

THE OWL.

VOL. X.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.

ALL-HALLOWS.

YE holy ones, methinks your habitation
Is not a distant dwelling in the spheres,
Leaving a gulf between ; but that creation,
With all the orbs thereof and all the years,
To you is open. God within our tears
Abideth ; in our sighs His heart is sheathed ;
And in our laughters moveth He Who hears
Therein a music or a discord breathed.
For God is infinite, and fills all places ;
And it may be that heaven and hell are so
Coterminous—a dwelling in His graces
Or in His wrath. Yea, surely we do grow
In touch with either—hell, a habitude
Of perverse will in God, and heaven of good.

Therefore you hear us, when we cry unto you :
God dwells with us, and you with Him do dwell.
You stand around, and we move blindly through you :
You touch our hands—O, touch our hearts as well !
Teach them to move with yours in modulation
Of pulses singing clear the Holy Will,
Till, love-attuned unto the wide pulsation
Of Godhead's human heart, its every thrill
Find ours at sweet according ; that each motion
Of all our being, every breath of ours,
Circle, a music of sublime devotion,
Made one with Godhead, through His orbs and hours.
So may our lives on earth grow part of heaven,
Ere God do seat us by Him, crowned, forgiven.

FRANK WATERS

THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.

FROM the 30th September till the 11th October 1896, the fourteenth anniversary of the baptism of Clovis, founder of the French monarchy, was celebrated at Rheims. Clovis was baptized in 496 A.D., and the event had such important results that we do not hesitate to consecrate a few pages to it and the events that led up to it.

Clovis, the first Frank convert was descended from Pharamond of whom little is known, but under whom, it is said, the Franks first swept over Gaul about the year 420 A.D. Childeric, father of Clovis and chief of the Franks having, on account of his evil deeds, been deposed, Egidius, a Roman officer, was appointed in his stead. He ruled over the Franks for a period of eight years during which time Childeric lived at the court of the king of Thuringia whither he had fled. Before going, however, he entered into a compact with a faithful servant to the effect that the latter was to inform him of the time when the bitterness of the feeling against him would have disappeared. He is said to have cut a coin in two, keeping one-half and giving the other to the servant. The latter was to send him the half-coin when he judged it safe for Childeric to return. At the end of eight years receiving the half coin, he set out immediately for his own country. The servant had not misjudged the feeling of the people. Childeric was favorably received and restored to his dignity of chief, but was given only half the power, the other half being left to Egidius.

At the death of Childeric Clovis succeeded to the throne. Wishing to rule alone he issued a challenge to Syagrius the son and successor of Egidius, and a day was appointed on which the chiefs with their rival forces were to

meet. The battle was fought near Soissons and resulted in a complete victory for Clovis. Syagrius fled to the court of Alaric, then only a youth. Upon the demand of Clovis and with the consent of his advisers Alaric delivered up the youthful fugitive to the conqueror of Soissons. Syagrius shortly afterwards was put to death by Clovis who thus became sole ruler over the territory of the Franks.

Clovis though ambitious of supreme power wished to rule justly; he respected the conscientious scruples of his subjects. He was a pagan and the people over whom he extended his conquest after the battle of Soissons were nearly all Catholics, yet he did not molest them; on the contrary he extended to them his protection, as is shown by the following incident.

That part of the territory ruled over by Syagrius was Catholic, and in consequence many churches had been built. The soldiers of Clovis in their thirst for booty had pillaged these, and their contents formed part of the spoils which were to be distributed among the victors. Among the valuables which the Franks had taken was a precious vase, the property of the church of Rheims. The bishop begged of Clovis to save this from profanation. The king promised to attempt its recovery, and accordingly at the distribution he demanded the vase as a special favour. The soldiers unanimously replied that to him belonged all that had been taken. One only objected saying "No, you shall have only what falls to your lot." So saying he struck the precious object with his battle-axe and shattered it into fragments. Clovis carefully gathered up the pieces and handed them to the delegates sent by the bishop. The king never forgot the man, and the following year at a re-

view of his army he noticed him in the ranks. Advancing to him for the purpose, as he pretended, of examining his arms he took the soldier's battle-axe looked at it and threw it on the ground. As the soldier stooped to pick it up the king with a powerful stroke split his head open saying "It was thus you struck the vase of Soissons."

This is the first instance in which Clovis avenged any of the insults offered to the Catholic Church; he was to be her champion but he little dreamed of this at the time. The cruelty here exercised shows that Clovis intended that his army though composed of pagans, should respect the religion of those whom they had conquered.

The history of the conversion of Clovis centres about his queen Clotilda whose father, mother and two brothers had been put to death by the order of her uncle Gondébaud. She and her sister were the sole survivors of this unfortunate family, and the cruelty of their uncle extended so far that they were not suffered to live together. Chroné, the sister of Clotilda was placed in a convent while Clotilda herself, though not permitted to appear in public as a princess was kept at his court. Clotilda occupied herself in religious devotion and in giving alms at the door of the churches after mass.

The ambassadors whom Clovis from time to time sent to the court of Gondébaud brought home news of the unfortunate princess. They extolled her great beauty, praised her many virtues and deplored her cruel misfortune. The young and chivalrous king, hearing the sad story of her abandoned state, conceived the idea of seeking her hand in marriage. He would thus not only free her, but, what was to him an important factor, he would establish a hereditary claim to Gondébaud's territory.

His idea was put into execution by the intermediary of an ambassador who coming up to her as she was distributing alms to the poor, made known to her the wishes of his king. Her consent being gained, Gondébaud was con-

sulted as to the project and reluctantly gave his assent. He received the usual price of one penny and one farthing for her. The ambassador therefore espoused her in the name of Clovis and she immediately began her journey south to the domains of her new lord.

After travelling for some time in the rude carriage placed at her disposal, fearful lest her uncle should change his mind concerning her marriage, she mounted on horseback and travelled by a different route from the one usually taken. Her fears were not without foundation, for Gondébaud, soon after her departure, regretted his decision and sent messengers to bring her back. They overtook the car only to find that the object of their search was gone, and failing to find her, they returned empty-handed to their disappointed master.

Clovis was highly pleased with Clotilda and became deeply enamoured of her. She was a fervent Catholic which was the religion of nearly all the Gauls now under the dominion of Clovis, and the subjects of the new queen founded great hopes upon the result of this union.

Clotilda soon attempted the conversion of the king. She showed him that his gods were made of wood and stone, and that in consequence they had no power. She pleaded eloquently for the true God, saying that he should adore the great Creator of the universe who causes the sun to shine, who ornamented the firmament with stars, who filled the earth with living beings and who with his own hand created man the master of all creatures. She repeated many things calculated to inspire him with a love of the true faith. In the meantime a son was born to them. Clotilda desired to have him baptized, but the King wished to consecrate him to the service of his gods. The mother won her point. Preparations were made for the young prince's baptism and that rite was finally administered; he was named Ingomar. But while still wearing the white robe of baptism, he fell sick and died. The

king attributed his death to the baptism and reproached Clotilda saying that had the child been consecrated to the gods he would have lived. To these words she meekly answered: "I render thanks to God that He has judged me worthy of bearing a child whom He has called to reign in His kingdom."

A second son was born. He also was baptized, and named Clodomir. But scarcely had he received the sacred rite when he fell very sick and appeared about to die. The king seeing this said: "He shall die as did his brother having been baptized in the name of your Christ." The child, however, recovered, God having heard the prayers of the faithful mother.

Clotilda persisted in her attempts to convert Clovis but with little success. God had designed that the object of her desires should be accomplished by other means. The German tribes established in the territory now known as Alsace and Lorraine had swept down upon the Ripuarian Franks. The Ripuarians being his allies, Clovis went to the aid of Sigisbert their chief. Early in the encounter Sigisbert was wounded and his troops fell into disorder. The army of Clovis seeing itself thus left alone to bear the brunt of the battle was beginning to waver before the terrible onslaught of the enemy. At this juncture Clovis bethought himself of the exhortations of Clotilda, so in his despair, raising his hands to heaven he exclaimed: "O Jesus, Thou who Clotilda assures me art the Son of the living God, if, as it is taught, Thou succorest the unfortunate and givest victory to them who trust in Thee, I implore thy immediate assistance. If Thou causest me to triumph over my enemies, I will believe in Thee, and will be baptized in Thy name. I have called upon my gods in vain. They cannot be powerful since they do not help those who adore them. For this reason I call upon Thee and desire to believe in Thee, only deliver me from my enemies." Scarcely had these simple and memor-

able words been uttered than the enemy became confused and, seeing their king fall mortally wounded, surrendered to Clovis, begging hostilities to cease and asking to become his subjects.

Faithful to his vow Clovis made preparations to become a christian. For this purpose he brought with him to his capital a priest named Vaast to teach him the doctrine of the Catholic Church. This holy man lived near Toul in retirement from the world yet he consented to accompany the king. He confirmed Clovis still more in the truth of christianity by a miracle which he performed during the journey. During their progress a blind man knowing that Vaast was in the king's train called out as he was passing by: "O, man of God, have pity upon me, I ask neither gold nor silver, but that you restore to me my sight." The holy priest feeling himself moved within, made the sign of the cross and exclaimed: "O, Lord Jesus, Thou who art the true light, Thou who openedst the eyes of him who was born blind, open the eyes of this man, that they who are here present may know that Thou art the only true God, who performest wonders in heaven and on earth." Instantly the blind man received his sight to the great wonder of all. A church was afterwards built in commemoration of the event at the place where this miracle was performed.

The queen had sent for St. Remy to further instruct Clovis in the teachings of the Church. The king, however, hesitated about professing christianity till he should consult his people. Speaking to St. Remy he said "I will gladly listen to thee, but I fear that the people will not be willing to forsake their gods. I shall address them according to what thou hast taught me." He called the Franks together, but even before addressing them, the people, as it were, moved by God, exclaimed with one voice. "Lord, we forsake our mortal gods and are ready to follow the immortal God preached by Remy."

Thus did the whole nation of Franks

turn to God, and preparations for the baptism of the king as also of the people were immediately begun. On Christmas Day, 496, A. D., the memorable event took place. How the heart of Clotilda must have leaped for joy as she saw her greatest desire thus accomplished!

St. Remy, whom Bossuet calls the Samuel of the French people made great preparations for the imposing ceremony. Hinemar has left a most eloquent description of the magnificence displayed on the occasion of this the most impressive event in the history of the French kings.

The street from the palace to the church had been splendidly carpeted. The church itself was gorgeously decorated and lighted up with perfumed tapers. A procession started from the palace at the head of which were carried the Gospels and the cross. Then came the king whose hand was held by St. Remy. The queen and the two sisters of the king followed: the rear of the procession was brought up by the flower of the French army.

Arrived at the church the king was so much struck with the magnificence displayed that he asked the holy father if this were the kingdom of Christ which he had promised him. "No, Sire," replied the bishop, "it is but the beginning of the way that leads to it."

On reaching the baptismal font the king asked to be baptized. The bishop addressing him said "Sicambre, * bow down thy head; adore that which thou hast burned, and burn what thou hast adored." Then having professed his faith in the Blessed Trinity, Clovis was baptized and anointed. The three thousand soldiers who were with him, along with their wives and children were also received into the church by the bishops and priests who were present on this solemn occasion. Of the sisters of Clovis, Albofède was baptized and afterwards entered a convent, while Lanthilde who had imbibed the

Arian heresy became reconciled to the true faith, and was anointed.

This was an occasion for great rejoicing throughout the realm. The king wishing to banish tears and sorrow from his kingdom released all prisoners and made liberal donations to the church. He wore the white robe of the neophytes for a period of eight days and once during this time when St. Remy was reading to him the Passion of our Lord, the king, moved to indignation by the description of the cruel torments endured by the Saviour, exclaimed "Oh, would I had been there with my soldiers to avenge Him!"

The news of the conversion of Clovis spread joy throughout the christian world. Expecting in him a valiant defender of the Church Pope Anastasius was particularly happy. Clovis was now the only Catholic sovereign in the world, the others being either pagans or having embraced the doctrines of one or the other of the great heresies, Arianism or Eutychianism. The emperor Anastasius had gone over to Eutychianism, while Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths in Italy; Alaric, king of the Visigoths in Spain and Aquitaine; Gondébaud, king of the Burgondes in Gaul and Trasamond, king of the Vandals in Africa, all professed Arianism.

The date of the baptism of Clovis was almost coincident with the accession of Anastasius to the papal throne. The new pope looked upon this as an omen of good. He therefore wrote the following letter to the king of the Franks.

"We congratulate Ourselves, most glorious son, that your entry into the christian faith concurs with Our entry into the pontificate. For may not the chair of St. Peter start for joy when it sees the nations hasten to it; when it sees the net which that fisher of men, that porter of heaven, has been commanded to spread, being filled throughout the ages? This is what we wish to make known to your Serene Highness, through the priest Eumerius, so that, knowing the joy of your father, you may increase in good works, you may

* Clovis was descended from the tribe known in the north of Germany as the Sicambres.

complete Our happiness, you may be Our crown ; and that the Church may rejoice at the progress of so great a king, whom she has just brought forth to God. Glorious and illustrious son, be the consolation of your mother ; be to her a pillar of iron to support her. For the charity of many is waning, and Our bark is shaken in the furious tempest caused by the plots of the wicked. But We hope against all hope, and We praise the Lord that He has withdrawn you from the powers of darkness, to give to the church, in the person of so illustrious a prince, a protector capable of defending her against all her enemies. May the Almighty God continue to give you and your kingdom His celestial protection ! May He command His angels to guard you in all your ways, and may He cause you to be victorious over all the enemies that surround you."

Another letter, that of Saint Avit to Clovis, manifests the great joy which his conversion and baptism gave to the christian world. As it not only congratulates Clovis, but details some of the obstacles with which the church had to contend, we shall give a few extracts from it. The Saint begins by speaking of the fact that Clovis had chosen the Catholic faith preferably to the many heretical beliefs of the time, and then he continues :

"Thy choice guides the judgment of others ; though judgest for them, while thou choosest for thyself, and thy faith becomes our victory. The most of those whom we exhort to embrace the true faith oppose to us the customs and usages of their ancestors, whom they are ashamed to condemn ; and, through a pretended respect for their forefathers, they remain in their unbelief. But after the wonderful event of which we have been the witnesses, let this shame and this pretext disappear ! Thou hast wished to inherit from thy ancestors nothing but their nobility. If they have done great things, thou hast done greater. Thou hast learned from thy forefathers to reign on earth ; thou wilt teach thy descen-

dants to reign in heaven. What shall I say of the solemnity of thy baptism ? Oh, how that sacred night filled us with consolation ! What a spectacle, said we, to behold that warrior quit his armor for a while to clothe himself in the white robe of baptism ! There is but one thing which I desire to see increase : it is that, since through God, thou wilt make thy nation wholly His own, thou procurest from the treasure of thy heart the seeds of faith to the nations still farther away, still plunged in their natural ignorance, but not yet corrupted by false dogmas. Do not disdain to send to them ambassadors, for the interests of God who has shown such great solicitude for thy welfare. These pagan peoples, having embraced religion, will serve thee through gratitude, and will look up to thee as their prince."

We have now but to examine if the wishes of Pope Anastasius and of St. Avit were accomplished in Clovis and in the line of Kings which he founded ; and to investigate into the part played by the French nation, considering whether or not they have responded to the expectations here reposed in them.

In his life, though he embraced christianity, Clovis did not immediately divest himself of the habits contracted previous to his baptism : it could not be expected that from the state of a rude barbarian, he would immediately be transformed into a model christian. Development in the moral as well in the physical state must come gradually. A man never emerges, except through superhuman agency, from the state of serious sickness to that of perfect health. And so with Clovis ; he committed many acts, engaged in many wars which had not the spreading of christianity for their sole object. But we see the effect of the change in his life in the laws that he enacted. They were framed on christian principles and dropped to a great extent the atrocious punishments that were a characteristic feature of barbarian rule. His wars changed : the butchery of men and the

capture of women and children to be carried into slavery were no longer the main object either of the prince or of the army. The Catholic clergy were admitted into the councils of the nation, and by their salutary influence not only gradually elevated legislation and the morals of the people, but prevented to their utmost useless and bloody wars, and mitigated the cruelty of such as they could not prevent. Wars were carried on for other motives than mere conquest and plunder: they were the instrument by which civilization and with it religion, was spread among the savage tribes in the north central parts of Europe.

France thus at that early age did noble work for the cause of christianity. And has she not done so throughout the ages since? Did not the sword of Charles Martel save christian Europe from being crushed under the iron heel of Mahomet? The names of Charlemagne, of Godfrey de Bouillon, of St. Louis, King of France, are inseparably connected with the extension of the true faith. Moreover the royal house of France is the only one which presents to the world a line of kings who, for over twelve hundred years, have resisted the inroads of heresy. Not for a single reign has a heretic sat on its throne. Henry IV alone was a Protestant for a part of his life, but he became a Catholic as the result of a remarkable controversy held in his presence. The Protestant and the Catholic causes were ably defended by representatives of each denomination. During the course of the discussion Henry asked the Protestant ministers if a person could be saved in the Catholic faith. They answered in the affirmative. He then said that since according to their admission, a person could be saved in the Catholic faith, and also since according to the Catholic doctrine

one could not be saved outside the Catholic church, he would choose the safe side and become a Catholic.

What may we say of the sons of France? The terms French and Catholic are almost synonymous. We are always surprised to meet a French heretic. Heresy does not thrive in their country. Rather than embrace Protestantism they drift into unbelief; but the nation is essentially Catholic, and though godlessness has reigned in France and has not yet been dethroned, it is certain that the true feeling of the nation will ere long assert itself. France will overthrow the mortal enemy that has placed a withering hand on her fair brow. The people will rise and, following the example of their fathers, will become the faithful children of the church. Have they not in their history some of the greatest examples of christian devotion, of christian heroism? It is from France that came those noble souls, who, abandoning everything that was dear to them, friends, home and country, sailed to the then bleak shores of North America, and taught the Indian the way that leads to God. French names are everywhere connected with the teaching of the faith of Jesus-Christ. In China, in Japan, the name of St. Francis Xavier, is a household word among the christians; in Canada, the names of Fathers Brebœuf, Jogues and Lalement have become historical as models of christian missionaries; in Africa; in fact in all parts of the world the devoted sons of France have shown themselves the true soldiers of Christ. May we not then hope that they will yet triumph over their deadly enemy at home, and, following their noble motto *Gesta Dei per Francos*, restore their country to its true position among the catholic nations of the world.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.

THOUGHTS ON THE CRUSADES.

ALL nations revere and cherish the birthplace of their illustrious heroes. England has Stratford-on-Avon; the United States, Mount Vernon. It is therefore but fitting that all Christendom should hold the land consecrated by the presence of the Redeemer of the world, as the most sacred spot on earth. And from the earliest ages Christians have believed that this land should be free of access to all the people.

Pilgrims from the West have deemed it a great privilege to be able to do penance for their sins on the very spot where Our Lord redeemed them. Constantine the Great and his mother St. Helena visited Jerusalem and built many beautiful temples in honor of the Saviour. Robert of Normandy did penance in the streets of the Holy City. Before long, however, the Christians were denied the privilege of visiting and praying at the different shrines in Palestine.

Omar the leader of the Mussulmans conquered the Holy Land in A. D. 638, and he not only persecuted those who lived in Jerusalem but he also prevented as far as he was able those who ventured into the city from other countries. Cruel as were the persecutions under Omar and his immediate successors they became intolerable under the rule of the Seljukian Turks. Three Roman pontiffs, Sylvester II, Gregory VII and Victor III tried in vain to end these persecutions. It was reserved to Urban II to start in motion the Crusades.

To attempt to enumerate the many salutary and lasting results that have followed from these religious wars were as unnecessary as "to gild refined gold or paint the lily." Where is the Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, who does not admire the noble character of Peter the Hermit, whose call, like a voice from the wilderness, awakened all Europe to the actual con-

dition of affairs in Palestine and made the war-like barons forget their private feuds and band themselves under the Standard of the Cross with the cry "God wills it?"

Peter fired with indignation at the treatment he had seen his brethren receive in the Holy Land, solicited, and readily obtained permission, to preach the cause of his fellow Christians.

Later on, Urban assembled all the nobles and warriors of France in the Council of Clermont, and appealed to them with so much eloquence, that thousands immediately pledged themselves to rescue Jerusalem from the Turks. Each warrior as a sign of his vow placed a red cross on his right shoulder, and from this they came to be known as Crusaders.

Had these wars been successful not a single voice would have been raised against them, but because they failed in part, there are many who cannot be too abusive when dealing with any event connected with the Crusades. But is anyone justified in calling the wars which saved Europe from barbarism failures? What is it more than anything else that is most striking during this epoch of history? The careful student will most likely notice the almost universal prevalence of feudalism.

This remarkable system of government did much towards ameliorating the condition of the serfs in its early existence, but in the twelfth century feudalism had exceeded all bounds, and was far from being conducive to the welfare of Europe. Being absolute masters of the land the feudal lords were absolute masters of the poor people.

The Church had ever been the opponent of these landed barons though at times she apparently favored them. This seeming approval was owing to the fact, that it was impossible to overthrow them, and the Church, as a kind and thoughtful mother, ever watchful

over her children did all she could to better their condition. When the opportunity for the overthrow of feudalism presented itself, the Church was not slow to avail herself of it. The favorable moment occurred when the barons, called upon to furnish the several expeditions, had thereby to weaken their own power, for not having money at hand, their lands had to be sold in order to procure the means of equipping the forces over which the baron had been honored with the command, or that he had promised to collect. Gradually the lands came into the possession of the people, who when they owned property of their own would not submit to the treatment they heretofore undergone.

Another cause for the loss of power to the lords was their absence in the Holy Land; for the king availed himself of this opportunity to increase his authority. But while the king assumed command over the territory of many barons, he did not do so without giving the people, some privileges in order to assure their fealty and prevent them from returning to their former allegiance. The people being in a position to demand their rights, did not fail to profit by the occasion. Furthermore they recognized that to accomplish any permanent good there must be union, and to arrive at this union, they must know each other. And would it not be well for us in this age of enlightenment, to contemplate the marvelous progress made in the direction of that much desired but as yet unaccomplished, "Parliament of nations and Brotherhood of man," during this much maligned period of history. Immediately preceding the Crusades Europe was one vast battlefield. Separated from one another, the different nations seemed to be hereditary enemies for the words of the poet,

"Oceans interposed

Make enemies of nations' who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

The holy wars made these people forget their private quarrels, and band themselves under the common stand-

ard of the Cross. Gradually becoming acquainted, they soon learned that they had much in common, and that after all the causes of their former wars were more visionary than real; so that this mingling of the different peoples could not fail to have a good effect.

We are often told that while the nations of Europe were endeavoring to become more closely united, the wonderful power wielded by the popes was used not to further the interests of the people, but to better the political condition of Rome. That such was not the case we may easily perceive from a perusal of the histories of the times; for while it is undeniable that the Roman Pontiffs exercised a vast influence we cannot find a single instance, where a pope, used this power to increase his own domain. If the popes had such unlimited power, and if they desired to use it for their own aggrandisement, would they not have endeavored to extend their temporal power? History, however, tells us that such was not the case. Moreover, during the conduct of these wars several popes reigned—many very learned and endowed with superior genius, others not so great or talented—still each and every one of them was fired with the same desire of freeing the Holy Land.

While the people with the assistance of the popes were marching onward and upward toward a higher civilization and a better understanding of each other, a great change was coming over them. Readers of Scott have often admired the deeds of chivalry performed by his many heroes, and from his works may have a fair idea of chivalry but it is not to Scott, but to the history of the Crusades that we must look to find the grandest examples of true knighthood; here the most prejudiced cannot fail to admire the many gallant deeds performed by the intrepid knights. No one will pretend that chivalry was unknown in the West before the Crusades, but that it attained its highest splendor during the Holy Wars, all impartial writers admit. Piety, bravery and modesty, were the

three characteristics qualities of the true knight. Anyone whose knowledge of knighthood has been learned from Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, has not a very lofty idea of chivalry, but it must be borne in mind that this is not true knighthood but the ridiculous order of knight errant carried to extremes.

The greatest insult that a knight could receive was to be called a liar, and no knight could refuse to succor any person in need. "Devotion and Love," were the principles that animated the knight: "God and women his device." These were the sentiments that underlay the conduct of the true order of chivalry, and though in some instances abuses crept in, the vast body remained devoted to their noble ideals, history amply proves. Moreover, that all Christendom applauded the gallant deeds of these men, prove that the middle ages, were not so barbarous as some writers would like to have us believe. In the following words we find what was expected of the knight of this period "Evil be to him who forgets the promises he has made to religion, to patriotism, to virtuous love; evil be to him who betrays his God, his king, or his lady."

Animated with such noble sentiments can it be a matter of wonder that these warriors performed extraordinary deeds or that they were at once the terror and admiration of their enemies? Years after the guiding principles of these truly Christian soldiers had been forgotten, their good effects remained and Europe cherished some of the sentiments instilled into her bosom during the age of her gallant sons.

Not only did the Europeans make wonderful progress in moral virtues, but they also derived much intellectual and material aid from their contact with the East. The marked progress made in navigation, commerce, industry, the sciences, letters, the arts, and general knowledge, attest the advance of the Western nations. Before the general movement against the East, very little of the now known world was familiar to the European countries.

France had but two or three ports upon the coast of Normandy, not a single one upon the ocean or the Mediterranean. England, now the proud mistress of the seas, whose vessels sail in every sea, and whose flag waves in so many lands did not as yet consider the world large enough for her ambition and the genius of her sons.

The distance of the seat of war from the nations that were taking an active part in it, necessitated easier, more reliable, and quicker methods, of transportation. It was during the Crusades that the mariner's compass was invented, and it was this great invention which led eventually to the discovery of America. The Europeans were quick to see that the East presented a vast and rich field, for the enterprising merchant, and soon we find the maritime cities rapidly increasing in wealth and power. In this commercial activity it is easy to see the hand of Providence, whose design it is that each climate should furnish its own peculiar productions and lend its own special advantages to increase the sum of human happiness and make for a higher stage of civilization.

Most of the commerce was carried on by a few maritime cities like Venice, but France, England, Spain and Italy reaped abundant profits from their Asiatic trade. England gladly exchanged her wools for the silks and spices of Persia, and the city of Marseilles increased its commerce with Syria and Greece, Spain very active at this time soon had warehouses upon all the coasts of Asia, Italy owing to its excellent position realized the greatest benefits. It was easy of access to all the nations of the world, and the advantages which did much to enable the ancient Romans to acquire a mastery of the world aided the nations of Italy to acquire a second mastery, this time a commercial mastery. It is worthy of note, that in Europe no great city can be found that has not its Lombard street, a fact that shows very clearly that the Italian merchants had long sojourned there.

The activity in commerce could not but increase industry. The Saracens manufactured stuffs before the Crusades and at Damascus and in other cities metals were worked far more artistically than in Europe. In Tripoli and in several cities of Greece, silk was manufactured very extensively. The merchants were much interested in silk, and soon imported looms, and planted mulberry trees, which multiplied and flourished in sunny Italy and in the salubrious climate of Morea; so that in a short time the Italians surpassed the Greeks themselves. Besides these new industries which were introduced into the West, the Venitians obtained from Tyre the idea which suggested the manufacture of the magnificent works in glass, for which they were so celebrated during the middle ages.

While the nations were making this rapid progress in commerce and industry, architecture and the other arts were not neglected. In the tenth century and until the commencement of the Crusades the only form of architecture widely known was the building of fortresses, towers, and such defenses, as would preserve the people from the attacks of the enemy. Even the inhabitants of large cities were scarcely protected from the inclemency of the weather. The only architectural monuments were those raised to the memory of ancestors. Long before it was decided to build costly and ornamental palaces for kings and princes, beautiful churches were raised to the service of God.

It is remarkable how many magnificent churches were built during this age. Costly and artistic churches and monasteries arose throughout Europe at the voice of conscience and under the inspiration of religion. The inhabitants of every town and city took great pride in decorating their temples; each city vied with its neighbor in having the most beautiful church and the grandest altars. To aid architecture, painting and sculpture were called in, and these two arts which owed

their rapid progress to piety took the inspiration for their greatest masterpieces from the contemplation of the mysteries of religion. The many beautiful monuments of the East, excited the emulation of the Crusaders. The knights were surprised at the splendor of Constantinople when they first beheld that queen city of the Byzantium empire.

The Western nations particularly Italy did not fail to profit by their intercourse with the Greeks, and once the Italians saw the great masterpieces they endeavored to imitate and to surpass the Eastern models. The wealth derived from commerce was turned to the encouragement of industry, and the fine arts: and the taste for beautiful architecture changed the face of Italy, and from Italy extended throughout all Europe. Hand in hand with the advance in the building arts, sculpture and painting, went the advance in sciences, geography, medicine and mathematics. Geography made the most progress; in fact before the Crusades it was practically unknown, countries had scarcely any intercourse whatsoever with each other; Burgundy for example was hardly known at Paris. The Crusaders did not know the names of the cities through which they passed and in one instance where they met with a defeat at Mersbourg, not knowing the name of the city they contented themselves with calling it Malleville or the city of misfortune. If the Franks knew little about their own country, how can it be expected that they should know much about foreign countries. And what is more remarkable out of the two hundred chroniclers that write about Egypt, we find but a single one who even mentions the Pyramids. We may judge of the simplicity of these writers by a glance at the statement of Joinville in his memoirs; he tells us very seriously, "that the trees of the terrestrial paradise produce cinnamon, ginger and cloves, and that these spices are fished out of the waters of the Nile, whither they have been carried by the winds."

The geographical charts were correspondingly simple; they did not give the configuration of the globe, nor the extent of the countries, nor did the maps of the times have as now the four cardinal points, marked upon them but instead on the four sides were written the names of the principal winds.

Jerusalem, the queen of cities, according to the opinion of the ancients, was placed in the center of the known parts of the world, and was represented by a large edifice surmounted by a cross. Around this were placed the different cities of Palestine, Syria and Egypt, etc., represented by houses all placed without regard whatsoever for the correct distance or direction. But all this was changed after the learned men who accompanied the Crusaders had returned to Europe; they had obtained more exact information, and knew how to proceed scientifically in drawing a map.

At the same time that the geographers were becoming proficient in their special department, other learned men were acquiring a practical knowledge of the most useful of all sciences; the art of healing their fellow men. In the Middle Ages the Arabians knew more about medicine than any other people, for we are told that at the siege of Ptolemais Saladin sent his physicians to heal Richard. It is well-known that the physicians who accompanied Louis, knew little about contagious diseases, and consequently the armies suffered more from sickness than from the sword of the enemy; but as soon as Louis and his soldiers were captured by the Musselmans, the men were cured as if by magic and we can only account for the sudden restoration by the fact that it was not their own, but the Arabian physicians who attended them.

While the Europeans were too ignorant to derive the full benefit from the intercourse with the Arabians, they did nevertheless learn much, and some years afterward they put into practice the knowledge acquired in the East.

Mathematics was known more ex-

tensively among the Arabians than among any other class of people, and the Westerners learned considerable from their acquaintance with the Arabs.

Would it not be a source of great profit, for the calumniators of the Crusades and the Middle Ages if they would give their attention to a study of the progress made in every branch of learning during this time? Certainly never in the history of the world was there such a sudden and almost universal thirst for knowledge; and the nobleman who only a short time before gloried in being able to say that he could not write his name, because he was a gentleman, now vied with the most learned to become distinguished in the polite sciences.

No one in all Christendom has the same claim on every lover of learning that the pope of Rome deserves. It was the head of the Church, who piloted the ship of knowledge through the stormy sea of barbarism, into the safe harbor of a sound civilization. Lord Bolingbroke, whom no one will accuse of being extravagant in his praise, particularly of Catholics, says: "After all it is Nicholas V to whom Europe is obliged for its present state of learning."

Never in the history of the world had universities been so well attended, and never were so many great universities founded. Among the most celebrated schools founded during the Crusades and shortly afterwards were: in France—Paris, 1180; Rheims, 1180; Toulouse 1229; Montpellier, 1289; in Italy—Salerno and Bologna, founded in the twelfth century; Vicenza, 1204; Arezzo, 1245; Piacenza, 1243; Treviso, 1260; Ferrara, 1264; in England—Oxford which had been founded by Alfred the Great in the ninth century was elevated to the rank of a university about the year 1200; Cambridge, 1249; in Spain—Salamanca, 1240 and in Portugal—Lisbon, 1290.

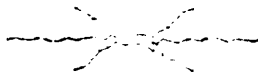
The northern countries were not so fortunate and did not have universities until the fourteenth century. A glance at the number of schools founded

during this period is enough to show very clearly how eager the people were for knowledge. Within fifty years after its foundation, Oxford could count thirty thousand students, and the students at Paris exceeded the number of the inhabitants of the city; Bologna counted the students who gathered to hear her learned professors by the tens of thousands. The other universities were also very largely attended.

But remarkable as was the attendance still more remarkable was the galaxy of learned men who taught the vast throngs the principles of Christianity, and who broke the bread of science to so many eager souls. The teachers count among their number some of the greatest intellects that the world has ever seen. St. Anselm of Canterbury, Albert the Great, St. Thomas of Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Roger Bacon, and John Duns Scotus, are names which science must ever revere and love. In the schools taught by these

great men and their confreres, the genius of Homer, and Virgil was studied and admired. The orations of Demosthenes were again read amidst the ruin wrought by the barbarian hordes, and the students could once more listen to the sublime orations of Cicero, delivered by doctors able to interpret them. Finally the greatest blessing we owe to the Crusades is the preservation of Europe. If the nations of the West, had not heeded the voice of the popes and armed themselves against the infidel, we have every reason to believe, that they would have suffered the fate of Palestine. Europe to-day leading the march towards a still higher civilization, and sending out missionaries to evangelize the savage of Africa, and the heathen of Asia, may well thank the Crusades that she is not worse than Ashantee or Senegambia.

T. RYAN '99.



This world is but a thoroughfare,
A road by which we all must go,
To reach our home.



AN AUCTION.



FLAG is waving, red as blood upon the maple tree,
 There was an auction in the wood
 Last night from twelve to three ;
 The gray Owl was the auctioneer,
 And "who? who? who?" said he.

I'm sure 'tis so.
 Because you know.
 A cricket told it me.

"Now who will buy? oh! who? who? who?
 Fresh daisies, snowy white,
 And nagg'd robins, dressed in blue
 And cowslips filled with light ;
 All going, —going—here—
 Now who? who? cried he.

I'm sure 'tis so
 Because you know,
 A cricket told it me—

A broken lot of summer days,
 All golden in the sun,
 And balmy nights with moonlit rays
 Are offered one by one
 At your own price ; for none are dear,
 So who? who? who? said he.

I'm sure 'tis so
 Because you know
 A cricket told it me—

Oh ! apple-blooms for sale, for sale.
 And here's an empty nest ;
 And this a star all silver pale
 That fell from out the west.—
 A bargain, that 'is very clear,
 Now who? who? who? said he.

I'm sure 'tis so.
 Because you know
 A cricket told it me.

"Oh ! here are dreams, so sweet, so fleet ;

Give me in offer, --do!"
All through the woods his cries repeat
Of "who? and who! and who?"
Till spring made answer: "Here! here! here! here!"
And you? you! you! said he.
I'm sure 'tis so
Because you know—
A cricket told it me.

So spring, with shadows in her eyes.
And sunshine in her hair
Took flowers and dreams and balmy skies.
Away with her somewhere,
To keep them all for you, my dear,
For you, you, you, said she.
I'm sure 'tis so
Because, you know
A cricket told it me.

HARRIET BLODGETT,

Rideau Street Convent.



CHICKIE.

(Selected.)

I HAD been spending the winter with a friend in poor health in the south of France. I will not name the place, but it was one of the loveliest spots on the northern Mediterranean coast. After prolonging our stay till we began to feel that a change would be beneficial, we travelled on along the glorious old Cornice road into Italy, and sat ourselves down among the palms and olives of a region that, on account of its eastern vegetation and general likeness to the Holy Land, is often called "the Jericho of the Riviera." For, in truth, when the traveller climbs the steep slopes and staircases of that old town, pierced by narrow, winding troughs of streets, tied together, as it were, by old crumbling bridges and arches, built as a protection against continual earthquakes; and after groping through what is more like a labyrinth of subterranean caves than a town of civilized build, he gains the crest of the hill, and looks down from the sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin which is its crown, the actual Holy Land itself seems spread below his feet. In this wild, bright, solemn country, I found and made the friend whose story I am going to tell: and, if it is disappointing at first to the expectant, I shall ask them to wait till they near the end. We lived in a not very comfortable boarding-house outside the town, chosen on account of its position, and being quite removed from the noise of the sea, which those acquainted with the Mediterranean will thoroughly understand: for there is no noisier or more aggravating seashore than that which is poetically the tideless, waveless, sapphire-like mirror of the old Tyrrhenian. In this house I soon made out my

friend—a white dog with black points, shaven to the shoulders, and of Spitz breed, as his tail, put on very high up, and twisted with a jaunty, self-asserting *swirl* over his back, denoted some English spaniel or terrier "drop," which, strange to say, gave him a power of persistence, a dauntless courage, and loving faithfulness, such as I never saw in any dog before; and yet I know about dogs and dog ways, too. The first thing my friend did—his name was Chick—was to lift himself up very on his toes, erect every hair into a wire, and growl so as to show all his beautiful young white teeth at my approach and outstretched hand. "Chick! how dare you, sir? Come along, be a good little dog, and let me scratch your back; you don't know how nice it is, dear!" But the growling and defiant looks continued, as Chick lay down on his own chosen step of the stairs. I pushed him with my foot, and said emphatically: "Chick, you're a *nasty* little dog!" At which candid opinion, Chick, sulkier and crosser than ever, settled himself to sleep. It was not long, however, before Chick succumbed to the dog mesmerism of that hearty good-will and affection in which dogs are apt to trust with a much more generous confidence than men. He began by licking my hand, then came to my room for water, and at last was won from his disreputable habits of straying from one wine-shop to another about the town, into which he had fallen from not being made happy and comfortable at home. One day, he condescended to offer himself for a walk, and we went through sundry tortuous lanes to some olive-terraces above the town. Once there, the dog's unbounded delight was pretty to see.

He rolled among the fresh grass and hop-clover, he careered in and out of the olive-trees and then rushing back to me, barking sharply in a high falsetto, he sprawled at full length on the ground, wagging his bushy plume over his back, and saying, in the clearest speech of his wonderful brown eyes, "I am not a nasty little dog *nowo*. Thank you for making me so happy." My friend was easily made happy. The one thing necessary to him was some sort of master whom he could love. With any such, his queer, sullen temper brightened, his thoroughly obstinate will grew docile, his eyes watched every motion and indication showing his master's wishes, and, if anything were given into his charge, no amount of tempting or frightening could win or scare him from his trust. His chiefest delight was running after a stone or cork, in which also his ways were special to himself. When the stone was found or dug up, Chick would stand with one paw placed upon it, looking down at it with crest and tippet erect, and exactly as if it were some sort of live game. If no notice were taken of his dumb appeal, he would snatch up the stone, and carry it on, but always with appealing looks to have it thrown again. On the olive-terraces, among the grass and wild flowers, where he always became intensely excited, he would run round the stone, growling, roll upon it in a kind of frenzy, and snap at every one who came near. When I gravely called or spoke to him, he would relinquish this mood, and, wagging his bush, lick my hand as if to beg pardon for such childishness, and return to the decent sobrieties of ordinary life. I need scarcely say that it was only because the over-excitement was bad for himself that he was ever controlled in his fancies and conceits; for dogs, even more than children, should be allowed to express their own character and make their own happiness, in unimportant things, in their own way. Chick attached himself to me in the most persistent way. He took walks with me, scratched at the

room doors to be where I was, ran up and down stairs after me on every errand, used my room, like the dogs at home, and slept on a chair at the foot of my bed. Even when left at the church door during daily mass, when I vainly thought him securely pent within gates and rails, the padded door would be shoved open, and Chick, with his ears and twisted tail

"Cocked fu' spruch,"

and his whole bearing that of "the right man in the right place," would scuttle over the stone pavement, scent me out, and ensconce himself beside my chair. At meals he took his seat beside me, in which he would rear himself up unbiddden in the drollest way, lolling back with perfect ease and gracefully holding one forepaw higher than the other, as if addressing the party. Sometimes he would even emphasize his remarks by bringing one paw down on the table, and, amid the shouts of laughter he occasioned, would look us steadily in the face, as if enjoying the joke as well as the rest. He learnt to sit up with a shawl round him, a napkin ring on his nose, and one crowning his head; to hold biscuit on his nose untouched till bidden to eat, and even to stand quite upright in the corner, watching with the gravest intelligence till he was told to come out. In short as I said before, if the one motive-power of love were found, Chick's genius seemed to know no limit. But meanwhile, the day was drawing near when the deep and most real grief must be suffered of leaving my friend. Our temporary rest was over, and our faces were bound to be turned towards home. Chick, also, took good note of the preparations for departure, and I read in his eyes that he guessed their import, and knew that our separation was drawing near. Never for an instant would he let me more out of his sight, except for mass, when I locked him up in my room. His exceeding joy at my return was one of the most touching things I ever felt.

When every other demonstration had been made, he would get up on his

hind legs, and gently lick my face, not as a dog usually does, but just putting out his tongue, and touching my cheek. This special act always seemed to say, "Can you go away and leave me behind? Why not take me with you?" The consciousness of this feeling wrought so strangely that the question was seriously mooted between my friend and me of buying Chick and carrying him with us to England. But there were great difficulties in the way. The expense was no small addition, besides the anxiety and added fatigue of another fresh thing to lead about and struggle for in stations and waiting-rooms, being, as we were, only a party of women, neither strong nor well, and already burdened with a superfluity of baggage. So the mournful decision was come to that it could not be. Our last walks were taken, our last gambols on the olive-terraces played out, and it seemed to me as if every hour Chick's eyes became more tenderly loving and more devotedly faithful. One fine day, when the heat was intense I put on my hat, Chick took up a stone, and we both made our way to a large villa in the neighborhood, occupied by a family from Wales whose acquaintance we had happily made; what sort of people they were the story of my friend will show, at least to those, in my eyes, the truest aristocracy of the world—the people who have an inbred love of dogs! On this visit, I remarked that Chick, instead of walking on his toes and winning his hair as he usually did with strangers, accepted the whole party as friends, and showed off all his stock of accomplishments with as much docility as if we had been at home by ourselves. On the other side, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith—as I shall call them—thoroughly appreciated the dog, and, seeing this, I made my proposition—an unblushing one, considering that they had already rescued two other dogs from ill-usage—that they should also possess themselves of Chick. Having once broken the ice, I launched into a moving description of his

wretched plight, and greater misery when we should have gone, as well as the reward they would reap from Chick's delightful ways. They laughingly took it all in good part, and said if they had not already an Italian Spitz which they had sent home, and a dancing dog just brought on their hands, they might have thought of Chick. I took poor Chickie home, therefore, with a heavy heart, though I did not give up all hope. The eve of our departure was a few days after this, and, when Chick followed me upstairs to bed as usual, I took him in my arms, and told him I was going away; that nothing on earth should ever have made me leave him but the being obliged to do so, and that he must be a good, brave little dog, and hold on for the present without running away. Chick licked away my tears, looking at me with his brave brown eyes full of trust, as I kissed him over and over again before going to bed. The next morning very early I wrote a last appeal to Mrs. Griffith, which I carried out to the post myself, that it might be sure to reach her; and then the carriage came to the door, and we drove away, seeing Chick to the last on the door step, sorrowfully looking after us with his steady brown eyes. It was a long time before I myself learnt the second chapter of my dear friend's story. Mrs. Griffith duly got the note, and being much touched by it, she went to the boarding-house to call on me, thinking that I had been left behind for a week, not yet recovered from an illness, and also wishing to get another view of Chick. Neither of these objects being gained, she returned home with a strong feeling "borne in" upon her mind that Chick must be rescued at any inconvenience to themselves. Not long afterwards, she and her husband were asked by the owner of the boarding-house to go and look at it as she wished to sell or let it on lease. They both accordingly went, chiefly with a view to seeing Chick. After a long visit and much conversa-

tion, Mrs. Griffith did at length see the poor little dog lying panting in the sun in the garden, where there was not an atom of shade. She called the attention of the owner to him, and told her that the dog was suffering and in great want of water. His mistress made some careless reply as usual, and passed on, still talking, down the stairs, when at the front door, Mrs. Griffith chanced to look down into the court, and there saw poor little Chick stretched on his back in the violent convulsions of a fit. She hastily summoned her husband, who, after one glance, vanished into the lower regions, instinctively found a pump and a large pan, and reappeared to drench the poor little dog with a cold-water bath, strongly remonstrating with his owner that anyone with eyes or ears could have seen how suffering the animal had been from heat and thirst. By dint of much bathing and rubbing for nearly an hour from Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, while his owner looked on in stupid amazement at this waste of time and trouble on "only a dog," Chick recovered breath and life and was able to take some physic administered by the same kind hands. And then, at last, an agreement was entered into that he should be made over to these generous friends on certain conditions, one of which was that he should be left to guard the house where he was for the present; for though much was not given to my poor little friend, much was required from him by his wretched masters. A few days afterwards, Mrs. Griffith told her husband she should like to have Chick in their possession before the time stipulated; for she felt afraid he might come under the fresh police regulations for putting an end to all stray dogs during the raging heat. Mr. Griffith laughed at her "fidgets," but went to the boarding-house nevertheless, to comply with her wishes. He was met at the door with the announcement that Chick had run away, and had not been heard of for two days! Grieved and completely disgusted at the heartless neglect which had again driven the poor dog from

his so-called home, Mr. Griffith hurried back to his wife with the news, and she, like the true woman and mother she is, sat down and burst into tears. Mr. Griffith caught up his hat, and hurried out to the police, set several Italian boys to search everywhere for the missing Chick, and did not return to his own house till late, completely worn out with the heat and worry. Some time later, he was told that one of his Italian boys had come, and was asking to see him; and, as soon as he was ordered in, the boy, who knew what pain he was giving, sorrowfully told his news that the police had seized upon the "bravo Chickie." "Well, and where is he?" cried Mrs. Griffith, her husband, the child in one breath. "Ah! Chickie is dead." "Dead! How do you know? Where?" Signora, the police take the dogs they find to the breakwater, and, if they are not claimed before the next night, they make away with them." Looking at his wife's face, Mr. Griffith quickly despatched the boy, and, once more taking up his hat, this brave and good man again sought the police-office, where the news was confirmed that Chick was dead. Still hoping against hope Mr. Griffith said, "There are many white and black dogs; I should like to see his dead body." This, backed by other *arguments*, admitted of no demur. The foreign English lord must be humored in his whim, and he should be conducted to the poor dead Chickie's dungeon. On the way, Mr. Griffith amazed his wife by rushing into their house and calling out for a piece of meat and a roll and butter "as quick as possible!"

"But Chickie's dead—the poor dog's dead!" she began. But he waved his hand and vanished, running down the street with his linen duster flying in the wind. He, too, almost flew across the reach of sand and driftwood up to the prison door of the dark, airless, filthy hole into which poor little Chick had been thrust like a two-legged criminal guilty of some horrible crime, from the last Saturday afternoon till this present

Monday night. Not a single drop of water had been vouchsafed him; but the fiendish cruelty which characterizes people ignorant of the habits and sufferings of animals, while denying the dog this one necessary, had instigated the police to leave him a large piece of poisoned meat. "Signore," said a magisterial voice from among the idle crowd which had gathered to see what miracles the English lord was going to work—"Signore, if the dog will not eat, he is mad, and you must not take him away!" And a lump of hard, mouldy bread was thrown down before the seemingly lifeless body of poor little Chick, who of course made no sign. "Chickie!" cried Mr. Griffith, who was nearly beside himself at the bare sight of what the bright, happy little creature had become, and the thought of what his sufferings had been. Chickie heard the voice, opened his eyes, and, feebly dragging himself up from the ground, came forward a step or two towards the door, which caused a general stir of dread and horror among the spectators, and made the police half close the door, lest the terrible monster should break loose upon them. Mr. Griffith forced himself into the opening, and threw his bit of cold meat to Chick; but he had suffered too much to be able to eat it, and turned from it with disgust, though he feebly wagged his brush in acknowledgement to his kind friend. Almost in despair, Mr. Griffith then held out to him a morsel of well-buttered roll, and, again wagging his brush, Chick smelt at it, took it, and ate the whole of it in the presence of the august crowd. Mr. Griffith felt that he could throw up his hat, or dance for joy, or misbehave in any other way which was

most unbecoming to a staid country gentleman, but all he actually did was to pull a piece of cord quickly out of his pocket, and say, "I can take the dog home with me now can't I?" "You can take him to the owner, and with the owner's consent, the dog will be yours." The prison door was then opened a little wider for the cord to be tied round Chick's neck, when behold! he spied the moment of escape, and, refreshed with his morsel of roll, the plucky little dog rushed through the crowd, and raced along the shore to the town as hard as he could go, Mr. Griffith after him at the top of his speed, to a certain low wine-shop, where also Chick had a true friend. And there Mr. Griffith found him, after drinking nearly a bucketful of water, in the convulsions of another and most terrible fit. His generous friend carried him home in his arms, nursed him, washed and combed the vermin of his loathsome prison-hole from him, and, with untiring pains and a love that never wearied, brought the brave little doggie back to life and health.—The story of my friend is told; Chick's last appearance in his native town was when making a triumphal progress through it in a carriage with his master and mistress, every man and boy they met saluted the English lord and lady with lifted hats and delighted cries of "Chickie." Chick was eventually brought home to England by that best of masters, to whom he has attached himself so devotedly that nothing but force will induce him to leave him by night or day. And that master and I are of one mind—that a braver, cleverer, more loving, or more faithful dog could never be found.



ST. PATRICK AND THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

THAT Aubrey De Vere is one of the greatest living poets, if not the very greatest, can be denied by none. In his works we find carried to a rare degree of excellence each and every one of the beauties which mark the true poet. The exquisite rhythm and charming cadence of his easy flowing numbers are unsurpassed by any poet of this century; while in felicity of expression and purity of thought, all his contemporaries must yield to him the palm of decided superiority.

Not the least noteworthy of the productions of this gifted versifier is a small volume entitled: "Legends of St. Patrick." It consist of fifteen distinct poems, each of which is the narration of some interesting incident in the life of the patron saint of Erin. Some of the Legends are written in rhyme; the others, among which is the one under consideration, are a standing proof of the fact that De Vere was a thorough master of that kind of poetry most difficult of execution,—blank verse.

"The Childless Mother" is, as the title would naturally imply, a most pathetic tale. The story is simple, and remarkably tender; while the abundance and propriety of figures of speech and the sustained beauty of diction give to it perhaps greater excellence than is possessed by any of the other Legends. The incident related in it occurred when St. Patrick's mission had been almost accomplished; and abundant testimony of the readiness with which Erin's sons and daughters had accepted the religion he preached, was to be found in the numerous large wooden crosses erected in every part of the island. At the opening of the poem we find the Saint praying before one of those crosses. Soon a voice from the

the tomb over which it was raised announced to him that a pagan's bones lay there, but that the cross had been erected by a grief-stricken mother, who, blinded by her tears, had mistaken this grave for that of her son. "Nightly she comes," added the voice,

Wailing as only Pagan mothers wail;
So wailed my mother once, while pain tenfold
Ran through my bodiless being. For her sake
If pity dwells on earth or highest heaven,
May it this mourner comfort!

Patrick had scarcely time to offer up a prayer for the soul of this poor pagan whose concluding words showed that love dwelt in his heart, when he heard the afflicted mourner approaching. The scene here described is sad in the extreme. The cold and bitter wind and the lonely, dismal graveyard, surrounded on all sides by the dark and dreary moor cause our hearts to beat more strongly in unison with that of the weeping mother, and to sympathize with her in her misery.

Throwing herself on the grave, "long time she wailed." Then Patrick addressed her,

Low-toned as when
Best listener knows not when the strain begins.

When she became quiet enough to listen to him, he told her that she had made a mistake; that this was not the grave of her son; that, in the words which De Vere puts in the mouth of the Saint,—

"By thee close
All dewed and glimmering in yon rising moon,
Low lies a grave unhonoured and unknown:
No cross stands on its; yet upon is breast
Graved shalt thou find what Christian tomb ne'er lacks,
The Cross of Christ. Woman, there lies thy son."

"She rose; she found that other tomb;" she fell upon it, and wet it with her tears. When after a while she had relieved her overcharged heart by giving free vent to her feelings, when the floods of anguish had spent them-

selves, she lent a willing ear to the consoling words of Patrick. And there in the long and silent hours of night, he unfolded to her that marvelous tale to which kings and seers had listened in attentive wonder; and made known to her the deep significance of that cross which she had raised in reverence for the dead because she had seen others do it. With simple truthful eloquence he told her,

How in sorrow and sin
The earth had groaned; how pity, like a sword,
Had pierced the great Paternal Heart in heaven;
How He, the Light of Light, and God of God,
Had man become, and died upon the Cross,
Vanquishing thus both sorrow and sin, and risen,
The might of death o'erthrown: and how the gates
Of heaven rolled inwards as the Anointed King
Resurgent and ascending through them passed
In triumph with His Holy Dead; and how
The just, thenceforth death-freed, the selfsame gates
Entering, shall share the everlasting throne.

His uninterrupted recital ended, "silence long time endured." Awful was the struggle which then took place in that aged grief-worn breast. The light of truth began to glimmer where for so many years there had been but total darkness; her yearning soul "in undulation swayed;" and all the while beside her Patrick prayed with persevering fervour. The angel of Good at length prevailed, and the Saint renewed his teaching. He told her of the infinite merits procured by the sufferings and death of the Infinite Victim; and how prayer was the all-powerful means by which those merits could be applied to the souls of men. She did not doubt his doctrine. Rejoiced to find some way in which she could assist her son, instead of weeping as she was wont to do, she knelt and prayed to that God of whose existence she had so lately learned. Seldom indeed does a loving mother ask in vain; and in this case the earnest supplications had the desired effect; for, as the poet tells us,

Sudden ceased the prayer;
And rang upon the night her jubilant cry,
"I saw a Sign in Heaven. Far inward rolled
The gates; and glory flashed from God, and he
I love his entrance won."

It is more easy to imagine than des-

cribe the joy with which that hitherto inconsolable mother gave voice to this exclamation. How great indeed are the fruits of Christianity, and what incomparable solace did it bring to the loving soul of that now happy mourner! After giving thanks to God and to the Saint who had thus brought about so remarkable a change in her life, "blithe of foot that woman crossed the moor." Arrived at her now smiling home she lay down to refresh her exhausted body; and the poet says,

The dawn ere long
Lay, unawaking, on a face serene
On tearless lids, and quiet, open palms
On stormless couch and raiment calm that hid
A breast, if faded now, yet happier far
Than when in prime its youthful wave first heaved
Rocking a sleeping Infant.

Thus ends the Legend. The story, though simple, is interesting, and the charming language in which the ideas are clothed renders the poem doubly agreeable. As I previously remarked, the figures employed are abundant and of the highest quality. Observe for example, the following simile taken from the description of the external world at the time when the woman was weeping over the grave of her son,

Through hurrying clouds
The scared moon rushed like ship that naked glares
One moment, lightening lighted in the storm,
Anon in wild waves drowned.

We have all remarked the particular state of the heavens here described, and we must admit that a more appropriate and striking comparison than is here drawn can be found nowhere in the language. Yet the poem contains many figures as beautiful as this; which fact proves beyond doubt that Aubrey De Vere possessed in its highest form that quality, so rare, but so essential to every true poet,—a fertile imagination. Nor is this his greatest excellence, for, as I said before, beauty of diction and truly Christian ideas are the most laudable characteristics of his works. Taken all in all, we feel safe in saying that he is unsurpassed by any poet of the present day and vies with the late laureate for the honors of the century.

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

ALL ABOARD FOR TEMISKAMING.

" How beautiful this dome of sky ;
 And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
 At thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
 Human and rational, report of Thee
 Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice ;
 My lips that might forget Thee in the crowd,
 Cannot forget Thee here,—where thou hast built,
 For thy own glory in the wilderness."

NOW when the cruel northern blast has forced the little flowers to hang their heads and die : when the advance-winds of dreary winter are crooning dolefully their *De Profundis* in the naked branches ; in a word, when all nature looks bleak, and cold, and lifeless, our thoughts are wont to wonder back again to joyous, happy vacation with its warm sunshine and charming wealth of green. Whilst we set in our cosy rooms and hear the wistful winds of autumn, the saddest sound on earth, or, peradventure, the raging storm as it flings a profusion of pattering sleet against the window-panes, and gradually changes to monotonous white the once variegated landscapes, we delight to revisit in spirit the ever pleasing scenes where, only a few months ago, entirely free from duty's urgent call, we plucked the wildflowers, caught the speckled trout, or talked of joys and sorrows, future hopes and past remembrances beneath some spreading tree. During this season of transition, when we mourn the loss of parted summer, when the leaves that formerly offered us a refreshing shade have changed their mild emerald for hues more gaudy, and are spread like a richly variegated carpet beneath our feet, these bygone recollections become a panacea in our woes, those dear vacation days are doubly dear. Fain would we live again the witching hours ;

fain would we see once more, even in their melancholy lonesomeness and desolation, the pine-clad hills and lovely dales where time with quick but steady hand has wrought such a sudden and destructive change. The ghostly moaning of the blast, sad as a banshee's wail, sends a chilly shiver through our frames, as it tell us warningly that our own autumn, the harvest-time of our lives, is quickly and irresistibly approaching. To banish the sombrous thoughts that are thus aroused let us carefully enclose ourselves in a snug corner near the warm stove, and there, heedless of the pelting elements, let us go over with reawakened pleasure some entries in my summer note-book.

Last vacation, let be it presumed by the traditional Celtic hankering after all that is romantic and poetical in nature's handiwork, I had the happiness of spending about a month in the company of a few friends amid the strikingly picturesque scenery of the Upper Ottawa. The neat and hospitable little town of Mattawa, nestling in sweet security between rocky, rugged heights that unmistakably merit even the noble name of mountains, was luckily chosen as our place of rendez-vous. The town is charmingly situated in the valley, upon the verge of the lordly Ottawa, and, though it appears to have already seen the heyday of its prosperity, nevertheless it throbs with business life and genuine conviviality. The sheer and

rocky elevations, that form its barrier against unwelcome winds, are quite a puzzle to the would-be mountaineer, who, bent on emolument or amusement, gropes and scrambles, and jumps, and flounders over fallen trees through thickly interlacing bramble in his panting eagerness to reach the summit. When he has attained the highest peak, however, the splendid panorama of hill and dale and far-extending woodland, dotted and streaked here and there with shimmering gleams of lake and river, all flung together in picturesque wildness and confusion, rewards munificently his toil. Down beneath his feet the rushing Ottawa eastward wends its sinuous way, bearing along on its sparkling bosom a wealth of logs for the great saw-mills of the Capital. Just below him on a little cape where the waters of the Mattawan are lost in the greater river, tin roofs glitter in the sun, and bluish smoke is curling lazily up from many a cheery hearth in the wood-encircled town. There, upon a gentle elevation overlooking a cluster of simply built cottages, stands the truly magnificent church of St. Ann, its twin steeples pointing triumphantly towards heaven as the final and eternal home of those whose noble generosity has contributed to its erection. Towards the north, and also in the south-east, the giant heights have opened to let the winding Ottawa come between, and, far away upon the dim horizon, the faint blue line of other mountains is a fitting frame-work for that picture, than which the soul's creativeness could hardly conceive anything more lovely and enchanting. All is still as death, save when the shrill whistle of a Canadian Pacific train awakes an echo amid the neighboring crags that formerly resounded only with the wild war-whoops of the lone Red Men. It is just such a scene as nature's admirers are delighted to behold, and fain would the tourist remain for many hours before its far-extended and varied beauties, were he not admonished by the declining sun that even-

tide is stealthily approaching. As he fearsomely descends the mountain side between tall pines, and through almost impenetrable underwood, he occasionally has a glimpse of the gorgeous Ottawa, where the reddening sun-gleams of even, catching the mirror-like water here and there, flash in patches of gold and crimson, amid the purple and deep green shadows of the clustering woods and hills.

" 'Tis sweet to climb the mountain's crest,
And run like deer-hound down its breast."

During our sojourn in Mattawa, we enjoyed many a delightful excursion through the surrounding district. In that locality we see, once in a while, a cozy farm that has been won from the rocky hill-side by years of incessant toil; but, as a rule, the poverty-stricken land is of little account for agricultural purposes. The neighborhood is, however, a paradise to such as are seeking repose from the hurry and din of city life. Its silvery rivers and softly slumbering lakes give ample opportunity for the angler's skill, and its noble wood-crested hills seem to breathe only peace and joy, as, pointing up, they raise one's heart towards heaven.

Our most noteworthy trip was one to lake Temiscaming, a remarkable expansion of the Ottawa river, commencing forty miles due north from Mattawa and extending with ever increasing width and picturesqueness for a distance of twenty-five leagues. This delightful excursion which will ever remain engraven on our memories as a most felicitous event, was arranged by the Superior of the Oblate Missionaries in Mattawa, Rev. Father Gendreau, through his skilful management we were enabled to enjoy, without even the shadow of a gloom, a three-days sightseeing in that northern-clime where

" No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array
But winter lingering chills the lap of May."

It was a delightful morning towards the end of July when our train half an hour late, slowly puffed its way out of the Mattawa depot and across the long

white bridge on its way north. The Temiscaming line is but a branch with one mixed train daily ; consequently unpunctuality in arrival or departure is not a capital sin, nor is it likely to be followed by serious consequences. Patience is therefore a very desirable virtue should you make up your mind to visit the picturesque wilderness my pen is intending to describe. The passengers on our train formed as promiscuous a crowd as ever travelled behind an engine. They were of all creeds, classes and nationalities ; rich and poor, old and young, ; some bent on business, others on pleasure ; others, forced by grim poverty from the loved firesides of their forefathers, were going to find a new home on the lonely yet fertile shore of lake Temiscaming. Attached to the train was a special car for the accommodation of some tourists all the way from Pennsylvania. Their destination was lake Kippewa, sometimes called the 'Spider' on account of its numerous, long, narrow and very crooked bays which resemble not a little the awkward legs of that well-known and industrious household animal. It is situated in a rather elevated country some miles east of Temiscaming, and is much admired by visitors.

Notwithstanding the burning rays of a July sun which, beating down upon our car, turned it into a kind of locomotive oven, our railroad trip along the historic Ottawa was not wanting in pleasurable interest. The whole distance is a succession of sharp curves, bounded on one side by vast perpendicular crags which rising to a giddy height with many a nook and cranny, afford a safe nestling place for the numerous feathered residents of wood and mountain. From the windows on the other side there is a splendid view of the often turbulent Ottawa, which will ever bear down to posterity upon its voluptuous swell the names of those by-gone warriors, who, centuries before the unwelcome pale-face broke in upon their loved retirement, skimmed in proud proprietorship its

virgin waters, Ottawa—Mattawa—Kippewa, Temiscaming, these, in truth are names that speak of fallen nations and banished clans. The pre-historic owners of these lovely glens and valleys, wooded mountains and silvery lakes and streams, are now no more ; the breath of European civilization has been their poison ; they are gone forever.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have fled away like wither'd leaves,
Before the autumn gale ;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

At one time we see the giant river, calm and almost motionless like the surface of a highly polished mirror, save where its tranquility is disturbed by mighty logs from the lone northern backwoods ; at other points it is raging and foaming over dangerous rocks where many a shantyman's boat upset in the bewildering eddies, has pitched its sturdy occupant to an untimely death. Once in a while as we sweep around an elbow of precipitous rock, the eye is charmed by new and prettier scenes and a rush of cooler air breathes balmily from verdant forests. Our comparatively comfortable car leads us to wonder at the patience and perseverance of old-time travellers who had to trudge over these dreary wilds, without the power of steam to help them onward, and were forced to carry their bark canoes and scant provisions along the brink of oft recurring rapids. Only ten years ago saw the first divergence from this primitive kind of locomotion. It was then that a number of progressive citizens, deeply interested in their country's prosperity, and boasting as their leader the energetic Father Gendreau, first opened a regular service of steamboats and tramways between Mattawa and Lake Temiscaming. The tramways were used to convey passengers and baggage past the different rapids where it was extremely dangerous for boats to venture. A few years since the right-of-way was

transferred to the Canadian Pacific Company, a complete railway was constructed at considerable expense, and now one can ride in comfort and security where formerly the clumsy bear and howling wolf were a perpetual menace to the unprotected voyageur. The superannuated flat-boats, tramway cars and curious looking steam-engine of pioneer enterprise can still be seen along the route, as our heavy train thunders onward apparently in proud derision of the humble past.

A run of less than three hours duration brought us to Gordon Creek, terminus of the railway, and landing place of the Temiscaming boat. It is not a town as one might suppose; it has not even the necessary qualifications for a village. On a rugged slope stands a little Catholic chapel, but where the worshippers hail from is not very evident. In lonely isolation, they are scattered far and wide throughout the surrounding country. Here on the border of the lake, just forty miles from Mattawa, there is a solitary hotel at which for a very reasonable price, one may dine in comfort if not in luxury.

Although it is not yet noon, the Meteor is impatient for the starting signal, so we have to get aboard without delay and soon are speeding along through the dark waters of lake Temiscaming. The American tourists have proceeded over a branch railway to Lake Kippewa, the waters of which are six hundred feet above the level of those we are traversing. The Meteor is a more commodious steamboat, and more modern in its general arrangement than one would expect to find in this out-of-the-way locality. The good substantial meals which are served on board are well partaken of, for the poignant air of this northern clime acts as a wonderful appetizer. Captain Redmond, a son of the Green Isle, and blessed with all the noble characteristics of the Celt, is ever most solicitous for the comfort of his passengers. The pilot, a Norwegian by birth, can spin a yarn of seafaring life as well as any

other of his countrymen, and there is not a bay or inlet in Lake Temiscaming but has been carefully explored and fathomed at least a hundred times by his experienced eye.

This far famed expanse of water, in its lower part, is not more than a mile in breadth, but its depth, there as elsewhere, is said to be extraordinary. Indeed were it otherwise it would belie its name, for, in the Indian tongue, Temiscaming means deep water. A remarkable characteristic of the lake undoubtedly due to its great profundity, is the fact that the bodies of persons drowned there can never be recovered. As we gaily steam along we occasionally pass a little isle, just a mere speck amid the rippling waves, with a modest lighthouse on its highest knoll. One mere mite of clay and rock covered with tall trees is called the "schooner" because, in the distance, it resembles a two-masted vessel going at full sail. The scenery on either side is of ever increasing interest. Hills rise over hills in amphitheatric grandeur, and vast woods that centuries have left untouched expanded before the enraptured gaze. Here and there a snugly kept farm that has cost the swarthy owner many a day of sweaty toil lies like a milder patch of green in some sheltered lap of the wood-enveloped mountains. Straight in front, far as the eye can reach, long lines of bold and noble looking headlands jut out into the shimmering waters like prows of mighty steamships ready for a voyage, until, far away in the dim perspective, the two shores seem to come together and form an impossible barrier. Towering towards the western sky, fantastic peaks hold aloft their aged looking heads in proud disdain, whilst, opening from the shore some finely wooded gorges, where the wildflowers grow familiarly on the banks of limpid streams, extend before our charmed eyes in weird magnificence. At greater intervals raging torrents, let loose among the moribund mountains, come rushing lake-wards to bury themselves precipitously

in the placid waters. The most noteworthy of these foaming tributaries is the Montreal River, which, wending its oft impeded course from far Ontario hills, between hampering walls of perpendicular rock, finds at length a wider berth in the tranquil bosom of Temiscaming. As we gaze that upon enrapturingscene of wooded hills and forest-clad valleys, even should we wish to remain in cold indifference, our hearts cannot refrain from turning with constantly renewed enthusiasm to Nature's Architect and we gratefully exclaim in the words of Bryant :

" Father, thy hand,

Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof; Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze
And shot towards heaven."

The Meteor proceeded on her northward course without much interruption save, once in a while, when responding to a signal from the shore, she turned her prow landward, went as far towards shallow water as prudence counselled, and then sent her little skiff to fetch some straggling passenger from the lonely woods. Occasionally the ever welcomed mail-bag, thrice welcome in the wilderness, was landed at a country office and then we moved again, 'onward, ever onward,' upon the widening waters. It was nearing four o'clock in the afternoon, and the July sun shed slantingly upon the deck its burning rays. No one seemed to notice this inconvenience for every eye was eager to catch a first glimpse of Fort Temiscaming which, as a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, has remained a well-known landmark on these shores for over a hundred years. At length upon the far distant horizon two specks of white appeared, and every tongue sent up a shout of greeting. One of these is the old fort, situated upon a picturesque cape in the province of Quebec, the other an abandoned Catholic mission on the Ontario shore. Away across the wide expanse of water these snow like spots appeared in close proximity like painted

pillars at the entrance to some lord's domain, but as we approached they quickly assumed more marked proportions until we gradually realized that through this gateway is our only passage to the farther north. Fort Temiscaming, which is nothing more or less than a cluster of neatly kept cottages, is very prettily situated. It commands a wide expanse of lake towards both the north and south, whereas directly opposite the sister provinces, Ontario and Quebec, stretch out, as it were to shake hands across the current, leaving the water-way extremely narrow, in fact not a quarter of a mile across. There is no wharf at this place, but, owing to deep water, the Meteor was able to advance shorewards until her bow rested against the sandy bank. Having landed a goodly number of passengers, including Mr. Rankin, Mayor of Mattawa, a well known and highly respectable representative of the Hudson Bay Company, her eager engine trobbed again, and carried us quickly through the narrows and out upon a magnificent expanse of water framed in tender green and reflecting like a mighty mirror the heavenly blue above. After steaming onward for a few minutes our boat swept widely round a wooded cape and entered Baie des Pères, the shores of which are celebrated for their agricultural value. At this point the rugged mountains have dwindled down to knolls, and vast tracts of fertile land have lost their virgin forest.

Baie des Pères, a thriving settlement, taking its name from the elegant sheet of water upon the verge of which it stands, is of comparatively recent origin. It is composed chiefly of French Canadians, who, having abandoned the less productive maritime district of the province, came there to eke out more profitably their peasant lives. For the advancement of civilization in this locality much praise is due to the Catholic missionaries, especially to Rev. Father Lacasse, O.M.I., through whose untiring exertions and persuasive eloquence, the population and prosper-

ity of the little settlement have been considerably augmented. The wide arm of lake that here delights the view was formerly called Kelly's Bay in honor of a solitary Irishman who, led by the bold venturesomeness of his ubiquitous race, came many a year ago to dwell upon its lonely shores. It is now called Baie des Pères as a token of respect to the Oblate Fathers, who having given up the old mission at the Fort, came some years since to reside in this more populous district. The little village looks splendid from the lake. The principal buildings that catch one's eye in the distance are a handsome Catholic church in brick, with dominating steeple, the Oblate Fathers' residence and the Grey Nuns' hospital. As our boat draws up alongside the fine new wharf, one can easily see that Baie des Pères is a place of steadily increasing prosperity. Looking from the steamer's deck, one can notice a couple of commodious hotels as well as some excellent stores, and, taken in general, the village seems thoroughly animated with the hurried activity of nineteenth century progress.

Usually the Meteor ends her day's trip northward at Baie des Pères, and remaining over night, rests her wearied crew for further labor next morning. On the particular day in question, however, we were blessed with a rare bit of good fortune. It happened that Mr. Klock, parliamentary representative of Nipissing district, a gentleman as popular as he is well known amongst all creeds, classes and nationalities throughout the Ottawa valley, was one of our fellow passengers. Accompanied by Madame Klock and some friends, he was going on a business and pleasure trip farther north, so, at his request, the Meteor proceeded that day to the head of the lake, an additional distance of twenty-five miles. It was a seldom chance for an evening's amusement;—the weather was as propitious as could be desired;—such an opportunity might not occur again. Despite our previously formed intention of finishing our excursion at Baie des

Pères, these considerations induced us to remain aboard, and take our chances for a night's lodging at some hospitable northern settlement. We were not disappointed in our choice, for that evening proved the pleasantest we have spent for many a year.

The six o'clock bell was sounding its evening *Ave* as brawny arms hauled in the hawser, and a few minutes afterwards, the Meteor was steaming briskly out of Baie des Pères. There was no time to waste for she had to reach her destination before the darkness of approaching night would have entirely obliterated the guiding landmarks. As the throbbing engine carried us swiftly along through that burnished waste of waters, majestic in its calm repose, a glorious panorama, matchless in its manifold variety, stretched out before our enchanted vision. Beautiful as was our trip since morning, it now became a thousandfold more charming. Our hearts were filled with unutterable gladness; we recognized the handiwork of an Infinite Power; and almost instinctively were playing on our lips, these opening lines of *Thanatopsis* :

" To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

Evening was steadily advancing towards the wisard hours of darkness, and the fiery summer sun, apparently satisfied with its long spell of labor in our sparsely populated clime, seemed to hasten the chariot of the day that it might all the sooner reach the reddening west. As it quickly dipped near a distant range it lessened perceptibly its noonday glare and assumed those variegated tints which so often lend a charm to our glorious Canadian sunsets. The great lone woods on the darkening shores, flushed with pink and deep vermilion, were loath to let pass away the brilliant western splendor, for they cherished in their bosoms the long slanting beams, changing them to

purple in the distance, and forming among the tall trees, many a curious shadow, phantoms, as it were, to people the coming darkness. Away across the waters towards the setting sun, paved with gold and set with radiant diamonds, stretched a gorgeous pathway, which a gentle ripple on the surface caused to sparkle in fairylike magnificence. Lovely islands covered with hills and pretty table-lands and trees of which the branches, stooping, kissed the waters as we passed along, were left behind in quick succession until, very soon, with growing distance, they melted away and were lost in the far receding line of the shore.

At some considerable distance north of Baie des Pères the tourist, especially should he hail from fair Columbia, is very agreeably surprised. There on a rocky cape, backed with brown soft hills, and facing an extensive as well as magnificent expanse of lake, dotted here and there with islands of emerald green, stands a lonely yet palatial looking mansion. It is built of red cedar in a very handsome style of architecture and finished with all the ornaments of art. A few trees lend a pleasant shade on days of tropic heat, moreover a useful shelter from stormy blasts, and over towards one side upon a ledge of rock is raised aloft a standard that speaks to the occasional voyageur the nationality of him who dwells within this cozy home in love and security. It is a beautiful banner that folds and unfolds so gently in the breeze; it is the Stars and Stripes of the American Republic.

"What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows half conceals half discloses?"

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflect'd, now shines in the stream;

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner

Oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

We learned from some of our fellow passengers that this isolated mansion is the summer residence of Mr. Brown, a wealthy Philadelphian merchant who, glad to escape awhile that bane of city life, the fever and fret of constant spe-

culatation, retires annually to this far removed Canadian retreat to snatch a craved repose. Very soon the mansion and its starry banner faded in the distance, and the sun too sank from view over the shoulder of a sloping eminence. A little farther north we noticed along the Ontario shore a very remarkable quarry of lithographic stone. Were capital somewhat more plentiful, and cheap communication with the business world regularly established, this would likely prove a lasting source of wealth. Here the lake is fully six miles across whilst away in front, as well as in our rear the sky and waters meet. Once in a while a stray flock of ducks was greeted with a passing shot, but, generally speaking, this wary fowl, being wise in their generation kept well out of harm's way. The evening was one of unrivalled magnificence; the air was comfortably warm and laden with balmy odor from the forest. A gentle breeze croning in some island pines, seemed to express in music the sadness of the fading glories of the day.

Although the charming variety of sky and landscape, with which one is environned, leave nothing to be desired, still it is very remarkable how much the company in which one travels contributes to the pleasure or tediousness of a holiday excursion. On the occasion in question the truth of this assertion was very agreeably impressed upon us by the presence of Mr. Klock and party who contributed immensely to our evening's enjoyment. Save ourselves and a solitary Welchman, who was roaming the world in search of silver mines evidently utopian, these were the only passengers. When darkness began to dim the wide extent of lake we formed a veritable family group on the forward deck, admired the works of Nature's hand, watched the growing shadows and talked of things both grave and gay. The kindness and affability of the party, whose guests we were rather than fellow passengers, will ever remain among the pleasant recollections of that memorable excursion.

Night had pretty well obscured the surrounding scenery and a kind of haze was beginning to form when we passed the mouth of La Blanche river, upon the banks of which some attempts have been made to establish an Irish colony. The soil of that locality is said to be very productive, nevertheless, in my opinion, the sons and daughters of Erin would be better situated, at least spiritually if not temporarily, were they to remain at home amongst the stately monuments of their ancestors, in the lovely glens and valleys fertilized with the blood of martyrs and sanctified by the footsteps of saintly men. Families have, however, one striking advantage on the shores of Temiscaming; they are in very little danger of quarrelling with their neighbors. At length the hand of our watches had passed the eight-hour of eventide, and, though a brilliant moon shed her borrowed splendor on our track, objects at a distance were but dimly visible. Right ahead the lights of McBride's village were faintly glimmering through the gathering gloom, and then our pilot had to keep a sharp look-out, for the remarkably deep waters of Temiscaming are, at that point, dangerously shallow. Hardly a sound was heard save the beating of the tremulous screw, the swish of breakers from the bows, or, peradventure, the whirr and scream of water-fowl that, startled at our unwonted presence, hastily abandoned the long coarse grass which covers extensive swamps stretching along on either side. During spring these dreary looking marshes sink beneath the rushing floods, and then even a pretty large steamboat can pass in safety where in summer the wild ducks nestle. During the season of excursions the deep channel is a very winding one, marked by long saplings stuck in the muddy bottom, so the Meteor had to make quite a circuit in gaining her destination. The landing place was reached at last, and evidently the visit of a steamboat is considered quite an honor in that ramshackle, lake-side village for the

whole population turned out to meet us. So far local progress has not provided the luxury of a wharf, but the Meteor which, for her size, draws very little water, was able to advance alongside a rather muddy looking bank, that, for the present serves the purpose of a pier. Then, with business-like dispatch a gangway was pushed out and soon the easily counted group of passengers was safe and sound on shore. The spot whereon we landed is seventy-five miles removed from the nearest railway depot or telegraph office, and fully three hundred and twenty-five miles northwest of Ottawa. Mr. Klock and his party proceeded to a modest looking hotel, owned by a man named McBride, the well-known patriarch of that district. Mr. McBride is a venerable looking pioneer and is still hale and hearty although bent and worn by over eighty summers of useful toil. He has lived to caress his great grandchildren and nearly all the inhabitants of the settlement are his relatives.

Notwithstanding the kind invitation of Captain Redmond to sleep on board the Meteor, we chose another resting place to pass the hours of repose. After saluting our fellow travelers with a rather hasty *au revoir*, we directed our steps to where a little Catholic church raises its lofty cross high above a neighboring hill. Finding the door unlocked, as it is accustomed to be where simple faith is brightest, we entered with grateful hearts that plain yet cherished sanctuary. The mild red light twinkling before the tabernacle like a brilliant gem in some adoring angel's crown, told in words of eloquence the presence of that humble king of love, who gladly raises a throne of grace and mercy as well in this lonely wilderness where an untutored peasant kneels in humble reverence, as in the stately city cathedral where a proud worshipper, like the Pharisee of old, praises himself rather than his God. The gathering gloom, illumined only by that single ruddy gleam, added to the scene a weird im-

pressiveness that inspired devotion. Our prayer over, we proceeded to the low roofed sacristy which, in these remote regions, forms the missionary's only residence. That was an evening of surprise for the solitary occupant who proved to be no other than Rev. Father Baudry, a familiar friend of ours in former years. A rather authoritative rat-tat-tat brought him to the door expecting to meet perhaps the Governor-General of Canada himself. There he stood almost speechless with astonishment, and muttering half a dozen different exclamations in quick succession, and in about as many different languages. Our spook-like appearance at that far mission after dark was, be it granted, enough to take away the breath even of a sturdy clergyman. Explanations soon set things aright, however, and then we went to enjoy an old-time chat in the lovely moonlight.

The night was splendid, bright almost as day, and not a trace of cold in the transparent atmosphere. The little stars twinkled above with northern brilliancy, and not a sound was audible save the monotonous murmur of the Ottawa as it hastened to the lake, the eerie whispering of the night-breeze, or perchance the shrill voice of some restless hound that "bayed the moon" with unrelenting vigor in the distance.

"The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The night-breeze blew mild and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it."

We talked together 'till the ghostly hour of midnight had come and gone and then, before we laid ourselves to rest, Father Baudry showed us his precious store of priestly vestments and and holy altar ornaments, many of them presents from sunny France. A large Algonquin grammar, at the study of which we had surprised the industrious missionary, was an object of considerable interest. We spent the remaining hours of night in veritable missionary style, the sacristy floor our bed. A few rugs and camp-blankets made us comfortable, and, taken all in

all, no royal head, though pillowed amid wealth, ever rested so tranquilly as ours that memorable night. Our unexpected visit had brought a world of happiness to the solitary missionary, and that alone was sufficient to make us joyful.

Before composing myself to sleep I saw, as it were, a panoramic vision representing the self-sacrificing life of men like him whose hospitality we were sharing. Wafted along at more than electric speed, my mind's eye traversed our Canada's fair Dominion from shore to shore, even to the eternally frozen North where winter's white nesslingers to reflect the summer's sun, then over the great Columbian Republic and across the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea to where the Andes lift their snow-capped heads high above valleys of tropic verdure, then, like a flash beyond the Pacific with its lovely islands to the arid plains of Australia, the inhospitable cities of Asia and the torrid jungles of Africa, then to happier Europe with its milder climate and more favored, yet hardly less sinful peoples, and everywhere, in sorrows and afflictions but often cheered by supernatural joys, I saw that lonely man of prayer, the well known black-robe, the Catholic missionary. Ubiquitous as the human race, wherever sorrow weighs down a heart, he is there to soothe its outbursts; wherever sickness and death are rife he is there to inspire courage and assuage the pain. Convinced that "the salvation of a soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire," he is ever ready to "relieve misfortune without asking its lineage." Often harassed by hunger, tortured by burning thirst or enfeebled by want of repose, his whole career is a protracted martyrdom. The laudable sweets of family life are denied him, that, in the populous city as in the deserted wilderness all alone, he may be the more at liberty to devote himself to the eternal interests of his Master.

"Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—
His mercies measured by his God alone!"

Even in these our own times of sensuality and unbelief, we have our Brebeufs and our Lallemands, but we must wait for a future day to see recorded the sacrifices they are making. It is strange that men, unmistakably learned, can fail to see the sustaining hand of God in a church which inspires its members with such heroic fortitude and saintly abnegation. It was with thoughts such as these coursing through my mind that I fell into a quiet slumber.

When my friends and I awoke, much refreshed and thoroughly satisfied with our lowly bed, the sun was already shining brilliantly and the village curs were yelping with a vehemence that was at least astonishing. A heavy dew covered the grass and a wooly-looking fog hung over the valley of the upper Ottawa. Our hasty toilet over, a passing glance at the surrounding country proved that it is fairly level and apparently well fitted for cultivation. Holy mass, at which a goodly number of pious villagers managed to be present, was celebrated in the neat though unimposing church, and then without delay we prepared for a hurried leave taking. The entire congregation, with that familiar simplicity which is peculiar to remote districts, especially where the population is wholly or partly Indian, gathered around to speak a word of greeting; and to give us what was a first and perhaps a last shake-hands. The only thing regrettable was the necessary shortness of our stay, for it forced into a single act of courtesy, our introduction and farewell. Fain would we have continued our northern course to the unfrequented shores of far Abittibi, or onward still to where the arctic breakers of James' Bay boom mournfully, on a chill deserted strand. But no; such a trip is dangerous and requires weeks, whereas we had only hours to spare; "We must return at once to Mattawa" was the immutable decree. It was nearing nine o'clock when we said good-bye to Father Baudry, and to our friends of the previous day, all of whom were present at the landing to see us off. In a few minu-


utes we were aboard the Meteor, a piercing whistle was heard echoing in the distant woods, and then we quickly steamed away. Our friends stood upon the fast receding shore waving us a last farewell to which we heartily responded until an intervening wooded cape hid them from our view. After a while even the conspicuous mission church sank beyond our range of vision, and then we turned our eyes to other scenes. The bright morning sun showed to advantage, but under a different aspect, the grand panorama of lake and vale and woodland. The simple outline of hills, many shaped under closer observation, and slightly obscured by a light blue summer haze, the silvery sheen of untroubled water with an occasional soft green island like an emerald on its bosom, all contributed to reawaken our previous day's enthusiasm. Although we missed very much the amiable company that cast a halo of enjoyment around our northward trip, still the forenoon passed right pleasantly. Another passing salutation was wafted to the starry banner and then, an hour afterwards, just as a silver-angelus from a cross topped steeple proclaimed the noontide hour, the Meteor drew up once more alongside the wharf at Baie des Peres.

As the steamer was to remain at Baie des Peres until the following morning we spent the afternoon and night in that very recent village. The sun was intensely hot that day but the atmosphere was pleasantly transparent. We visited the magnificent meadows and cornfields of the settlement, and, everywhere we went, the land seemed to boast a never-tired fertility. Vast ledges of rock, that rise almost perpendicularly at intervals in that smiling plain, look as if they were placed there intentionally to serve as barriers against northern tempests. We were informed that in the vicinity there are silver mines of considerable value, but want of time prevented us from seeing them. The handsome church, the Oblate Fathers' property and the Grey Nun's hospital, were found to well repay the


trouble of a passing visit. Here, as in Mattawa, the good sisters, those angels of the sick-bed and the school-room, are doing a heavenly work for which their names are cherished by every rude shantyman in the far-reaching Ottawa Valley. The evening at Baie des Pères was very pleasantly spent, and five o'clock next morning saw us once more aboard the Meteor. Very soon the whistle shrieked, the engine throbbed, the screw splashed and we were off southward at apparently accelerated speed. A milky fog hung over the waters like a spirit veil and swathed, as in a winding-sheet, the lower hills. Soon however this weird haze vanished into thinner air before the advancing sun. A light breeze sprang up and the sheeny waters rippled playfully. Hills and endless woods and lonely farms were quickly

repassed with reawakened interest until, an hour before the noon-day call, we stood again on the wharf at Gordon Creek waving with emotion a fond farewell to the Meteor and the deep waters of Temiscaming. The hotel served us a substantial dinner, and afterwards we climbed the rocky heights to pluck the plenteous wild berries that were scattered at our feet. At two in the afternoon our train was panting for the homeward start, and then after turning and twisting for three hours with most surreptitious caution along the tortuous Ottawa, the engine shrieked exultingly a far-resounding home-again, and, greatly pleased with our three days outing, we were numbered once more among our friends in Mattawa.

BERNARD J. MCKENNA, O.M.I., '96



Life is a mystery, might be an art;
Old men know all its' secrets, sleights and laws,
But when they learn to live, 'tis time to die



THE ERUPTION OF COLIMA, A. D. 1895.

HE peach its rosy, fragrant clusters hung
 In the sweet air of smiling Mexico.
 The springing corn its silken banners flung
 To every scented breeze, and when in glow
 Of sapphire skies 'rose the moon's golden grace,
 Methought 'twas as fair madre Mary's face.

But what a dreadful change, when Colima
 Darkened the shrinking heavens with sulphurous smoke
 And shook the frightened earth—changing bright day
 To hideous night—while peaceful night awoke
 To lurid day blazoned by awful suns
 Of subterraneous fire, by horizons

Of livid light reflected in the mist
 From that tremendous cauldron poured the flames
 Like huge, infernal serpents writhed and hissed
 In agonies of fury, with acclaims
 Of crashing rocks into the clouds uphurled,
 From bombs titanic in the under world.

At Manzanillo, fifty miles away,
 Earth trembled, and the skies were shrouded brown
 And a gray snow of ashes all the day
 Sullenly drifted over field and town,
 Until the streets were filled, the woods obscured,
 Beasts, birds and plants to one dark doom inured.

Guadalajara felt the terremote,
 Zapotlan's towers were shaken, Patzcuam
 Shuddered; the herds with subtle terror smote
 Shivered and sniffed the air with eyes aflame.
 Of men, some looked to heaven with steadfast faith.
 Some showed the sinner's coward fear of death.

North of Colima, many years ago,
 Stretched a wide, fertile plain by nature graced,
 By man adorned—like to a princely crown

His haciendas 'mong the flowers were placed.
His children blithe, his flocks and herds were strong,
Drinking the sun's rich wine the seasons long.

But ah ! one morn there was an awful birth—
'Mid deaf'ning thunders and convulsive throes
Of seismic excruciations, earth
Opened and lo ! a new volcano 'rose
Four thousand feet into the blasted air,
Vomiting flames, destruction and despair.

Oceans of fire in seething billows rushed
Consuming men and beasts, submerging all.
That paradise in swift malison crushed,
Lies buried 'neath impenetrated pall—
While Jorullo, Colima's brother dread,
Guards the dark, lonely waste above the dead.

ETHAN HART MANNING.



THE CONFESSION OF SAINT PATRICK.

IT is a noteworthy fact that among our great English poets, many were possessed of a peculiarity of character which left its distinctive mark upon their writings. Byron was misanthropical; Goldsmith was irresolute; Pope was envious; Scott was bigoted; Shelly was atheistical, and Keats—well, Keats died young, and his early demise may be best accounted for by a fact so tenderly expressed by Wordsworth,

"O, Sir! the good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burr to the socket."

Those characteristics, lamentable or otherwise, seldom fail to be imprinted on a writer's productions, and as a consequence, there are but few poets in our language who have not left us some passages, a perusal of which would have a tendency to vitiate rather than to improve the morals of their readers. But when we contemplate this deplorable fact, it affords us at least a certain amount of consolation to know that at present there lives one writer, who while he is undoubtedly blessed with the spark of poetic genius, at the same time sets to paper the creations of a cultivated imagination with propriety, and the result of an extensive observation of the world with a discrimination worthy of a Christian intellect and a Christian heart. He is a man who even at the expense of popularity scorns to give utterance to an improper thought, and consequently one whose books are a fit companion for the thoughtful student. To those who have not already made his acquaintance I wish to introduce the brilliant and accomplished poet, Aubrey De Vere.

It is not by recounting the events of an exemplary life that I desire to present De Vere to my readers; nor is it through a criticism of his numerous

works. Such a task would be too difficult, and I accordingly propose to briefly review but one short poem, conveying to a considerable degree an idea of the author's trend of thought and his peculiar mode of expression. It is a selection from his valuable volume of "Legends," and bears the title "The Confession of Saint Patrick."

This little work is supposed to be a history of the life of Ireland's patron saint, as delivered by himself shortly after an angel had foretold his approaching death. The beginning of the legend would make it appear that the venerable apostle's early boyhood, not unlike that of many other great and pious benefactors of humanity, was not without its redeeming fault or two.

Whether Patrick's early years afforded any marked contrast to that of the ordinary son of Adam it is difficult to correctly determine. Suffice it to know however that at a more advanced period of life, it was seen fit by our author to put into his hero's mouth the following suggestive words:

"Therefore, a youth of sixteen years, or less,
With others of my land by pirates seized
I stood on Erin's shore. Our bonds were just;
Our God we had forsaken, and His Law,
 And mocked his priest."

There is a turning point in the lives of all men, and nothing is more efficacious in bringing it about than solitude and adversity. For six years the captive roamed the hillsides of Erin, tending his master's sheep. As the thoughtless days of childhood sank gradually away, hour by hour he became wiser and soon began to bewail the frivolities of his early years. His repentance was genuine.

One night in the midst of his usual devotions he heard a voice crying,

"Thou fastest well; soon shalt thou see thy land,
Later once more thus spoke it 'Southward fly,
Thy ship awaits thee.'"

In haste he obeyed the divine injunction and hurrying to the coast he found the promised vessel which was to convey him to his home.

In every human heart there is to be found a certain feeling which attaches it to the scenes it is accustomed to, even though they be associated with hardships and distress. When freedom comes it is said that even the worn-out prisoner with reluctance leaves his cell. Thus Patrick drifting away from the land of his bondage, looked back upon her green hills as if loath to leave them. He felt to the full the miserable condition of that noble race, which having not the light of truth were straining their eyes to pierce the enveloping darkness. Ere the coasts of Ireland had faded from his view, Patrick determined to return to Ireland that he might dispel the clouds of paganism that hung over a discontented people, and act as a shepherd to that nation which was "as a sheep astray, that bleats for God."

Such a thought was the seed which developed into a tree bearing abundance of fruit. Numerous were the temptations which beset his path, and strenuous his efforts to resist them. Satan's offers were alluring, but the wails of the children of Fochlut Wood, reached a pitying heart, and duty pointed to Ireland. Heaven's was the victory. Patrick turned towards Tours where Martin late had wielded episcopal power and accounts of whose

Pitiless warfare on the powers of darkness,

raised a burning enthusiasm in the breast of the novice. Here eight years were spent until from a priest he received his advice.

Brother, thy will is good,

*Yet rude thou art of learning as a beast ;
Fare thee to great Germanus of Auxerres
Who lightens half the West.*

He heard and went. For fourteen years he busied himself in mastering the intricacies of Theology. His progress under the great Germanus, De Vere thus beautifully describes,

"Lift up,"

He said "thine eyes, and like a mountain land

*The Queenly Science stood before me plain,
From rocky buttress up to peak of snow :
The great Commandments first, Edicts, and Laws
That bastion up man's life :—then high o'er these
The forest huge of Doctrine, one, yet many.
Forth stretching in innumerable aisles,
At end of each the self-same glittering star :—
Lastly, the life God-hidden. Day by day,
With him for guide, that first and second realm
I tracked and learned to shun the abyss flower-veiled,
And scale heaven-threatening height. This too, he taught,
Himself long time a ruler and a prince,
The regimen of States from chaos won
To order, and to Christ."*

Immediately following this passage comes another of equal beauty. It is a description of the saintly Germanus himself, and one which while it expresses but a few circumstances, and that with the utmost simplicity of language, at the same time suggests vividly to our imagination a picture most typical of a character that has existed in the Church since its very establishment. It runs in this strain ;

"O stately man,

*In all things great, in action and in thought,
And plain as great ! To Britain called, the Saint
Trode down that great Pelagian Blasphemy,
Chief portent of the age. But better far,
He loved his cell. There sat he vigil-worn,
In cowl and dusky unic hued like earth
Whence issued man and unto which returns ;
I marvelled at his wrinkled brows, and hands
Still tracing, enter or depart who would,
From morn to night, his parchments."*

The occupation of his tutor was congenial to Patrick's tastes. His natural inclination would have kept him here for the remainder of his days were it not that he felt duty calling him in another direction. Agents of Satan tried to cut off his thoughts from Ireland. "Remember how Palladius was treated" they would sneer. "To you they will give a similar reception and your doctrines they will trample under foot," He had almost yielded when, "in agony of staggering mind and warring wills," at dead of night, he heard a voice from Heaven encouraging him on. That hour his vow was vowed, and at the advice of his superior he removed to an island in the Tyrrhene sea, where lived the "High Contemplatives to God," with whom he remained for some time, qualifying himself for the sacred duties of his

sublime vocation. The lives of those austere men are painted by the poet with his usual beauty and simplicity.

" Hard their beds ;
Ceaseless their prayers. They tilled a sterile soil ;
Beneath their hands it blossomed like the rose ;
O'er thymy hollows blew the nectared airs ;
Blue ocean flashes through olives. They had fled
From praises of men ; yet cities far away
Rapt those meek saints to fill the bishop's throne.
I saw the light of God on faces calm.
That blended with man's meditative might
Simplicity of childhood, and with both
The sweetness of that flower-like sex which wears
Through love's Obedience twofold crowns of Love."

It was the custom of the Saint while here to take an occasional sail upon the sea, which from the monastery could be seen sparkling through the surrounding olives. One day he drifted unconsciously upon the neighbouring island of Lerins. Stepping on its shores he beheld a house at the door of which there stood some strangers, among whom were a man in prime and another a "weed of years lay like a withered leaf." Patrick's experience here is thus explained by our author.

" An old man spoke :

" See what thou seest, and scan the mystery well !
The man who stands so stately in his prime
Is of this company the eldest born.
The Saviour in His earthly sojourn, Risen,
Perchance, or ere his Passion, who can tell,
Stood up at this man's door ; and this man rose
And let him in and made for him a feast -
And Jesus said 'Tarry till I return !.....
Then spoke I " Here till death my home I make,
Where Jesus trod " and answered he in prime,
" Not so ; the master had for thee thy task."
Parting thus spoke He " Here for Mine Elect
Abide thou. Bid him bear the crozier staff ;
My blessing rests thereon ; the same shall drive
The foes of God before him." Answer thus
I made " That crozier staff I will not touch
Until I take it from that nail-pierced hand."
From these I turned and elomb a mountain high
Hermon by name ; and there was this my God,
In visions of the Lord, or in the flesh?—
I spake with Him, the Lord of Life, Who did ;
He from the glory stretched the hand nail-pierced,
And placed in mine the crozier staff and said :
" Upon that day when they that with Me walked
Sit with me on the everlasting Thrones,
Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,
Thy people thou shalt judge in righteousness."

On hearing this St. Patrick fled immediately to Rome that his undertaking might obtain the papal sanction and benediction. He received both along

with a warm encouragement from the Holy See, and thinking himself now fully prepared for the accomplishment of his arduous task, he landed for the second time upon the shores of Ireland.

Immediately his work began. Praying and preaching and performing miracles, he travelled through the land, his words producing conviction, and blessings following his footsteps. The island hospitably entertained the venerable stranger. Had his coming been heralded by kings no higher respect could have been paid him. The character of this people and their ready acceptance of his doctrines is explained by De Vere in those exquisite lines.

" Thy truth, not mine
Lightened this people's mind ! Thy love inflamed
Their hearts ! Thy Hope upbore them as on wings,
Valiant that race and simple, and to them
Not hard the godlike venture of belief ;
Conscience was theirs ; tortuous too oft in life
Their thoughts, when passionate most, then most were
[true.]"

Their warm reception of a strange religion may to some minds argue unwarranted credulity on the part of the Irish. Such should not be the case, for it simply demonstrates that they could distinguish truth when shown it, and that their characters were of such an elevated order that, pagans though they were, they found no trouble in adapting their lives to satisfy the rigorous demands of Christian principles. Besides the Reformation affords a refutation of such an inference, for was not Ireland the only nation, which to a man, refused the tempting offers of apostasy and notwithstanding the obstinate and uncharitable assaults of her enemies, upheld the glorious banner of Catholicity.

Judging from it results, St. Patrick's eloquence must have been of the most persuasive character. Its force and simplicity are very well illustrated, in the oft repeated incident when,

" From the grass
The little three-leaved herb he stooped and plucked
And preached the Trinity:"

In this part of the poem we meet with an avowal, which, compared with modern results, bespeaks if not imper-

turbable patience for the Irish, or a wonderfully magnetic eloquence on the part of their saintly apostle, at least manifests genius which should give De Vere a greater reputation than he really possesses as an imaginative writer. In these degenerate days when half-hour sermons are of sufficient length to produce soporific tendencies among a heedless congregation, is it not a revelation to us to hear the following plain assertion?

" They waited me all night

On lonely roads ; and as I preached, the day
To those high listeners seemed a little hour."

The chief incidents of the poem end here when the Island had been thoroughly evangelized, and St. Patrick, now forewarned was hourly awaiting the time when he should receive an abundant return as a reward of his earthly labours. The poem ends with the saint's farewell to the Irish, which concludes with those charitable words of advice.

" Wrongs if they endure,

In after years, with fire of pardoning love
Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that erred !
For bread denied let them give Sacraments,
For darkness light, and for the House of Bondage
The glorious freedom of the sons of God ;
This is my last Confession ere I die."

Such are the scenes, and such the exploits that Aubrey De Vere delights in making the theme of his marvelous poetic genius. In style he is simple and unstrained, having a peculiarity of rhythm, which if not pleasing at first, in the course of time becomes agreeable to the ear, just as one who hearing the violin for the first time may consider it a discordant and unbearable instrument but when his faculties become attuned to its sweetness, its strings give forth most pleasing harmony. De Vere lays claims to no originality as far as the incidents are concerned, for he has attributed nothing to St. Patrick that is not authenticated by ancient Irish historians. However, he loses but little in our estimation on that account, for that very fact tells us that while he has not the unbridled genius or reckless imagination of a Byron, on the other hand he is a poet who takes pleasure in painting pictures of heroes, whose lives exhibit exploits of true bravery and matchless magnanimity.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



Flushed with the glow of eternity's dawn,
From Simeon's lips bursts the anthem of faith :
The song of the saint is the sweetest in death,
Like the song of the swan.





ST. ANNE.

WOMAN above all others, except one !

We see thee in the golden light surrounding
Thine august child, next her imperial throne
Is thine—and when with harmonies resounding
The choirs of heaven salute her, also thee
They hail, O holy Anne ! beloved mother
Of her who reigns the queen eternally
Of heaven and earth, thy dignity no other
Hath shared and we who would unite our praise
Altho' unworthy with the angels' singing,
Proclaim that earth shall honor all her days
Thee, good St. Anne, our patroness, joy-bringing.

Canada owes thee special alleg'ance,
For thou hast favored her with gifts resplendant
Thy chosen shrine beside the blue expanse
Of fair St. Lawrence shows thy love transcendant.
There hearts with sorrow burdened pour their woes
To thy compassionate ear, and consolation
Thou givest them ; the storm-tossed find repose,
The sick, relief ; all ills, alleviation,
Dear mother of our Queen Immaculate,
Accept our homage ; with thy power supernal
Protect our weakness, 'til our mortal state
Puts on the immortal, even with thee eternal.

E. C. M. T.

THE DUNGEONS OF THE BASTILLE.

A MASS of sinister tales cluster round the very name of this famous French prison, the Bastille. Mysterious legends of terrible executions and atrocious tortures still hover about the old demolished dungeon. Poets, novelists, even historians, but above all revolutionists seem to take a malicious delight in painting this ancient states-prison in the darkest colors. Who has not shuddered at the very thought of those obscure and awful dungeons where men were buried alive just to gratify the passing whim of some tyrannical monarch or powerful minister? Who has not pictured to himself the dreadful torture of a man suddenly cast headlong into the much-discussed prison well? Sharp metal blades along the sides cut into the flesh of the unfortunate victim, his bones are crushed, his limbs broken, his body lacerated; and though the despairing cry of the unfortunate is smothered by the stone that covers the opening, we feel that nothing reaches the bottom save a horrible mass of mangled flesh and broken bones! . . . It must be admitted that there is here ample room for dramatic description. But a history should not be a novel. History is truth and the novel is but fiction. Unhappily legend is everywhere popular, while history receives but scant favor.

Nothing is more certain than that life in the Bastille was by no means so cruel as it has been pictured; the famous, or infamous, dungeons of that prison were not at all so horrible as they were commonly represented. A faithful description of the methods of the Bastille would convince the candid judge that there is much exaggeration in the popular ideas regarding the royal tyranny which made incarceration in

the old French prison more dreadful than the most painful death.

A fruitful source of attack on French monarchical institutions arose from the use—and perhaps abuse—of the famous *lettres de cachet* or sealed letters, that is, secret instructions under the royal seal by which objectionable persons were clapped into prison without trial or examination and kept there during the pleasure of the king. Such a procedure undoubtedly has its dark and indefensible side. If we are to put faith in the disciples of the Revolution—both great and small—the novelists and journalists, the poets and historians of that much-misunderstood era, it would appear that the seven plagues of Egypt were insignificant compared to the scourge called *lettres de cachet*. They would have us believe that the prisons of the state were crowded with unhappy victims whose only crime was to have displeased in fact or in fancy a Pompadour or a Du Barry, a minister, a great lord, or even a great lord's valet.

That there were regrettable abuses in the matter of these *lettres de cachet*, it would be folly to attempt to conceal or to deny, but that the principle upon which they were based was in itself either tyrannical or unjust is a proposition that no truthful and impartial historian dare venture to defend. It were far easier in fact to show the principle to be both wise and prudent. *Lettres de cachet* says Mr. Eugene Loudan “sometimes because an abuse, though such cases may be reduced to a very small number. These letters were not at the disposal of every person; they were reserved for philosophers, literary men, and distinguished nobles. I do not see the monstrous evil in the power they gave of temporarily depriving

ing of their liberty the improvident, the extravagant, the debauchee, the spendthrift, and thereby preventing them from bringing further dishonor on their family or disturbance to the state. Nor can I see the great evil of having shut up Mirabeau for a time in the dungeon of Vincennes."

In short the *lettres de cachet* were a measure of administrative justice. Instead of having recourse to judicial proceedings, always more or less scandalous in their operation and effect, the King took this means of silently settling affairs that would have brought a certain amount of dishonor to the parties concerned. It was in order to avoid the scandal of a trial that the King acted in this manner, and it is recorded that Louis the XIV thus dealt "with his courtiers, his great dignitaries, even his favorites." A *lettre de cachet* sent the turbulent noble to the Bastille and the matter was investigated without agitation or annoyance.

But it must not be imagined that a suspected person was thrown into a cell in the dismal citadel with no more ceremony than if he were a bag of coal. On the contrary there were certain well defined formalities to be observed and a set mode of procedure to be followed. An officer, or even the chief of police himself if the criminal were a person of some distinction, escorted the prisoner to headquarters and presided at the preliminary examination. The name, age and rank of the prisoner, and the accusation against him were carefully noted. He was then questioned on the affair and his answers duly recorded. The minutes of this examination were then signed by both the officer and the prisoner. Nor did the matter end there. The documents were sent to a judge for his opinion on the case, and then submitted to the King who, after examination, pronounced on the innocence or guilt of the accused. In the case of serious crimes, a commission of state-councillors or a special tribunal, or that of the Arsenal. In this last case the trial was made public.

The *Archives de la Bastille* let in a flood of light on all questions relating to the detention of prisoners in the famous dungeon. There does not seem to have been much severity or rigor used in dealing with the culprits. The Bastille received within its walls two classes of prisoners—the first were profligate or prodigal sons of rich and noble families, and these were generally incarcerated on the demand of their parents, as were Mirabeau and the Marquis of Sade; the second were prisoners of state, arrested by order of the King and on matters of the greatest importance. These prisoners were invariably treated with a mildness the reality of which we might doubt, did we not have undeniable proofs of its truth.

Each room—misnamed cell—was furnished with a bed, a table and two chairs, but there was a resident upholsterer who was ever on hand to add further accommodation according to the desire, rank and means of the prisoner. Manuel's *Bastille Devoilee* tells us that the Marquis of Sade had his cell transformed into a luxurious Salon where occasionally comedy was acted for the benefit of the occupant. This marks a vast difference from the idea we are ordinarily given of the Bastille. But we are not yet at the end. The prisoner was allowed the services of a valet on the sole condition that this servant should pledge himself not to quit the prison before his master's release. Food of the very best description was served in quantities sufficient for two, while the quality as well as the amount of wine furnished was absolutely above criticism. On holidays the prisoners were regaled with champagne.

This system was indirectly the means of increasing to a considerable extent the wealth of some of the prisoners. Finding the supply of food far beyond their needs, they agreed with the governor of the prison to have the surplus placed to their credit in the cash account. It thus happened that after a long detention a prisoner who had entered poor might leave

comparatively rich. On the other hand for those who found the prison allowance too meagre, a special regulation was drawn up, which permitted them to purchase for themselves whatever they desired. They might also have in their cells, birds, dogs and all other domestic pets. It was felt that escape was impossible; this being a certainty the governor made no objection to any relaxation of prison discipline. Numerous and varied amusements helped to while away the tedious hours; chess, cards and billiards were the most common forms of recreation. Writing materials were willingly furnished, and the only condition was that the prisoner account satisfactorily for each sheet of paper that was given him. It is a matter of history that literary works were often planned and sometimes executed in the Bastille, while in 1887 the prison library was so considerable that it required a large catalogue to hold the names of the books. Among the other means of recreation should be mentioned the freedom of the great courtyard, in which when the weather was favorable prisoners were allowed to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine and to receive as visitors, their relatives and friends. From these they learned the march of events in the outside world, and thereby kept in touch with the times. It sometimes happened also that prisoners within this courtyard could hold communications with acquaintances outside. The case of the Marquis of Sade is familiar to everyone. From the top of the tower of liberty, a few days before the famous 14th of July, 1789, the date of the fall of the Bastille, the Marquis making use of a stove-pipe as a speaking-trumpet aroused the angry passions of the mob outside, by crying at the top of his voice: "They are slaughtering your fellowmen within here."

Linguet though exasperated by his long captivity is obliged nevertheless to acknowledge that the prisoners were treated with the greatest consideration.

"The prisoners," he says, "received visits, walked and talked together, and even sometimes dined with the officers, who were friends rather than jailers." La Porte speaks of the liberties of the Bastille, giving this name to certain privileges which he, in common with his companions, enjoyed. When we remember that La Porte was incarcerated in the Bastille by Cardinal Richelieu, and that this despotic and pitiless minister was personally interested in wresting from his victim an important secret, we can realize the full value of La Porte's testimony. Even therefore in the reign of Louis XIII, life in the Bastille was far from being in reality what the fantastic descriptions of prejudiced historians would have us believe.

And lest the axiom "Testis unus, testis nullus" he urged against us, let us offer the authority of indisputable witnesses, men who were themselves at same time prisoners in the Bastille and are therefore competent to confirm or deny the statements made in the Archives. Morelet, writing of his experience, says: "M. de Malesherbes sent me several books; the library of the Bastille was at my disposal. I had a clean, airy and well-lighted room. I was well fed and furnished with as much writing material as I desired. On my release I was allowed to take with me all my writings, even my "Treatise on the Freedom of the Press."

Voltaire, after a short period of detention, received from the Regent the sum of fifty pounds. The ever-witty scoffer wrote in reply: "I am grateful to your Royal Highness for having provided for my sustenance, but I beg of you not to further concern yourself about my lodging."

Since the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI in 1775, no *lettres de cachet* have been signed by the king. It is therefore difficult to understand these words of Michelet in his "Women of the Revolution"—Louis XVI was fond of the Bastille. He could not receive favorably any petition concerning it.

He refused that of Rohan in favor of Latude, saying that Latude was a dangerous man and that he could not safely be granted his liberty." Such statements cannot be conceived as coming from any but partial historians who hate monarchy and wish to fill others with the same feeling, According to them the Bastille was filled with innocent victims, martyrs of tyranny who perished miserably in their dungeons. But what was discovered when, on the 14th of July, 1789, the people penetrated within the walls that were said to enclose so many hapless wretches! "There were found" says Dusaulx "seven prisoners, of whom four were forgers. Of the other three, one was detained at the request of his family, another was an idiot, and con-

cerning the third, nothing was known."

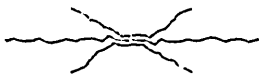
Three years later the Revolution was to cover France with dungeons which but a step separated from the scaffold. The Reign of Terror followed the Reign of the Bastille, and only a fool would prefer the former to the latter,

The Bastille has fallen; no one desires its reconstruction. But it should not be made the basis of attacks on sacred principles and worthy institutions, nor ought we to use it as the central point around which to group pitiless calumnies and baseless inventions. We ought to bear in mind the remark of Morellet on leaving the Bastille: "God grant peace to such tyrants."

R. BELANGER, 97,



Oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense.
There contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.



The Owl.

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application.

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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Vol. X. NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 3.

AN UNWISE AGITATION.

The Ottawa *Citizen* recently led the way in a very unwise agitation. On the assumption that too much home-work was given the pupils of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, it boldly advocated the total abolition of the system by which students are required to do school work outside of school hours. Its position was approved by a few parents who allowed sentimentality to usurp the place of common sense. That teachers may be injudicious in the apportioning of home-work, we readily admit; that there have been and are and will be abuses in this matter, is quite as certain. But to

abolish the system on that account would be an utterly indefensible proceeding, contrary to the best traditions and results of the past and at variance with the pedagogical principles of the most enlightened and experienced masters. A reasonable amount of home-work is an essential in every well-ordered and progressive school. What would the *Citizen*, and those who think with it, have? Do they not realize that the few hours that are spent in the class-room daily are by no means sufficient for the formation and information of the youthful minds entrusted to the teacher's care? Pupils have now two full holidays every week; they have their regular hours of recreation; they have a lengthy vacation at stated intervals during the year; they have occasional days of rest brought about by fortuitous circumstances. It is the veriest nonsense to claim more relaxation for them, and he is no true friend of education, educators or educated, who raises his voice in protest against a reasonable amount of home-work. Against an unreasonable amount, there is no need of protest; it condemns and will correct itself.

CATHOLICS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

Conditional permission has recently been given to the Catholics of Great Britain to attend the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and thus our English co-religionists have obtained what they have long sought and ardently desired. Yet the privilege is hedged around with many safeguards and provisions. No student is to be allowed to enter either of the Universities, unless the Bishop of his diocese

is satisfied that he runs no risk in doing so. In this connection the *Liverpool Catholic Times* discusses the conditions in which intending students may expect to find themselves. "There is" says the *Catholic Times* "one danger to which the student will have to expose himself, and only one. It is that the philosophy of the universities, not only in their metaphysics, but in their scientific and historical applications, is almost entirely negative, lacking in system, and except in the case of a man well-trained or of strong individual power, tending to disturb a positive attitude of mind such as the Faith, of all things, most imperatively demands." The danger is sufficiently grave to make the most enthusiastic advocate of the new order pause and reflect. "The philosophy of the Universities, not only in their metaphysics but in their scientific and historical applications," is a phrase that covers a vast deal of ground. It affects education both in theory and in practice; it means that as well in the speculative regions of abstract thought as in the more tangible realms of science and history, the Catholic student is to be at the mercy of a negative and destructive spirit whose most characteristic tendency will be to disturb that "positive attitude of mind" necessary not only to the Faith, but to the proper development of character and to the strict adherence to moral and intellectual principles. Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge will need to be perfectly equipped before entering there and must be perpetually on their guard during their University residence.

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A SETTLEMENT? NO.

Every Catholic throughout the length

and breadth of this Dominion has a solemn duty urgent upon him at this hour. And not only every Catholic, but every Canadian who has any respect for national honor or any regard for national obligations and the guarantees of the Constitution. The present government of Canada has earned everlasting infamy for the shameful, time-serving and craven sacrifice it has made of the sacred rights of the small and helpless Manitoban minority. Let us see to it that the ministry receive the reward of their perfidy. Oh, the burning shame, the bitter anguish of the whole disgraceful transaction! A political party are triumphantly carried into power on the strength of solemn promises that entire and absolute justice would be done the oppressed Catholics of Manitoba, and now, almost before the sounds of the hypocritical voices that so promised, have died from our ears, come the terms of the proposed settlement. Those of us who loved the Liberal party for the honesty and uprightness of its Alexander Mackenzie, the noble-mindedness and honor of its Edward Blake, may well blush for shame as we consider the gang of miserable sophisters and selfish calculators who now rush it to inevitable ruin.

It will not do for the timorous or the self-seeking to cry for peace, where there is no peace. They would make a desert and call it peace. But every conscientious Catholic in this Dominion knows in his soul, whatever his lips may say, that the published terms of settlement are an outrage and a farce and should be repudiated with all the energy of his being. On his soul let the responsibility lie—and lie there it will, for good or evil.

Optimistic politicians may fondly flatter themselves that they have cleverly crushed the Catholics of Manitoba. Poor, deluded, short-sighted fools! You cannot kill justice. You cannot bury truth.

"Truth will rise,
Though all the world o'erwhelm it,
To men's eyes."

The God of justice still lives; His arm is not shortened; He is able to cope successfully with even the great Liberal party and to mete out stern punishment for its low apostacy. Rest easy, friends of justice. God yet rules the universe; in His own good time He will act.

To the noble, long-suffering Catholics of Manitoba, we would say "Keep up the fight; better to bleed for an age at the shrine of sacred principle than to sleep for a moment in the chains forged for you in the house of those who should have been your friends. It is with Catholic education as with freedom, whose battle

Once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

HAIL TO THE VICTORS.

Hats off to Canada's football champions! A cheer for the greatest fifteen that ever bore to glorious victory the garnet and gray of Ottawa College! The championship is home again, hurrah! hurrah! To say that the season just finished has been fruitful in memorable victories is but repeating what is now ancient history. Our fifteen have again assumed their rightful place in Canadian Rugby. After having won the championship of the Quebec Union by decisive victories over teams representing Ottawa City Montreal, McGill University and the Britannias, Ottawa College travelled

to Toronto, and there on the beautiful Rosedale grounds, met and defeated, in the finest game of Rugby ever played in Canada, the Toronto University team, champions of Ontario, to whose prowess had succumbed Hamilton, the Royal Military College, Queen's University and the Toronto Athletic Club. So our position is a proud one. What were the chief factors in the success of the team? They are soon told. First the fundamental qualities of strength, speed, pluck, endurance and accuracy. Then that without which all these were vain and useless—a stern determination to win, close and constant attention to practice, and perfect discipline. The Ottawa College team had only one manager and only one captain; prompt and implicit obedience was insisted upon, and the result was that every member of the fifteen gave out the best that was in him. No fear that defeat will ever settle on our banner so long as the same principles are admitted and applied in the conduct of football affairs.

It has been well said that the team of 1896 is not a team of "stars." True there are several exceptionally good players in their ranks. But these had the good sense to subordinate individual brilliancy to combined effort, and so the work of the fifteen was the wonder of those who saw it. If ever honest effort deserved success and brilliant success earned merited praise, we have it in Canada's present Rugby Champions. Again, hats off to the victors.

Keep off your hats a moment longer. Here come the vanquished. Nobly they strove up to the very last moment. Not until the referee's whistle blew for the last time were they a beaten

team. And their they took their defeat like men. Next in the roll of honor to the glory of victory, comes cheerful submission to defeat. If Ottawa College can glory in the one, Toronto University may justly lay claim to the other. Hail to victors and vanquished alike and together.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In Rev. Dr. Conaty, Washington's Catholic University will find a man well fitted to succeed Right Rev. J. J. Keane, in the responsible position of Rector. Dr. Conaty, always zealous for work and filled with the same noble aims and purposes for which his predecessor was noted, is indeed worthy of the honor conferred upon him and we wish him many years of success in the Rector's chair.

October of this year saw a remarkable convention of some seven hundred French priests at Rheims, France. New lines of action were adopted in accordance with the spirit of the Vatican; in fact this formed the chief discussion of the convention. The clergy passed a resolution favoring the breaking away from old conventional traditions and mingling more with the people in the current affairs of modern life, that is in so far as is consistent with their sacerdotal dignity.

And now another of our doctrines is being admitted. At special services, in which it was easy to discern imitation of Catholic ones, held on All Saints' Day in St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church of Philadelphia, Rev. G. H. Moffett, the preacher of the day, admitted that after death, some souls are placed in an abode neither heaven nor hell, where for a time they are deprived of the Beatific Vision, and even that the place might be called Purgatory. This sermon is one more of the many instances, indicating that Anglicanism is slowly yet surely returning to Catholic ideas and teaching.

A statistical abstract relating to British India just issued as a blue book gives an official account of the distribution of the Christian population of that country according to denomination and race. The Catholics number considerably more than half the population. Here are the figures: Catholics, 1,315,263; Church of England, 295,016; Presbyterians, 40,407; Lutherans, 65,376; Baptists, 191,746; Methodist Episcopalians, 14,503; various Protestant sects, 60,713; Syrians, 200,467, and other sects, 100,889.

Here is an interesting little paragraph clipped from the letter of a Protestant correspondent, writing from Matabeleland to the *Cape Times*: "Father Bartholomew, our good priest, has, I am happy to say, almost recovered from his leg trouble. Father Bartholomew is a Jesuit; another of the good and holy men sent to this country by that much maligned order. He has shared in our dangers and discouragements; his knowledge of medicine and surgery has been most useful to the doctors, and his ministrations have been gratefully accepted by the dying, whether Protestant or Catholic. *I would fain commend his example to those friends of my own church who have been so conspicuous among the troops—by their absence.*" The Italics are ours. We would recommend these few lines to the Editor of the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, referred to in another place in this department.

The first quarter of the present century produced the most remarkable group of college undergraduates ever known and Oxford claims the honor of being their *Alma Mater*. Among this group of young men were Gladstone, Newman and Manning. One of these students became Prime Minister of England four times; three became cabinet Ministers; three governors-general of India, and one archbishop of Canterbury; six renounced the Anglican communion and entered the Catholic Church and two of them were made Cardinals.

Still they keep coming. Rev. David Lloyd Thomas, M. A., Oxon, late Anglican rector of Grainsby and vicar of Waythe, Lincolnshire, has been received into the Catholic Church, together with his wife and six children. Another conversion is reported from the South. Rev. Ernest Silicostker, a former German-Lutheran pastor of Lena, Ill., has been baptized by Father Meyer, of St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, and received into the Catholic Fold. The former German Minister recently received his First Communion after which he announced his intention of entering some Catholic order to be a Brother, or perhaps, study for the priesthood.

An eminent divine of this city, not long ago called for funds to help to forward the missions among the French Canadian Catholics. If this Reverend gentleman will make a review of Canadian History he will find that long before his church or religion was thought of in Canada, French Catholics of New-France were christianizing the heathen aboriginals of this land. Is it the descendants of those early Catholic settlers that our city divine would at this late day convert to Christianity? Surely the fine old Faith of their forefathers is good enough for the present French Canadian population of Quebec. And now let us make another suggestion. If the Reverend gentleman referred to will make a perusal of the columns of our great dailies he will find other places more worthy of his evangelizing prowess and probably no place more worthy than certain parts of our own little city of churches.

Another Reverend gentleman, Mr. Bosworth has been parading his knowledge of French Canadian idolatry and at the same time, like many other great men, his ignorance of Catholic dogma. In churches in the Ottawa district this orator has been making a comparison between "The adoration of Saints in public places in Quebec" and "The worshipping of idols in heathen lands." It seems almost useless to attempt to explain to our separated brethren that

the Catholic Church is not an asylum of lunatics. Can it be possible that nearly half the population of the world are nothing but a pack of ignorant fools venerating and worshipping wooden crosses and statues of plaster, that they practice and are adherents of a religion that time and again they condemned in heathen countries, and that they swept away from the American Indians. What on earth do you think we are any way? But probably books containing a detailed account of Catholic doctrine would be too costly a luxury for a travelling missionary. If this is the case allow us to suggest a way by which one may become acquainted with the tenets of our Holy Mother Church, without a great outlay of money. Procure Butler's Catechism—price 5 cents—and on page 53, Chapter XVI, of that useful little book will be found the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to images and Saints, as it is taught to our children and as it is known to every adult member of our religion.—Next.

Dr. John Watson, better known in the literary world as "Ian Maclaren" has offended some of his American brethren in his "Drumtochty" stories, and one story is especially obnoxious to them. In this tale, Jamie Soutar practices a deception on Lily Grant by which her dying hours are made happy. Soutar informs Lily that her mistress had called at the hospital many times to inquire after the girl's health; Jamie afterwards presented the girl with twenty pounds of his own small savings saying it was her mistress' gift. A criticism of this tale has just been brought to our notice and though made some months ago, a comment on it comes better late than never. The critic is the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, which says: "Here we have the very doctrine unblushingly taught by Jesuit casuists, that one may steal or lie for the greater glory of God." Not having had the pleasure of reading "Drumtochty" we are not competent to pass a criticism on the work, but we have a

word to say with regard to the *Presbyterian* view of the story mentioned. We have nearly finished a complete course of Catholic Philosophy, which teaches Truth, and so far we have not yet seen or been taught that "the end justifies the means." We have also asked some of our theologians to point out this doctrine in Catholic Theology, but they failed to find it for us. And as Catholic Philosophy and Catholic Theology are the Philosophy and Theology studied and taught by the Jesuits we must only conclude that our contemporary's estimate of the Jesuit is ungrounded and probably only another of the many ignorant thrusts at Catholicity. Should any Jesuit teach such a doctrine he would no longer be a Catholic, because in Catholic philosophy Truth is indivisible and therefore what is true in one Catholic School must be true in another, so if such a doctrine is taught as false in all other Catholic Schools it must also be taught as false in Jesuits' schools for our teachings like our doctrines, our religion and our God, are one. But probably the *Southwestern Presbyterian* has made a deeper study of Jesuit teachings than Catholic theologians or even the Jesuits themselves, and found what Catholic teachers fail to see: "The end justifies the means;" if so we will be most happy to be informed by our contemporary where such a doctrine or principle is to be found in in Jesuit Philosophy. And now let us remark that such a paragraph as appeared in the *Presbyterian* would better grace the columns of fanatical journal immersed in religious bigotry, than the lines of a supposed nineteenth century, self-styled, liberal, religious newspaper. As to the doctrines "unblushingly" taught by the Jesuits, we now merely say that the doctrines of the Jesuits are the doctrines of the Church, the Jesuit need never blush at them except when they are mangled and slashed and murdered by such modern philosophical geniuses as the Editor of the *Southwestern Presbyterian*.

The ex-priest, ex-monk and escaped

nun having become worn out from hard labor a new fad has just been brought to life in England under the title of the "kidnapped" priest. Here are the words of His Lordship the Bishop (Anglican) of Marlborough—delivered at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society—with reference to a French priest named Guyot whom the bishop declared was "kidnapped" in London. M. Guyot was engaged in special work in Alsace, but after many years of anxious thought on his part, he desired to be admitted to the Orders of the Church of England. His preparation was entrusted to me, and then I found what a remarkable man he was. That man's testimony was that in France there was not a few years ago one Bible in every thousand homes but that things had since improved in that respect owing to the efforts of this society. The same was the case in Spain. When the time came that he was able to inform the Bishop of London, that this priest had undergone a thorough preparation, he was suddenly found to be missing. He had doubtless been shadowed all the time he had been in London, and it was afterwards found that one night, when in Kensal-town, he was "kidnapped," and eventually taken to the place he had left in France. Letters had been received from him since which showed that he still wrote under constraint."

When interviewed on the subject by a Daily Mail reporter the Bishop admitted that all he knew about the case was what had been told him by others. His Lordship was angry that his remarks had got into print. There the matter might have dropped but for the Catholics and the following letter from Rev. E. Bows appeared in the London Chronicle of Nov. 11th:

"Living in the neighborhood of Kensal, I have made it my business to thoroughly investigate the alleged kidnapping of the Rev. Charles Guyot. I am in full possession of all the facts. This wonderful story turns out to be nothing more than this. A priest who had denied his religion repented of his

sin, and resolved to return to his own Bishop in order to be reconciled to the Church. He went to a Catholic priest well-known to me but a total stranger to him, and borrowed money for his journey home. Having obtained the money he started on his journey at once, without returning to his Protestant friends, with whom he had now no desire to renew any controversy. He returned the money lent him as soon as he arrived home. Hence the kidnapping, the shadowing, and the present constraint exist only in the imagination of his Lordship the Bishop of Marlborough. I trust that this exposure will be a lesson to the Bishop to speak with more care and accuracy in the future. The least he can now do is to apologize for his rash and uncharitable statements." What a howl would have been raised had Rev. Father Guyot only remained "kidnapped;" but he would not and so ends the story.

Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I., is a name well-known in Ottawa University. As Prefect of Discipline he was the guiding spirit that directed the college football club on to victory from 1883 to 1889. Now he is at work of another kind, but success still attends his efforts as in the past. He is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg. Quite recently he undertook the task of remodeling and beautifying his parish church. It cost \$30,000 to do so, but Father Guillet is a past-master in the art of financial management. The ceremony of the re-opening took place in the beginning of November and was entirely successful. We congratulate Father Guillet and wish him many years of fruitful labor in the great North-West.

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OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On Wednesday evening the 25th. inst., the students had the privilege of attending the Shakespearian Reading given in the Academic Hall by Mr. George B. Williams of New-York. Although Mr. Williams was a stranger to us personally, the high reputation he

had attained both as an elocutionist and as an interpreter of Shakespeare, was sufficient guarantee of the character of any performance he would offer. To say that a very profitable and enjoyable evening was spent is but voicing the sentiments of every professor and student that attended the entertainment. The programme consisted in the delivery of one of Shakespeare's great historical dramas—King Henry the Fourth. In his rendition of this piece Mr. Williams is seen at his best. The scope afforded is wide, it is true, but every point was so carefully attended to that no just cause for complaint was left to even the most severe critic. His clever impersonation of King Henry and of the villainous and hypocritical knight, Sir John Falstaff, drew forth the hearty applause of the audience. Nor were the minor characters of the play less cleverly dealt with. Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Hotspur his son, Poins, Gadshill, Peto and Bardolph received due attention at the hands of the performer. To his masterly interpretation of the various characters, Mr. Williams adds all the charms and graces of an able elocutionist. A farce entitled: "A Sleeping-Car Scene" brought the evening's entertainment to a happy conclusion. Rev. Father Fallon on behalf of the Faculty and students thanked the performer for the instruction and amusement he had afforded, and expressed the hope that Mr. Williams would soon favor the students with another visit.

The classes of Elocution have been resumed and entrusted to the Rev. Dr. McMeekin. Last year this branch became a permanent subject on the curriculum of studies, but was compulsory only for the students of the university course and the matriculation class. This year however all members of the classical course are obliged to attend. The opening lecture took place on Wednesday the 25th. inst., the subject being, "Pulpit Eloquence." On the following Saturday a short

lecture on "Gesture" was delivered, after which the class were favored with a recitation by the professor. Henceforth lectures will be delivered regularly every Wednesday and Saturday in the Academic Hall.

On Thanksgiving Day the members of the Football Team were presented with a handsome picture of themselves. Although it bears the modest title, "Only a Fotigraf of the Boys," it is the most attractive picture of the kind in our possession. Our thanks are due for this beautiful gift to Messrs. P. A. Casey, J. C. Shea, J. Chisholm, Dr. Wm. Troy, Jos. Troy and T. Troy.

On the following evening Rev. Father Fallon our worthy manager was made the recipient from the same gentlemen of a handsome gold-headed cane, as a souvenir of the Dominion Championship and as a token of the high regard in which he is held by admirers of Canada's greatest fifteen. The cane bore the following inscription: "To the Rev. Father Fallon, O. M. I., as a souvenir of the football championship, 1896."

Now when the football season has drawn to a close and the winter months are approaching the students naturally look for indoor enjoyment. For this purpose a piano has been secured for the Recreation Hall, and mirth, music, and song are now in order during the long holiday afternoons. The pool room has also been re-opened, and has already a large membership.

The various societies are now in active operation. On Sunday the 22nd. inst., the feast of St. Cecilia, the choir sang at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Church, and rendered an appropriate programme in the college chapel on the same day.

The Dramatic Association will make their first bow to the public on the 11th., of December when they will present the celebrated tragedy "*The Provost of Bruges*." The rehearsals give promise of a very successful pre-

sentation. The members of the college band are now holding daily practices for their first appearance of this Scholastic year, which will be made in conjunction with the Dramatic Association next month.

On Monday evening, Nov. 30th, the Rev. Father Fallon was made the recipient of another evidence of the value put upon his services to the football team. This time the acknowledgement came from the Champions themselves. On behalf of the team and of the Athletic Association, Rev. Father Fallon was presented with an illuminated address and a magnificent Waltham watch. The watch was inscribed: "Presented to Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., by the Champion Football Team as a souvenir c. 1896." The address was read by Mr. Tom Clancy, president of the Athletic Association and Centre Scrimmager of the champions; the presentation was made by Mr. Eddie Gleeson, Captain of the fifteen. Rev. Father Fallon replied briefly, thanking the association and the team for their beautiful souvenir and wishing them continued success.

FOOTBALL.

Ottawa College 37, Britannia 0.

The 7th of November saw our final game in the Quebec Rugby Union for the season of 1896. Ottawa College beat Britannia in a one-sided match by the record score of this year, 37 to 0. The result was not unexpected, but the play of the College team was thoroughly unsatisfactory and gave rise to the gravest apprehensions with regard to the chances for the championship of Canada. Muffing and carelessness among the backs, evident laziness on the forward line and appearance of general demoralization went a long way towards killing the confidence of our Montreal supporters. It was the old, old story. The certainty of victory paralyzed energy and endeavor and though the score was favorable,

it was no compensation for the poor form shown by the fifteen. Yet the Britannia match was a blessing in disguise. The storm of severe criticism that it brought forth awoke the players to a full sense of their responsibility and the two weeks that intervened between Nov. 7 and Nov. 21st saw such ardor and faithfulness in practise as gave the greatest hopes to the well-wishers of the garnet and gray. The team could not have been in better condition or in higher spirits when they left to play for the Canadian championship in

TORONTO.

Ottawa College 12, Toronto University 8.

The college team travelled to Toronto and back in a splendid palace car. The journey was long and tedious and they were taking no chances; they were right. Many graduates and alumni, as well as several members of the Toronto team, met them at the station on their arrival on the eve of the great match. The hours that passed before the game began, held little of interest for the readers of the Owl. But every old student will be glad to learn how the wearers of the garnet won the glorious victory. The following account is taken from the Ottawa *Evening Journal* and was presumably written by Mr. P. D. Ross, who witnessed the game.

"The Ottawa College football fifteen won the Rugby championship of Canada from the Toronto University team on Saturday by a score of 12 points to 8.

College crossed the 'Varsity line five times for two tries (8 points), one safety touch (2) and two rouges (2). 'Varsity crossed the College line twice for a try each time.

College had the ball in 'Varsity territory during two-thirds of the match.

The College advantages seemed better earned than the 'Varsity ones—more the result of hard play, less the result of fortune.

The concensus of opinion was that the best team won.

There were many who thought that had the ground been dry instead of covered with a muck of snow, the College would have won by a larger score. Their superiority was most notable in the scrimmage and in speed, and in both respects sure footing should have helped them.

Snow on Friday night, snow all Saturday morning, snow or drizzle during the afternoon. Three inches of undisturbed snow on Rosedale Athletic ground at 1 p. m. Saturday. Street sweepers put on, then. These scooped ridges half across the field until they got clogged, and then distributed dirty snow across the balance of the field. Wet, soggy, clinging snow, over wet grass.

Play at 2.20 p. m., with 4,000 spectators expecting a sliding, muffling, scrambling, uncertain, happy-go-lucky football Donnybrook. Instead, a steady, often brilliant, sure and on one side magnificently scientific exhibition of Rugby. Little running by the backs, but fine kicking, superb tackling, some good dribbling, splendid following-up, fierce but fair and good-tempered wing play, no one ruled off, no one hurt, no long delays, good football from start to finish.

The credit of eastern Rugby redeemed, Toronto is sackcloth and ashes.

Ottawa College on top.

The teams and officials on Saturday were these:—

College		Toronto
Belanger	Back	Morrison
Shea		Kingstone
Gleason	Half-Backs	Counsell
Murphy		Boyd
Smith	Quarter	Hobbs
McCredie		Malloch
Clancy	Scrimmage	Perry
Boucher		Dobbs
Foley		McDouga
Green		Caldwell
Pr. d'homme		Bradley
Lalleur	Wings	McKenzie
Tobin		Elliott
James		Barr
Quilty		Campbell

Referee, A. W. Ballantyne.

Umpire, Gordon McDougall.

Play started within five minutes of the time set, 2.15. Ottawa College winning the toss, elected to play from the eastern goal, with the advantage

of what slight wind there was, and the Toronto men kicked off. The ball was well returned by College, but almost at once a good dribble by 'Varsity took the leather well into College territory, and the game really began with the ball within 20 yards of the College goal line. A minute or two later, Referee Ballantynø gave 'Varsity a free kick on account of College picking the ball out of the scrimmage. 'Varsity was near enough the College goal to have a place kick or drop kick for goal, but either on account of the bad state of the ground, rendering such kicking uncertain, or from deliberate policy, Counsel for 'Varsity simply punted the ball high in the air, so as to have it come down about the goal line with the 'Varsity forwards right after it. This, by the way, was a play which 'Varsity had been trying with much success against other Western teams, their forwards often scoring tries from it. But they found a different team on hand this time. The College managed to get the ball and make some sort of a return, resulting in a scrimmage well out from the goal line. A couple of minutes later 'Varsity got another free kick and tried the same scheme of high punting. Again the College backs got the ball out of danger, and when scrimmaging again started a little way out from goal, the style of play began which more than anything else eventually gave College the victory—namely, the fine combination play of the scrimmage, wings, quarter back and centre half-back.

The first development of this combination was the use of a revolving wedge or "screw" to break through the 'Varsity wings. When this started, the ball was within ten or fifteen yards of the College line. Smith at quarter took the ball from behind the scrimmage and dashed at the 'Varsity line between their scrimmage and left wing. From the other side of the College scrimmage the College left wings dashed behind the scrimmage to

Smith's rear and charged with him, as did Gleeson from centre back. Before the 'Varsity men could gather in force enough to stop the charge and bring Smith down he generally gained three or four yards with the ball. This was repeated several times, gaining ground steadily. Then, when the 'Varsity wings, desperate to stop this manœuvre, bunched into the scrimmage, College suddenly stopped using the screw. Smith instead of charging passed the ball back to Gleeson at centre half, who ran or punted, and the 'Varsity wings not being in their places had a poor chance of blocking the kick or stopping the runs without gains.

College thus began to win its way steadily up the field, and the hopes of the Ottawa sympathizers ran high, for it was almost sure that if College could beat 'Varsity on the forward line, they were more than equal to the Torontonians in the back division. And beating them on the line College was. But there was a sudden check to the Ottawa hopes, a check which showed how dangerous it was to give the slightest opening to 'Varsity. The ball got loose in a scrimmage about 30 yards from the College line and near the left side touch. A chance kick by 'Varsity lifted the leather just over the heads of Gleeson and Shea, who were about ten yards back. Murphy, the other College half, who was well out to the right, ran across for the ball, and Belanger the full back, also dashed for it. But Campbell of 'Varsity, who did some splendid following up throughout the game, was right after the ball and reaching it just a jiffy before either Murphy or Belanger tipped it past them with his foot towards the College line, and though Murphy body-checked Campbell, a couple more 'Varsity men who were also coming on at the gallop were past Belanger before he could turn, and one of them, Elliott, fell on the ball behind the line, a couple of yards from the left corner of the field.

A great roar from the grand stand.

First blood for 'Varsity and 4 points, eight minutes from the start.

The kick at goal by Counsell was an utter failure, the ball not rising from the snow-sodden ground.

Ottawa stock did not fall much, for the remarkable way in which the College scrimmage had gained ground against their equally heavy and equally well-trained opponents had told a tale to experienced footballers and the 'Varsity touch-down seemed almost an accident.

College kicked off from centre field, and as the ball was poorly returned, play recommenced in 'Varsity territory. A fine tackle by Shea stopped a 'Varsity run, and then a series of exchange kicks between Counsel and Gleeson gave the spectators a chance of sizing up the punting merits of these two famous half-backs, generally admitted to be the best in Canada. More confidence came to Ottawa, for it became evident that Gleeson was fully Counsel's equal in kicking as regards distance, and his superior in judgment, for he sent the ball invariably where it would do most good, which Counsel did not always do. The battle raged near centre field for a little, then Smith made a fine pass from quarter to Shea at right half, and Shea made a fine dash and punt which took the ball to 'Varsity's 25 yard line. Several desperate scrimmages there in which College's revolving wedge told again, took the ball to within 20 yards of 'Varsity's line. There the referee gave College a free kick for offside play by 'Varsity. Gleeson punted to near the 'Varsity line, where more scrimmaging took place. 'Varsity made a fierce brace and held their own, and then when Smith tried a pass back to Gleeson the 'Varsity wings broke through and blocked the kick.

The ball travelled rapidly towards College territory, but Belanger with a fine catch and kick returned it, and a red-hot rush by the College forwards took the ball clear across the 'Varsity line. But 'Varsity edged it unto touch-

in-goal in time, and the rush only counted 2 points against 'Varsity.

'Varsity 4, College 2.

The ball by this time was soaked and slippery, and when play resumed there was some muffing on both sides, but more by 'Varsity. Nevertheless the back divisions played on the whole a safe game, and for a few minutes there was little advantage on either side. A bit of good passing and running by the 'Varsity backs which looked dangerous was spoiled by a fine bit of play by Lafleur, who overhauled Barr, got the ball and just when tackled made a difficult running kick back into side touch in 'Varsity territory. 'Varsity brought it down again by some dribbling, but from a scrimmage Gleeson got the ball, made a good run and pass to Murphy who carried the leather well into 'Varsity territory again. The play between the wing men all this time was of the liveliest character, both sides blocking and dodging with equal vigor and on about even terms, except that once clear, the College wings seemed to have more speed. Although hard and rough, the play was manly and good-natured. College was now retaining possession of the ball much more than was good for 'Varsity's health, and Smith's passes back to Gleeson and the latter's punts forced the game steadily towards the 'Varsity line. Finally Kingstone muffed one of Gleeson's kicks right on the 'Varsity line. Joe McDougal saved 'Varsity for the moment by picking up the leather and dashing off with it, but being sharply tackled let the ball slip, the College men were on it like a flash and rushed it across the 'Varsity line for a try. Four points more for Ottawa.

This time the Ottawa rooters lifted their voices to high heaven.

The touch-down was near the right corner of the field, and Gleeson made as bad an attempt at the long kick as Counsel had previously done for 'Varsity, the ball hardly rising. So no goal points were added.

College 6, 'Varsity 4. Half an hour was gone.

The character of the game was clear now. There was little running with the ball. Both teams were confining themselves pretty much to either scrimmage work or to passes back to the centre half, and punting by him. And the College were having all the best of this. Clancy, the centre scrimmager, got the ball back much oftener and safer to Smith than Perry, the 'Varsity centre, did to Hobbs, his quarter. Smith in turn passed straighter and better to Gleeson than Hobbs did to Counsel, and Gleeson never muffed or missed his kick. This style of game in a few minutes took the ball far into 'Varsity territory, and shortly the ball was rushed over the line, but with a 'Varsity man on it first, and so only a single point scored for College.

College 7, 'Varsity 4.

Almost immediately after the kick off a lightning pass by Smith to Gleeson, a good run and punt by the College captain and a muff by Boyd in 'Varsity's back division located the struggle again almost on the 'Varsity line. There the Toronto men made a desperate rally, and got the ball a bit away, but there was a sudden turn in the struggle, some mixed play and 'Varsity muffing, and a torrent of the crimson tore through the 'Varsity defence and broke over the line, McCredie with the ball. Another try for College, and another awful misfit of a kick at goal, leaving the gain 4 points only.

College 11, 'Varsity 4.

Thirty-eight minutes were gone. During the remaining seven 'Varsity played like demons. Aided by good kicking and running by Counsel and Kingstone they got down to near the College line, where a series of fierce scrimmages followed. From one, Hobbs effected a good pass to Kingstone who made a dash for a try. He got round the College wings and was within five yards of the line when Shea reached him. A couple of yards outside of Kingstone, Boyd was running,

and a pass to Boyd would have given 'Varsity a try almost beneath the goal posts. Kingstone hung to the ball and 'Varsity's chance was gone. In the following scrimmage College's revolving wedge rolled the tide of war back from its line, and half-time was called with the ball 20 yards out.

SECOND HALF.

Ottawa went on for the second half confident but not conceited. As far as could be judged, they were not inferior to 'Varsity in any point except possibly in dribbling, of which there was little, while in two or three important respects College were decidedly better. When it came to tight scrimmaging, their wedge idea gave them gains slight but important; their wings were at least as good, and the back division showed equal aggressive power and better defence. It was noticeable that a College back always seemed to be where the ball fell in their territory, while often the 'Varsity backs seemed all in the wrong places.

Nevertheless it was also evident that against the Toronto team not the slightest chance could be safely thrown away.

It was 5 minutes to three when the second half started. College kicked off towards the eastern goal. There was practically no wind. 'Varsity returned well, and business opened out about mid-field. Then it moved slowly into 'Varsity territory. There was a temporary halt on Varsity's 25-yard line while the 203 pounds of bone and muscle that belonged to Dodds were watered, his head having collided with somebody's knee. Play was hardly resumed when Hobbs had to be doctored. Then a pass from Smith to Gleeson gave the latter a chance for a long punt over the 'Varsity line, and Boyd was pulled down before he could return the ball. Another point for College, the second and last rouge scored.

College 12, 'Varsity 4.

This was about five minutes after the start and for the next 20 minutes the ball remained in 'Varsity territory. A

splendid defence the Torontonians made. By this time they had begun to be able to meet the "screw" game tolerably well, and anyway the College did not try it too often, apparently reserving it for possible emergencies near their own goal line.

The 'Varsity tackling was superb, and Counsel's returns of College punts were first-class and quick. One of the finest bits of play of the day came in by him here when a punt from Shea fell ten yards behind the 'Varsity goal, with College forwards right after it. Counsel made a fine catch, threw off the leading College man by main strength, dodged a second and punted before the third brought him down—a magnificent kick of fully forty yards, crossing the side touch line far up the field. This gave 'Varsity a breathing space, and making a grand rally, they rolled the battle into College territory for the first time in the second half, 25 minutes from the start.

The advantage was temporary, a College dribble taking the ball again to 'Varsity 25 yard line, where Smith made a pass from the scrimmage to Gleeson who started for 'Varsity's line. Tackled 15 yards in front he passed to Shea. Had Shea made an immediate catch it was a sure try, but the wet ball slipped through his hands. Following, he picked it up and went on. Tackled 10 yards from the line, he tried to pass to Murphy, but Barr the 'Varsity captain was on the scene, intercepted the leather and started for mid-field. He was 20 yards on his way before the fast College wings got his scalp, and just before they did he made a fine punt-on, gaining a lot of ground despite Belanger's sharp return. For a time play was in College territory. Gleeson's judgment again told; every chance he got, he punted across side-touch in the enemy's rear, thus preventing returns, while the 'Varsity back kept plugging the ball into the middle of the field where the College halves were ready for it and usually made returns into side-touch.

It looked as though College were go-

ing straight to the 'Varsity line, when another of the sudden turns of the match came. Hobbs, the 'Varsity quarter, got the ball from a scrimmage and passed to Counsel who made a magnificent punt. The 'Varsity wings followed rapidly, and for once Shea missed his catch. There was a confused tumbling and rushing, with the 'Varsity men going over everything, until the ball went across the College line with a 'Varsity man on top of it. Four points for 'Varsity. Like all of the tries made, this was far out in the corner of the field, and there was the usual failure to kick the goal.

College 12, 'Varsity 8. Thirty-three minutes gone.

Only twelve minutes remained to play. The 'Varsity men threw their whole soul into the contest, and for some minutes it looked as though they would get across the College line again. Scrimmage after scrimmage took place inside the College 25 yard line. A continuous roar of cheers rolled from the Toronto end of the grand stand. But the College revolving wedge came into play again, alternated by punts by Gleeson into side-touch, and slowly the centre of war moved towards mid-field. College kept gaining; a punt by Gleeson, sharp following by the wings blocking Counsel's effort to return, and the ball came to the 'Varsity line. Here for the last six or eight minutes of the match a desperate struggle went on in the gathering dusk of evening. College played like lions, but they played no harder than 'Varsity, and could not score. For two minutes the ball was within a yard of the Toronto goal line, but nothing could get it across. The revolving wedge was tried and broken. Gleeson tried a dash but was dropped in his tracks. Shea got a punt, but it was returned from behind the line, and the 'Varsity had got the ball 20 yards up field as time was called, almost at dark.

The match was over; the Ottawa College football team champions of Canada by twelve points to eight.

Although in the second half 'Varsity scored four points to College's one, the play was distinctly in favor of the Ottawa men, and the ball in 'Varsity territory two-thirds of the time.

SOME OF THE COMMENT.

One of the rules of Canadian Rugby is that when the ball is "held," it shall be at once put down on the ground and scrimmaged. A disregard of the spirit and letter of this law was one of the secrets of the College success Saturday.

As a rule, no matter who was held with the ball on the College side, Smith, the quarter, received the ball from him waited until the scrimmage was formed, then handed the ball from behind into the scrimmage between Clancy's legs, and Clancy's heel obligingly tapped the ball back into Smith's hands, whence it went like a bullet back to Gleeson, or was carried by Smith at the head of the revolving wedge into 'Varsity's wings.

This trick made the heeling-out to Smith from the scrimmage very certain and quick. The usual plan is for the centre scrimmager to take the ball from a man who is held, put it right down as the scrimmage forms, and so be liable to all the disturbing influences of a sudden rush and crash. The 'Varsity men did this, and partly through it, their quarter, Hobbs, did not get the ball once to Smith's twice, and when he did get it, did not receive it so safely and had not the same chance to handle it well.

Football experts in the crowd noted this as they noted the many other superiorities in the College system—the revolving wedge, the punts into side-touch, the better distribution of the College backs, the way the halves fell back to receive punts when 'Varsity scrimmage had the ball and the way they kept fairly up on the line when their own scrimmage had it. There was only one opinion in the crowd as to which team showed the best football science.

Otherwise the teams seemed splendidly matched—College slightly faster, 'Varsity slightly heavier, both equally trained and game to the last, both back divisions grand punters and sure tacklers—taking their men at the waist or lower every time—both sets of scrimmagers gigantic and hard as nails—both sets of wings keen as terriers, past masters in all the fine points of offside play and illegal interference whenever the referee was looking at something else.

Everybody agreed that it was a splendid contest, and everybody agreed that the best team won.

And all who knew thought the team that won deserved the victory for what they did long before Saturday—honest training, steady practice and good discipline, afternoon and evening.

Headwork won the match. Brawn was equal on Saturday, but brains were on the College side."

—o—

That the victory of Ottawa College was a popular one is attested by the following telegrams and letters of congratulation.

Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I.,

Toronto.

Congratulations on grand victory,
Rector and Faculty,
Ottawa University.

—
Montreal, 23 Nov. 1896.

Rev. Father Fallon,

Ottawa College, Ottawa.

The Shamrocks heartily congratulate the Champions on their brilliant victory.

R. J. COOKE,

Pres't Shamrock Lacrosse Club,

—
Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.

Rev. Father Fallon,

Ottawa College Football Club,

Toronto, Ont.

Hearty congratulations on splendid victory.

A. P. SHERWOOD,

President, O.A.A.C.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 22, '96.
 Rev. M. F. Fallon,
 Ottawa Varsity, Ottawa.
 Smith and I send most sincere con-
 gratulations to the Champions.

D. GUILLET, O.M.I.

Buffalo, N.Y., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. M. Fallon,
 Ottawa University, Ottawa.
 Congratulations to the Champions.

SMITH, O.M.I.
 DORGAN, O.M.I.
 MURPHY, O.M.I.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. M. Fallon,
 Walker House, Toronto.
 Hurrah! Well done boys.

ANTOINE, O.M.I.
 DUBREUIL, O.M.I.

Glen Robertson, Ont.
 Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I.,
 Walker House, Toronto.
 A noble victory. My congratulations
 to Canada's champions.

"BIG DUNC."

Lachine, P.Q.
 Rev. M. F. Fallon, Toronto.
 Varsity, Hurrah! Congratulations
 to you and to the team from Brother
 Fallon and
 E. TOURANGEAU, O.M.I.

Ottawa, Nov. 21.
 Rev. Father Fallon,
 Walker House, Toronto.
 Ottawa is in ecstasies over the
 glorious victory your team has
 achieved.

JOSEPH TROY.

Brockville, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. Father Fallon,
 Walker House, Toronto.
 Congratulations from Brockville
 friends to yourself and team.
 GEO. E. McGLADE.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. Father Fallon,
 Ottawa College Football Club.
 Ottawa friends greet Ottawa Col-
 lege. Your victory a glorious one.

DR. CHABOT,
 E. TASSE.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. Fallon,
 Walker House.
 Ottawa is proud of your team.

J. C. SHEA.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 22, '96.
 The Rev. M. F. Fallon,
 Walker House, Toronto.

Kindly accept yourself and extend to
 the fifteen heroes of yesterday's battle
 my heartiest congratulations. Ottawa
 proud of the victory.

W. F. KEHOE.

St. Johns, Que., Nov. 23, '96.
 Rev. Father Fallon,
 Ottawa College, Ottawa.
 My sincere congratulations to you
 and to the boys.

RODOLPHE PARADIS.

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
 Rev. Father Fallon,
 Walker House.
 Accept my warmest congratulations
 on your splendid victory.

JOCK HARTY.

Levis, Que., Nov. 23, '96.
 Capt. Gleeson,
 Ottawa College Football Team.
 Old college boys from Levis send
 congratulations to champions.

C. HENRI CARRIER,
 ERNEST GAUDET,
 OMER CARRIER

and others.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96,
 Capt. Gleeson,
 Ottawa College Football Club,
 Heartiest congratulations on splendid
 victory of your team.

OTTAWA CITIZEN BOYS.

Buckingham, Que., Nov. 21, '96.
Ottawa College Football Team,
Toronto.

Accept my congratulations for grand
victory.

W. J. MARTIN.

Montreal, P.Q., Nov. 21, '96.
Ed. Gleeson,

Capt. Ottawa College F.B.C.

Been rooting for you all day. Rah,
rah for College.

SAVAGE, FRY and HAGAR.

Kingston, Ont., Nov., 21, '96.
Capt. Gleeson,

Ottawa College Football Club,
Walker House, Toronto.

Thousand congratulations; it makes
me think of old times.

DR. PHELAN.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 21, '96.
Tom Clancy,

Walker House.

Well done, you tore them up nobly.
Congratulate all the boys for me.

JACK SHEA.

Ottawa, Nov., 21, '96.
Tom Clancy,

Walker House, Toronto.

You pulled 'Varsity's whiskers in
grand shape. Congratulations to
yourself and team.

THOS. TROY.

Cornwall, Ont.

To Alf. Tobin,
Ottawa College, F.B.C.
Congratulations on splendid victory,

G. THACKERBERRY.

Cornwall, Ont.

Alf. Tobin,
Ottawa College, F.B.C.
Heartiest congratulations to yourself
and team.

J. TOBIN.

Kingston, Ont.

Rev. Father Fallon,
Ottawa College.
The great old championship is home

again, hurrah. Gus. McDONALD.

Kingston, Ont.

Rev. Father Fallon,
Ottawa College.

Congratulations on magnificent vic-
tory.

D. J. McDERMOT.

Union Avenue,
Montreal, Nov. 26, '96.

Dear Gleeson,

I have been requested by our club
to offer you our hearty congratulation
on your well merited success in winning
the Canadian Foot-Ball Championship
of '1896 and I personally take this
opportunity to congratulate you on
your splendid victory.

Yours sincerely,

FRED. M. McROBIE,

Hon. Secy Britannia.

E. P. GLEESON,
Capt. O.C., F.B.C.

Ottawa, Nov. 23, 1896.

The Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I.,
Ottawa University.

My dear Father Fallon,

Allow me to offer yourself and "our
boys" my heartfelt congratulations on
the magnificent victory of Saturday
last. The boys are football champions
of Canada by a clear title, and it is
delightful to find their prowess cheer-
fully admitted on all sides.

Yours very sincerely,

JNO. FRANCIS WATERS.

Montreal, Sunday, 23 Nov. '96.
Dear Gleeson,

You deserve the congratulations of
all foot-ballers for yesterday's success.

Please add mine to the many. I have
not seen a better organized or better
spirited team than yours for years, if
ever.

Regards to Father Fallon and such
members of the team as I know.

Very truly yours,

ALEX. MCA. MURPHY.

Ottawa, 25th Nov. '96.

The Hon. Secy,
Ottawa College,
Foot-ball Team.

Dear Sir,

I beg to forward you a copy of the following resolution that was unanimously adopted by the Board of Directors of this Club at their meeting this evening :

"That it affords the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club much pleasure to congratulate the Ottawa College Football Team on the victory by which they have again won the Dominion Championship, and to express their admiration of the pluck and perseverance which brought about this result, honourable alike to the team, to the seat of learning with which they are connected, and to the City of which their University is so important an institution.

I remain,

Yours truly,

PLUNKET B. TAYLOR.
Sec.-Treas.

Montreal, Nov. 23, 1896.

Dear Father Fallon,

Please accept for yourself and the team the congratulations of your humble representative to the Q. R. U. I saw Gaudet yesterday and he smiled all over as though he had fallen heir to a large estate. We walked out together and talked over teams present, past and future, and "he sighed and I sighed and then we sighed side by side" as we thought of the good old days not so long ago when we figured more or less conspicuously in the ranks of the Garnet and Gray. Now alas, we are "have beens" and can only help to win championships with our wishes. Congratulations again and tell the boys that the veterans are proud of the present standard bearers. "Bring on some better men."

Yours gleefully.

THOS. TETREAU.

Many of Canada's leading newspapers referred editorially to the great game between Ottawa College and Toronto Varsity. Among others were

the *Toronto Globe, Mail and World*, the *Montreal Herald* and the *Ottawa Free Press and Evening Journal*. The comments were invariably favorable to the College team. Here is how the *Evening Journal* summed up the result editorially :—

CHAMPIONS AGAIN.

Ottawa College football fifteen again hold the championship of Canada - for the fifth time in ten years. And during two or three of the other years they were not competing.

Their series of victories is an extraordinary one. As their teams are not heavier or faster than the best of the other teams they meet, their magnificent record is due to hard training, perfect discipline and clever headwork. And thus it is the more creditable to them to win than if brute force rather than discipline and skill carried them to victory.

It is a good thing for football and sport that the College team exists, for it is a standing illustration of the fact that hard work and intelligence force success in athletics as in the weightier endeavors of life."

The College record for 1896.

O. C. vs. Ottawa City.....	13 to 6-
O. C. vs. Montreal.....	18 to 6
O. C. vs. McGill.....	13 to 2
O. C. vs. Britannia.....	37 to 0
O. C. vs. Toronto University....	12 to 8

A total of 93 points to 22; the championship of the Quebec Rugby Union and of Canada; five brilliant victories. Nothing to be ashamed of in that record.

The Toronto papers are busy making up an all-Canada team. They allow a fair proportion of the members to Ottawa College—eight out of fifteen. Here is the Owl's choice for an all-Canadian team. Back, Belanger; half backs, Shea, Gleeson, Murphy; quarter back, Smith; Wings, Laflour, Tobin, Quilty, James, Green, Foley, Prudhomme; Scrimmage, Boucher, Clancy, McCredie. They all happen to hail from Ottawa College, but that is only natural. Next.

FROM OUR TABLE.

The *Catholic World* still maintains that high standard of excellence which has placed it first amongst American Catholic monthlies. A well-written article by H. A. Adams entitled "Bishop Potter and Anglican Orders" appears in the November number. The essay, in briefly noticing some remarks made by Bishop Potter on the decision recently given by the Holy Father concerning the validity of the Anglican Orders, gives to that question a more logical and thorough treatment than any other of the many articles which have appeared on the same important subject. Another paper in the same number written by Rev. A. P. Doyle and headed "The Future of Catholicity in America with reference to Mission Work to non-Catholics" is highly commendable.

A noteworthy weekly magazine is the *Ave Maria*. Its "Notes and Remarks" are always to the point and very valuable to the busy reader. Its department "For Young Folks" is very appropriate and interesting; while its continued stories cause each coming issue ever to be looked for with pleasant and eager expectation by its many readers.

The *Catholic Almanac* of Ontario, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, contains a fund of valuable and useful information. The *Almanac* for 1897 has just been issued, and is of such a character that copies of it should be in the possession of all the clergy as well as the prominent Catholic laymen of the province.

Donahue's Magazine for November, reaches us in good form. An able article on one of the greatest living American authors—Charles Warren Stoddard is written by J. N. Ingram; while M. J. O'Brien treats "Catholic Education in the United States" in such a manner that his essay makes abundant return for the time spent in its perusal.

An essay which should prove very interesting to all, and especially so to

the student, is written by the Editor of the *Angelus Magazine*, in the November issue of that monthly. It gives the history and also an illustration of the Second Borgian Map which was completed by Ribers at Seville, 1529, and which represents the then-known world. It was with the aid of this map that Pope Alexander VI. drew between the possessions of Spain and those of Portugal his arbitrator's line which has since caused so many and such lengthy controversies. The editorials in the *Angelus* are also well written and display a thorough acquaintance with the leading questions of the day.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* next claims our attention. The number in hand is well written and contains an important notice stating that all that is now published in the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* concerning the League will be published exclusively in the *Messenger*. We hope that this change may be for the better and may render still more valuable this already highly esteemed journal.

The first of the December magazines to reach our table is *Massey's*. How we have long looked for a representative Canadian monthly that would successfully vie with the best features of *Harpers*, the *Century* and the *Cosmopolitan*, and avoid their sometimes prurient tendency. We have it now. *Massey's* fills the bill. In style and matter it is of the first-class, and moreover it is clean. From the beginning its mechanical and artistic excellence could not be disputed. And now its literary value is decidedly looking up. William Wilfred Campbell, S. R. Crockett, Anthony Hope, Bliss Carman and E. Pauline Johnson are names that would do honor to the pages of any magazine. We wish *Massey's* a continued career of success in its sphere of usefulness.

—o—

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A REVERIE.

In the good old days of early October when peace, plenty and foot-

balls smiled in the Junior Campus ere the advent of Sultan John Baptiste and his shadow, Li-Ching-the-man-who-sits-on-the-football Bourdeau wishing to make the impress of his budding genius felt upon the progress of football, paid a visit to Tommy Lauzier, whom Dame Rumor credited with being versed in the occult arts. Bourdeau hied him to friend Tom's modest mansion, and entered. "The top of the morning to ye, Tom, me man." "The tip-top of the blessed morning to yourself, Bourdeau-of-the-gliding-foot" says Tom who whisked a black crow's foot three times in the air. In glided an old Thomas cat bearing Tom's smoking cap and infirmary slippers. "Tom, me crony" says Bourdeau "I would like to have that crow's foot to bewitch my opponent and have him pass me the ball." "Five dollars, me boy" says Tom who had an eye to business. "It's a go," says Bourdeau who pocketed his treasure, smiled from ear to ear and warbled, "Now, I'll make a rep." The following day, Bourdeau played on Burke-of-the-flowing-jersey, who captured the ball and started at a ten second pace for the College goal line. Bourdeau jerked out his crow's foot, flourished it thrice in the air and Burke brought the ball back—after he had scored a touchdown. "By my iron arm," wailed Bourdeau "I'll make that rascal, Tom, pay the piper for his humbug." So he ran to Tom's doorstep, "Tom you're a fraud," he cried, "your charm is not worth three yards of sour buttermilk." "Did you follow directions? Did you repeat three times the magic words, *I'm green*?" "No! you're a blundering idiot, my friend." Tom picked up a pen, pointed it at his servant, who fell in a heap on the floor. "What a grand tackling machine," says Bourdeau, "How much she cost?" "Five dollars we paid." "I'm your man," says Bourdeau, "Now, I'll tackle hard and low." Next game Slattery made one of his famous screw-driver runs. Bourdeau smiled a knowing innocent

smile, pointed his pen at him and Slattery fell over the College line. "I'll make you a boneless, powdered heap, you base cheat," roared Bourdeau when he met Tom. "Your pen is a miserable Gatineau Point goose quill." "Did you cross one foot over the other" says Tom who knew full well that such a performance would crack Bourdeau's neck. "No! Oh! you had better don your short dresses and push your youthful chair once more, me honey." Tom carelessly collared a ball that lay on the table, threw it upon the floor and it immediately flew up the stairway. (B. did not see the small boy and string.) "How much for that obstacle-running ball?" "Twenty dollars, old man." "Too much" says Bourdeau, "I'll give ye fifteen." "No! can't do it." "Tom," says B. "will you shy a copper?" "Done," says Tom. They flipped, "Skull," says Tom. "You've won," says B. "Now, I'll kick goals from every point of the grassy sward." Next game Bourdeau made a brilliant catch five yards from the College line, he threw the ball on the ground expecting to see it fly 95 yards through the air and soar over the cross-bar of the opponents' goal. Murphy hugged it and kicked a goal. "Five points against the College," said the referee. Bourdeau brought a rifle and is still on the hunt for the fool-killer of the Point. Dear reader and esteemed prefect, this is Tom's explanation of his protracted absence from our midst.

The member for Mattawa is drawing a large salary as match model in Eddy's factory.

The Vegetarian Society is in a precarious condition, the secretary Joe Clarke informs us, as the result of the portly, grandipose proportions of President Fattie Lamarche.

The Junior Editor appears to be an unknown quantity or in algebraic parlance he is x . We print the following solution of the difficulty. Leaving Madison Square, mount the golden stair to the venerable clock that ticks you into class, follow your nose into

room 1250, Mermaid's Inn, mystic flats. If you are on vengeance bound, remember that we possess two pure bred bull dogs, a whip, a 75 shooting revolver and a peach of a fighting editor—our 8-year old Lapointe, weight 650.

Our symphony club of last year suffered a severe reversal through the defection of our drum-major, who has accepted a lucrative position in Lowell. A rival harmonic society has been organized under the leadership of Herr Stringiose Brousseau to whom the Junior Editor owes a debt of gratitude since he has put to flight a band of Thomas cats that made the wee hours howl with their hurdy-gurdy sonatas in high "G." Is the cure as bad as the disease?

The decalogue has done its work, war's trumpet has blown, Jean Baptiste has shot the fatal bolt. If we were the star player in a comic opera, we would have been carried off the stage, stiff and stark—a victim to dread fate's stern decree. We pinch ourself and that the paper darts of the self-styled "King of the Juniors" have frightened us to death but spared our life, for we have been down South where we dodged bullets flying thick as Calgary mosquitos, daggers more blinding than Lethbridge's pet sand wave and razors rivalling Winnipeg crows.

The Hand Ball Printing Co. has issued a book entitled "The Baneful Effects of Sliding to First Base," from the fly-crawling pen of Bert Murphy.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

The seniors and juniors ran a mighty race. The seniors shot a neck ahead whipping up a walking *Du(b)lin*. The juniors won by a length spurring on a carving *Bouideau(x)*.

The Canadian Society has decided to devote its next at home to lectures delivered by the following alumni:

"Mistakes I have heard in English reading."—Thos. Costello.

"The haunt of the prairie dog, rattlesnake and owl."—Todd Barclay.

"Bulls in the Winnipeg wheat market."—Wm. Bawlf.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I hereby challenge all comers. Must be half my size. Those smaller than Bert preferred, for good reasons.

JOHN L. BOURDEAU.

A TRAGEDY IN MINIATURE.

A friendly wrestling exhibition—The big fellow challenges winner—Bargain closed—Scene changes to the dormitory—Ten-foot ring—Ready—Big fellow's head in a pulp—We do not speak as we pass by.

Shakspeare was wise in his generation when he wrote, "What's in a name?" Our nineteenth century Davie showed that the divine William was a little musty, by calling A. Chalifou, A *Jolly-fou*.

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

First Grade (A.) 1. P. Benoit, 2. R. Lapointe, 3. O. Vezina.

First Grade (B.) 1. H. St. Jacques, 2. E. Tessard, 3. J. Lamarche.

Second Grade. 1. G. Campbell, 2. Wm. Watt, 3. L. Poupore.

Third Grade. 1. J. Dore, 2. J. Graham, 3. P. Aussant.

Fourth Grade. 1. E. Belliveau, 2. H. Chouinard, 3. H. LaRocque.

ULULATUS.

Here is a well-known English proverb:

Pas de lieu Rhône que nous.
Exercise your ingenuity on it.

Hurrah for Lucy Lillipop and Tommy Ryanabob!

Prof.—What is a Cylinder?

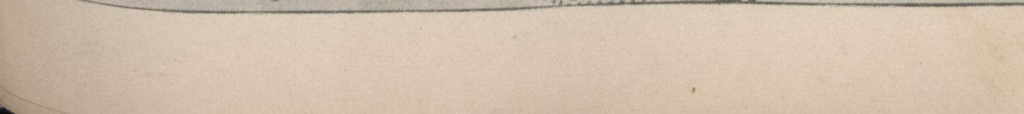
Pitre.—It is a round vessel of which the two ends are square.

Only fotograf of de boys. -- I think so.

When coming home from Montreal, Elias developed a strong taste for *melons*.

Billy's skillful manipulation of the Q foretells that his perfection in this line will surpass his lingual accomplishments.

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SPROULE
& O'CONNOR



OTTAWA UNIVERSITY
FOOTBALL

CLUB

CANADA
1896

CHAMPIONS
OF

VARSITY
FA - PA - RA
COLLEGE 12 - VARSITY 8