Europe were turned. Settlement followed settlement, grant followed grant, strife followed strife, till America bid fair to become the battle ground of contending European powers, each claiming and asserting her rights to rule over definite portions of this new-found world. But time which delights to obliterate the stern memorials of human pride, has made all things right, and to-day peace reigns supreme from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from California to Greenland. Though young in years, yet, we are old in experience, for the peace, unity, strength and freedom, which mark both countries have been preserved despite the vindictive attacks of our unnatural enemies. Our soil, too, fruitful by nature, has been enriched by the blood of martyred priests, and much of the civilization, refinement and comfort which we now enjoy, was created for us by the zeal, self-abnegation and devotion of the provident minority, whose names are wanting on the pages of our history, and whose deeds of heroic valor are buried with the past. These facts are here stated, not because they have any direct bearing on the subject of this essay, at least under present circumstances, but because they should have, and moreover, because they should be of such vital importance, that our histories would necessarily be incomplete without them. The history of Canada, though every school-boy imagines he can write it, and the history of the United States, though many have been the recorders of American progress, remain to be written. The best histories of Canada (if we may accord them this dignified title), that have as yet appeared are little better than a "mere tissue of

names and dates," poorly written, poorly illustrated and poorly adapted to bring out into bold relief the salient features of the social and political development of our people during the past century. But because the history of Canada has not as yet reached the highest standard attainable, is this sufficient reason why it should occupy so unimportant a position on the curriculum of our public and high schools, while a knowledge of the histories of Greece, Rome and England is regarded as of paramount importance? We know too much about the ancient Greeks and Romans, about the battles, treaties and political strifes of the English people, and not enough about our own people and their early and unceasing endeavors to lay the foundation of a truly Christian nation. If we gave less attention to the Act of Settlement, and more attention to the British North America Act, less to the formation of the British constitution, and more to our Canadian system of Government, less to Henry VIII. and his worthy daughter, good Queen Bess, and more to those devoted souls whose lives and energies were spent in the services of this country, we would be acting more in keeping with the true principles of patriotism, without which a national literature can never exist. If, then, we wish to learn the main source of the sterility of the English literature of this Dominion, let us visit our public and high schools, yea, even our colleges and universities, question the students there on the literature of Canada and England, and I venture to say that while the most obscure works of the most obscure writers of the one, are known with a thoroughness almost surpassing belief, the best works of the best writers of the other have not been so much as heard of. We boast of our independence, and point to the golden chain of commerce which alone links us to the mother-country. We boast of our power to govern ourselves, while our public men are refused the right to negotiate for the interests of their country. We boast of our system of education which might have been formulated by decrees of the British parliament. We boast of our intellectual progress, while we are fed with English spoons. We are not Canadians, but more English than the English themselves. And so thoroughly have we become imbued with the idea (and owing

largely to our much vaunted system of education), that beyond the sea-girt shores of England there is nothing really worth admiring, that the wonder is, why so many of our Canadians sons have been found daring enough to depart from the well-worn path of servile imitation, and undertake the hazardous adventure of laying the foundation of a national literature. Our neighbors to the south cannot be charged with a similar lack of true patriotism. They are Americans, and they are proud of it. They know full well that their independence and liberty are the work of "joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes." But where is the literature we would expect to see as the result of this attachment to home and country? James Russell Lowell, who occupies a foremost rank among American critics, and one who cannot be accused of impartiality to his native land, has very sarcastically remarked, "You steal Englishmen's books, and think Englishmen's thoughts." This may be considered a severe criticism on the literature of a nation, the pages of whose history are brightened by the illustrious names of Longfellow, Prescott and Hawthorne, but the works of these men when placed side by side with the immortal productions of Shakespeare, Milton or Dryden, pass into comparative insignificance. This is only another proof that in addition to the beauty and grandeur of external nature, human life with its manifold experience, its glooms and glories, its sorrows and rejoicings, its pains, pleasures and aspirations, are also necessary to inspire the highest and deepest writings. "It was among the ruins of the capitol," says Gibbon, "that I first conceived the idea of writing the history of the Roman Empire. Such a work as this could never have been written among the forests of America while men were still laboring under the difficulties of pioneer settlement, nor even at a later date when the genius of the people was taxed to the utmost in solving the difficult problem of self-government. But there is another reason, and one still more potent, why America has not as yet produced any great master in prose or verse. As a people they are not literary inclined. They are essentially a nation of business men, of money-makers, politicians, agriculturalists, miners and contractors. They are anything

and everything so long as the mighty dollar can be acquired. But it is precisely this material prosperity, which so many affect to despise, that binds the American people by chains of adamant to their country, and creates within them an almost cynical disregard for all those who are unfortunate enough to differ from their well-established convictions.

Having thus pointed out what has not been done by Canadians and Americans towards establishing a national literature, together with the various obstacles which have impeded their progress in this direction, we shall next endeavor to outline as briefly as possible what has been already done, by whom it has been accomplished, and how far the literature of each country reflects the spirit of the people. As poetry is a truer mirror than history, of a nation's vitality and progress—we shall begin with the poets, and the first name that attracts our notice is that of Chas. G. D. Roberts. He is admittedly the sweetest of our Canadian singers, and his poems bear comparison with the best this continent has produced.

In strength and richness he has been compared to Swinburne, in gracefulness of style and refinement of versification he is the equal of Moore, while in the charm of his imagery, and the elevation of his moral teaching he is the peer of Longfellow. The following is the appreciation given by a leading New York journal of Mr. Roberts' poems. "The author has not rushed before the public with a great bundle of all kinds in his hands, but he has given us a book of choice things with the indifferent things well weeded out. Orion is a poem which Morris might not disdain, and which has this advantage over that poet's treatment of classic themes, that it is not dependent for its interest on a sensuous imagination." True, his poetry is not redolent of our Canadian forest, or Canadian soil, and for this he has been severely criticized, but if Moore could travel to the East, and Milton range Heaven, earth and hell for the subjects of their finest works there can be no good reason why the genius and imagination of our Canadian poets should be caged, even within the limits of this vast Dominion. Were this paper not limited to the treatment of English-Canadian literature, I should here speak of Quebec's most brilliant singer, Louis Honoré Fréchette, whose poems

have been so justly prized and whose charms of style and æsthetic taste entitle him to first place among our French-Canadian poets. It no longer remains for the future student of Canadian literature to see how vain were the boasts made by Lord Durham less than fifty years ago, that the French-Canadians having no history or literature of their own, would ultimately be absorbed by the English speaking population. Far from being absorbed, they have maintained their nationality and religion free from any trace of English influence, and in the fields of history and belles-lettres have out-distanced their English neighbors.

Next to Roberts, the poet who has endeared himself most to the hearts of Canadians is Chas. Heavysege, a man of whom any nation or literature, might well feel proud. He was the first Canadian poet to try his skill in the dramatic line, and his earliest and best production, "Saul," though undoubtedly the most remarkable English work ever written out of Great Britain, is like Milton's great epic, read but by the few.

Chas. P. Mulvany is our greatest lyrical artist. His "Messalina," "In Nero's Garden," and "Theodora" are works, which according to Collins, could have been produced but by one or two of his English contemporaries. In dramatic force he is the equal of Browning, while in lyric fire he will compare favorably with Rossetti.

The poems of Chas. Sangster, forcibly remind us of that simplicity and naturalness, which distinguished the writings of Cowper and Wordsworth. His graceful and poetic descriptions of Canadian life and scenery create within us, a more hearty appreciation of the manly virtues of our Canadian people, and a deeper and warmer love for the beauty and richness, with which nature has decked our land.

'Twere long, indeed, to recount even the names of those whose genius and talents have added fresh lustre to the poetry of Canada, but two there are, whose recent productions are superior to anything that has appeared in current literature for many a day. The first of these Mr. Archibald Lampman, is too well known to the readers of THE OWL to require further notice. The other, Rev. William Wilfred Campbell, the "poet of

the lakes" is justly entitled to a place beside Roberts, Heavysege and Mulvany. His latest production "The Mother" has been placed in the same category with Milton's most sublime hymn "To the Nativity," Hamlet's "Soliloquy upon Man," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Shelley's "Skylark." This one little poem, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, which will probably share the common fate of current literature, in its precipitate march to the grave, touches a finer chord in the human heart, than was dreamt of in the poetry of Homer.

The literature of America like that of Canada is practically in its infancy, and in judging or comparing both, we must consider the capabilities of living writers, rather than the works of the dead. In this difficult task we are not safe in relying exclusively on the judgment of foreigners, for the most intelligent Europeans, often make the most astonishing errors concerning literary matter here. Victor Hugo, once declared "that Poe was the Prince of American literature, while at the same time he professed total ignorance of the name of Emerson, when the name was mentioned." Some English critics have raised Longfellow to the very highest pinnacle of fame, while others have dismissed him as the poet of the commonplace, an educated gentleman, who made fair translations, and neatly copied foreign models for the home public and less cultured class.

American stories, we are told by London Journals "are the best in the world, and that this or that new American novel, is sure of a prominent place in the language." Thirty years ago, Washington Irving was still living, honored and read by all, and by Englishmen placed at the head of American writers. Whiteman is regarded by one critic "as a Homer-Shakespeare with improvements, while another deems him an impostor in the garb of a poet." Would any American, who pretends to know anything about the literature of his country, take as his standard such conflicting opinions as these? Foolish patriotism, local pride, the influence of popular enthusiasm and prejudice may, and often do sway our judgments, but the best and most reliable criticism: of a writer's merits, is the verdict of his countrymen. Poe, although he will ever be regarded as one of the world's men of

genius cannot be called the prince of American literature, "for princes govern as well as dazzle." Where is his answer for life's great struggle, or his lofty conceptions of faith and morals? "Occasionally" says an American critic "as in Annabel Lee, he rises to half-religious heights,—but generally he gives us nothing but weird fancies and sweetly melodious music." Longfellow's place at the head of American poets is secure. "He is," says Cardinal Wiseman, "to the laboring classes of America, what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany." Bryant, although a poet of lofty thoughts, austere mind and commanding expression cannot claim first place, because he lacked that fire, that breadth of view, that wide sympathy with human nature which so characterize the writings of Longfellow. Emerson, despite his inconsistencies, obscurities of style, and real narrowness of mind, must be accorded a high rank among American writers. Dana, too, as author of that most philosophical tale in verse, "The Buccaneer," has proved himself to be possessed of more than ordinary poetical abilities. Whittier, the Quaker poet of New-England and fierce denouncer of anything Catholic and Southern, though he has written much bearing a truthful expression of American physical life, still has given us very little of an exalting or ennobling nature. Thus we see, that although in this first and most important department of literature, both Canada and United States have made considerable progress, during the last half-century, still, while we cannot fail to admire the unaffected simplicity and purity of Longfellow or Campbell, the highly finished pictures of woodland scenes of Bryant and Sangster, yet for that poetry of the passions and of the human heart, that poetry of the affections and desires, that poetry which reflects the spirit of the age, as did that of Shakespeare, Milton or Dryden, that poetry which while it softens the heart, instructs the mind, we may search in vain.

Of history I have already spoken. As Canadians, we cannot point with pride to a single work worthy of that title. We have Hannah's "History of Acadia," a small work on a small province; Watson's "Constitutional History of Canada," a work which was never finished; Jeffer's "History of the Dominion," a good text-book for junior

students; Rattray's "Scot. in B. N. A.," a fair attempt to illustrate the history and progress of a class; Dent's "Last Forty Years," purporting to discuss the leading political events since 1841. "So cold is this man's style," says Collins, in his *Life of Sir J. A. Macdonald*, "that one would fancy he had lived all his life under the ice in the Arctic Sea, till captured by the publisher to write the *Last Forty Years*." These works cannot be regarded as histories, but, as collections of facts and dates, they will prove very valuable to the future historian.

In the United States, Bancroft, although inferior as a prose-writer to Irving or Hawthorne, and, as an historian, to Prescott, has produced a history of his country which, though wanting in some of the most essential requisites, is, however, a remarkable account of the three most important eras of American progress. In Canada and the United States, as in all other countries, there are two classes of writers—the novelist and the historian—who seem for ever encroaching on each other's territory. While it should be the duty of both "to make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of great men, or on the eminence overlooking the field of some mighty battle, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us through their houses, and seat us at their tables," to the historian, however, it belongs in an especial manner to dissect his subject to its inmost recesses, to direct our judgments in the knowledge of men and events, to trace the connection of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom. General rules may be laid down for our guidance through life, but we want more. We require the mode of applying these rules to the solution of particular cases, and the historian who loses sight of these things neglects the principal end for which history should be written. A study of Canadian and American history, as it exists at present, will reveal how completely have been ignored the phenomena of our social progress, the structure, principles, and methods of our central and local governments, the foundation, power, and relation to the state of our ecclesiastical rule, the laws which govern our industrial

systems, the past and present condition of capital and labor, together with the progress of our people in literature, arts and science. Thus deprived of this natural source of information, the true font from which a nation's people should drink deeply, is it any wonder that our Canadian youth are wanting in true patriotism?

The condition of Americans in this respect is somewhat better. Prescott, Irving and Bancroft in history, Cooper and Hawthorne in fiction, have given to their country lasting legacies, in which the American youth may read many lessons of practical utility.

But it is to Catholic American literature, which during the last quarter of a century has begun to make itself felt throughout the length and breadth of this continent, that the American student, be he Catholic or Protestant, must turn for the true and only solution of those problems which, in this age of transition and rationalism, has been the cause of such mental confusion and doubt. The false principles taught in England and on the continent by those so-called reformers, nearly four centuries ago, have failed to satisfy the minds of free and intelligent men, and this age is witnessing a terrible reaction. Human reason, unaided by divine revelation, has failed to guide man in his search after truth, and it is to this self-same impotency of human reason that we must look for the cause of the scepticism, naturalism, nihilism and agnosticism of the nineteenth century. Never during the course of her history was the Catholic Church afforded a more favorable opportunity of implanting and fostering in the heart of a mighty nation the truth and sublimity of her truly Christian doctrines. Already she has done much, and the writings of such devoted men, as Brownson, Hecker, Spalding, Hughes, Ryan, Gibbons, England, O'Reilly, Shea, Pallen, and many others, have justified the claims of Catholics to American citizenship, and have held up their religious tenets and practices to the just admiration and respect of all honest-minded men. How, we may ask, have they succeeded in accomplishing so great a work? Not by resting on the assurance that on their side is truth, and allowing others to seek it as best they can, but by availing themselves of the natural medium of reaching the public ear. In the pulpit, in the

public assembly, and at the bar, in the daily press, in the magazine, in the essay and in the novel, they have constantly exerted themselves, in clearing away deep-rooted prejudices, by presenting truth in its most agreeable, attractive and convincing form. By no other means can the swollen tide of irreligion be stemmed, or the false, irrational and pernicious doctrines of our modern naturalists be exposed to the public gaze.

But even with these instruments of communication at our command, we must necessarily be the losers in a struggle, the judges of which are already estranged from us through the widespread influence of the foul literature which is being daily served up as food for the multitude, unless we bring with us to the fray an abundance of the best material Catholic teachings can bestow.

Hence the necessity of a Catholic education by Catholic teachers and in Catholic schools. That *religious indifference* is the direct offspring of a public-school training for Catholic children no one, either in Canada or the United States, can for a single moment deny.

This is a serious charge, but one which is, nevertheless, only too true, and the father who sends his child to a public-school, to pander to the wishes of a neighbor, or to display his great liberality, need not be surprised to find that his pandering and liberality have produced their just fruits. If, then, we ever hope to have a literature, bearing the impress of Catholicity, let us begin at the foundation, and make our schools, not only Catholic in name, but Catholic in reality. Let the readers, which we place in the hands of our children contain extracts from our best Catholic writers, and let our histories be impartial narrators of our country's progress. Thus far, we have been most unjustly treated, and the labors and sacrifices of our Catholic missionaries remain to be told by the future Catholic historian. Let us sincerely hope that that day is not far distant, when we shall cease to be satisfied with seeing our children imbibing a spirit of religious indifference which cannot fail to produce pernicious results.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.



PIONEERS OF PROGRESS.

—Men

Perished in winter winds till one smote fire
 From flint stones coldly hiding what they held,
 The red spark treasured from the kindling sun ;
 They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
 Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;
 They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
 And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
 What good gift have my brothers, but it came
 From search and strife and loving sacrifice ?

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

LAPLACE'S THEORY VINDICATED.



ON the publication of my essay on the Nebular Hypothesis last spring, my highest aim was to afford only a general outline of Laplace's theory on the formation of the solar system.

That my intention was fully carried out, I will leave the readers to say; but whether the brief work did ample justice or not to the motives that inspired it, it was, nevertheless, anything but complete.

Since then, there appeared in an issue of this journal an elegantly written paper on the advanced theory of Mr. Faye, in which the writer, to support his own views and those adapted from the learned French scientist, urges several objections—serious in his estimation—to the older hypothesis, whereby he would not only cast discredit upon it but would almost bring about its complete overthrow. The desire to avert such a danger as well as to further develop a subject, whose growing importance is felt every day more and more in scientific circles, presently leads me to present the readers of the *Owl* with the following suggestions as matter which may not be, to those interested in such questions, wholly unworthy of more than ordinary consideration.

Metaphysicians tell us that causes are greater than their effects, that they are, in some way, prior to their effects. If we admit the wisdom of their teaching, we shall be forced to disagree with those who with Mr. Faye, ascribe to the agency of whirlwinds the formation of the solar system. For to claim, as Mr. Faye and his adherents undoubtedly do, that such powerful (?) agents as whirlwinds owe their origin to the inequality of motion imparted to various portions of immense rings of revolving nebula, would seem to imply that these whirlwinds were an effect, rather than the cause of the solar system's progressive development.

When once the primary nebulous mass has assumed the form of a ring, the planetary system's formation, according to the Nebular Hypothesis, is fairly begun, at a time, however, when Mr. Faye's whirlwinds first came into action. This would

lead us to the conclusion that effects precede their causes, since those very whirlwinds, to whose action the formation of our gigantic system is supposed to be due, arise in a portion of this stupendous work only after the work is fully commenced and rapidly progressing without their aid. Now, if we deem the old belief still worthy of our regard, and that effects follow their causes, and not precede them, we must also cling to the Nebular Hypothesis, which accounts for creation not only after the appearance of these nebulous rings, but even for their very presence, form and motion, thereby becoming as necessary to the existence of these whirlwinds as the latter are to the maintenance of Faye's theory itself.

That whirlwinds did arise in those massive rings of gaseous matter that detached themselves from the original mass, is something hardily to be doubted, and that they, moreover, contributed in no small degree to give shape and motion to the different planets and their satellites, is a matter in the highest sense probable; still, all this is not only not contrary to Laplace's theory, but the most likely result of an evolutionary process such as would be wholly in keeping with the Nebular Hypothesis. The presence of hurricanes or whirlwinds on the surface of the sun, as observed by Father Secchi, which undoubtedly suggested his theory to Mr. Faye, may be attributed to the same causes as those which give rise to them in our own earth's atmosphere. Far from being the cause of the present configuration and motion of the planets, they may more correctly be regarded as a result of both these.

But it is not within the scope of a brief essay to discuss the relative merits of these two hypotheses, one of which would furnish matter sufficient to fill a whole volume. The main object in view here is to answer the various objections made to the Laplace doctrine, the first and only grave one of which appears to be the retrograde motion observed in the more recently discovered planets' satellites.

New theories are formulated only after the occurrence of certain phenomena which cannot be explained by older ones

still in existence. We readily admit that any hypothesis, which does not reach every case, which does not afford a plausible explanation of all the various phenomena observed in nature, is not worthy of further retention whilst another, within whose embrace a wider field of accounted-for facts is contained, may be, and is, in reality, invented; still, our adversaries must, likewise, acknowledge the impropriety of instituting a novel supposition, as long as an older one proves wholly satisfactory. True, indeed, the fact that the moons of Uranus and Neptune describe their orbits in a direction contrary to that in which the satellites of the other planets move would undoubtedly be a serious drawback to the followers of Laplace, could there no explanation of this extraordinary occurrence, even in accordance with his system, be given. And at first sight the difficulty seems insurmountable. Upon duly reflecting, however, on the great age of the planets in question, and observing the inclination of the earth's axis to that of the sun, the danger threatening Laplace's theory vanishes, the impending calamity is warded off, and the retrogression of the most ancient members of the solar system, which at first rose like an immense barrier to the Nebular Hypothesis, suddenly becomes only another guide-post for those who would follow its course with safety.

We are all well aware that the axis of our own planet is inclined to that of the sun. Moreover, astronomers agree that this inclination is yearly increasing slowly in truth, but, nevertheless, unmistakably. Can it not justly be supposed, then, that at one time these two lines—that joining the poles of the earth and that passing through those of the great central orb—were parallel; that the earth's axis has become inclined to the sun's by a slow but constant movement, and will eventually become more and more inclined until where the North Pole now is, the South Pole will be? If the orbit of the moon should still continue to hold the same relative position which it now maintains with regard to the earth, a moment's attention will suffice to convince anyone that, to a person standing on any of the other planets, our earth and its satellite would appear to have a retrograde motion—that is a direction opposite to that in which it moved before the North and South Poles exchanged positions.

This apparent retrogression of a sphere owing to an inversion of its axis, may be more clearly seen, if a pane of glass be taken, and on one side a globe with one or more moons revolving around it, be traced. Let arrows indicate the direction in which the different bodies move. Now, since the arrows are painted upon the glass, they must necessarily indicate, absolutely speaking, a motion always in the same direction. If, now, the pane of glass is inverted, it will be seen that the arrows indicate a motion in an opposite direction. This, however, would be only a relative retrograde motion; for the arrows would still point in the same absolute direction.

Is it not, then, quite compatible with the theory of Laplace to suppose that the planets Uranus and Neptune, together with their moons, rotated at one time in a direction similar to that in which the other planets now move? If our earth's axis is becoming more and more inclined to that of the sun, and has already attained no small degree of inclination, although its period of existence is a much shorter one than that attributable to such ancient orbs as that of Uranus and Neptune, why should not these latter have undergone a like change of position, and owing to their greater age have reached a far higher point of inclination than the earth, so that the axis of Uranus, as is indeed the case, should be inclined at an angle of 90° , while the axis of its older neighbor, Neptune—as is likewise borne out by observation—should be totally inverted?

Such an occurrence would, undoubtedly, give an apparent retrograde motion to these planets and their satellites, although absolutely the motion originally imparted to them had never once been altered.

If, as the writer who treated of Mr. Faye's theory suggested, the cause of this retrogression must be sought in the mode in which these planets rolled up from huge rings to form spheres; if the reason must be found in the fact that the particles at the interior of the ring were in advance of those at its exterior, and consequently when the ring broke, rolled up so that the exterior of the ring became the interior of the resultant sphere; why then should not the same happen in regard to Saturn, Jupiter and the other planets? To afford any explanation at all, and to avoid exceptions, the only way in which the retrograde motion can be

accounted for, is by supposing the planets in question to have formerly had the same direction as the others, but, owing to the same cause which yearly alters the position of the earth's axis, to have, in time, become entirely inverted, so that they now appear to move in a direction contrary to that in which the planets of more recent formation complete their orbits.

And, now that the retrograde motion, the one great stumbling-block to Laplace's theory, can be explained in conformity with its assumptions, there remains no pretext for throwing over-board the old hypothesis. On the contrary, there is every reason to retain and uphold it. Nor are there experiments wanting for its support, one of which is as follows: A quantity of oil was poured upon water contained in a vessel, and was there made to rotate about a rod passing through the centre. As the rapidity of rotation increased, a ring was seen to detach itself from the oily disk but continued to rotate about it at a distance. After a time, however, this ring broke and assumed the shape of a small disk, which not only persevered in its revolutions around the main body, but also gave evidence of having a rotatory motion about an axis of its own. Moreover, as the oil reached a still higher velocity, another ring became disengaged, which passed through the same evolutions as the preceding one; so that by increasing the speed of rotation, a whole system of minor disks, not unlike the solar system, was produced, each disk of which having a two-fold motion,—one, revolutionary around the central mass, the other rotatory about an axis.

This experiment alone suffices to show the great probability of the Nebular Hypothesis, and illustrates magnificently the strength of the arguments upon which it rests.

Nor can it be alleged that Laplace's theory is, in any way, at variance with the scriptural teaching regarding the creation of the universe. The great Hebrew Historian

tells us in the first book of Genesis, that the sun was made on the fourth day. But he likewise informs us that there was already light in existence.

According to the Nebular Hypothesis, light was long before the creation of the earth,—light that proceeded from the huge mass of incandescent gases first called into existence. Now, when the earth was cast off from this intensely heated mass, the record of Moses begins, and in this record he states that the earth brought forth vegetation in abundance long before the creation of the sun. But are we to suppose that there was no other orb that fulfilled in those early days its present office? By no means. For was there not in existence the central mass from which the earth, on the first day, or more correctly, in the first period, was detached? But while this central sphere that furnished heat and light to our globe, could not then be called the sun, it possessed nevertheless, besides the matter which was to yield Venus and Mercury, the makings of our present sun. It was only after Venus and Mercury had been thrown off, the former on the second, the latter on the third day (Mosaic chronology) that, on the fourth day, the central mass was sufficiently reduced in size to receive the appellation of the sun.

Thus, Laplace's theory goes hand in hand with the teachings of the Old Testament. Since it was shown conclusively enough in my essay on this subject, that the Nebular Hypothesis in no manner favored Darwinian Transformism, there is no necessity of repeating the arguments in this paper.

In conclusion, I would simply add that no one, it seems to me, can study deeply the old hypothesis of Laplace, and then turn to the more interesting, perhaps, but still more fanciful theory of Mr. Faye, without becoming convinced with Hamlet that "'tis better bear the ill we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

C. C. DELANY, '91

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

(THE IRISH POET AND PATRIOT ; DIED 9TH APRIL, 1882.)

*“MacCaura the pride of thy house has gone by,
But its name cannot fade and its fame cannot die.”*

D. F. McC.



LAST Bard of “The Nation,” thy lyre I claim
One moment, the song of thy *requiem* to sing,
To chant but a note to the glory and fame
That long ’round thy mem’ry shall faithfully cling ;
Thy praising, thy loving, thy warning, reproving,
Thy hopes and thy prayers for the land of thy birth,—
Thy poetry flowing, thy sentiments glowing
For the home of thy pride, fairest Isle of the earth !

The “Bell Founder” Bard of the “Clan of MacCaura,”
To-day, in thy chill house, Mortality, sleeps—
And Erin the fair, in her garments of sorrow,
O’er “Desmond,” her dear one, disconsolate weeps.
The Buvy’s solemn singing, “St. Mary’s” bells ringing,
Thro’ the “Vale of Shanganagh” loud, loud is the wail,—
And “Una” is dreaming—sad music is streaming
Thro’ lone “Ceim-an-Eich” on the western gale.

The “Towers of the Guebre,” tall, stately and grand,
Look sombre to-day, in sadness and gloom ;
The “Year’s coming Bridal” is dull in the land,
Since the Bard of “St. Brendon” sleeps cold in the tomb.
What fairy-like throngings, what bright “Summer Longings,”
Are over, are hushed, once so brilliant and fair !
Thine eye, once so beaming, with tear-drops is streaming,
“Thou fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare.”

"Invocation" and "Warning," like "The Foray of Con,"
 Are hushed, since the Bard of "The Nation" 's no more,
 Who sang all the praise and the power of "MacJohn,"
 When the days of that Chieftain were vanished and o'er.
 But long through the Island, in valley and highland,
 From the "Pass of the Grey Man" to "Scattery's" bawn,
 His songs shall they number—tho' deep in his slumber,
 McCarthy awaits on Eternity's dawn!

Sleep Bard of old Erin, the noble and true,
 Neath the Shamrocks of Erin MacCaura finds rest—
 And light on thy grave fall the softest of dew—
 While thy spirit is safe in the home of the Blest.
 And Erin recalling, while tear-drops are falling,
 The son that now lies 'neath her glorious sod;
 To her fond bosom pressing this lately lost blessing,
 This gift "That was *given* and *taken* by God!"

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.

Ottawa.



THE "DAYS" OF GENESIS



MAN has within his reach two resources—two great volumes they have been aptly called—the book of revelation, and the book of science, wherein are recorded the greatness and the perfection of the works of the Creator.

The first of these treats especially of the foundation and laws of the social order; in the second are discovered the formation and governing principles of the physical world; much however relating to the history of the universe, notably the account of the creation, is contained in both. In the Bible, on the testimony of one of the inspired writers, are many things hard to be understood; nature, all scientists admit, grudges her secrets, and up to the present has in many cases held back those most coveted, witness the fact that the origin of the great physical agents, light, heat and electricity, is accounted for only by hypotheses. Hence the thinking mind cannot credit any charge of contradiction between science and religion, until it is proved that both have been perfectly understood; the Christian knows that such a charge will never be borne out, and that any apparent contradiction is due to the fact that either nature or revelation has not been thoroughly understood.

The object of the present paper is to discuss an instance, which to some, shows a lack of accord between revelation and science. It is proposed to compare different theories advanced by apologists in explanation of the biblical account of the creation. These may be reduced to five—the "Literal," the "Allegorical," the "Restoration," the "Period," and the "Liturgical" theories. The well-informed Catholic will never confound this multiplicity of tolerated hypotheses with free interpretation of the Word of God; he knows that their Catholic proposers and defenders are and have ever been ready to submit to the judgment of the Church, should such ever be given. Neither does the fact that the Mosaic narration of the creation is explained in different ways, justify the taunting assertion, that contradictory opinions may be proved from the Bible.

One only of the theories proposed can be true, just as of the various hypotheses frequently advanced by scientists in explanation of a certain class of phenomena, but one can be true, though several may be admitted as probable.

The "Literal" theory of the creation, that which holds that the Almighty created all things in six days of twenty-four hours each—may be given first place among the creation theories, as being the most ancient. Many distinguished commentators, among them St. Ambrose, St. Basil, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory the Great are frequently cited by its present defenders as having favoured the idea of creation in six days of twenty-four hours. It is to be noted, however, that in their time this was not a live question; no one thought of opposing the "Literal" theory, hence these Fathers naturally borrowed comparisons from it and alluded to it generally in their writings, as a consistent explanation. It was, indeed, in harmony with the scientific ideas of the times.

The arguments adduced in proof of this theory, are its antiquity and the fact of its being the *Literal* account given by Moses. Passages of Scripture, according to the rule held sacred by commentators, are to be understood in their literal signification, unless grave reasons exist for giving them some other sense. The defenders of the "Literal," theory hold that no reason exists for receiving the first chapter of Genesis, in any but its literal sense, its opponents argue that the difficulty of reconciling the literal narration with a right idea of the nature of God, and particularly with the history of the formation of the world as revealed by modern science, warrants and demands a departure from the literal sense in this case.

Its antiquity has long ceased to be regarded as a conclusive proof of the truth of a theory or system; can the "Literal" theory claim greater antiquity, or was it ever more generally accepted than the "Immobility of the earth" theory before the 15th century? Though the antiquity claimed can hardly be denied, the assertion sometimes made that no objections were raised against this explanation, and that no other theory was pro-

posed until about the commencement of the present century, is not in accordance with fact. "The Allegorical" theory, as will be explained, dates from the early centuries. The impious Celsus, often called the Voltaire of the third century, in his controversies with Origen holds up to ridicule the idea of a Creator, who though almighty, works piecemeal, and creates confusion to afterwards introduce order. Origen, in his defence of the Bible, argues that the Mosaic days were not periods of twenty-four hours. "How could they have been," he says, "when on the first, the second and the third of these days, no sun, moon nor stars existed to regulate the divisions of time." What Origen's opinion was regarding the meaning of the word day in Genesis, is not clearly set forth in his writings; his views probably did not differ greatly from those of St. Augustine, who proposes the "Allegorical" theory in order to avoid the difficulties of reason inseparable from the old theory.

To these difficulties the defenders of the "Literal" theory oppose the scriptural maxim, that the ways of God are inscrutable. All theologians admit, indeed, that the greatness and perfection of God and His ways cannot be fathomed by our limited intelligence, but there is a certain *reason of fitness*, technically *ratio convenientiæ*, which will be found attributed to God in the demonstration of almost every thesis in philosophy and theology. The idea which we have of the perfection of God, often seems to render it highly improbable that He would take a certain way of bringing about an end. Whether or not, in preparing the earth as the abode of man, the method ascribed to God by the "Literal" theory is consistent with His nature and usual manner of bringing about results, is a disputed question; the negative has a very strong point in being upheld by Origen, St. Augustine, St. Thomas and, as far as diligent research shows, by all the great doctors who gave particular attention to this question.

As long, however, as the opposition to the "Literal" theory came only from reason, it held a proud and almost an unassailed position in the beliefs of men; though the great minds saw these objections, they did not judge it wise, nor perhaps possible to overthrow a traditional theory in accord with the scientific notions of the times. It was from historical geology and the new

astronomy, two sciences, which may be said to have begun and steadily advanced with our century, that were to come the difficulties destined to undermine the hitherto apparently solid foundation of the "Literal" theory. The new astronomy—that science which treats of the cosmogony of the universe, and the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies—has discovered in nature many extraordinary coincidences, which, for all but those unacquainted with them, prove worthy of serious consideration, the hypothesis of the earth having been evolved from an immense mass of matter by a series or regular succession of various causes, in accordance with certain well-established physical laws. Historical geology, by determining the order of the several strata of the earth's crust, and by a careful study of the organic remains contained in the rocks, proves as certainly as certainty exists, that a number of great ages can be made out in the history of the formation of the vegetable and animal life of the globe. To adduce the arguments upon which the modern theories are based—arguments based on facts, the fruits of long, patient and skilful researches—would require more time and space than can be given to the whole of this paper. Besides, it would scarcely be to the point to adduce them here, since, usually, the defenders of the "Literal" theory do not judge of them on their own merits, but as they choose to say, *a priori*. To be convinced by the arguments of some of the old-school defenders, one would have to believe that time, talent and fortunes are expended on natural science, in our time, only from a frenzied desire to overthrow divine revelation. Such an idea soon appears pitiable to the reader who makes even but a cursory study of the modern history of science.

Another objection frequently made is that modern scientific hypotheses are based on inconclusive data. True it is that, on certain scientific as well as on certain philosophical and theological points, more or less improbable, and even impossible theories have been advanced; but what sane mind can conclude from this that in the natural sciences, as well as in theology and philosophy the facts and principles commonly received are not beyond reasonable doubt? Serious investigation of the scientific hypotheses proposed from

the time of Copernicus down to our own days, show that the observations and calculations on which those commonly received are based, far from passing unchallenged are admitted only after being thoroughly sifted and frequently repeated. That certain writers and lecturers invoke the new astronomy and historical geology in the vain attempt to prove disagreement between the book of revelation and the book of nature cannot be denied; but to the logical mind this proves no more against true scientists and true science, than do countless heresies against the great doctors and theology itself.

Certain defenders of the "Literal" theory, admit the data on which is based the hypothesis of the earth's having been gradually formed to become the abode of man; they admit that in each layer of the earth's crust are found fossils not met with in preceding strata, and that relics of men are to be found only in the topmost of those layers. They may or may not believe with all great scientists that for petrification and carbonization, lengthy periods of time are required, but they must and do admit that these transformations could not have been effected in a single day. How then do they explain them? The fossils, say they, are but freaks of nature, that is, pure stones or masses of matter thus transformed by a plastic force in the interior of the earth. Other defenders of the "Literal" theory say the fossils were thus created directly by Almighty God. Who does not see the absurdity of either one of these explanations? Logically does the impious writer retort that man is better off without a God than with one who thus takes pleasure in deceiving His creatures; well and effectively does the scientist return the charge of advancing arbitrary hypotheses. Any of the theories received by scientists are dogmas compared with the "Interior plastic force" theory. To say with Bosizo that the fossils are due to the Deluge is to give an explanation worthier of consideration than the two mentioned above; but there are strong reasons for rejecting this theory too. The order of stratification is regular, and each stratum has its own fossils; were a violent and sudden catastrophe like the Deluge the cause of these, they would certainly be mixed and heaped together. The Deluge was contemporary with man; his relics should then be found in all the

different strata. Again, is it certain that the Deluge was geographically universal?

The second explanation, in the chronological order of the Mosaic days is found in the "Allegorical" theory proposed by St. Augustine and adhered to by St. Thomas and Alfred the Great. The Eagle of Hippo, explaining the days of Genesis in an allegorical sense, made them correspond to successive manifestations which, he supposed, the divine Wisdom made of his work to the angels or to man. This explanation is entitled to most respectful consideration, from being associated with the names of the greatest doctors of the Church. It was upheld by them because it was free from the objections from reason which these great minds detected in the "Literal" theory. The "Allegorical" theory is certainly ingenious, but is rather theological or metaphysical than physical. The greatest objection to it is, that it destroys the historical character of the first chapter of Genesis. This historical character of the first chapter of Genesis, it would seem, should be incontestable; if it is not, what portion of the Scripture can be held as containing narrations of real events and which portion of ideal occurrences?

The reason which induced the great doctors to champion this idealism in Genesis, was to have an interpretation which would not be exposed to the derision of the enemies of the Church. That same reason would probably make them the staunchest defenders of the "Period" theory, did they live in our times. St. Augustine, as cited by St. Thomas, was by no means opposed to a theory of slow transformation. The Angelic Doctor (P. I., 9, 74, 32) says: "Augustine holds that from the beginning certain things had a distinct and particular nature, according to their species, such as the elements, the celestial bodies and spiritual substances: the others existed in *rationibus seminalibus tantum*, as the animals and plants, and were not produced in their distinctive nature until after these mysterious six days." St. Augustine would then lead us to infer, indeed he almost says distinctly, that all was created by God in the beginning, in the sense that God made universal matter, and that this matter contained in itself, invisibly and potentially, all that has since been formed by the laws of nature.

Surely, the author of such an opinion would never have opposed the "Nebular Hypothesis." The commentators of our times who are ready to accord to science the place it deserves, usually reject the "Allegorical" theory for the reasons adduced; but they admit it to be most logical in its way—*i. e.*, from a logical or metaphysical point of view. The illustrious Father Piancioni probably voices the sentiments of the majority of his fellow-commentators when he says, that he would not hesitate to take the "Allegorical" theory, were there a question of choosing between it and the "Literal" theory.

The earliest effort to directly reconcile the Mosaic narration with geological facts was made during the last century by certain learned German writers who advanced and defended the "Restoration" theory. According to it, between the first verse of Genesis, which announces the creation of the universal matter, and the second, which describes the chaotic state of the earth, long centuries elapsed, during which the universal matter underwent a number of transformations. Before the actual earth several others existed which have been successively destroyed, and after the destruction of each, God restored order and life by a new creation. The last of these creations, that of our earth, was effected in six days of twenty-four hours each. The fossils, then, which are found embedded in our earth are but relics of ancient worlds.

This theory was adopted and defended by Cardinal Wiseman, and is by no means without adherents among commentators of our times. It has the advantage of being able to admit all geological discoveries, past and future, and, at the same time, does no violence to the Mosaic text. There are a number of strong reasons, however, which urge its rejection. Commentators in general hold that the text does not admit of a separation of centuries between the first and second verses, especially when the days mentioned in the following verses are not considered to be long periods. A century ago, when the "Restoration" theory was first proposed, the common opinion amongst geologists of note was that the crust of our planet had been subject to a series of violent convulsions. It was, perhaps, on this doctrine that the "Restoration"

theory was grounded, for it seemed not unreasonable to suppose that the days of Genesis, if understood as periods, might correspond with these geological breaks. Sir Charles Lyell became the vigorous opponent of the doctrine of sudden changes, and his "Principles of Geology" are a masterly demonstration of the continuous action of physical causes. The breaks of continuity in the geological record, formerly considered a proof of violent and sudden convulsions, are now known to be due partly to the limited extent of our explorations, partly to the enormous amount of denudation which has gradually taken place, and partly to the circumstance that large tracts of the earth's surface have remained dry land during the whole of the time occupied by the formation of successive geological strata. The rational difficulties which induced the great doctors to reject the "Literal" theory, evidently militates also against the "Restoration" theory.

We now approach the "Period" theory, that on which the greatest reliance has been placed by those Christian apologists who, during the present century, have undertaken the task of vindicating revelation in the first chapter of Genesis from the charge of being opposed to reason. Authors differ on matters of detail, but the general outline of this theory rests on the assumption that the days spoken of in Genesis are not days of twenty-four hours, but long periods of time, during which the organization of the world was gradually carried out in accordance with the physical laws given to nature by the Creator, and the earth was prepared for the reception of plants and animals which were created by the immediate action of God. Among the earnest defenders of this theory are numbered, in the last century, Buffon, Cuvier, Michaelis, Father Bertier, and the celebrated geologist, John of Luke; in the present century, the Abbé Guénéé, the famous champion against Voltaire, Mgr. De Frayssinous, many eminent theologians, as Labermann, Schnonppinger, Herman, Father Perroux, and numbers of scientists.

A danger to be avoided in endeavoring to harmonize the first chapter of Genesis with scientific facts, by the "Period" theory, is the setting of too definite limits to each of the day-epochs. Geology, though it now gives with certainty the

principal transformations which have taken place, still lacks many details of these ; in the same way, Moses contented himself with merely outlining the main phases which the world exhibited before arriving at its present state of perfection ; hence, to claim perfect accord on every point, many more or less probable details, on both sides, have to be assumed. Even in as brief a paper as the present, some idea should be given of how the work attributed by Moses to the Almighty on each of the six days, is understood of some one of the metamorphoses, which science shows to have taken place on our planet. It is proposed to take up the first day-epoch, and an effort will be made not to descend to details not commonly admitted by apologists and scientists.

Scientific chronology, that commonly received at least, takes us back to an immense empty space wherein the Author of all being, in His own good time created and placed a massive globe of unconsolidated matter. This globular mass of incandescent vapor at once began to condense and lose its heat, and consequently to contract at the surface. The density of the outside portions, after a time, increased to such an extent that large masses sunk in towards the centre of the vaporous sphere. These masses, however, did not reach the centre, for the interior vapor, though not dense enough to offer a complete resistance, yet opposed the progress to such an extent as to cause them to fall on one side or other of the centre. It is assumed that larger quantities of this matter fell on one side of the centre, and the result was a slow rotation of the whole sphere. This motion continually increased as condensation went on ; in consequence of this, as the mass was plastic, a large and dense ring of gas was collected over the equatorial plane, which, in time, separated from the main body. Different portions of this ring being of unequal density, it broke up ; the heavier portions attracted the lighter, and in time they formed a sphere rotating on an axis, and revolving around the original mass. Successive rings were thrown off, and thus were formed all the planets commencing with the most remote.

This is the Nebular Hypothesis which has been defended by almost every great scientist of our time. To outline the

proofs which have been adduced in its favor, would take us too far from our subject ; suffice it to say that anyone who weighs them will not easily reject this system. Other theories have been advanced to explain the formation of the planetary system ; the most noted of these is perhaps M. Faye's whirlwind theory. They all, however, start with the creation of an immense mass, from which the planets are formed, and of which the sun is the largest remaining portion. Apologists who adopt the "Period" theory see in the gaseous state, which according to all the modern scientific theories the earth had after its separation from the main mass, the chaotic state of which Moses speaks.

The darkness which Moses says was upon the deep expresses, our apologists tell us, the state of the earth after it had, in consequence of continual condensation, become a liquid and partly solid mass ; for in this condition the earth, though luminous at first, ceased to be so. Neither was it at that time illuminated as it is now, by the still incandescent central mass ; for the earth was then enveloped by an atmosphere much denser and higher than at present, which the light from without failed to penetrate. But in time this atmosphere diminished in density and in height, another effect of gradual condensation, and the light from the central mass the future sun, reached the earth. The light at this early period was not the clear, bright sunlight we have at present, for the atmosphere surrounding the earth was still only translucent ; the light then resembled that now received during a dense fog ; later, as the atmosphere became more and more transparent, it might be compared to twilight. The sun was not visible, but really shed light on the earth, which rotated on its axis and thus day and night succeeded each other. Here there is the explanation of the light, day and night, mentioned by Moses as existing on the first day.

The continuation of this comparison through each of the six days of the creation could scarcely be considered within the limits of an essay on the meaning of the word day in Genesis ; lack of time at any rate, prevents its being attempted here, as it could not be made without developing at considerable length many facts of historical geology. The ordinary reader knows that the fossils, the relics of

other ages, which have been extensively unearthed in our century, prove to the unsceptical mind that there has been on our globe a number of great ages in the progress of vegetable and animal life. These relics show that there was first an age when there was no life, or only life of the very simplest kind; then followed ages during which appeared successively, shells or mollusks, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, mammals or quadrupeds, and lastly man. These great ages were not, in the opinion of modern geologists, clearly marked divisions in the world's history, but gradually merged into and overlapped each other. Apologists hold, and scientists to a great extent agree, that the number of periods into which Moses divides the formation of the earth is a natural one, and that he describes as taking place on each one of his days the principle features which characterize one or other of the great periods. The strongest proof of the correctness of the "Period" theory is the complete agreement upon well-established scientific points which is shown to exist between the bible and sciences, by a close comparison of each of the Mosaic days with one of the great divisions of the world's history as learned from geology. It is with regret, then, that comparison is omitted here; taken for any other day, it would certainly be fully as convincing an argument for the "Period" theory as the comparison between the first Mosaic day and the probable formation of the earth, has, it is hoped, been shown to be.

Before proceeding to develop other proofs of the "Period" theory a difficulty is to be dealt with,—a difficulty which at first sight might tempt the Christian be he a great reasoner, or only an unthinking reader, to forever reject the "Period" theory. From what has been said, it might, perhaps, seem that with the exception of the immediate creation of the universal matter, all has been formed slowly and successively in accordance with the physical laws given to matter at its creation. But such a theory as applied to life seems to go against the principles of Christian philosophy which proves conclusively that *spontaneous* generation is impossible. In reply to this difficulty it may be argued that St. Thomas and St. Augustine, both certainly profoundly christian and philosophical, saw no great diffi-

culty in admitting that the plants, the animals and even man existed in the original matter in *rationibus seminalibus*. It seems difficult, however, not to admit a direct intervention of God for the formation, not only of man, but also for that of the most perfect among the animals, as the mammalia, etc. The greater number of Christian apologists in our time admit this direct intervention of the Creator, without rejecting the opinion that brute bodies were formed by a slow and natural evolution. They argue that as God determined from the beginning to directly create the soul of each man as soon as the material embryo should be in a state to receive it, so it may be conceived that, according as the formation of matter had arrived at a certain degree of perfection, offering favorable media for more and more perfect life, God directly intervened to create beings fitted for this new state of things. This opinion is free from the difficulties from reason which have been shown to stand in the way of the creation of the world in six days of twenty-four hours each; for there was a certain *exigency*, to use the technical term, on the part of matter to receive these beings, in the same manner as there is an *exigency* on the part of the body at a given moment to receive the soul.

Certain proofs from traditions adduced in favour of the "Period" theory will be briefly dwelt upon. It is certain that a fact almost universally attested by the people of every clime and every age, must be founded upon truth. Truth, in this matter, was not probably discovered by reason, since the greatest geniuses, alone, supposed the earth either to be eternal, or to be the result of a chance conglomeration of atoms which had been floating through space. This truth, then, must have been communicated by the author of all being to our first parents. The primitive tradition lost much of its purity with the expansion of the race of Adam, but a comparison of the cosmical traditions of different nations, ancient and modern, convinces the student that there is a certain unity amongst them which can be accounted for only from their having sprung from a common source.

By the cosmical traditions of India, we are told that Brahma, the God supreme, remained 360 days enclosed in the *cosmical egg* before breaking it in order to

tion are really striking, but they cannot be given their full force without sifting word for word a number of passages of those chapters. The amount of time and space which this would take, joined to the fact that it was proposed to introduce nothing in this paper but what is *commonly* held, do not permit us to consider the learned Abbé and his colleague's arguments here.

The "Liturgical" theory has been allotted last place here for two reasons: first, because it was proposed more recently than the other theories; secondly, because it affords an occasion of considering some of the arguments used against the "Period" theory. It seems to have been first brought forward by Mgr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, in a very scholarly article in the *Dublin Review* of April, 1881. He considers the first chapter of Genesis as a poem; in this he is in accord with nearly all commentators; our translation reflects the poetic character of the beginning of Genesis, and Hebrew scholars say it is much more noticeable in that tongue. But Mgr. Clifford may rightly lay claim to originality when he declares that this poem is in nowise historical, but purely liturgical. Moses, he says, invites the Jewish people to consecrate to the Almighty each one of the days of the week by commemorating some portion of the work of the creation.

Mgr. Clifford gives as one reason for proposing this new theory the fact that he feels that the obstacles which stand in the way of adapting the words of Genesis to the various details of the "Period" theory, scarcely leave that theory tenable. No doubt, the details to which certain writers have descended cannot all be upheld; the difficulty and danger of attempting to show perfect accord between Scripture and Science on *every* point has already been alluded to, but no theory should be rejected simply because certain minor details introduced into it by a few ardent defenders cannot be borne out.

Another serious objection which he sees to the soundness of the "Period" theory, is that, to him at least, its difficulties do not diminish, but, on the contrary, increase in proportion as the science of geology advances and new facts come to light. He gives as proof of this fact that there has been lately discovered in the

Laurentian strata a fossil, *Eozoon Canadense*, a zoophyte, the Bishop says, which show the improbability of a very high temperature of the ocean at the time of the earliest formations of which geology has any knowledge. We might reply that a high or low temperature of the ocean at some particular period, is a matter to be decided by science; few or no defenders of the "Period" theory, would allude to such a detail, did it not rest on scientific data. Nothing, then, can be logically concluded against the "Period" theory. The difficulty, however, is perhaps more satisfactorily explained on its own grounds and scientific data. The learned Bishop does not choose to tell his readers, that the animal nature of *Eozoon Canadense* is far from being placed beyond a doubt; a fact which certainly prevents any solid objection being based upon it.

The other scientific difficulties advanced by Bishop Clifford, resemble the one noted in being founded on more or less probable points, and not on well established facts; and in opposing not the "Period" theory itself, but certain details which are by no means essential. These are, no doubt, fair samples of the scientific difficulties which an earnest and gifted mind, whilst defending some favorite theory, may believe to discover against the "Period" theory. They may be opposed to certain details of that theory as explained by such or such a writer, but are evidently not opposed to any essential part of the theory.

Mgr. Clifford says, "Any attempt to fasten on the words of Moses a meaning in conformity with the discoveries of modern science; to reconcile Scripture and geology, are not likely to be more successful than were former attempts to reconcile Scripture and astronomy. No one will venture to say that the study of Genesis has ever led to the discovery of a single geological fact." It is difficult to see, and the gifted writer does not explain how these facts, admitting them to be facts, can be used as arguments against the "Period" theory more than against any other theory. The learned Bishop, a few pages farther on, gives as the principal proof of his theory, recent discoveries in archæology; surely, he forgets then the difficulty of "Reconciling Scripture and modern science."

Again, a Bishop of the Catholic Church

certainly does not mean to tell us that the Holy Scripture has never been reconciled with astronomy! The Bible, it is true, is not a text-book of modern science; the inspired writer treats of scientific facts as they present themselves to the senses, in exactly the same way that even modern writers do when scientific precision is not an object. A text-book on astronomy often does not say *apparent* motion, when treating of the sun, in the same way that Jos., X 12-14, omits the word *apparently* in speaking of the sun's standing still. This explains how it is that the true motions of the planetary system were not discovered by a study of the Scripture; in the same way it explains how it is that few or no geological facts have been discovered from a simple study of the Bible. One perusing a scientific work in our times and ignorant of the Copernican system and the facts of historical geology, might from the terms used in the work before him, be led to false conclusions regarding the motions and formation of the earth, but would this be because the writer of the book knew nothing of geology and astronomy? Why cannot it be admitted, then, that Genesis which is not a text-book at all, may not employ explicit terms regarding certain scientific facts, which, nevertheless, were known to Moses.

The Bishop of Clifton was induced to propose the "Liturgical" theory on account of certain difficulties which he believed he saw in the way of the "Period" theory. It has been shown, it is hoped, that these difficulties, or at least the so-called difficulties stated in the exposition of the "Liturgical" theory in the Review referred to are not really opposed to the "Period" theory. But the "Liturgical"

theory is particularly objectionable in denying the historical character of the first chapter of Genesis. If we refuse to admit the historical character of this part of the Bible, the door is opened to a complete rejection of the reality of the Bible. It has already been noted, in speaking of the "Period" theory, that the division of the work of the creation into *six* parts may be to a certain extent arbitrary, and that that particular number may have been taken to induce the observance of the Sabbath; but there is nothing in the Holy Scripture which leads us to believe that the Jews were urged by Moses to commemorate on each day of the week some part of the work of the creation, as the "Liturgical" theory implies.

Besides these five explanations of the Mosaic days, other theories come to us recommended by great scientists or apologists, but the ones treated are, no doubt, among the best examples to show how the difficult question of the creation was understood in different ages. The "Literal" may be said to have had adherents in all ages, but relatively fewer now than ever before; the "Allegorical" theory proposed by St. Augustine in the 4th century and advocated by St. Thomas in the 13th century is a proof, added to many others, of the vast and varied knowledge of the great doctors of the Church; the "Restoration" theory and the "Period" theory show the rapid progress of science within the past century and prove that apologists have no fear that scientific discoveries will contradict the written work of God; in fine, the "Liturgical" theory has a certain interest in being a not impossible explanation proposed in our times.

WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I. '87

INFINITE DEPTHS.

The little pool, in street or field apart,
 Glasses the heavens and the rushing storm;
 And into the silent depths of every heart
 The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE SINGING STONES.

[The following lines were suggested by the hearing of music elicited from a number of stones collected after years of laborious research and much expense by a French gentleman named Baudre. The aim of this gentleman was to prove that there was in stones music of sweeter and purer strain than could be produced by any artificial instrument. Our readers will agree that this short poem makes a strong argument in favor of the theory.]



HENCE came they—O ye voiceful shapes of stone !
 Those melodies that breathe from every dulcet strain ?
 Whence have ye caught that harmony of tone,
 Which treasured in your crystal heart hath lain,
 Till man the secret from your bosoms wrung,
 And cried : “ A marvel ! lo, the stones have sung !”

Is't true, ere you had known the mountain sides
 And sunny vales of summer-loved Champagne,
 You'd felt the mighty throb of surging tides
 'Neath fathom's depth of foamy-crested main ?
 And heard the clarion swell that thundered o'er
 The silent sanded wastes and sapphire caves
 Which stud the dreadful vast of ocean's floor—
 Thick-strewn with spoilage of the vandal waves ?

And when your lives were stilled, and you became
 The mosaic bed of laughter-ringing seas—
 The fretwork of the globe's titanic frame—
 Changed by the fires of hidden mysteries,
 Have you not felt the surge of molten rock
 Upheave the massive crust in wrinkled fold ;
 And heard the seething flood, the earthquake's shock,
 The roar and moil of waters backward roll'd ?

You must, in time, have hushed within your heart
 Soft lullabies the stream sung low and sweet
 Unto herself, atween the mountain's feet :—
 Or you have got the sunshine's sacred art,
 That made to sing the fabled Memnon's breast ;
 Or Dian's sigh, what time soft-sandalled Night
 Had lulled Endymion to dreamy rest
 Beneath the glances of the pleasant light.

Haply the odor on the zephyr tost ;
 The truant flavor of the purpled grape ;
 Or bloom of bud, or beauty of sweet shape,
 Hath been transformed to you, no atom lost,
 But, changed by curious alchemy of Time,
 Became your soul of song—the hidden spring
 Of Beauty's fount, whence Music lingering,
 Hath rung the changes of her mystic chime.

Perchance some spirit, Ariel-like, is pent
 Within your soul, and sings with fond desire
 A prayer no space can still—no time can tire—
 To find surcease of cruel banishment.
 Gladly would I be Prospero, and rend
 The 'tombing flint, were there no halting fear
 That ne'er again the magic strain we'd hear,
 When joy and misery alike found end.

The soul was laden with a melody
 That flung its rapture o'er the charmèd ear
 And brought the light and laughter of the sea
 From other, lovelier, climes to music dear :
 The beauty of its numbers haunt me still ;
 And well I know the cadence of its song
 Will linger down the years, and wake a thrill
 Of joy, when sadder strains Time sounds along.

—EDWARD F. O'SULLIVAN, M. A. '88.



1848.



UN attentively contemplating Nature and its phenomena we notice that after every calm, when the heat and the atmospheric pressure have done their work, the clouds with their hail, rain and electricity having collected, there comes a shock that convulses the whole atmosphere, and extends its effects over whole countries. So it is amongst the peoples of the earth. Periodically the masses surge, and boil, and rise, animated by some inward spirit of revolt, and cause the thrones to shake, the crowned heads to totter, the nobles to tremble; and having thus turned order and authority upside down, gradually sink back into the old state of things, and the world goes on as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

The year 1848 was for western Europe one of those periods of revolution, rebellion and anarchy. To take a short glimpse at the history of that year in each particular country and state would require volumes; however, let us glance for a moment at two countries, each of a different character from its neighbour, and behold how spontaneously the earthquake of society burst forth in all its terror and strength. We will look at France and Italy. We will not refer to the rebellions of the end of the 18th century, which were felt in each of these countries; after a lapse of sixty years we find the spirit of Liberty again walking forth and the red caps replacing the diadem. Let us take the words of Charles Phillips, the Irish orator; in a few lines he presents a most glowing description of the "Reign of Terror" in the land of the Gaul. As I cite from memory, the words may not be all exact, but if not, they are very close to the original: "The microscopic vision of your blasphemers has not sight enough to contemplate the mighty minds that commenced the revolution. The wit, the sage, the orator, and the hero, the full family of genius, were afforded to the nation's exigency. She had a glorious cause, and all that human potency could allow her; she relied too much on that human potency, abjured her God, as a

consequence killed her king, culled her polluted deity from the brothel, and the fall of the idol extinguished the flame of the altar, finally the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of to-morrow." The above refers to the first French revolution, when Louis XVI was killed, but it applies as a description to the second one. And France did all this in the sacred name of Liberty, though in the deluge of human blood she left not a mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon. "But Providence was neither dead nor sleeping; it mattered not that impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after the ensanguined banners, that her insatiate eagle as he soared against the sun, replumed his strength and renewed his vision, 'twas but for a moment, and in the very banquet of the triumph the Almighty's vengeance *blazed upon the wall*, and the diadem fell from the brow of the idolater."

Turn we to Italy! Father Bresciani, an Italian author, gives a description of Vesuvius as follows, in an Italian magazine published some thirty years ago: "The sides of Vesuvius present a delightful view to the spectator who stands near Partici or on the Torre del Greco. The eye never grows fatigued, nor does the mind ever become satiated with the grandeur of the scenery; the heart overflows with the delight which those luxurious heights everywhere breathe. The noble and delicate mind of the sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., frequently contemplated the beauties of those hills during the sad hours of his tedious exile, and from the terrace watched the tranquil sea, and scanned the circle of the gulf from Posilippo to Sorrentum. On the one hand he beheld the fertile shores studded with villas and palaces, environed by well cultivated lands; on the other, groves of orange-trees and cedars, vineyards of the choicest grapes, and orchards of the most delicious fruit crowned the declivities of the mountains. The softness of the climate, and the clearness of the atmosphere, the placid sea, the gentle breezes, the scent of the flowers and the splendor with which the groves of myrtle and laurel clothed the landscape even in the winter,

partly assuaged the sorrows of the Pontiff."

On the 6th February, 1850, upon the high summit of Vesuvius was seen a dense column of smoke, increasing rapidly and extending into the clouds. The profound caverns of the mountains began to send forth groans resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, the heavens were darkened, the sun grew dim, and the sea raged with the violence of the wind. The horses, with moving manes and ears erect, neighed and pawed the ground; the dogs ran howling with terror through the streets of Ottiano, Resina and Bosco; the birds with doubtful flight escaped to the mountains of Amalfi; the ducks fled noisily from their ponds, and domestic fowls collected their young. The hollow sides of the mountain redoubled their thunder; the smoke and ashes were driven in a tempest over the plain; the heights staggered, and the mouth of the volcano yawned; rocks, flames and ashes came forth with a roar like that of artillery; the fiery torrent darted forth, and red-hot rocks were heaved up from the abyss. For three days and nights it thus continued. The smoke, driven by the wind moved in masses over the bay and the mountains of Castellamare, then stretching over Sorrentum it extended to the hills of Amalfi, and over the broad bay by Salerno and Pestum. The fiery lava, like another Phlegethon, descended flashing and blazing. The unfortunate people of Ottiano fled terror-stricken; thousands perished, and whole districts, villas, palaces and towns were entombed. What a picture of the internal state of Italy two years before the volcanic eruption of revolution! Italy, the beautiful, generous country! How pressing thy invitations formerly extended to the pilgrim! The traveller could never sufficiently contemplate the magnificence of thy sacred ceremonies, the richness of thy scenery, the sweet repose of thy cities, the ardor of thy youth, the enchanting beauty of thy women, the valor, genius and refinement of thy people! How wert thou so suddenly convulsed? How did a volcano thus burst forth in thy centre, scattering smoke and flames, and overwhelming thee in such immeasurable ruin? Thou wert humbled in the dust! Look in thy death-struggle upon thy children! A malignant influence corrupted and poisoned thy

noble aspirations, and turned into ruin all that thou hadst with wisdom devised for the liberty and honor of thy people! Long had the volcano been working in thy bosom, and in 1848 it burst forth in all its fury, overflowing the land with the lava-tide of impiety, before which all that was good, or venerable, or sacred perished.

Need I ask of Prudhomme, Ledru-Rollin, Blanc or Voltaire the cause of this fearful commotion? Need I call on the spirits of Gioberti, Strobini, Kossuth, Lola Montes, Gavazzi, Mazzini, Campello or Brabetta of Interlachen? No; I need but ask of Rossi, whose was the bloody stiletto that cut you down on the very steps of the Senate of Palma? whose was the carbine that laid you low on the balcony of the Quirinal? But that word recalls me—the *carbine*! It took many years to charge that gun. Joseph II. introduced the powder by oppression of the Church; Voltarianism threw in the balls by filling the benches of the Imperial parliament; the cap was fitted on by a false policy which connived at evil for fear of increasing it, which was overreached by the ferocity of Helvetian radicalism, that occupied the chairs of the universities. When, after all was ready, illuminism cocked it by the hands of secret societies, and taking good aim, the shot came like a thunderbolt. The escape of Pius IX. through the skill of Fillipanni and another, tells the story of the climax. "Young Italy" desired to uproot religion and took every means to succeed. Under pretext of wishing to chase the Austrians from Italy, they carried assassination into the very sanctuary and a reign of terror and hell combined, held the land. "Austria, old, haggard, decrepit thief—clotted with the costly blood of Poland—trembled as she sheathed her sword and played the penitent within the Ferrara walls." The Carbonari, that Italian branch of the tree of Illuminism, triumphed by all the arts that polluted minds could suggest. But the day of reckoning came; Pollissina perished in Lombardy, the Austrians lost hold upon Italy, of which was written:—

"Thou double-necked, double-crowned dumb bird,

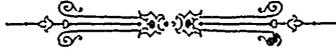
Thy days in Italia are numbered;
Cross the Po from the land of the Lombard,
Or we will fine you a crown."

Lola Montes died an outcast in America; Brabetta of Interlachen died howling like a demon in prison; and all have passed away with the print of God's anger upon them, and Italy revived from the volcanic shock.

In the next OWL I will continue this subject, too vast even for short magazine articles. The other day, smoke was seen

to rise over the crater of Vesuvius—a sign that the mountain holds another charge of lava that might burst forth at any moment; in the social world there are signs that the same malign and secret influences are again at work—we should learn from the past to be on the *qui vive*.

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.



SHAKESPEARE'S PORTIA, AN ANTICIPATION OF THE
IDEAL AMERICAN WOMAN.



It is strange that we should find points of similarity existing between a more poetical creation of two centuries ago, and a living reality whose existence we are made aware of every day. It is nevertheless true that Shakespeare's Portia is the very counterpart of the American maiden of to-day: and the longer we study her character, the more striking the resemblance appears. Unable to discover a Portia among the two women of his time, Shakespeare had recourse to his mighty mind for the material wherewith to construct his loftiest ideal of the gentler sex; and with prophetic foresight he gave to the world what has happened to be realized in the noblest type of womanhood which any century affords. Americans can perceive the resemblance even at a glance. The woman of America would be recognized if met with in Plutarch. She possesses individual characteristics which defy counterfeit. And so, having discovered these characteristics in Portia, we have concluded that Shakespeare must have been acquainted, in some mysterious manner, with the American girl, whom we had hitherto imagined to be a delicacy specially reserved for the 19th century.

Lovely as Portia is, she has her traducers just as Miss America has hers. All critics do not admit that she is the embodiment of a lofty ideal. Some, notably Europeans, regard her in any but a favorable light. They consider her as a very sportive Miss; one who over-steps the

bounds of feminality, and who possesses but a mediocrity of maiden modesty. They see in her a very wealthy young lady, a stranger to restraint, whose whole ambition is to make the best of the world while she is in it, and who holds society's mandates at naught. They have the idea that Portia, in donning man's apparel, and mingling among men, was well aware of the impropriety she was committing, and of how innocent, modest society would blush at the very mention of her deeds; but that, unmindful of these things, she followed her own wicked inclinations. They hold that her especial characteristic is an unfeminine boldness, and that she is a combination of what would in these days be termed the "woman's rights advocate," and the frivolous maid. Their contentions have little weight, however, with men who require more than mere appearances whereon to base their judgments. Those critics who traduce her are by no means the fairer-minded or more noted of their class. The higher authority in the critical world honor her as a lofty type of noble womanhood; and as the true worth of honor is proportionate to the one honoring, she deserves to be considered as one of the fairest characters which the poet has introduced. To him who is not content with judging by the surface, but dives deeper, and examines the motives of human action, it must be that Shakespeare intended Portia to represent one of the purest of women; but by her wished to demonstrate that down-cast eyes, quickly blushing checks, and humble mien are not essential requisites

of true womanly modesty. The very idea of high and noble purpose which is the very essence of Portia's character wholly incompatible with that of guilty frivolity. Many of those actions which society terms wicked are not so in themselves; they are prompted by nature. But owing to society's own corruption, the slightest deviation from her mandates, be this deviation so natural, is often considered as deserving of censure in itself. Thus many of Portia's deeds appear reprehensible when in reality they are not. In Shakespeare's time society was by no means purer than it is at the present day; much wickedness and vice permeated it; and therefore innocence required its distinguishing characteristics, manifested by external signs. Hence were necessary society's laws with respect to dress, deportment, and so on. Were society wholly good, did no veins of evil run through it, man would be guided by a natural law of right and wrong, and few of her rules would be required. Portia, young and clean of heart as she was, believed that society was as pure and innocent as herself, and followed freely the impulse of her guileless nature.

In addition to her innocence and purity, Portia is possessed of intellectual powers which place her on a par with the noblest of the opposite sex, but which render her in no degree unfeminine. Her character gives evidence throughout that although she says that she is "an unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractised," she makes this assertion through modesty; that, in reality, great care has been taken in her education, and that she has profited thereby. Hers is a strange character, and one that Shakespeare only could have drawn;—uniting all the highest qualities of man with the loveliest graces of woman. What an anomaly she is! Now, her tongue runs glibly on in gentle raillery, now in sparkling wit: anon, her discourse is loving and pathetic, or bursts forth in almost heavenly eloquence, or again is interspersed with sound philosophy that would do honor to a sage; but, which, though deep and sound, bears fair Portia's image in every word. The Poet aimed at showing in this character that woman is capable of being the equal of man in intellect without detracting from her feminality. He wished to dethrone the false idea that she is merely a pretty ornament

whose head is the repository of silly nothings, and whose intellect consists only in the name. He wished to show that she could be the associate of man, and an assistant to him without being metamorphosed into that monster, the man-woman. Portia has mingled with men as well as with her own sex during her life, and has taken advantage of her intercourse to study their characters. For, note how admirably and with what charming wit and satire she hits off the "parcel of wooers" to Nerissa. From this narration we can imagine what must have been her train of thought in her love-colloquies with the various wooers, and what amusement they must have furnished her. She proves her thorough acquaintance with the year-old graduate thus:—

"I hold thee any wager
When we are both accourred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays
Like a fine-bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they tell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killed them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
About a twelve-month. I've within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise."

It is evident from the above that man is no stranger to the fair Portia; and one judging merely from her glib and careless tone, and her piquant air, might be led to criticise her rather severely. But let us examine her more closely. If she were the truly frivolous maid, would not her conversation with Nerissa in the privacy of their apartments, before their departure for Venice, have savored of this character? It certainly would have. It would have turned upon the light in which society would view them. This would have been the very place for the poet to introduce the immodest woman scoffing at society and her mandates. But no; society has no place in their converse. Portia sees no wrong in her action. In fact, owing to her intrinsic purity, the idea of any evil being connected with it never comes to her mind. Fully occupied with the thought of benefitting Antonio, her husband's bosom friend, and, perhaps, with that of amusement for herself, she prepares for her journey to Venice in the

disguise of a Doctor of Laws, with the invitation to Nerissa :—

“Come on Nerissa ; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of ; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.”

Such has the poet portrayed Portia,—talented and accomplished as the best of men, lovely and pure as the noblest of women, yet wholly free and unrestrained. And such is the American maiden of to-day.

Do not imagine for a moment that the American girl to whom I would compare Portia is she who flies about the country in knickerbockers, with an eyeglass, walking stick, and Derby hat, proclaiming a new era for woman ; who considers herself entitled to vote for every office from the President to the village councillor, and who would not herself say nay to the nomination for any office in the land ; whose shrill voice fills our opera-houses sounding the clarion-call to women far and wide to bind themselves together, and take man's place at the helm of the state for a few centuries ; who declares that man has governed the world long enough, and that it is time the sex of which she is a fair member—or rather the fair sex of which she is a member, should guide the earth's motion for a while. Those who imagine this biped to be the typical American woman are greatly mistaken. This is a fungus growth on the tree of American society. She is looked upon with horror and disgust by the men, and with fear and trembling by the women of America ; and but for the absolute freedom which rules in the land, would not be so much as tolerated.

But the American girl to whom I would liken Portia is the highly-cultured, educated American girl, with a head upon her shoulders. This type of womanhood is by no means rare in America. She is generally beautiful, for our land is famed for its fair women ; but if not, she amply compensates by graces of manner for what she lacks in personal charms. There is nothing timid, bashful, or blushing about this girl ; nor yet is she boyish or bold. She is brimful of life and buoyancy and fire, wit, humor, and good, sound common sense. There is nothing lackadaisical, and very little sentiment in her composition. She is thoroughly practical, she has never been denied the companionship of the opposite sex, and throughout her early training has associated with them. She has

benefitted by her education, and her clear mind has readily grasped whatever came in its way. She has benefitted also by her association with men, for it has made her conscious of her own worth, and shown her that man's superiority over woman is to a great extent imaginary. She is not hedged in, as her European sisters are, and kept concealed like a precious gem whose lustre might be dimmed by contact with its fellows. She is the sparkling, radiant girl who is the sunshine of the household, and whose merry laughter makes the fireside joyful. She is a little princess at home ; her brothers would toil night and day for her, her mother lovingly acknowledges her sway, and she is the idol of her father's heart. She is a strange and beautiful flower, whose very strangeness lends her an indescribable charm ; and she is found only in America.

In Europe woman is regarded as an expensive luxury, a beautiful household ornament, or at best, she is considered as a weak and tender creature who must be guarded like a hot-house plant, from every chilling draught. If she be not shy, reserved and timid, she is not orthodox. Judging by this standard, Europeans form a false opinion of Miss America. They look upon her freedom and self-reliance as unseemly, and consider her as lacking in womanly delicacy, to say the least. Americans know her better. Judging her from their own standard, they consider her as man's equal, not as a mere toy of his ; admire her independent nature, and are well aware that beneath this exterior there is a dignity and a retirement of feeling which are impregnable, and which are the true safeguards of her character.

This is the type of woman which the Poet with prophetic foresight, has depicted in Portia. And so, when we see this winsome character on the stage, she reminds us of some friend ; she is familiar to us. And why not ? Every day, we have seen her in our streets, in our places of public resort ; we have met her in our homes. How Shakespeare, in his time, conceived such a high ideal, and one that fitted so perfectly to a future reality is a mystery ; but he did it. He has depicted the ideal American woman of to-day with startling reality, and there will always be a warm corner in every American's heart for Avon's Bard in consideration of his having portrayed her so perfectly.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.



SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM.



MOTHER, to thy patronage we fly
 From this dark world of sorrow, sin and guile ;
 On wings of humble prayer we mount on high
 To bask there in the sunshine of thy smile.

Despise us not, nor our petitions scorn
 In this, the hour of dire necessity ;
 From pleading voices of thy sons forlorn,
 Turn not thy gentle ear reproachfully.

But listen ; and from lurking enemies,
 From hidden perils, dangers unforeseen,
 Defend our barks that sail life's troubled seas,
 O ever blest and glorious Virgin Queen !

—C.C.D. '91.



BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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

The following address to graduates appeared in the *Boston Pilot* at the beginning of vacation. It contains so much good sense that I decided to reproduce it whole instead of spoiling it by truncation. The writer who has the courage to criticise such a self-sustaining personage as your average College graduate merits our admiration in common with the lion-tamer, or the serpent-charmer. It is almost unnecessary to add that advice applicable to the graduate will be of benefit to his chrysalis, the under-graduate. Says the writer in the great Boston journal :—

It is probably within the limits of truth to say our colleges and higher schools have just turned out several thousand young men whose education is "finished," and who are therefore almost as helpless as new-born infants to earn their own "board and keep." Don't blame the colleges and schools for that. Those institutions have fulfilled their contract in supplying their students with the tools of knowledge. How the tools will be used depends entirely on the boys. For it must always be borne in mind that the mission of the teacher is not so much to impart information as to teach the young how to acquire and employ it.

The graduate goes forth into the world proud, and justly proud, of his triumphs in the narrow field of his past life. It is very easy and very silly to ridicule him for that innocent vanity. It is more generous, as well as more just, to applaud his pride and encourage him to further endeavor in the higher and harder road before him. He will find it hard enough at best. Perhaps the hardest part of it will be the dismay and mortification with which he will learn for the first time that his poor little store of scholarship is of such slight apparent worth in the great and busy world. No doubt he has had his dreams of success; and if he has sometimes entertained the possibility of failure in the more ambitious spheres, he has complacently thought to himself: "Well, at the worst, I have always my Education to fall back on."

Poor lad, he does not know that the flattest and emptiest of all air-cushions to

break the fall of ambition is that same "Education." It will surprise and wound him when he is told that one language, and that one the vernacular, is sufficient for the boy who is set to copying law documents, sweeping out counting-rooms, or running errands. But let him not be discouraged. The Education which has seemed such a deceitful acquisition is worth every penny and hour it has cost, if he be willing to bide his time. The most uncultivated and hard-headed business man that he may meet will respect him secretly for that same useless knowledge. He may not be able to dust a desk or direct an envelope a bit the better for his ability to construe Latin or to reel off the history of Patagonia; but if the stuff is in him, if he has learned to handle the tools of knowledge, and has not merely stowed away a lot of literary lumber in a wooden head—he will not spend many months in dusting or directing. Brains will win. There was a painter who mixed his colors with them once.

But the professions are all overcrowded, cry ten thousand anxious and aimless holders of sheepskins. The quick and not very reasonable answer is: "There is always room at the top," or, "Learn a trade; a good workman need never starve." It may be fairly retorted that the top is a long way off, and that it is not so easy for a youth of twenty years or so to get a chance to learn a trade. Fortunately, or unfortunately, each one must work out that problem for himself. If he be determined, he can make a place for himself in the trade or profession for which he has an aptitude. He must expect to endure privations and plenty of them; but they will not hurt him. No success is worth much without them.

If he has, or thinks he has, a taste for literature, it will save him and his friends much trouble to understand at the outset that there is only one way of following that career. "The way to resume is to resume," said Horace Greeley. The way to write is to write, if one has anything to say and knows how to say it. Success in literature comes most slowly, and is never very dazzling at best. Literature is a

profession, and is not mastered in a year, nor in two, nor, speaking generally, in twenty. Small beginnings and slow returns is the rule in that as in other professions.

It is an up-hill road that lies before the young graduate, but let him not be disheartened, if he find it hard and steep and very, very long. Above all, let him disregard the shallow sneer at his college learning, remembering that he laughs best who laughs last, and that his Education is going to stand him in good stead some day, provided he keep on adding to it every day; and he need not be surprised that oaks take longer to mature than weeds.

Says the *Toronto Mail*; A gentleman of Stratford, Ont., says he has "four feet of Canadian poets on his shelves." By this he means, not that he has four of the pedal extremities of lyricists preserved in spirits or otherwise, but that the books of the aforesaid poets of this part of the world when placed side by side, measure four feet. The quality of the verse is not guaranteed, but the quantity is there.

The news came last month of the suspension of the *Dublin Nation* on the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation. A poem in commemoration of the latter event opens the American edition of that notable collection of Irish songs called, "The spirit of the Nation." The *Nation* had been a powerful factor in its day in the politics of Ireland. It was founded fifty years ago, by Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, and John B. Dillon "to foster and create a public spirit in Ireland and make it racy of the soil." It was established at the time the "Young Ireland Party" broke away from the Repeal Association and the policy of O'Connell, and entered the field as a rival organization. In its earlier years the *Nation* was conducted and written by a group of young men of high culture and talents. Chief among them was Davis, a gentle poet, who died, however, while in his youth. Several of the men first connected with the *Nation* rose to positions of distinction when they appeared on stages where their genius was not restricted by tyranny and religious ostracism. Gavan Duffy, who succeeded Davis as editor, and who was twice put on trial for "treason-felony,

and such artificial crimes" after the failure of the *emute* of '48, but whom a jury could not on either occasions be coerced to convict, became a member of the British House of Commons, and afterwards emigrated to Australia. He rose to be Premier of Victoria, received knighthood from the Crown, and a pension from the Colonial Parliament. He is now in Ireland and devotes the close of his life to the composition of charming biographical and historical works. Another of Duffy's colleagues on the *Nation* was the Lord Chief Justice O'Hagan, and a third was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who after coming to Canada, became a Minister of the Crown, and one of the most loyal supporters, of British connection. The *Nation* was too slow, scholarly, and conservative for National purposes, and so, when the National League was projected, *United Ireland* was established, and the slashing William O'Brien installed as its editor, with the result that the *Nation* was, in a short time, in point of circulation and popularity, completely out-distanced.

Since the above was written, the Dublin papers to hand announce that the *Nation* has not suspended but only incorporated with the *Irish Catholic*, a popular literary venture of some years standing.

The egotism of genius is proverbial. It is, however, generally unconscious and, therefore, innocent. Klopstock, the German poet once received a visit from a student who asked him to explain a passage in one his poems. After reaching the verse thus brought to his young friend, with the remark "I do not recollect exactly what your poet wanted to say, but I know that when I wrote it I was satisfied that it was one of the finest verses I ever composed. Devote your life, my young man, to the task of mastering the sense! The discovery will be well worth the trouble." Such self-exaltive conceitedness sprung, let us hope, from a modest but sane conception of the merits of his own parts, a knowledge which every good artist acquires by the fundamental attribute of true genius, a capacity for discipline and hard work. Those prophetic and strenuous souls, the poets, all too frequently, learn in toil and sorrow what they teach in song.

In an article on *Our Canadian Flag*, recently published in *The Young Cana-*

dian, Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., has this to say: "There is one thing we stand in need of, and that is a flag, and distinctive heraldic bearings of our own. England, Scotland, Ireland, and each Province of the Dominion has its arms. But as for Canada as a political unit, all that has been done is to patch together the heterogeneous blazonry of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and all the other Provinces into a conglomeration that lacks all distinctive significance. Every additional Province increased its obscurity, till already it looks, for all the world, more like an ill-matched bit of patch-work bed cover, than a genuine Dominion Flag. When Assiniboia, Regina and all the prospective Provinces of our great North West follow in the wake of Manitoba and British Columbia, all discernible meaning will vanish from the multiform piece of nondescript quarterings." The flag of the Dominion compared to a badly constructed crazy-quilt! Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

James Russell Lowell died last month and with him disappears another morning-star of American literature. Poet, scholar, critic and patriot, his lamented departure leaves a void which time alone can fill. His name is written high upon the long and brilliant roll of American authors, among those of the very best. He was born in 1819, at Lowell, Massachusetts, in Elmwood, the old mansion of his historic family. His father was a Congregationalist clergyman and his grandfather was a capable lawyer. On the maternal side he was of Danish extraction and the blended feelings of the Puritan and the Dane may be distinctly traced in all of his leading writings, discourses and actions.

Young Lowell was educated at Harvard and after being graduated spent some time in the study of law, but finally turned his back upon a profession which is fitly typified by a woman with a bandage over her eyes, and entered upon the profession of author. His first volume, a collection of poems, appeared when he was twenty-one. It attracted but little attention, in my humble opinion much less than it deserved. It was not till four years later, when his *Legend of Brittany*—an unlikely story repulsive in many of its details, but well told in flowing verse—made its appear-

ance, that he obtained an extensive hearing from that best and most unbiassed judge of art, the general public.

Within the next five years he had published the romantic *Vision of St. Launfal*, the curious and outspoken *Table for Critics*, and the first series of the immortal *Biglow Papers*, a satirical work in verse, wherein he has succeeded in making the harsh and uncouth Yankee dialect subservient to the exacting uses of poetry. Six more years passed, and, at thirty-six, he succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as professor of Modern Languages and Literatures. He was well and widely read in the classical tongues, and his knowledge of the European languages was varied, profound and exact. Throughout his life he made the study of Dante the occupation of the hours which he managed to save from the exactions of his daily avocations.

He was editor of the Atlantic Monthly for five years, and of the North American Review for nine years. He published between 1864 and 1870, a series of new *Biglow Papers*, many of which were pointed against slavery, two volumes of poems entitled the *Fireside Travels*, and two volumes of critical essays, *Among my Books* and *My Study Window*. His last published work was *Heartease and Rue*, a volume of poems issued some four years since.

The poetry of James Russell Lowell, though studied in the life-school, is graceful and imaginative. His descriptions of scenery are full of local coloring, and the pictures of Elmwood and the neighborhood, which he loved to draw, are accurate and vivid. The key-note of his muse is sane and unpresuming patriotism. Much of his verse overflows with mirthful and jocund feelings, but he is generally a serious poet, not the seriousness of sadness but the seriousness of deep feeling, the first essential of all genuine poetry. As a satirist he always pointed his arrows at some crying wrong, while we find his pungent wit restrained by mellow humor and softened by an evident gentleness of motive.

His prose is marked by tasteful good sense and abounds with the rich humor of which he was a master. The studies of the old English dramatic and romantic poets which he published when twenty-six will be found helpful by earnest students

of our literature. The two other volumes which I have already named contain much valuable criticism very generally based upon sound ethical and æsthetic canons. His essay upon "*A certain condescension in Foreigners*" performs for his prose what his justly famous *Commemoratory Ode* does for his verse ; that is, it serves to measure the heighest flight of his genius.

Unlike that of the general crowd of authors, Mr. Lowell's life flowed as calmly and brightly as his own favorite Charles River. He married Miss Maria White of Watertown, a beautiful lady of congenial tastes. Three little child-graves in the adjoining cemetery of Auburn contain the three chief sorrows that shadowed the sunny pathway of the famous owner of Elmwood.

Lowell was a hard student all his life. Oxford and Cambridge in England honored his acquirements and St. Andrew's University in Scotland elected him its Lord Rector. His friends say he was a statesman, but the quality of states-craft as possessed by him appears to greater

advantage in the polished paragraphs of such papers as that on *Democracy* than in his diplomatic work as Minister in Spain and in England. It is as a scholar and a writer of graceful verse and of nervous prose that his name will be remembered. His imagery is original, beautiful and striking and his metaphors are numerous and bold. He has been blamed for his attitude towards Catholic tenets and institutions, but it is only fair to remember that he was not a Catholic and to declare that much may be forgiven to the enemy of slavery, the friend of freedom and the avowed opponent of unclean party politics. On the whole, his influence has been of incalculable benefit to American literature. "You think Englishmen's thoughts and read Englishmen's books," he bluntly told his countrymen in one of his satires. If the cause for this complaint is less now than when it was made, no small part of the change has been produced by the teaching and example of the dead poet of Elmwood.



TRUE LOVE.

If love be noble, silent, wise and strong,
 Yea, strong as Death, as life eternal long—
 If in thy love the heart its freedom keep,
 And own no claims but those which bind to God,
 Then love and fear not ; saints this path have trod,
 What though all love be suffering, freely give
 Thy light, thy love ; to love thus is to live.

—*Mother A. T. Drane in "Songs in the Night."*

The Owl

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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PROLOGUE.

The bell is rung; the curtain is up, and THE OWL steps forth once more to greet its select and highly appreciative audience. Immortal Shakespeare himself says, "All the world is a stage," so there can be nothing unbecoming in likening our noble bird to an actor. Another great poet tells us all the honor lies in acting well our part. This is what THE OWL has always tried to do, and though it has not a spark of vanity in its composition, it feels a little gratified at the applause with which its efforts have been received.

The part THE OWL has to play is no unimportant one. Ottawa, like every other university, is the centre of a miniature world, surrounded by an intellectual

atmosphere of its own. It is not merely a higher school which young men leave after a certain course of studies and think no more about. No, there is a mental tone derived from living in a university which is apart from, and above the actual knowledge there required. There is a spirit which unites in subtle bonds faculty, students and graduates, and which enables each to exercise an influence over the others and over the university itself. Now to extend this intellectual atmosphere, to foster the growth of a university spirit, to strengthen and widen this influence is the work in which THE OWL is humbly, but earnestly trying to aid.

From the very nature of its work THE Owl's circle of readers is limited. We have, therefore, a right to expect all the more earnest and active co-operation from all interested.

Every student, whether able to contribute to its columns or not, should consider it a point of honor, a duty, to subscribe for the college journal. And yet, if the name of every student past and present were on our subscription list, our sphere of usefulness would be much enlarged. Even—tell it not in Gath—if there were no laggards among those already in the ranks, our progress would be materially facilitated. Another practical way for the students to show their sympathy is to send us contributions of what sort soever. It is not necessary that they be literary or scientific articles. Let us have reminiscences of the old days at college, or phases of their present professional or social life. Anything from old college students will prove interesting and mayhap instructive, to their young brethren here, as well as to their old time comrades.

While we promise to maintain the present high literary and scientific standard of our journal, we respectfully submit the foregoing considerations to all concerned, that THE OWL may more effectively ac-

compleish one of its most important objects, that of uniting more closely the students of the past and present with the Alma Mater.

COLLIGE ET SERVA.

"Take time by the forelock" is an old adage, so old as to be trite, were it not impossible to crush out the gem of truth it contains, for truth is a diamond whose setting, indeed, may become worn and tarnished, but whose intrinsic brilliancy can never be dimmed. Harken to the words of Seneca on time, written two thousand years ago to his young friend Lucilius, but which might equally well have been addressed to a youth of the nineteenth century. "Who," asks he, "properly estimates the value of a day? Who bethinks himself that he is daily dying? For in this do we deceive ourselves that we look forward to death, whereas we are already dead in great part, since whatever of our life is past, death holds. Strive then," he exhorts, "to utilize every moment and never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. The present instant is our only property; all else belongs not to us." Continuing, he points out the ways in which we may lose this, our only treasure. A portion of our time is taken from us against our will, another is surreptitiously stolen, while a third is allowed to glide by unnoticed. And of the three he characterizes the last as the worst. As applied to the student, the two first evils are in great part guarded against by the regulations of the institution he attends. Occasions will, however, present themselves, even in the best ordered educational establishments, for encroaching on the time of another, and men are not wanting who are ever ready to avail themselves of these opportunities and who do not think of the injury done to the student thus disturbed. Such men are the para-

sites of college-life and the sooner they are got rid of the better for all concerned. The third evil is, however, that to which the student is most exposed, especially at the opening of a new term. The mental lassitude induced by the long vacation creates a tendency to shirk study as much as possible during the first weeks. But let the student beware of trifling with the thief "Time, who steals our youth, our joy, our all we have." The result is not unfrequently to compromise the whole year's work. Elementary principles are early imparted, and if these be not thoroughly mastered at once, the tardy student when he does rouse himself to action, finds himself unable to grapple with the questions presented and his attempt ends in utter failure and disgust. To all, then, who have gathered here in Ottawa University to join in the great struggle in which knowledge is the palm of victory, but who hesitate to throw all their energies into the fray we would address Proctor's stirring lines :

"Rise for the day is passing
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day."

THE OWL'S OFFERING.

THE OWL is pleased to have his friends once more about him, and wishes them a happy and successful year of study. Now that they are settling down to serious work, he begs the privilege of offering a word of counsel of disclosing the secret of success in College. Listen then ye laborers, follow his advice and yours will be the profit.

A student should reflect upon what his success in study will depend. Three things he must know to be absolutely ne-

cessary ; the adoption of a particular aim, the maintainance of order in his work, and perseverance in close application. Though every young man is not able at the beginning of his course to say precisely what calling in life he is now preparing, he can at least aim at acquiring a good education, at profiting by all opportunities and advantages of a University training. The second requisite, order in work, is so clearly laid out, and in detail, in a course such as ours, that the student may be satisfied to follow the established plan of procedure. However, for the extra time that occasionally may be had provision must be made. The last essential, perseverance, must be wholly supplied by the student ; he is here dependent upon himself. He must give close application to study and that with constancy, otherwise, much, if not all, will be lost. This perseverance will call forth a man's strongest energies, since in a course of study a disinclination to work will sometimes assert itself, and many obstacles will be found in the way to learning. The student who will be able to remove these is he who possesses a strong will and resolves to succeed, no matter how great the effort. This strength of will is indeed a natural gift, but it is also a mental quality that any one may acquire. And for its cultivation there is no occupation so well adapted as University study, wherein the cultivation of a spirit of resolution is at once an object of intellectual training and a means to success. There are powerful motives to fortify one's courage, present success for the ambitious soul, and future well-being for the anxious mind.

Every student at this time of the year should realize why he has come to the University, and make up his mind to do all that his presence here assumes. He will have to battle with difficulties, perhaps indeed to contend with natural disadvantages. His success will require the constant remembrance of the reason of

his position, and the firm resolve to smooth over his uneven path. He should begin each month with the determination to do better than in the past, even take the daily resolution of laboring hard, and faithfully apply it. If he but do this and then encounter his difficulties manfully, he will be the better man for his experience. No man in any condition of life has acquired eminence but through an unbending determination, and the most noble and successful souls are those who have struggled the hardest. To all who would succeed in their studies, (and who would not ?) THE OWL has but this to say: "Be resolute."

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

Apart from the main object of attendance at college—the acquiring of what people are pleased to call a liberal education—there are other minor interests, the importance of which few will deny, and whose bearing on the main object is of the most direct and influential nature. Not regular attendance at class, nor un-failing attention to study, nor faultless recitations, nor brilliant examinations are the only essentials to a thorough education ; a student may possess all these qualifications, and yet be far from educated. He may possess them all and be still narrow-minded, unsociable and selfish—qualities incompatible with a true education of body, mind and soul.

There are in every educational institution, literary, scientific, dramatic and athletic organizations, whose aim is the general good, and whose success depends on the active assistance and co-operation of all their members. We in Ottawa University are no exception to the general rule ; we have these organizations, and they have been eminently efficient and successful. Still, it may be neither inopportune nor impertinent to offer a few

remarks regarding their existence and work during the coming year.

Every student eligible for membership should join the college societies, and should give a reasonable amount of his time and talents to the furtherance of their interests. It should be his pride to see them succeed, and his duty to oppose with might and main even the slightest tendency that would make for dissension within or failure without. On each individual member rests the obligation of avoiding all self-seeking, of shunning mischief-making cliques, of suppressing useless contentions and sectional animosities—in a word of using in every instance his personal influence and the prerogatives of his membership intelligently, and with the single desire of benefitting all concerned.

These societies cannot be successfully conducted without officers, on whom falls the great burden of organization and management. It is evident, therefore, that the selection of officers is an all important matter and deserves the closest attention. There are always very considerable difficulties to be met. With the proper spirit among the members it is easy to overcome all obstacles arising from the schemes of those who wish to hold a little power. The ballot settles all that. But it is much more difficult to deal with false modesty or a desire to avoid all responsibility. There can be no honor truer or purer than that conferred on a student who is called by his fellows to occupy some position of trust and importance, it is a generous and spontaneous tribute to acknowledged ability. We cannot too strongly urge those who may be chosen for any office to accept willingly and at once. Their position will have its burdens and annoyances; their actions may be misinterpreted, themselves abused for a time; but if they follow fixed principles, if they act only after intelligent consideration, and with the serious conviction that they are working for the best,

if they avoid the foolish hope of pleasing everybody that they may gain a little ephemeral popularity, they will find in the end—though the end may come late—that their efforts have been appreciated, and that future students will hold up their names and deeds as standards to be admired, and, if possible, attained. For their days of trial and anxious endeavor, the poet has written golden words:—

“Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follows that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And its the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.”

THE CHANCELLOR'S RECEPTION.

On the 16th inst. the University was honored by a visit from its Chancellor, His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa. This event is always looked forward to with pleasure by the students, and such was the case this year.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the chapel at 8.30 a.m., at which His Grace preached an eloquent and instructive sermon from the text, “He that hath learned many things shall show forth understanding.” (Eccles. xxxiv, 9). He pointed out to the students that it is ever necessary to have some definite object in view, and when the purpose in coming to college is clearly defined, all efforts should be directed toward its fulfilment. The world is sorely in need of men whose education is based on firm religious principles, to offset the various evils which threaten the well-being of society. This should be borne in mind by students and make them exert all available energy in taking advantage of the splendid opportunities afforded by a Catholic college, in order to prepare themselves for a life of usefulness in whatever sphere their lot may be cast.

After Mass, the teachers of the various classes ascended the altar-steps and made a profession of faith, promising to guide those under their charge only according to the light of sound Catholic doctrines. The appearance of the faculty in their titular robes added to the impressiveness of the solemnity.

At eleven o'clock all were assembled in the Academic Hall. On entering, His Grace was welcomed by the stirring strains of the College band. Complimentary addresses were read in English and French by Messrs. D. Murphy and A. Charron. Following is the text of the English address :—

To the Most Reverend JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL, D.D., *Archbishop of Ottawa, Roman Count, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, etc., etc., Chancellor of the University of Ottawa :*

YOUR GRACE,—Your annual visit to this institution, which owes so much of its present celebrity to your kind protection and benevolent assistance, has ever been one of the most welcome events of our scholastic year. Your presence here to-day is no less an occasion of joy and gratification for us all. We welcome you, therefore, as only affectionate children can greet the kindest of fathers, whose absence would be the only cloud to darken the sunshine of their spring-tide days. When it pleased your Grace to pay us a visit in former years, you came to us always loaded with gifts of the choicest character ; you came to heap honor upon our college, until you saw it rear its proud head above other institutions of its kind, and assume the stately mien of a fully endowed university. Your advent here this morning is an honor not unequal to the greatest that have already been conferred upon our *alma mater*, and we desire, therefore, to thank you sincerely for this repeated assurance of the profound interest you manifest in our welfare.

We are not, indeed, unmindful of the many favors which your Grace has either bestowed upon Ottawa University personally, or secured it through your powerful influence, nor can we be ignorant that to these principally it is indebted for the

metamorphosis which it has so lately undergone. We feel pardonably proud of our *alma mater's* present lofty rank, and confidently look forward to the day when she will not be regarded as the least among the sanctuaries of learning consecrated to the Glory of God and the advancement of society.

Already your Grace may witness some of the fruits of your fostering solicitude and care. Our numbers have perceptibly increased ; all our organizations have been established upon a more substantial basis than formerly, and the outlook for the future has now assumed a more brilliant aspect than ever.

The Grand Seminary, which comes under your Grace's more immediate and especial supervision, we are happy to inform you, has been likewise favored with many new recruits ; and, besides being a diocesan institution, bids fair to attract a large number of subjects from abroad, owing to the soundness of its theological teachings and the thoroughness of the ecclesiastical training which it abundantly affords.

We take pleasure in making known to your Grace the extent of our improvements, because we are certain that above all others you will be exceedingly gratified to learn how constant is the progress which this institution is making and how enviable is the success attendant upon your generous benefactions. We trust that you will continue to interest yourself in our behalf ; that you will still use your influence to promote the good work to which you have already so often and so ably lent a helping hand ; and we confidently hope that Almighty God may long spare you to revisit and be welcomed to this abode of science—to protect and watch over Ottawa University.

His Grace made a suitable reply, returning thanks for the kind welcome extended to him. He was always pleased to be able to be present in this institution whose interests he had so much at heart. It was a source of gratification to know that the number of students had increased and that the Grand Seminary was in a prosperous condition. The success of the institution, of course, depended in great measure upon the students them-

selves ; all should do their utmost to insure its progress. His Grace referred in eulogistic terms to the kindness and devotion of the professors, who, with paternal care, are ever ready to advise and assist those who are placed under their charge. It was his ardent wish that Ottawa University may continue to prosper and do its good work until she attains that high place among the institutions of learning for which she is destined.

When His Grace had finished speaking, the students knelt down and received his blessing.

OBITUARY.

The sad intelligence has just reached us of the demise of Rev. J. M. Jaffres, O. M. I., whose death occurred at Roma, Texas, recently. A native of "la belle France," he came to this country in 1865, where during twenty-five years, he devoted himself with a burning zeal to the missions along the Rio Grande. His spirit of profound piety together with the most ardent sentiments of charity, led him to the performance of numberless heroic actions and works of mercy in the land of his adoption. But the remorseless enemy of mortal life and happiness, consumption, singled him out as one of its victims. All hope of recovery soon died out ; nevertheless, the good Father still persevered in performing all the exercises prescribed by the holy rules of his community and in offering up the Great Sacrifice of the altar, until he united his own life with this sacred oblation, and peacefully passed away to his eternal reward. *May his soul rest in peace !*

With profound regret, we chronicle the sudden and quite unexpected death of a former student, the Reverend Jean Baptiste Henri Sauvé, parish priest of Grenville, Ont., who died recently after a brief illness from pneumonia.

He was born on May 17, 1851, and after passing through many vicissitudes, was finally ordained priest in this city, December 20th, 1884.

In 1870, he joined the Pontifical Zouaves, and fought at the taking of Rome. He accompanied the last detachment which left Canada. He arrived in time to take part in the battle which resulted in the entry of the troops of Victor Emmanuel into the city. He was noted for his valor and his devotion to the cause which he had espoused. *Nos Croisés* speaks of him as follows :—" At Pincio the Zouaves of the last Canadian detachment, who arrived ten days before the battle, astonished their leaders by their coolness and courage. The Zouave Sauvé, struck on the head by a piece of shell, was covered with blood. A chaplain approached him in order to take him to the ambulance. 'Are you suffering much !' he asked. "No father," he replied ; "but oh how glad I am to shed my blood for the cause of the church !" Proceeding alone together he enquired whether any Canadians had been killed or wounded. "Not that I know of," said the chaplain. "Ah," he replied, "what happiness it is to me to have been the first struck !" Some years after his return from Rome Mr. Sauvé decided to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

With this noble intention, he commenced his studies in Montreal College, where he remained until he had completed the classical course. He then came to Ottawa and here, in this Institution, obtained the rest of his education.

As a student, Mr. Sauvé was loved and respected by all—not only on account of his noble and daring exploits in previous years, but also his frank and upright character, and his ever manly and dignified bearing. Throughout his whole course in the Grand Seminary, he preserved the same spirit of true christian piety, and by his exemplary conduct, impressed all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, with a lofty idea of the ecclesiastical state.

After his elevation to the priesthood, he first exercised his sacerdotal functions at Gatineau Point, but soon after was promoted to the parish of Grenville, where he was still stationed at the time of his premature demise. He was greatly esteemed by his parishioners, whose love and respect which he had won by his unrelaxing devotedness to the duties of his charge. So strong, indeed, was their attachment for him that upon being made

aware of his appointment to several other important posts, they forthwith warmly petitioned for his stay among them, and succeeded in retaining the kind pastor. We sincerely condole with his relatives and friends in their bereavement, while we have every reason to hope that our old friend and former companion now enjoys the bright crown to which his disinterested labours and stirring virtues entitled him. *Requiescat in pace!*

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we record the death of one of the brightest ornaments of the Catholic church in Ontario—the Rev. Father Byrne, of Eganville. This saintly old priest was born in the year 1820, in the County of Wicklow, Ireland. The Emancipation Act soon granted Catholics the right of educating their children according to the dictates of their conscience, and Father Byrne had the happiness of reaping the fruits of this tardy act of justice to an active and powerful minority of the people of Great Britain. He was from his early youth an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to religion, yet, he reached the advanced age of twenty-one ere he recognized within himself the call of God summoning him to the ecclesiastical life. But, displaying that confidence which can come only from the firm conviction that we are obeying the commands of our Creator, he followed the promptings of his heart and entered upon a brilliant college career. After having decided to bid adieu to his native land, he emigrated to Canada and completed his philosophical and theological training in Ottawa University, then St. Joseph's College. Being aware that he would thereby be enabled to lead a life, purer and more removed from the turmoil of the world, he wished to enter the Oblate Order, but was prevented from persevering therein, owing to the weakness of his physical constitution, and almost the last act of his life was to write to the Rev. Father McGuchra, Rector of Ottawa University, to be allowed to renew his vows in that Order. Father Byrne was as gentle as a child and possessed that divine gift of being able to command without appearing to do so. His love for children was worthy of one of his sacred calling. This grand old man, otherwise so dignified, be-

came a child when in the company of children, and he never suffered one of his young visitors to depart without some token of his love. He fulfilled the predictions of the ever lamented Archbishop Lynch who told a friend that young Michael Byrne was "the right timber for a priest." He was an indefatigable worker; he erected churches, built convents and schools, and was ever the first in establishing asylums for the orphans. His charity was limited but by his means; many a poor man blessed the hand that bestowed upon him the necessities of life. Not only did he relieve the poor of his own parish, but even the devoted missionary struggling against almost insurmountable difficulties in distant Africa, and amid the perpetual snows of the North Pole Vicariates Apostolic, was made the recipient of his bounty. That he fully recognized the necessity of our young Catholic men receiving a university training, whereby they might be enabled to counteract the deadly influences of that spirit of falsehood and sophistry that threatens to destroy the social fabric of our day, the magnificent scholarship which he has established in Ottawa University is ample proof. His funeral was the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in the County of Renfrew. Catholics congregated to pay the last sad rites to a priest whom they all but adored; and Protestants to honor a man whose purity of life and christian charity had unmistakably characterized as a true follower of our Divine Master.

Requiescat in Pace!

EXCHANGES.

The *Cadet* from Maine is the first of all the OWL's acquaintances to arrive within his hallowed precincts, bearing September greetings. The enterprise and energy displayed in thus getting out a number before the majority of college scribes have done more than begin to drive their journalistic quills, is to be commended. The paper is in general good, though its editorials are perhaps too exclusively local in character. The article "Manual Training in Education," contains a strong plea for the introduction into our educational system of a training of the eye and hand,

as well as of the intellect. Incidentally, the writer admits that the state-schools have not accomplished what was expected of them and adds, "Man is nearly destitute of vital moral culture, the result of the education given in the public schools." We are glad to see this glaring fact being at last observed, and we agree with the writer when he says that the cause of it, to some extent at least, is that morality in these schools is considered as an abstraction. We think, however, the remedy proposed lamentably disproportionate to the evil, manual training is suggested as such, because "it offers a moral culture whose force rests on its objectivity." The writer need not have been deeply versed in moral science to know that mere matter will never lead a man to moral integrity. But one force has ever done this, religion, and until it is made the vital principle of all instruction, moral culture, nay even proper intellectual development will never be imparted, be the curriculum what it may.

The *Salve Regina* is undoubtedly one of the best periodicals that reaches our sanctum. Its development has been not so much rapid as continuous until, in its June number, we are presented with a veritable literary feast. Well-written criticisms ranging over the whole field of literature from "Miltons Satan" to "Wm. Black's Heroines," indicate a degree of culture much higher than that which prevails in many educational establishments, if the journals they send forth are to be accepted as an exponent thereof.

The *Woodstock College Monthly* has ceased to exist, its place in the college journalistic world being supplied by the *McMaster University Monthly*. The change is for the better, both as to the make-up and the matter of the paper. The journal has now the magazine form but the cutting of the leaves would, we believe, be an improvement. The article on "Creed and Character" is thoughtful and, however much our views may differ from some of the arguments advanced, we must agree with the final conclusion that a staunch creed is required for the formation of a manly and christian character.

The *Haverfordian* announces that the hazing question at Haverford is practically settled and conjectures that "in the future,

no doubt, some other plan will be invented to suppress the freshness of the lowest class," all of which tends to make the ordinary reader wonder what manner of animal the Haverford freshman is.

We perused with pleasure the *Annals* of St. Mary, of San Antonio, Texas, a paper edited by Rev. C. J. Smith, O.M.I., a former student and Professor of this University. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone and will, no doubt, be productive of much good within its own sphere.

La Revue Athlétique from *la belle France* is a constant visitor to our sanctum. As its name indicates, it is devoted to the interests of athletics and it is doing its share towards arousing upon the European continent an enthusiasm for manly sport like that which so strongly characterizes the people of the New-World.

No workers in the Lord's vine-yard are more devoted to their labors than the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Whether their sphere of action lies within the walls of our Alma Mater, or upon the great prairies and snow-clad heights of the far North West, or, again under the tropical skies of distant Ceylon or Southern Africa, everywhere the same enthusiasm is displayed by them in the noble work of saving souls. With genuine pleasure, then, do we welcome the *Missionary Record*, a monthly periodical published in Dublin, Ireland, with the professed object of recording the results of the labors of the Oblates in their various fields. The articles touching as they do upon events transpiring in various and remote portions of the globe, are of a highly interesting character and should command the attention not only of those interested in the advancement of Catholicity, but also of all who would become acquainted with the habits and customs of the modern uncivilized tribes.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Ave Maria.—The June monthly part of *Ave Maria* contains two articles of special interest to Catholic readers—"Reminiscences of Windthorst" by Ellis Schrieber and a sympathetic biographical sketch of Frederic Ozanam by the Rev.

Reuben Parsons, D. D. But the July monthly part surpasses all previous numbers that we have seen. "The Success of Patrick Desmond" continues to gain in interest as the characters develop. If the "Miles Galligan" type of Irishman continue to flourish in the politics of the United States it will be despite Dr. Egan's portrayal of a most despicable creature "Miles Galligan" should die of shame after viewing himself as he appears in this story. An excellent engraving of Blessed Peter Chanel, first martyr of Oceanica, forms a frontispiece, and Virginia M. Crawford contributes the story of this martyr-apostle's life, with an introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Eleanor C. Donnelly, Wm. D. Kelly and Katharine Tynan keep the poetry of the number up to the high standard of the prose. The *Ave Maria* should be a regular visitor to every Catholic home.

North American Review.—The Jews own the July, August and September numbers of the *N. A. Review*. The place of honor in each of these numbers is occupied by an article on the Jewish question. Baron Hirsch expounds his views on Philanthropy and his method of putting those views into operation. He may meet with success—and he may not; history and tradition are against him. Then Prof. Goldwin Smith lets in some "New Light" on the question. The Prof. shows his customary cool indifference to facts when he entitles his article *new* light, though he soon dispels all newness by drawing his light from sources as old as the Jewish race. Isaac Besht Bendavid answers the eloquent fabricator of new light in an article at once scholarly, modest and thoroughly orthodox from a theoretical standpoint. But unfortunately, the Jew in practical life differs widely from Mr. Bendavid's ideal Hebrew. A symposium "Is Drunkenness Curable?" embracing the opinions of four eminent specialists, will give valuable information to those who are making a study of the effects of excessive drinking and how to counteract them.

The New Highway—The Canadian Pacific Railway has issued another edition of its illustrated guide, *The New Highway*. It is a description of a trip over the

almost 3,000 miles of railway, joining the two oceans. The illustrations are appropriate and well executed, the majestic scenery of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast being displayed in all its grandeur. Cuts of the chief cities on the line of the C.P.R. are also given. Altogether the book possesses a vast deal of useful information, and cannot but be of great interest and value to tourists.

Constitution and Proceedings of the Canadian Press Association—In the above pamphlet the J. B. McLean Co. of Toronto have sent us as neat a piece of typographical work as it has ever been our good fortune to come across. Between the covers is a report of the proceedings at the 33rd annual meeting, as well as a list of the officers and members of the association. The papers read at the meeting must prove of great importance to the craft, while several of them will form interesting reading for the general public. Joining business with pleasure, the publishers have appended a buyer's directory containing the cards of the best Canadian and American dealers in printers' supplies.

The Messenger, of Richmond College, Va., has passed beyond the bounds of college journalism, and its commencement number is, in make and shape and contents, a high class magazine. It is creditably illustrated with cuts of places and persons connected with the college. There are several pieces of pleasing poetry, while the prose articles comprise select essays on literary subjects, prize orations, valedictories, and a succinct and interesting account of the annual commencement exercises. *The Messenger* is a worthy evidence of the moral and intellectual training given by Richmond College to its students. The faculty is to be congratulated on the high standard of true education that has been reached, and the managers of the *Messenger* on the very successful manner in which they have put before the public the achievements and capabilities of their Alma Mater.

The Williams Literary Monthly.—The table of contents of the prose issues of this magazine, disclose an agreeable variety of articles in poetry, fiction and gen-

eral literature. "Kater and Jammer" is a pathetic short story charmingly told, while "A Freak of Destiny" is too good to be true. "Alastor" is a spirited essay on Shelley's great poetical autobiography. We are pleased to note the decided opposition of the "Lit" to those last relics of student barbarity—hazing and rushes—and trust to hear soon of the complete destruction of the "unsavory category."

Donahoe's Magazine has conferred a great favor on its many readers by publishing in the July issue the full text of the great encyclical "On the condition of Labor." The opportunity of reading and studying this great declaration on the most momentous of present-day topics is thus given to many who might otherwise remain altogether ignorant of its contents or be forced to judge it from the meagre extracts of the local press. This number contains also Pres. Emmet's Address, embodying the programme of the National Federation of America, a lively description of a visit to Father Drumgoole's "Home for Friendless Boys" on Staten Island, and a splendid pen-picture of Mr. Jas. Clancy, special correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The general reading is interesting, and in the Juvenile Department the Fairy Tales by Edmund Leamy, M.P., will prove an immense attraction for the children.

Outing.—The midsummer issue of this sporting magazine is well printed, artistically and appropriately illustrated, and contains a number of interesting and timely articles. Nothing objectionable is allowed to appear in *Outing*; it is a chronicle of only those sports which strengthen the body and invigorate the mind, not of those which tend to degrade and brutalize every faculty of man. "A Chapter on Lacrosse" will interest Canadians, in that it shows the development of our national game amongst our neighbors to the south. "Harry's Career at Yale" will bring back to the former students of that institution reminiscences of the brave days of old. "Hurdling," by Malcolm W. Ford, who is now a permanent attachment to *Outing's* staff, is what might be expected from the foremost of American athletes. "The Detroit Wheelmen" is an historical sketch of the founding and founders of the liveliest bicycle club on the continent.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

We are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a copy of their pamphlet "The Making of a Great Magazine" and also the descriptive list of their publications. The books published by Harpers embrace every brand of scientific, literary and philosophic research, and from no catalogue that we know of could a finer library be selected. The prices are in some cases rather high, but this is a guarantee of standard excellence in all that regards the mechanical part of the publications. Words in praise of *Harper's Magazine* are but "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Its career of phenomenal success both in the value of its articles and in the number and character of its readers is known to every man who has followed the literary movement of the last half century. The best talent of our days is concentrated on articles for reviews, not as formerly when the wisdom of the age was given to the public in book form, and *Harper's Magazine* has exemplified this principle in its most perfect form and with unqualified success.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

The Rosary, the youngest of Catholic magazines in America, makes an attractive offer to its young friends. To the boy or girl who obtains the greatest number of subscriptions within the year, it offers three years in a boarding school or a conservatory of music; to the boy or girl who comes out second, two years; to the third, one year. The labor is easy and the reward great, and we venture to say that the plan will prove very successful for the magazine and very fortunate for the lucky winners. *The Rosary* is published at 45 Warren st., New York.

CHRISTMAS 1891.

The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated* have in preparation the most magnificent Christmas number ever issued in Canada. Its Literary and Artistic features will stand unrivalled. It will be a purely Canadian work. Wait for it! Published by the Sabiston Litho & Pub. Co., Montreal.

CANADA FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

A southern dialect story of absorbing interest by a Virginia Canadian, will be

found complete in the August and September numbers of *Canada*, the new national magazine. The two numbers will be sent to any address post-free for 2c cents in stamps. Poetry and prose by the ablest Canadian writers, choice selections and bright and timely departments in every number. Every Canadian family should subscribe for *Canada*. A one dollar bill will pay for it from now until the end of 1891. Address "Canada," Benton, New Brunswick.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mgr. Pascal, O. M. I., the first Vicar Apostolic of the Saskatchewan, has just been consecrated Bishop in the Cathedral of his native diocese at Viviers in France. The consecrating prelate was the Bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Bonnet; Mgr. Robert, Bishop of Marseilles, and Mgr. Balain, O. M. I., Bishop of Nice, were the prelate's assistants.

The Saskatchewan Vicariate has just been provided with a Bishop in the person of Father Albert Pascal, O. M. I. It extends from the Nelson River and Lake Winnipeg on the East to the 109th degree of longitude on the West, and from the northern borders of Manitoba and Assiniboia to—the North Pole! The southern portion of the Vicariate, namely the Provisional District of Saskatchewan, will, no doubt, soon be colonised like Manitoba. Battleford and Carleton are two of its growing towns; and Prince Albert, where the new Bishop will reside, has telegraphic and telephonic communication, though it was founded only in 1866, and is 500 miles west of Winnipeg. Since October 1890, Prince Albert has a branch line of railway to the town of Regina, 230 miles to the south. Regina itself, the capital of Assiniboia, is a new town on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The number of inhabitants in the Saskatchewan Vicariate is 15,000, half of whom are of European origin. The Catholic inhabitants number 7,000. The Oblate Missionaries in Saskatchewan, as well as elsewhere in the North-west, are nobly assisted by the Sisters of Charity from Canada, and the Faithful Companions of Jesus from the Old World.—*Missionary Record*.

On the last day of July the Cathedral of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, witnessed a most imposing ceremony for the first time within its precincts. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Grouard, O. M. I., successor to the late Bishop Faraud as Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska Mackenzie District, received the episcopal consecration at the hands of His Grace the Most Rev. Alex. A. Taché, O. M. I., Archbishop of St. Boniface. His Grace was assisted in the rite by Bishop Grandin O. M. I., of St. Albert, N. W. T., and Bishop Shanly of Jamestown, North Dakota. The consecration commenced at 9 o'clock and lasted for three or four hours.

When Archbishop Cleary was in Alexandria a few days ago, he presented Bishop McDonnell with an episcopal ring. It is a most valuable ornament, being composed of massive gold, amethyst in the centre, circled with brilliants, and was originally given by George IV., in 1819 to Bishop McDonnell, first Bishop of Upper Canada.

Rev. Father Dowdall, who for a time was stationed in Ottawa in Notre Dame parish, and who has many friends and admirers in the Capital, has been appointed parish priest of Eganville, Ont., as successor to the late Rev. Father Byrne. Since he left Ottawa, Father Dowdall has been parish priest of Mount St. Patrick, where he is very much esteemed by his large and scattered congregation. Rev. Father Ryan, who made a brilliant classical course at the Ottawa University, and who has been secretary to His Lordship Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke for some years, will succeed Father Dowdall as pastor of Mount St. Patrick. The parish is a very large one, and Rev. Father Vincent has been appointed as assistant to Rev. Father Ryan.

A translation of the Bible into the Iroquois language is being made by the Rev. Father Burtin, O. M. I. Another priest of the same Congregation, the Rev. Father Le Goff, has lately published a series of books of religious instruction in the Montagnais tongue.

Viscount St. Cyres, son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and grandson of Sir Stafford Northcote, who was the first to bear the title, has joined the Catholic Church.

His conversion was announced some time ago only to be denied. It is now announced with authority.

THE POPE ON THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The Pope's Encyclical on the Labor Problem is epitomized in single sentences by the *Christian Union* as follows:

That there is a labor problem.

That workingmen are suffering under gross injustice

That it is the duty of the Church to concern itself with these facts.

That wealth is a trust, and must be administered as a trust.

That hours of labor should be such as to be given time for soul culture.

That wages should be such as to give opportunity for acquisition of property.

That, if these results cannot be secured by free contract, the law should interfere.

That labor arbitration should take the place of labor battles.

That labor organizations should be encouraged.

That woman labor and child labor should be regulated and reduced by legislation.

That the factory acts are right in principle.

That the Church, the State, free labor organizations and capitalists should all cooperate in labor reform.

The late Sir John Macdonald's favorite poem was Father Ryan's "Rest." It is said the dead statesman was never weary of quoting its inimitable lines.

The handsome statue of Pope Leo XIII, presented by Count Loubat to America's Catholic University, has arrived at Washington. It occupied eleven cases and weighed eleven tons without the pedestal. Six hundred cubic feet of space on the steamer were employed in its transportation, and it is said to be one of the rarest pieces of workmanship ever imported into this country. It is of the finest Italian marble and approved by His Holiness as a genuine and faithful work of art. Giuseppe Luchetti was the sculptor, and the designing alone cost no less than \$10,000. To avoid damage, it was not opened in New York, the Archbishop proposing to be present at the University on the 28th inst., when the unveiling will take place.

AN ANCIENT STATUE DISCOVERED.

ATHENS, Aug. 1.—Milo, the island of the Cyclades in which the famous "Venus of Milo" was discovered, has again been the scene of the unearthing of a splendid example of ancient Hellenic art. It is a statue of a boxer, somewhat above life-size, which is almost perfect. The statue has been shipped to Athens, where a commission of Greek archaeologists, aided by some members of the German Archaeological Institute in Athens will report upon the period of its origin and its probable creator.

GENERAL NEWS

Rev. Father Quinn, O.M.I., an old student of the university, replaces Rev. Father Forget, O.M.I., as first prefect of discipline. Father Quinn has always shown himself willing to work for the boys and with the boys, and they may rest contented that their interests will be looked after

One of our most valued contributors in the past was Very Rev. Aeneas McD. Dawson, LL.D., well known in Canada and the British Isles for his historical and biographical writings. We hope to be able to offer our readers several articles from the pen of this learned priest who has worn himself out in his devotion to literature and history—the subjects of his special predilection.

Rev. Father Gendreau, one of the ablest sons of the Oblates, has been elevated to the position of Provincial Procurator of the Congregation in the Province of Canada. Father Gendreau has a host of friends, not only among the present students, but among the ex-students of the university where he acted as bursar for some years.

Rev. Father Forget, O. M. I., for many years prefect of discipline in the senior department, will be missed from the yard where he was a general favorite. He has given the best part of his life to the service of the students, and now seeks the only rest allowed to an Oblate—change of place and labor. He is stationed at the Sacred Heart church, Lowell, where he ministers to the spiritual wants of the French-Canadian population.

Again the university seminary has been enriched from the graduating class in the persons of Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Delany, both of whom have been so long and favorably known among the students. In Mr. Fitzpatrick the "corridor" loses its most popular member, at least, so says that august body. He will be missed among the boys with whose interests in and out of doors, he was always so closely connected. Like all good students, he was an active worker for THE OWL, always considering it a pleasure to labor in its behalf; his contributions show with what success his efforts in this direction have been attended. Mr. Delany will also be missed among us, but most of all are we loath to see his name removed from the Owl, to which he afforded invaluable aid, even during the hurry of the final examinations. THE OWL takes this opportunity of thanking both gentlemen for their kindly aid, and hopes their names may be occasionally found among our contributors during the coming year.

Rev. Father Emard, O.M.I., who for the last few years has been professor of history and geography in the university, is now in Lowell, where he labors among the English speaking members of the Immaculate Conception church. Father Emard is an enthusiastic worker, and when he undertakes a task he spares no pains to do it well.

Revs. G. Gauvreau, A. Gratton, W. Murphy and W. Smith, O.M.I., of the university staff, have been following the summer course at Harvard, in physics, chemistry, astronomy and botany respectively.

Rev. Father Harnois, O.M.I., the zealous and amiable parish-priest of Hull, has been appointed pastor of the Sacred Heart church, Ottawa, and, besides, takes charge of the Juniorate, where a few young men are being educated under the special care of the Oblate Fathers. In this latter work he is assisted by the Rev. Fathers Vaillancourt and Coutlée, O.M.I.

Ottawa College has often been the scene of assemblies and re-unions; but, never did it open its doors for such a noble assembly, such an edifying re-union as it contained on the 20th August last, when nearly one hundred fathers and

brothers of the Oblate Congregation assembled from the length and breadth of this vast Dominion, to join in the annual retreat. Truly, it was an impressive scene, and one calculated to draw forth applause from those who are wont to scoff at religion, to behold hardy missionaries kneeling side by side with college professors; and venerable priests grown gray in the service of the Lord, offering up their prayers in company with younger members who had just made their first sacrifice for mankind. The retreat which lasted for eight days was carried on under the supervision of the representative of the Superior General of the Oblates, Very Rev. Father Martinet who preached several eloquent sermons.

Very Rev. Aen. McDonell Dawson, LL.D., is in receipt of an interesting letter from the Rev. Lord Douglas of Annan, Scotland. In the opening paragraph, the writer makes kindly mention of the Owl, which seems to have found its way to distant Scotland. Father Dawson's "History of the Catholics of Scotland" also comes in for more than a passing notice from this noble priest who finds time to read much, though his duties are so numerous and so difficult. We Catholics in Canada are wont to consider the case of Catholicism in Scotland as almost hopeless; but when we read this letter and learn of the strenuous efforts that are being made in the way of spreading the faith, by open-air preaching, Catholic schools, etc., etc., we are filled with hope that the Catholic wave which is now sweeping over England, may, ere long, find its way to the shores of once faithful Scotland. Father Douglas, himself, has under his charge three hundred and twenty-nine souls scattered through seven parishes, and has established a school which is attended by seventy-nine pupils. He takes a particular interest in the homeless boys so numerous in the large cities of England and Scotland. His first motto is "save the boy," and, acting on this principle he has made several trips to Canada, bringing with him on each occasion a fine crowd of healthy, intelligent youths, many of whom are located in good homes in the eastern part of Ontario. Judging from their eagerness to converse about the good qualities of their benefactor, he will have little difficulty in bringing about the pro-

posed grand re-union of his boys, to be held in Ottawa in 1895. According to a report of his discourse on the Passion-Play of Ober Ammergau, delivered before the students of the Catholic College of Dumfries, Father Douglas does not confine himself to missionary work, but appears to be an accomplished scholar and an orator of no mean ability.

We are pleased to notice the frequent appearance in the Boston *Pilot* of poems from the pen of Mr. M. W. Casey. Mr. Casey is an alumnus of Ottawa University, and has contributed both prose and poetry to THE OWL. He was a friend when friends were few and badly needed. We congratulate Mr. Casey on his work for the *Pilot*, whose staff is composed of some of the ablest writers in America, and in whose columns nothing of an inferior character ever finds place.

It is most encouraging to those connected with the College to see that the good work done during former years has not been unappreciated by the public. This year the number of students in the classical course is greater than it has ever been before. Each day brings new students, and already, the large number in the first form has necessitated the division of that class. All that is now required is earnest labor on the part of the students, and the college must succeed.

A new feature in the university programme this year is the class of elocution conducted by Professor Glasmacher, LL.D. This is a branch which receives too little of our attention in Ontario. There are few good readers among us, not to speak of elocutionists. And this is not to be wondered at; students enter our College from the common and high schools where they could not possibly become proficient in reading, for, until very lately it was not required that teachers themselves should pass an examination on this subject. Consequently, intelligible readers are scarcely found even among university graduates, for when the student has once matriculated, he considers reading beneath his notice, and it must be stated that, up to the present, professors seem to share in his opinion. It is with pleasure, then, that we see the authorities of Ottawa College making a move in the right direction by establishing a special course of elocution.

And it is hoped that under the direction of Professor Glasmacher who is always thoroughly Master of his subjects, students may cultivate a taste for this all-important branch of education.

Mr. T. Tétrau, besides being leader of the chapel choir, has been appointed teacher of vocal music at the college. We bespeak for Mr. Tétrau success, as he knows music well and is popular among the boys. He is now a member of the "Corridor."

The college band has already been re-organized under the direction of Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I., and several practices have been held. The number of members is much greater than in former years, and there is good reason to hope that before the end of the session the college band will be equal to any in the city.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

If the material employed is the most essential requisite for the success of any organization, the Junior Athletic Association of this season bids fair to surpass the most brilliant record of former years. Already, many of the old Athletes are again to be seen, and also a large number of new ones, who judging from their appearance, realize all that is expected of them.

The most enthusiastic lovers of the different games are already at work re-organizing the various clubs. A meeting of the association will be held in a few days for the purpose of electing the officers for the ensuing year.

The outlook for base-ball, this season, is particularly bright. Allard, Jean Laffamme, Lamoureux and Martel, are among the best. The last named has, on the several practices proved himself a twirler of no mean ability.

Lacrosse is being at present pushed forward by Messrs. Slattery, Brophy and Cunningham. Under this management the national game is sure to retain its present high standard of popularity. The team has held a few practices and among the new comers may be noticed several very clever stick handlers.

There was no little consternation among the members of the football team, when it was announced that Lucier, the centre rush of last year, would not return. This feeling was but momentary, however, as the opinion has grown of late that main strength is always inferior to scientific skill. Acting upon this consideration, the management have decided to put Catellier in the centre. This action is generally conceded to be a good one as Aimie has always manifested a desire "to do his possible" to forward the interests of the various games in which he has been engaged.

It was with very great pleasure that the boys of the little yard learned that Rev. C. David, O.M.I., was to fill the position of head prefect of discipline for another year. R. F. David by his kind and considerate treatment has won the love and respect of every boy under his control.

It is reported that a certain member of the little yard of last year, on being told that he was eligible for a place in the big yard, reluctantly accepted the proffered honour. He is evidently "copping" the immortal Caesar, who preferred first place in a hamlet to second in Rome.

It would appear that some of the Juniors have a decided objection against being called by the time-sanctioned name, "kids." One of the new boys seemed to be especially indignant as he was heard to relate the following to a knot of listeners: "The other day, I was walking up and down thinking of the long year before me and wondering if I should ever be a seventh form man, when a seedy-looking individual, whom I afterwards learned to be of the above class, while passing by, accosted me "Helloa kid! Getting homesick?" I said nothing but gave him a look calculated to wither him, but it failed in producing the desired effect, for he walked on quite unconcerned, as he whistled "Annie Rooney." Then, as the speaker drew himself up to his full height which was not great, he thus concluded: "Let them call us anything at all from *Gentlemen of the Commercial Course* down to *Howlers*, but not *kids*." Such is, in effect, the maiden speech of one who promises to fill the place of that fiery orator who is with us no more.

The other day, a third grade boy was heard to remark that if the singing or rather shrieking in the big yard during the evening, were not discontinued, it would be no more than right to lay a complaint before the authorities. Upon enquiries it was found that the Juniors not only complain that the songs are ancient, but that they sing only three: "Clementine," "My Bonny lies over the Ocean" and "Sailing"; and then if they have any time left, Clementine is again murdered. It is believed that the complaint of the Juniors is not altogether uncalled for. Wake up, Seniors! Borrow a copy of "Mulcahey's Songster," learn some new songs, and cultivate your voices.

ATHLETICS.

Another vacation has come and gone, and another football season is now begun. As we look back over the many seasons that our memory can recall, and they are not a few, we know of none whose opening was attended with brighter prospects than is the present. True, there are the usual number of vacancies to be filled, but a glance over the list of candidates reveals splendid wherewithal to fill them. But, what is far more inspiring of confidence than a large number of fit candidates is the spirit that pervades the whole student body, both players and non-players. There seems to be an increase of that old spirit for which we are at a loss to find any name but that of Ottawa Collegeism. That oneness of purpose, that feverish and contagious feeling, that combined determination to achieve victory, which always characterized our footballers, seem now to be greater than ever among the members of the Athletic Association. We may err in our preference, but we would far sooner see our jerseys garnet and pants grey filled with somewhat inexperienced players whose hearts would swell with manly pride in victory and whose blood would be set tingling at the frenzied sound of our college yell, than to see them cover the well-developed limbs of trained athletes in whose bosoms no spark of ambition glowed. But neither of these cases is ours, for of our players, all have the pride and ambition, the majority have the necessary ability and experience, and the remaining few are inexperienced only inasmuch as they have never figured in a first-class match. This is our stock-in-trade at the outset, the manager guarantees plenty of practice and training, the students,

we hope, will not sacrifice their honor, and as for the rest, we place our trust in Dame Fortune, confidently hoping that the efforts of our footballers will be crowned with all manner of success.

* *

We must congratulate the students upon their good fortune in having their affairs placed in such efficient hands as they are this year. Rev. Father Quinn, O.M.I., the head disciplinarian, is known to the students as an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of athletics, and will undoubtedly be of great help to students in carrying on their games. To assist him in this respect he will have the co-operation of the following able and well-chosen committee:—C. D. Gaudet, '92; C. H. McCarthy, '92; J. P. Collins '92; A. W. Clark, '93; T. Tetreau, '94, Treasurer, and T. Troy, '92, Secretary. These gentlemen are all active footballers, and will spare no efforts to attain success. Let the players persevere in that faithfulness to practice and discipline with which they have begun the present season, and we feel assured that the realization of their fondest hopes will follow as a natural consequence.

* *

The Secretary of the football team has, we understand, opened negotiations with the Ottawas, McGills, Montrealers, Britannias, Queens, and the Royal Military Cadets, with a view to arranging matches with those teams. We will be greatly surprised if all do not return favorable answers. And further, we understand that there is to be a strong effort made to bring the famous Harvard to Ottawa. We trust the committee will be successful, as apart from having a splendid and exciting match, our boys would gain much experience from an encounter with such able exponents of football as the Harvard men. It will thus be seen that we shall have at least as many, and perhaps even more, matches this year than when the club was in the union.

* *

Since there is to be an effort made to bring the Harvard team to Ottawa, why not try to induce the English team that is to visit America this fall to come to Ottawa. The Englishmen are to play several matches in the United States, and the only Canadian cities that they have so far decided to visit are Hamilton and Toronto, but we do not see why they would not extend their programme so as to include the Capital. Of course, as in playing Harvard, our team would labor under a

disadvantage, inasmuch as they would be playing a game somewhat different from our Rugby football, but that, however, should not prove an obstacle to the venture.

* *

Perhaps it would not be out of place to say a few words to those who do not take an active part in football. Many of them suppose that when they have paid in their fee to the Association, they have fulfilled their duty as members. Such, however, is not the case. Every student should have the interest of the team at heart as much as the players themselves. The success of the team does not depend entirely upon the players themselves, but upon the whole student body, and no student should allow this fact to escape his memory. Let every one remember that he is an Ottawa University man, that he owes a duty of loyalty to his college, that the Ottawa University Football Team is our football team, its success our success, its defeat our defeat. This spirit, we believe, prevails at present, and we make these warning remarks merely lest some in an over-ardent pursuit of knowledge, should become so absorbed in their own personal interests as to forget the common interests of our little college-world.

* *

We are pleased to see that there are more baseballers in our midst this year than there were last year. Football is, of course, played more at this season of the year, but there is sufficient time allotted to baseball to allow some of our newcomers to display their ability on the diamond, and when the balmy days of spring do come we expect to see some interesting matches in that popular game. This year an effort was made to revive baseball in the city, and the result was the formation of a city league, consisting of four clubs. The committee of our club endeavored to arrange matches with some of the city clubs, but were unsuccessful, as the ball-players in the city cannot spare the time outside of the afternoons on which they play their league matches. This is much to be regretted, as a match between our nine and one of the four clubs that compose the city league would be of great interest to the baseball admirers of Ottawa. With such splendid baseball talent in our midst as Clark, Valcourt, Regis, Clancy, Quinn, Rigney, Riley, Coste, O'Connell, McDonald, McCusker, Brunel, Lavallee, Kuitledge and others, we ought to be able to place on the diamond, next spring, as strong a nine as the University has ever had.

SUBRIDENDO.

Twice during the year man feels the need of rest—just before his vacation and again immediately after.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A Chinese laundryman may not understand sarcasm, but he is a boss hand at irony.

A Kentucky man called his horse Hot Biscuit, because it was the finest bred he knew of.

Take a lesson from the strawberry box. It is never full.—*Westfield (N.J.) Standard*.

Judge: You robbed your benefactor in a most shameful way. Do you feel no compunction of conscience?—Defendant: Before answering, sir, I would like to consult my counsel.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

RECIPROCITY.

Towsley: What makes your waiter so obsequious?

Owsley: Simple enough; I fee-d him and he feeds me.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"I am trying to attain my end," said the puppy-dog, as he vainly chased his caudal appendage around in a circle.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The Editor's Wife: John, dear, I'm going to let you see my new dress. I assure you it is a perfect poem.

The Editor (absently): Put it in the wastebasket, my love.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—

He wasn't in it;

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—

He wasn't in it;

Let them work for themselves as he had done.

They wouldn't ask help of any one

If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—

He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—

He wasn't in it;

And he scorned the good with averted head—

He wasn't in it.

When men in the halls of virtue met,

He saw their goodness without regret;

Too high the mark for him to win it—

He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—

He was in it.

The funeral trappings made display—

He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell;

"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute!"

He was in it.

—*Our Dumb Animals*.

A.—I see they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York.

R.—I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice. I hope they will stop it.

A.—But they can't do it.

R.—Can't do it. I'll bet you \$50 they can.—*Ex*

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS.

Mrs. Bumptious (to Willie, visiting Tommy)—
Don't you like your bread and butter, Willie?

Willie—I'd like it better if they was jam on it.

Mrs. B.—I'm sorry, but we haven't any jam, Willie.

Willie—Why, what do you keep in all them jars?

Mrs. B.—What jars?

Willie—Why, ma said you had more family jars 'n any other woman she knew.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

HOW HE DID IT.

"You saved my life on one occasion," said a soldier to a captain under whom he had served.

"Saved your life!" cried the officer; "do you think I am a doctor?"

"No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of——, and when you ran away I followed."—*Ex*.

GUILILESS WILLIE.

Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned?

Papa—No, my son. Why?

Willie—'Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.—*Ex*.

ULULATUS!



O-yy-I!—Tu whit, to who! 'Rah!

What is the matter
With the Bird of Night?
Never was better;
Indeed, he's all right!

Patronizing Senior to Freshman: "What do you think of the place?" "Like it well enough, only there's too much boom and 'rah and general jollification about it."

THE JOKER JOKED.

In the spring-time of the year,
When fresh eggs are mighty queer,
Ev'ry one of them can cackle when 'tis broke;
Went a man into a store,
Man you've often met before,
Man who's always bubbling over with a joke.

Said he to the clerk within,
With a salutatory grin,
"I want some eggs,—about two yards or so!"
When much to his dismay,
The clerk three eggs straightway
Brought forth and set before him in a row.

The man closed up his smile,
Looked at the clerk awhile,
And stammered out he would not stand a cheat;
The clerk smiled now, and cried:
"If you'll only look inside
You'll find each egg contains—two standard
feet!!!"

Wonder where does that myrmidonic long-haired
Achaean hail from?

Our subscribers may rest assured that THE OWL
is tang-less.

ABIIT.

Gone from the dusty play-ground,
The College cark and care!
Gone! like a fleeting shadow,
And only himself knows where!

Gone like our last vacation
Ere yet it had seemed begun,
Before our initiation
To the realms of endless fun.

Gone like the tramp in the morning,
Who left neither trace nor sign
Of himself, nor the last week's washing,
Save the posts and the empty line.

No more by the hand-ball alley,
His perennial smile is seen,
Shedding luminous ray wherever
His thrice-honest face had been.

But his name is often mentioned
When asking the time of day;
For, in French, to put such a question,
On dit: "Quelle heure *quelle est*?"

This world is a panorama—
A stream ever rushing on,
Where faces are seen for a moment
And then from our vision are gone.

Yet "his bright smile haunts" our slumber,
And stalks through the fields of dream,
Where we see him again in the number
That float on the College stream.

THE JUNIOR'S GOATEE.

(An Idyl in two cantos.)

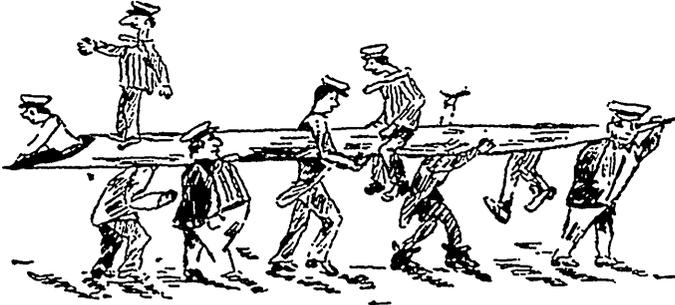
CANTO I.—Scene: Seniors' Classroom.

The Junior entered this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn and reverent face,
With humble mien he entered there
Nor thought him of his chin of hair.

Seniors to right of him,
Seniors to left of him,
Seniors in front of him
Volleyed and thundered !
Swore they him to shave
Or lie in the cold grave
Did he return, the knave,
With goatee not sundered.

CANTO II.—Scene: Juniors' Room. Junior before mirror loquiter.

“ Scrape, scrape, scrape
On my poor chin, oh blade,



THE TOOTH-PICK GANG.

Air.—“ I'm not so young as I used to be.”

We issue forth in the latest style
Of G. T. H. caps, though your cynics smile ;
For we care not a whit what such pessimists say,
But bravely set out on a *grand conge*.

CHORUS—

Oh ! for we are the tooth-pick gang
That never yet stooped to slang.
Would you be *à la mode*,
Just jump into the road
And swell out the ranks of the tooth-pick gang.

Would you show us a student who would not buy,
When the ware in the window attracts the eye?
Would even the senior, who loves to preach,
Return without buying a G. T. H. ?

CHORUS—

And join in the tooth-pick gang, etc.

And I would that my tongue could utter
My thoughts that ne'er will fade.”

“ Oh well for the Seniors proud
That the Junior's hands are tied,
For else of all that roaring crowd
Each one this day had died.”

“ Slightly disfigured, but still in the ring,” now
applies to the S. P. G.

BEGINNING PHILOSOPHY.—A LESSON ON
IDENTITY.

Prof. : Jacques, are you identical with Jack ?

Jacques : No, sir.

Prof. : Are you similar to him ?

Jacques (after studying the other's features),
gleefully : No, sir ; I don't resemble him at all.
—And Jack returned the grin.

Woeful luck !
No more Tuck ! !

The Toothpick Gang have *capped* the climax at
reduced prices.

To th'electric car, he'd prefer the stage,
Who would wear a cap that is not the rage,
He would sooner an ass than a horse of brass,
And live like a hay-seed behind the age.

CHORUS—

And be shunned by the tooth-pick gang, etc.

And if there be any displeas'd with our ways,
We beg him to do what our motto says ;
For, we'll treat him like cheese with a boarding-
house *tang*,
While we keep in the wake of the tooth-pick gang.

CHORUS—

For we are the tooth-pick gang,
That never use words like “ *tang*,”
We're as fresh as you please
With comfort and ease
In the G. T. H. caps of the tooth-pickgang.