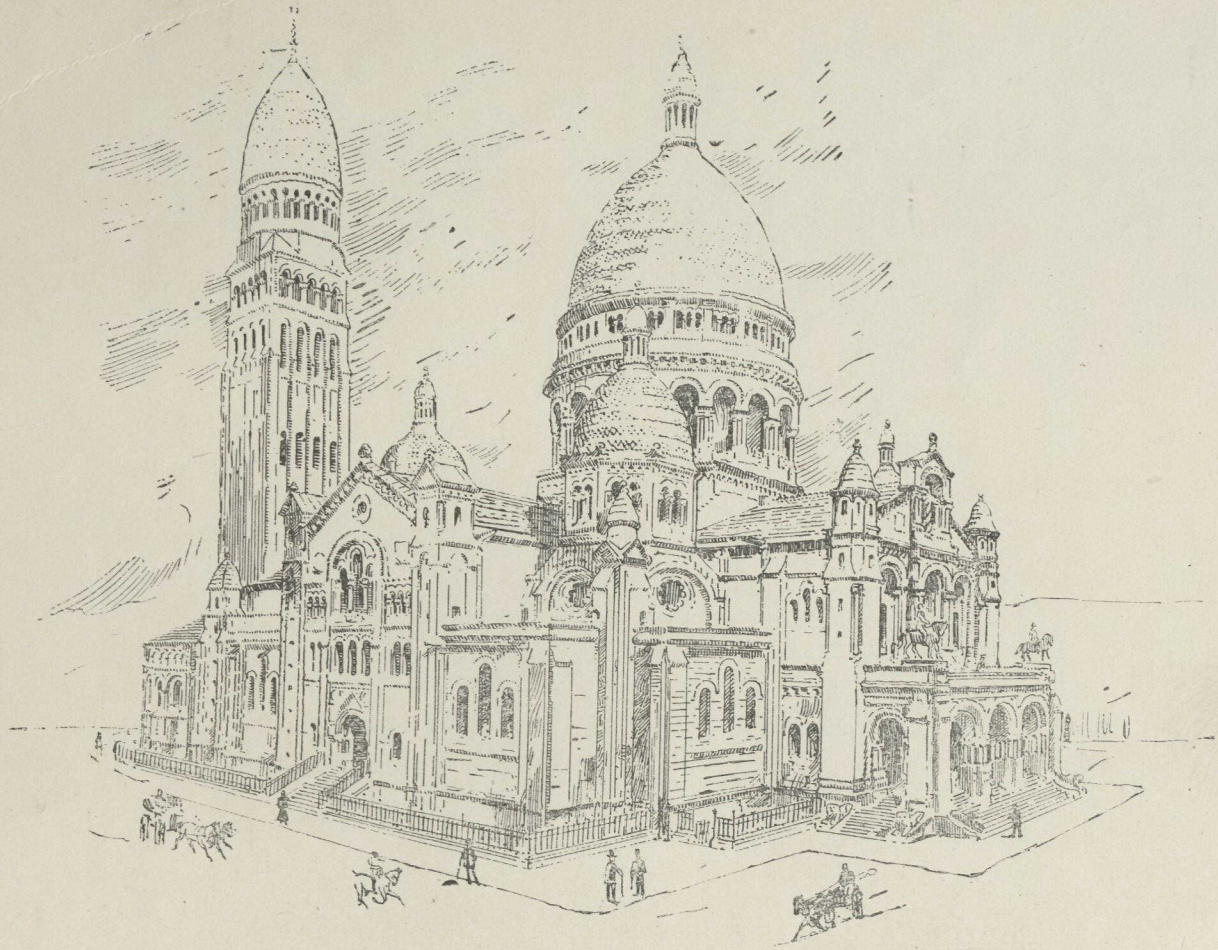

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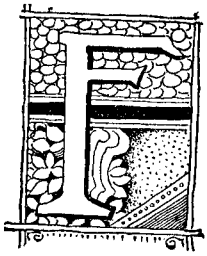
MONTMARTRE.



ROM the midst of one of the suburbs of Paris, rises a lofty eminence whose sandy summit is crowned by a monumental church. This elevation is Montmartre, the Mount of Martyrs. The imposing edifice is the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, the votive temple of penitent France.

Reader, ascend the Mount of Martyrs. Enter the temple of the Sacred Heart. The church is ablaze with lighted tapers, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed upon the altar, and a throng of people bow the head in silent adoration. Be the day, be the hour what it may, the scene is always the same. What means this forest of burning tapers? This never lessening throng of worshippers? This perpetual adoration of the Eucharistic God? To find the explanation we must turn back the pages of history to the end of the 17th century.

In 1689, Our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary, a Visitation Nun, and revealed to her the longings of His divine heart. He wished to establish on earth the universal reign of the Sacred Heart, and to France He desired to confide the accomplishment of this glorious mission, but on condition that she erect a temple wherein should take place the solemn consecration of the whole land. To Louis XIV, who then occupied the throne of France, this message was addressed. The *Great King*, however, was engrossed in his schemes of conquest and dreams of worldly glory, and so heard not the appeal of the Sacred Heart. Louis XV, absorbed in idle pleasures, made no move towards accomplishing the divine request. In the days of his imprisonment, the unfortunate Louis XVI remembered the message to France, and vowed to consecrate himself and his kingdom to the Sacred Heart, should it please the Divine Will to deliver him from his perilous situation. It was too late. He left his prison only to ascend the scaffold. When the storm had exhausted its fury over the land, many looked to their sovereign for the fulfillment of the vow of the royal prisoner of the revolution, but they looked in vain, for the new king was Louis XVIII, and "he had read Voltaire." For nearly two centuries, then, the rulers of France had done nothing to further the mission entrusted to them. Yet in the hearts of the people the words of Our Lord were deeply engraven and at times of danger and distress they recalled with hope and joy the message delivered to Blessed Margaret Mary. Hence it was, that amidst the disasters of 1870, the feeling gradually spread that France must find a remedy for her evils in the Sacred Heart, and that the time had at length arrived for the erection of the temple and the formal pronunciation of the National Vow. This religious movement was at first directed by a few pious laymen, who soon recognized the necessity of having a bishop at their head. They addressed themselves accordingly to Mgr. Guibert of Tours. Archbishop Guibert, however, did not see his way clear to the acceptance of such a charge, in view of his engagement in an important enterprise within his own diocese, and in face of the general impoverishment of the country at that unhappy period. The promoters of the National Vow then applied to several other bishops, but all to no purpose. Still they

were not discouraged, and upon the translation of Mgr. Guibert to the See of Paris in 1871, they again presented themselves to acquaint him with their plans, and to solicit his active aid. For a time the prudent prelate hesitated, but at length, he entered heart and soul into the project.

But now arose a question. Where should the proposed temple be erected? It must be in the capital of France. That was evident. But what site within the great city would be the most suitable? Montmartre was the choice of the Archbishop, and truly it was a happy selection, for around the Mount of Martyrs may be said to centre the entire history of France, both religious and secular.

Long before the Christian era, Montmartre was already consecrated to the service of religion, and from its summit rose the principal temple of the druids, side by side with the temples of Mercury and Mars. Such was Montmartre when St. Denis the Areopagite, arrived to preach the "glad tidings of great joy" to the benighted inhabitants of Gaul. The Mountain of Mars became one of the principal theatres of his apostolic labors and there he with his two companions afterwards suffered martyrdom. His death was followed by a general persecution which soon flooded the sacred hill with the blood of Christians. The Mountain of Mars had become the Mount of Martyrs. Naturally the spot was held in peculiar veneration by the early Christians of Gaul, and in course of time became a place of regular pilgrimage. The religious history of the hill during several centuries is unfortunately wrapt in obscurity. In the 12th century, however, Louis VI established there a community of Benedictine Nuns and presented to the convent a small chapel said to have been erected by the first Christians on the spot sanctified by the blood of the martyred St. Denis. In the stormy times of the 15th century the pilgrimages increased in number and importance, and they continued with undiminished fervor amidst the tumults caused by the Reformation and the civil wars of the following century. A period of tranquility was now granted to the good religious of Montmartre, but at length came the terrible days of the revolution. The Abbey, with its precious souvenirs of past ages, was entirely destroyed, and for nearly one hundred years no pilgrim climbed the heights to pray at the shrine of St. Denis.

Many a scene of secular history, likewise, has been enacted about this famous mountain. Already under the Merovingian Kings, its strategic importance was recognized, and the heights were fiercely disputed in all the wars of those times. It figures in the 9th century in the defence of Paris against the Normans, and a century later Otho II of Germany there assembled 60,000 men "to chant an *Alleluia*, that might be heard at Notre Dame"—an act of bravado oftentimes repeated by the enemies of France in those early days. It is interesting to note in passing that in 1170 at the foot of the Mount of Martyrs, Henry II of England and St. Thomas Beckett held an interview that was to become historic. A few months later St. Thomas himself received the crown of martyrdom from the hands of the minions of the ruthless Plantagenet. During the One Hundred Years' War, the English twice occupied the heights of Montmartre and about its sides the Maid of Orleans for a time encamped with her army. It was from the top of the hill that Henry of Navarre pointed his cannon against the City of Paris, and in the Benedictine Abbey Charles IV of Lorraine signed, in 1662, the treaty that ceded his fair province to the crown of France. Three times within our own century have the enemies of France gazed upon Paris from Montmartre. In 1814, the Russians and Prussians encamped there previous to their entry into the capital, and one year later the English and their allies occupied the hill, while upon the same eminence the Prussians planted their batteries towards the close of the late war.

Montmartre, then, historic Montmartre, afforded the most fitting site for the temple of the Sacred Heart, but unfortunately the ministry had determined to fortify this strong position by the erection of a fortress on the heights. Mgr. Guibert had just succeeded in inducing the government to relinquish its project and cede to him the much desired property, when a new difficulty presented itself. In order that the work of the National Vow might be duly national, it was necessary that it should receive the official recognition of the Assembly. But how could

an act of so religious a character be obtained from a body avowedly imimical to religion? The task surely was a difficult one, but timidity was not one of the failings of Mgr. Guibert. In his sublime audacity of faith, he boldly appealed to the Assembly to approve the work and aid in its furtherance. His appeal had the desired effect, and in July 1874, the National Assembly declared the projected temple to be a work of public utility, and authorized the Archbishop of Paris to secure the necessary site, even by way of expropriation. It is a fact pleasing to recall, that it was Marshall MacMahon who, as President of the French Republic, attached his signature to this law of such supreme moment for the work of the national vow. But new sources of trouble now arose. The immense size and weight of the proposed edifice would demand a solidity of foundation that the light sandy soil of Montmartre was unable to afford, and besides, it was feared that the galleries of the ancient limestone quarry which undermined the hill, might extend even beneath the chosen site. At considerable expense of time and money, holes were pierced to a sufficient depth to prove conclusively that the site lay beyond the limits of the quarry. To overcome the other difficulty, it was proposed to sink shafts through the sandy surface to the hard bed beneath, and then to fill these pits with masonry, upon which would repose the walls and columns of the church. This would necessitate the tremendous work of constructing beneath the building 83 pillars of stone, each 16 feet in diameter, and extending into the earth a distance of over 100 feet. It meant the removal of a mountain of sand, to be replaced by a mountain of stone. Many cried out against the project and demanded that the committee should build elsewhere. But Mgr. Guibert was firm. Montmartre was the site *par excellence* and Montmartre it would be. Yet he himself was frightened at the enormous expenditure that this mere preparatory work would entail, and for fifteen days he refused his consent to the great outlay, hoping against hope that some other plan could be devised. At length, however, he gave out the contract and the work of building the foundations began in June 1876. In the meantime it was found necessary to erect a temporary chapel to meet the requirements of the daily increasing number of pilgrims. The chapel was completed within a few months and placed under the direction of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, of which body Archbishop Guibert was himself a member.

But another storm was brewing. For some time the liberal press had teemed with violent articles against the work of the National Vow, and their clamors were so successful that in 1880, the Municipal Council of Paris petitioned the Assembly to cancel the law of 1873, recognizing the national character of the work, and aiding the furtherance of its projects. Thanks again to the tact and diplomacy of Mgr. Guibert, the efforts of these enemies of religion had no effect beyond drawing from the Assembly a second expression of entire sympathy with the Cardinal and a second approbation of his plans.

In 1886, Cardinal Guibert was called to his reward. It was a terrible blow to the promoters of the National Vow, for the venerable prelate had been the very soul of the movement. He it was that had borne the brunt of the battle for their sacred cause, and to him was the credit due that the enterprise had successfully passed through the dangers which had beset it from the very moment of its conception. And now when his firm hand and indomitable energy were required to bring all to a happy issue, he was called from their midst. Fortunately he left his unfinished task in the hands of another self. Mgr. Richard has carried on the work bequeathed to him by his saintly predecessor, with an energy and success truly admirable, and under his administration the temple of the Sacred Heart has risen with wonderful rapidity. At the present moment the church is nearly completed, and it is confidently hoped that the solemn consecration will not be delayed beyond 1896.

As may be seen from the engraving in the present number of the OWL, the Basilica possesses a style peculiarly its own. It cannot be called Roman, nor is it Byzantine, though the cupolas surrounding the edifice give it a somewhat Oriental appearance. It is Romano-byzantine, if you will, yet this does not sum up all its striking features. It is a grand, majestic, original conception of a master architect,

M. Abadie, who seems to have surpassed himself in his endeavor to produce a design worthy of the National Vow, worthy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The interior of this votive temple is divided into two churches, one above the other. The Crypt, or lower church, is entered through a large vaulted doorway in the façade, while a grand exterior staircase leads up to the main entrance of the upper church. The general disposition of the chapels in the Crypt may be given in a few words. The access is in "the tutelary keeping of the Guardian Saints of the Sanctuary, while the wings of the edifice are supported by the Apostles, the friends of Jesus, the founders of religious orders, and then, in the Apse, the Holy Family overshadows all. St. Peter, on whom the fabric seems to rest, occupies the vast centre of the temple, and in the deep gloom and solitude is found the chapel of the dead, the Chapel of the Holy Souls." The Chapel of the Holy Souls is so arranged that no day-light is permitted to enter, but lamps are kept continually burning. The upper edifice, which is connected with the Crypt by ten flights of stairs, rests upon four massive pillars, and is surmounted by the immense central dome which covers the entire choir.

The smaller chapels of the Basilica are almost innumerable, yet this number was found insufficient to meet the requests for altars that poured in from all sides in behalf of the patron Saints of cities, dioceses, provinces, and even foreign countries. Then began a pious contest among the applicants. Pillars and nitches were disputed, and fabulous prices paid for them. Societies, families, and particular classes of suffering or rejoicing humanity, have also found means to aid in the erection of this truly national monument, and hence one meets with the Pillar of the Sick, the Pillar of Orphans, the Pillar of Gratitude, the Pillar of the Poor. Offerings, too, of various other kinds have been sent to aid in the embellishment of this Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart. Leo XIII has contributed the magnificent Ciborum presented to him on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, and the Bishop of Athens has sent a stone detached from the ruins of the Areopagus, to serve as an altar-stone for the altar of St. Denis. *La Savoyarde*, the bell of Montmartre, is the gift of Savoy, and is said to be the largest bell in France. It is 10 feet in diameter, 10 feet in height, and weighs about 25 tons. Its handsomely decorated exterior bears the inscription: *Vivat Jesus.*

Considering, then, the obstacles that have arisen to impede its progress, the Work of the National Vow has advanced with marvellous rapidity. Inaugurated in 1870, it received three years later the official recognition of the National Assembly. In 1885, the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was instituted, and in 1891 took place the opening of the Basilica, while since 1876, the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart has been busily engaged in continuing the exterior "mission that Our Lord confided to France in 1689," by spreading devotion "to the Divine Heart among all classes of society throughout the world." This remarkable progress of the work is, no doubt, due in a great degree to the rare administrative abilities of the two eminent prelates that have been connected with it, yet it would be difficult to overestimate the value of the services rendered by their zealous co-operators, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Their indefatigable labors in the glorious mission entrusted to their care formed the joy and consolation of the venerable Cardinal Guibert, have won the confidence and love of his successor, Cardinal Richard, and have elicited from all quarters the highest and most flattering expressions of praise. So intimately, indeed, are they identified with the success of this grand religious movement that no history of it would be complete that failed to mention the name of Rev. Father Rey, of the silver-tongued son of de Mazenod, Père Lemius, whose glowing eloquence has published far and wide the glories of the Mount of Martyrs, and finally, of Rev. Father Jonquet, whose "*Montmartre Autrefois et Aujourd'hui*," has furnished this present article with its details concerning perhaps the noblest monument of piety ever erected by a Christian people—the Temple of the National Vow, the Basilica of Montmartre.

E. J. CORNEL, O.M.I., '95.

THE LECTURES OF A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

LECTURES of a certain Professor! Not much in the title certainly; but then literary merit is not determined by titles any more than manlinesss or gentility by the name one bears. Open the cover, look within, read, ponder, and if the beauty of thought and expression does not appeal to you, then your heart must be unfeeling indeed, or your mental system sadly out of joint. It is a book but very little known; in fact no edition has been struck off on this side of the "big pond," but the loss is not the author's—he is now where no losses or troubles can touch him—the loss falls on the countless readers of books, who have their mind-food served from the numberless printing presses of this Western Continent.

The author of this remarkable book, the Rev. Joseph Farrell, was a humble priest, working unknown to the great big world, in an unpretentious Irish parish. He was born in the village of Marysborough, Ireland, in 1841, and after his ordination worked principally in the dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin. While in attendance at Carlow and Maynooth colleges, he was known as an intelligent and clever student, and had no difficulty in capturing the highest prizes in the different departments of learning. He taught for a while in the former institution, but eventually took to the missionary field, and followed this calling until his death, which occurred on the 24th of March, 1885, at the early age of 41 years. In addition to the volume already mentioned, he has left many pieces, both in prose and poetry, which were published originally, either in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* or the *Irish Monthly*. He was noted, also, as an eloquent preacher and lecturer. These few words will have to suffice as an introduction to the author. If further acquaintance be desired, read the book we are about to consider and you will be the gainer.

The Lectures of a Certain Professor consists of twenty-three essays on subjects which, upon first sight, would not strike one as being worthy any very serious thought; as subjects, in fact, which could give a writer only a limited scope for the utterance of great life-truths. Father Farrell however, has succeeded in clothing such common subjects as "Day Dreams," "Certain New Beginners," "Money," "Success," "Culture," "Illusions," "Experience," "Self-Possession," and "Impartiality" with a beauty that makes them almost unrecognizable, and transforms them into something so much more charming than our previous conception of them that our first thought is one of admiration for the genius of the man who could work such a change. The great artist can take the common clay or the unhewn rock and fashion it into a shape that has an almost breathing reality. So much so that the onlooker is held spell-bound by the magnificence and fairness of the workmanship, and the name of him whose artful touch was potent enough to re-create, as it were, the once unattractive material is heralded through the world until almost every spot, whereon the foot of civilized man has been set, rings with praises of the artist's power and greatness. Our author has done such work, but with raw material of a different kind from that which the sculptor used, and with a tool which to wield well is perhaps the noblest of human accomplishments. In the first instance the sullied clay or rock is the substance worked upon, in the other the commonest thoughts of every-day life. One leaped into beauty under the powerful influence of hammer and chisel, the other under the mighty magic of the pen. Behind the workers in either case was the genius that is competent to throw around the most ordinary things the charm that fascinates, while it interests and instructs. To the

artist who has given the world a masterpiece,' honorable recognition is not wanting; to our author that recognition has not yet come And why? Because, perhaps, the world has not yet learned to know him, and if not, alas! how much the world has missed, for these essays are master-pieces, in their way; guarantees of mental power as great as that which evolved the Apollo Belvidere from the unshapely block, or put on lifeless canvas the living Transfiguration.

Father Farrell, as has been said, has taken for the subjects of these lectures some of the commonest thoughts of every-day life—but I will halt and let the Professor speak for himself. "My materials" he says "are collected in all sorts of out-of the way places—from the tags and fringes that hang from the most tangible subjects; from the odds and ends of knowledge; from the clippings and parings that accumulate in mental studios, from which solid work has gone out; from the rainbow-colored theories spun from the mists that hang about the limits of *the known*, in that dim debateable land where reason glides into feeling and certainties begin to melt into impressions; from these are derived my materials, and from a thousand other 'unconsidered trifles'." Notwithstanding our author's admission of the unimportance of the themes he discusses, his treatment has raised them by the potency of its originality, to a place where importance and gravity may easily be found. Styling himself a "Professor of the Inexact Sciences, whatever they may be," he excuses himself for wandering occasionally from the topics he sets out to consider. "Who so walks with me must accomodate himself to my pace and become, for the time being, an intellectual vagabond. We will sometimes, to be sure, keep the beaten track of the great highways of human thought; but if in our progress we come upon the opening of some green lane where the shade looks grateful and the wild flowers peep out from the hedgerows, do you suppose I shall not take you by the arm and, with gentle violence, compel you to explore it along with me? *Absit omen*; for then the Professor and his lectures would be near their end." What need of such an apology, or rather explanation? To read one paragraph of the book would be sufficient to acquaint you with the truth, that the desire of its author was to supply the reader with a means of whiling pleasantly away many an hour that might, otherwise, be crowded with thoughts that would darken the brightness of the soul, or spread over the mind a shadow of evil influence. It is within the knowledge of almost every one, that there are times when a man finds himself forced to ponder over things that have the power to move the heart towards strange and even sinful wishes. Had I a friend whose circumstances in life were such as impel him toward evil ponderings, I would consider that I could offer no more helpful means of withdrawing himself from self than those that may be found in such a book as that entitled "The Lectures of a Certain Professor." It is neither silly nor speculative, one of which epithets could well be applied as occasion suited, to most books issued at the present time. Not so with the volume now being considered. Needless to say that it is not silly, for it treats as has been stated, of great life truths. Nor is it solely speculative although, upon serious scrutiny of the work, a fund of deep and interesting philosophical reflections may be found; but these are philosophical without the philosophical form, and are dressed in language whose clearness is undimmed by the faintest shade of what sometimes gathers about ordinary scientific terms. Take his essay "About Life" as an example. No more just or exquisite picture was ever outlined than that which he has there drawn of the intimate union between soul and body. He shows, in language of rarest elegance, the dependence of one upon the other, the need each has of the other to do its necessary and peculiar work. He describes, with remarkable clearness, the doctrine of personal responsibility, that subtle theme which is so difficult to rightly understand. Of course his thesis is not as elaborate or exhaustive as some that have been given to the world by German, French or Spanish philosophers, but if it is not as elaborate and exhaustive, neither is it as obscure, and, after reading it, one lays it down with satisfaction at having learned, or at least of having enlarged his know-

ledge, of the boon that free-will is, although free will brings with it the burden of grave responsibility for all our actions. This treatise "About Life" is certainly one of the most charming in the whole series, in as much as it touches upon thoughts which, at some time or other, have vaguely formed themselves in our mind, but which, upon reading our author, assume real and palpable shape. This same may be said of all the twenty-three lectures, but not with the same justice as of the one "About Life." It abounds with passages that have an epigrammatic force, in which some great truth is beautifully touched off in a single sentence. Take as instances the following:—"It is a problem whether Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte more served or injured mankind; but there is no problem at all as to whether the man who has tilled the rugged soil, and coaxed the furrow into fruitfulness, has been a benefactor to his race."

"Nothing is great in itself, it is only the doing of it that makes it great; and to such greatness the commonest actions lend themselves equally as the rarest of human achievements."

"Intellect, at best, makes the bricks which only character can build up into edifices at last."

"We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us."

"A man's happiness is in himself, most of his unhappiness arises from comparison with the imagined, and often purely imaginary happiness of others."

"It is not mere thought that steads--lost spirits have it deep and keen—but thought worked up by will into love."

Let it be understood that these excerpts are selected hap-hazard, and now that it is done the feeling is experienced that the best have not been chosen; but blame not, for where there is so much of beauty it were difficult indeed to pick out the brightest gems. Bring a child into a shop where the baubles that please are on show. He will look around at first and then, as bewilderment wears away, he will set about examining the (to him) precious things. This is beautiful, that is beautiful and the other is beautiful. As time speeds by perplexity increases, and he is utterly at a loss to say which of all the gorgeous articles he admires the most. At length the choice is made, but he still feels that the prettiest things have been left behind. Such was the predicament of the writer, but what he saw in the storehouse that finds space between the covers of a volume were not childish baubles, but the shining thoughts that found birth in a great man's mind.

It will of course be impossible to take each lecture specially and describe the beauty that it holds, but a little more space may be granted for a consideration of some of the others, and for a selection of some of the passages that show the sentimental and religious side of our author's nature. In the one "About Books," he relates the story of at one time being present at a reproduction of Cinderella. Seated near him was a friend who, when the entertainment was finished, turned languidly and asked what it had all been about? When told that it was Cinderella he rejoined "And what was Cinderella? "My first feeling," says Father Farrell, "was one of boundless contempt; but it subsided, on reflection that it was more his misfortune than his fault, into an equally boundless pity. What a lustreless childhood had been his —never a ray of fancy had played around his cradle—never a spell of imagination had glorified for him the common things of childhood. I catechised him on the spot; and found, as I expected, that he was an utter stranger to the classics of the nursery—and, though his word may be his bond, his honor stainless, his character irreproachable—yet, oh! not into *his* ear would I venture to pour the half sense, half nonsence that flows from our—yours and mine dear reader—from *our* lips, in our best and brightest moments." My first thought upon reading that passage, and my thought still, was, would I had the man who uttered these words as my friend, for the man who loves to muse over the events of his far-away childhood will be true and constant in the friendship of later years. This view may be wrong, and its application to certain particular cases might momentarily belie its truth, but, in most instances, it is he who looks back lovingly on the past who can best be trusted. With this con-

ception our author is fully in accord, or perhaps better, I caught the germ of the thought from him—certainly a much more reasonable supposition. I would like to give that essay "About Books" in full, so replete is it with wise suggestions, but neither time nor space would allow it. Let it be passed by, then, but as we leave a longing look is cast behind.

Into poetry also has Father Farrell plunged, and the two pieces in the present volume show their author to have posessed the true poetic spirit. In "Seedlings" he gives expression to weighty thoughts, draped in words of exquisite sweetness. A few extracts will suffice to prove the remark true. Speaking of liberty he exclaims:

God's noblest gift to man is Liberty,
The abstract power to choose or right
or wrong.
But abstract powers have concrete exercise,
And, in its concrete action, liberty
Is worse than worthless when it chooses
wrong.

Again in describing a wanderer, from whose heart hope has fled, and who, coming to a wayside shrine, sees the face of Christ pictured on the walls, he says

He has become a child in sorrow's school,
Where Christ is teacher—in the dust he sits
Discrowned and desolate, for his schemes have
failed.
But lo! Heaven opens, and an angel flies,
Borne back upon the prayer he flung to God.

How original and expressive is this description of the answered proyer. An angel flies from Heaven and is "borne back upon the prayer" the wanderer "flung to God." That is poetry indeed; poetry in all its richness and brilliancy. He then paints this spiritual wayfarer's progress from Faith to Hope, and from Hope to Love, and concludes with the following lines

He sat in sorrow's school at Christ's pierced feet,
Has learnt his lesson, has become a child.
Sits now—above the storms that vex the world—
A happy child at the great Father's feet,
Whose food it is to do the Father's will,
Whose soul is fed by words from God's own
mouth,
Whose loftiest science is the hope he holds,
Whose dream of liberty is leave to love.

Needless is it to comment on Father Farrell's capabilities as a child of the Muses; the passages quoted illustrate these more forcibly than I could.

The clock on the mantle tells me I have almost reached my limit of time, and the wise bird perched above, is casting suggestive glances toward me. To placate the latter, as well as the reader, I will bring this disjointed paper to a close. Would it be too bold to express the hope that some may be induced, by a perusal of this article to read these "Lectures of a Certain Professor." If such be the case I will feel that the time taken up in writing these lines has not been lost, for the book is one which cannot but do good to him who reads it; cannot but lift him to the consideration of lofty truths, around which Father Farrell has thrown a glamour that enraptures.

W. F. KEHOE, '89.

THE KING OF KINGS.

HAIL, Thou, my Light, my Life, my Universe!
O, touch with power the weakness of my lips,
That so my thoughts may sail the tide of verse,
A golden fleet of passion-laden ships.
Hail, Thou, my Universe: my morn, my even,
My night, my day, my midnight, and my noon,
My sunlight from the which all clouds are driven,
And to mine hours of dark a silver moon.
O, fill for me all seasons and all time,
An orb to every cycle of delight,
Sphering all blisses in a golden clime,
Magnificently boundless, fair, and bright,
Wherein the soul immerged is raised above
Itself, to oneness with Eternal Love.

FRANK WATERS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROTESTANTISM.

HERE are crises in the world's history when the minds of men seem but to await the falling of a spark to break out into a fearful explosion." That such a crisis was reached at the time of the religious movement of the XVI century, and that the revolution which followed and spread so rapidly was the effect of vicious principles, itself a sedition, and not a legitimate reform capable of correcting existing abuses in the Church, it is the attempt of this brief summary to show.

There are four principal accounts of this movement. By Protestants the so-called reformation is considered the birth-day of liberty of thought and conscience, the bursting of the bonds of "superstition" and thraldom of the mind for untrammeled liberty of thought and independence of private judgement. Among Catholics some assign as its cause the disappointment of Luther in the matter of indulgences and his spiteful rebellion in consequence, aggravated by the refusal of the Pope to recognize Henry VIII's divorce. Others make these only the occasion, proposing as a more patent cause the general repugnance to spiritual authority and a spirit of independence of at least two centuries growth. The other contingent, of which Dr. Brownson is the chief exponent, allowing the efficiency of the causes mentioned, lay more stress upon the odiousness to German nations of submission to a foreign authority so Romanic as the Church then was. The Protestant view we disprove, on the grounds that it was not the rise of *liberty* but *license*, a freedom resulting in slavery more abject by far than submission to the restraint of lawful authority, without which society could not exist. Of the three views held by Catholics, the last most nearly covers the ground, as it comprehends the others and adds a third cause which must have played an important part in producing the conditions favorable for the inception of the movement. A momentary event, such as Luther's matter of indulgences or Henry's divorce could not have brought on such convulsions in European society, whose system was supported by the traditions of so many centuries, had there not been a disposition of popular feeling favorable for its reception; and we shall see that these events were "but sparks falling upon materials already disposed for combustion."

About the beginning of the XIV century, Europe was a spiritual commonwealth of nations with a single head; an entire continent embracing many separate powers, all reverencing and obeying as sovereign, the successor of Peter "the depository and interpreter of Christian law." The nations of Christianity were the members of one head, and held common principles; they all obeyed the Church, which was their conscience, and held the same standards of right and wrong. And although this sovereignty had suffered many severe shocks, it had thus far triumphed, for men were yet Christians at heart and recognized the voice of God in the voice of the Church; indifferentism had not yet effected the separation of religion from every-day realities.

This order of things is soon to end. The spiritual dominion heretofore voluntarily obeyed by the nations begins to be replaced by material force, developing into the modern system of balance of power. A spirit of independence arises among the princes, a desire of independence which does not brook restraint. We will endeavor to sum up in the fewest possible words the causes of it.

In the first place the times were immoral; licentiousness was becoming rife and the natural repugnance to authority in a prince already powerful would urge him to reject the only authority which stood between him and the gratification of his passions. Again, the papal power in consequence of its wide radiation had bishops or legates at every court who were often the subject of large benefices making them temporal princes

as well as spiritual directors. So, when the bishops were very severe in matter of discipline, submission to them was rather suggestive of subjection to foreign tem oral power; on the other hand, when they were the creatures of the prince, put under obligation to him by benifices they exercised no authority over him. In either case it created a contempt for authority. Moreover the spread of pagan ideas gave birth to a desire of returning to the Roman form of government of pagan days. Caesarism became popular, especially in the Southern nations. Princes became impatient of papal rule; disrespect for his authority among the people was encouraged, the encouragers well knowing that if the authority of the Church were rejected they had a grip on their subjects which no power on earth could loose. The riches accumulated by the clergy and religious orders by their own industry and the generosity of the people were coveted by profligate princes.

Among Christian nations there were two distinct groups—the Romanic comprising the southern nations, and the Germanic the Northern. The former being the elder in Christianity had infused more of its principles of government into the administration of Church government, which was in fact officered chiefly by Romanic clergy. Now antagonism between Rome and Germany is older than Christianity itself; it dates back to ante-Caesarean times. This repugnance to Romanic rule was in the case of the Northern states an incentive to that spirit of independence which resulted in the rejection of spiritual authority.

Such were some of the agents of Protestantism among the nations. If we descend from rulers to people we will discover like influences at work here. To the revival of pagan literature, which took place at this time, can be traced a great deal of the change of attitude. After the diffusion of Greek and Roman literature, Europe abandoned itself to a base adulation of every thing Greek or Roman. True science gave way to erudition; pagan sentiments, instead of being compared with the great truths of Christianity, were adopted unchallenged. In fine, paganism became the fashion; as an instance of its abnormal influence, the Blessed Virgin was spoken of as "déesse" and our Saviour as the "Son of Jupiter." All the licentiousness of pagan authors was sown and bore fruit many fold. From the steady growth of healthy sober thought, not suppressed but directed by the censorship of the Church, the human mind broke away into a license of thought only to grow wild.

There were three incidents in the two centuries preceding the reformation which stand out as more prominent stepping stones to that event than the gradual influences we have been considering. The first of these was the scandal committed by Philip the Fair of France. At the beginning of the XIV century, Pope Boniface VIII, having been insulted by Philip, published a bull in which he fearlessly denounced Philip for his cruel wars against Christian nations and the exorbitant taxation of his subjects. In this action the Pope never dreamed of opposition; he acted on the precedent of the papal power by which he was to censure the powerful of the earth as well as the weak, and to protect subjects from the unjust oppression of their sovereigns. But here he had not reckoned with the man he was chastising. The time had come when Christ's vicar was no longer supreme. Philip resented, raised a sedition against the Pope, seized his person at Anagni and confiscated his court. This sacrilege, though shocking to popular feeling at the time, and heartily denounced by succeeding Popes, was nevertheless a fatal stroke at the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See and cherished in the minds of the laity a growing disregard for it.

The second event was the heresy of Wycliffe in England. This was a start along the line which Luther was to pursue a little later; he was but the forerunner of Luther. Disappointed in an appointment of the Pope his anger turned against him and he soon began a regular heresy. His doctrine was pure Presbyterianism; the Pope was denied to be the head of the Church Militant; Church dignities were superfluous, priests and deacons could perform all functions. A doctrine so agreeable to the general spirit of insubordination did not fail to become eminently popular and to strengthen the trend of popular feeling.

The scandal of Philip the Fair was intimately connected with the rise of a subsequent one, known as the Great Western Schism. Philip wormed his seditious influence into the councils of the Church, and procured the removal of the Holy See to Avignon. During its residence here, French influence gained domination in the papal court, which showed itself not until the papal residence was again transferred to Rome. On the death of Gregory XI, the Romans, fearing another translation to Avignon, demanded and obtained a Roman pontiff. All the cardinals swore allegiance to Urban VI, and kept it without protest for three months, when they suddenly withdrew to Avignon, deposed Urban, and elected an anti-pope, Clemen. VII. Then began the Great Western Schism, which wrought more evils to the Church than any she had previously suffered, and made the breech for still greater ones to follow. For thirty-nine years the history of the Church is but a repetition of vain endeavors at reconciliation, of denunciations and anathemas hurled at one another by the rival claimants to the papal succession, of corresponding strifes among people and powers, out of sympathy for the different opponents. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the havoc made by this state of things: the head of the Church, uncertain amidst the rivalry of several claimants; prelates and pastors absorbed in religious controversy, their flocks uncared for; the faithful in doubt, bewildered by the apparent loss of unity in the one indivisible Church; morals becoming corrupt, and none to check their decay. Such was the situation of affairs produced by this unfortunate occurrence. Could any conditions be more favorable for an insurrection against all authority, when the people were demoralized by such influences?

The direct consequence of the Great Schism was the loosening of the bonds of ecclesiastical discipline consequent thereon; for all its evils were multiplied many times through the corruption and unfaithfulness of the clergy itself. Never, perhaps, has there been an epoch in the history of Christianity in which the clergy have fallen into such laxity. Monastic orders which were rich enough to support themselves without the manual labor of the members, fell into luxury. Over the benefices donated by princes, were placed creatures of the princes, wholly unfit for the charge, and fatal to the discipline of the religious. The extensive temporal possessions of many ecclesiastics rendered their relations with the people rather temporal than spiritual, and thereby loosened respect and confidence in them. And so it happened that just when the faithful were most in need of earnest, steadfast pastors to guide them through a concurrence of evil influences, the pastors themselves were most unfaithful.

Such, then, was the field which Luther found already prepared for his work of destruction. The bonds of spiritual authority loosened; minds and hearts perverted by a spirit of insubordination, rebellion and licentiousness and exposed to any danger which chance may bring. Of these twenty centuries of Christianity, no moment ever offered such a favorable opportunity for the propagation of such tenets. He urged rebellion to a people impatient of authority; he promised license to a people who sought riddance of the only restraint between them and the gratification of evil passions. "The fuel was disposed for combustion," he applied the spark, and soon all Europe was enveloped in the conflagration.

Causes which gave rise to Protestantism were naturally potent as well in spreading the same. But in addition to those which generated, were several great events, whose remarkable coincidence with the rise of Protestantism is often misconstrued as consequent thereon. The revival of letters so disastrous to morals, gave, nevertheless, a new impulse to the human mind, and created an eagerness for new ideas. By the discovery of America unknown paths were opened to the ambition of adventurers, and the extension of commerce. The invention of printing furnished a medium of rapid interchange of thought between different countries, while the introduction of the use of fire-arms, as Darras says, "changed the ancient mode of warfare, thus multiplying in every quarter of Europe those bands of mercenary troops, ready to sell their blood to the highest bidder;" and this was an item of importance, since the new heresy

chose material force to oblige its adoption. All these advantages were seized upon and made instruments of its propagation, and very effectual they proved to be.

We have spoken frequently of abuses in the Church, and perhaps it would be well to explain this term. When we say the Church needed reform we mean its individual members. As the expression of the Word of God on earth, pronouncing on matters of faith and discipline, the Church is, *ipso facto*, incapable of error. But in matters of Church government, which depends upon human judgment, and is subject to human weakness, the Church is fallible; in this sense the Church means the individuals comprising its visible body.

This so-called reformation was not, as has been shown, a reformation, but a rebellion against the highest authority on earth, generated by vicious principles, and resulting in a concession to human passion. That it was a return to the primitive Church, and that the Catholic Church had departed from the path of the True Church is illogical, since it supposes the impossible case of a time when the True Church did not exist on earth.

It is beyond the intention of this imperfect retrospect to go into a minute examination of the effects of this religious movement. The nature of its effects directly on society we pass by; but this much we do ayer, that it proved the preservation of the Church itself. The aspect of such a large adherence of the faithful torn from the bosom of the Mother Church and involved in error is indeed not conciliating, but, on the other hand, when we realize that it was indirectly the means of bringing about a much needed reform in the Church, we must pronounce it an agency for good. It arose at a time when the Church was distracted by a great schism, confused by internal strife; when people and clergy were softened and demoralized; when the general tone of religion was very low and faith fast cooling. The Church was badly in need of reform, and nothing short of a great suffering could purge it. Purgation came in the form of Protestantism, recalled the ministry to a sense of duty, hastened the reform of abuses and purified faith and morals by its persecution. Nor is the glory of the Church dimmed in the least by all her trials. That in such demoralization as preceded the Reformation, and amidst such storms as assailed her during the spread of Protestantism, the Church should still rise unchanged and triumphant, still glorying in her many saints, is the most incontestable testimony of her Divine mission, and of the presence in her of the Holy Spirit of God.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.

CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD SOD.

GLORY to God on high, and on earth peace to men; such are the words that, in every land, are wafted on the breeze this blissful Christmas time; such are the words that, like a golden chain, encircle this great globe on the birth anniversary of the Saviour King; such are the joyous strains that, preceding the peep of dawn, move around with uninterrupted trend this vast hemisphere, man's temporal abode. Where is the heart that thrills not with pleasure at the approach of Christmas? Where is the bosom that heaves not with an increase of noble and generous emotion? The higher chords of human nature are swept by a magic hand. Kindly feeling and heaven-sent sympathy for the suffering members of humanity are everywhere prevailing. The blinded Jew may deny the Saviour's birth and look for One to come, but when he gazes upon the joyous crowd and hears the merry chimes, he fain would celebrate his Christmas. Even the pagan Chinaman seems to have caught the charm, as, with a broad oriental smile, he raises the green bough to decorate his dingy abode. An Ingersoll may boast that there is no God, he may laugh at the idea of a Baby Saviour lying in a manger, but cold and black must he find his atheistic life because he dares not celebrate his Christmas.

There is something unique and essentially touching in the idea of a Child-God born at midnight in a cold cave, far away amidst the lonesome hills, when unfeeling Winter reigns supreme. The smile of peace on the little Baby-King's chubby face can awaken sympathy, where sympathy's existence was never thought of. Many hearts that had resisted the direful tragedy of Calvary's heights, have melted to tears in Bethlehem's stable. Many are found in church just once a year, and that once is on Christmas Day. There is something lovely in the idea of Christmas. The little crib is a powerful magnet.

Since loyal hearts of all nations beat in sympathy with the Infant-Saviour, since all strive to satisfy for past neglect, since all endeavor to shield Him from the icy northern blast, since all peoples partake, at least in part, of the Christmas gladness and good feeling, what holy earnestness should we not expect from those most sympathetic and Catholic people, the sons of great St. Patrick? Yes, it is in holy Ireland that Christmas is kept in the real spirit of Faith. It is there you can see old and young kneeling for hours in the cold, steel-gray light of Christmas dawn, adoring Bethlehem's God.

In the Green Isle, Christmas is regarded as by far the greatest festival of the year. The sad memories of faded national glory are for a while forgotten. The natural kindliness and hopefulness of the noble Irish race is manifested on every countenance. The mild twinkle of the Christmas candle suffices to temporarily disperse the dark cloud of misfortune that hangs over the most tried and truest nation under heaven.

> "All hail with uncontroll'd delight
> And general voice the happy night,
> That to the cottage, as the crown,
> Brought tidings of salvation down."

The best example of a truly Irish Christmas is to be found in the snugly thatched farmhouses. In the towns and cities a more or less noteworthy amount of foreign element has crept in, changing some old customs and supplanting many others. Let us visit Pat in the old homestead amidst the fields, whilst the December winds sigh mournfully in the tall trees around his tidy dwelling, and see how he keeps the pleasantest feast in all the year.

It is a very old custom amongst God's people to begin their festivals on the eve. We read in the book of Leviticus that God commanded his then chosen followers

to "celebrate their Sabbaths from evening until evening." This long established practice has been universally adopted by the Catholic Church. After vespers on the eve, the feast has already commenced. Generally, however, there is no outward celebration until next morning. Amongst the Irish, especially at Christmas, the century-sanctified custom is still practically in vogue. Long before Santa Claus sets out on his stealthy rounds the merrymaking has commenced. Those who have been separated from the family group are united once more beneath the natal rooftree. If any are absent from this happy re-union it is because they are far away beyond the great western breakers. And even these may be said to take part in the reunion, for where is the absent Irish son that thinks not about the old home at Christmas, and where is the Irish mother that communes not in spirit with her absent child?

The boy who has been to college usually receives the heartiest welcome on Christmas Eve. Who knows but he will one future Christmast stand at God's altar to offer up the living victim of love? This has been mother's prayer for a long time, and mother has an extra hug, an extra kiss for her *bouchaleen*. Perhaps the boy has won laurels at the examination, perhaps he has played in a champion football team; if such be the case, his reception is so much the warmer. A real merry Christmas is in store for him. If any of old 'Varsity's football champions have Irish mothers they will experience the truth of this during the coming holidays. They are sure of a good Celtic greeting the depth, the warmth, the heartfelt feeling of which, is beyond adequate expression.

Let it not be inferred that other mothers are wanting in this respect; all welcome their sons and daughters at Christmas. But the Irish mother's greeting has something in particular. The love of an Irish mother for her son is really sacred; a something which it is little less than sacrilege to deride. But to resume our sketch.

The dark shadows of Christmas Eve have closed over hill and dale. Bright lights are twinkling in every cottage, dotting the country-side as it were with sparkling diamonds. Let us make our way to one of those quiet homes to see what is going on. As we enter, and as our eyes become accustomed to the sudden flow of light, a very pleasing sight is revealed to us. The big kitchen, festooned with holly boughs and sprigs of ivy-green, looks its coziest. The old-fashioned dresser, with its rows of well scoured noggins, and curious antique delf, reflects the red firelight, and seems to smile forth a Christmas welcome. The deal flour-bin in the corner, discolored by the come and go of many a Christmas-tide, creaks out in its own discordant fashion, a greeting for the season, as the good mistress of the house raises its lid in quest of the chief constituent for Christmas cakes. A roomy pot beside the fire emits an appetising odor of brown potato-pudding, whilst the kettle sings unceasingly its monotonous measure. The walls are decorated with pictures of Ireland's ancient and modern heroes; the freshly scrubbed floor exhibits scrupulous cleanness.

"The fire, with well dried turf supplied,
Goes roaring up the chimney wide."

Spirit of Walter Scott forgive this substitution of turf for logs. We describe a modern Christmas in Ireland, where logs are something rare, and where turf now forms the staple fuel. Indeed one is almost led to bless the change, so pleasant and cozy a sight is that same turf fire. The youngsters are occupied at blind-man's-buff, and other innocent amusements, whilst their more serious elders semicircle the glowing hearth and talk the topics of the season. The busy housewife kneads a mass of dough in a big wooden dish, or performs some other operation suggestive of coming Christmas cheer. Once in a while, amidst the conversation, she drops in a word about "the darling beyond the seas," wondering if he is thinking of the old home at that present moment. Her last act before the evening shades had fallen, was to go out and gaze wistfully towards the setting sun, as if to confide a message to that great luminary's custody, to carry with him across the vast ocean to her dear boy far away.

At about eight o'clock all repair to the best room, for it is there the Christmas Eve supper is usually served. Here, as

in the kitchen, Erin's choicest evergreens are arranged in tastefully decorative order. Two large Christmas candles throw their mild light upon the scene, reminding one, of the God-Child's pure innocence. It is almost invariably a family group that surrounds the supper table, for, as a rule, everyone spends that happy night at home. Sometimes, however, a friend or acquaintance has been invited from the city, or perhaps one of the boys has brought his comrade with him from college to spend the yule-tide holidays.

Supper is served at length, and what a supper it is! Plenty of potato pudding and fresh Irish butter, a dish too little known to be justly appreciated. Plenty of tea, home-made cake and fruit. Such a supper might hardly satisfy the epicureanism of modern society, but is a real treat for any one who can claim to be at all reasonable. You may laugh at the idea of Irish potato pudding, but should you once get a taste of it you would go all the way to Ireland to spend your Christmas Eve. Before supper the Creator's blessing is solicited, and afterwards thanksgiving is offered up for the benefits received. The group around that supper table is a pleasing sight; a veritable picture of home comfort. Those poor Irish peasants have labored hard all year to gild the coffers of thankless foreigners; well may they now keep festival in honor of Bethlehem's King.

Supper over, the young folks resume their merry-making, or listen with wide open eyes to the strange stories they hear their sire relate. The old man talks of other Christmas Eves long ago, when a Martyr's palm was the reward for being caught assisting at Holy Midnight Mass. All over-noisy amusements are avoided on Christmas Eve out of respect for the God of Love that each one is to receive within his breast in the early morning.

Generally Midnight Mass is now no longer celebrated. Like many other customs, it has passed away with Erin's happier days. Six o'clock is at present the earliest hour fixed for the Holy Sacrifice. Notwithstanding the rigor of the season, everyone, who can possibly get away from home, is present at this first mass. Some have had to walk five or six Irish miles to manifest their love for the Infant God. They have been on the road since four o'clock, and yet they think it not too much to remain on their knees during two successive Masses. Moreover the journey has been performed fasting, for it is considered a first duty to receive, on Christmas Morning, the Holy Sacrament of Love. But those sons of Erin are muscular athletes who think little of a long walk. They resemble the sturdy lads in garnet and gray who lately won the Dominion honors on the football field.

Amongst the young people, a pious rivalry exists as to who will be up first on Christmas morning. Some in order to prevent all possibility of 'sleeping over,' remain out of bed the entire night, all oblivious of a needed rest. Each one has saved a penny to drop in the offering box at the crib. Baby is poorly clad, the weather is cold and a new frock cannot be bought without pennies. Such is the juvenile train of reasoning.

The church is tastefully decorated with Erin's loviest green holly, having a profusion of the brightest red berries. The crib, charming in its simplicity, is surrounded by Irish moss, sprinkled with imitation snow. The altar, with its multitude of lights and flowers, seems clothed in heaven's glory. The organ itself is imbued with the spirit of the season, as it peals forth its rapturing measure. From the tall steeple, too, a merry chime rings forth,

> "And over the fields in their frosty rime
> The cheery sounds shall go,
> And chime shall answer unto chime
> Across the moonlit snow!
> How sweet the lingering music dwells—
> The music of the Christmas bells."

The throng of worshippers is unparalleled. To get a seat, one has to be in church at least a good half-hour before service. When Holy Mass begins, standing room is not attainable within the hallowed walls. Many must be contented with remaining outside, under the vanishing stars and fading moon of the cold winter twilight. Those ancient walls have witnessed the Baptism, Confirmation and First Communion of nearly every one present; were they capable of joy, they must needs rejoice to see so many old acquaintances reunited within their sacred precincts.

When the time for Communion has arrived, one is almost led to believe that the sacred ministers shall never finish distributing the Bread of Life. Line after line of pious communicants defile along the altar rails. Everyone seems desirous to have born within himself the Infant King and Saviour. Everyone is desirous to repair the Jewish coldness by receiving within his penance-sanctified soul the God who was once denied all refuge but a stable.

When Mass is ended the old priest speaks a few words of greeting to his well beloved children. He wishes them the treasure of a happy, a holy, a joyous Christmas; he blesses themselves, their children and their homes. It is his very appearance that is the most eloquent sermon. The loving wishes he speaks need no words to make them known; they are mirrored in his tranquil, holy countenance.

Service over, everyone returns home to enjoy the temporal delights of Christmas, and to allow those who were unable to attend early mass 'because of much serving' to go to another mass later in the day. A long walk in the bracing morning air has given a good appetite for breakfast, so that meal is really enjoyed. When it is over, the young men start for a poaching expedition amongst the glens and mountains. This is a very agreeable item on the Christmas Day programme. Those agile young sportsmen, regardless of whin and thorn, pursue the over-timid hare and sharp-eared rabbit, with unremitting perseverance. They give many a denizen of wood and heathery mound good reason to regret the annual return of Christmas. The pure invigorating mountain air, joined to youthful activity, and perhaps a hasty flight from the clutches of some officious gamekeeper, gives an excellent relish for the Christmas dinner.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, with light hearts and glowing countenances, the boys have returned with their dogs and guns and spoils. The housewife with an air of triumph pronounces the Christmas dinner ready. The company is glad to obey the summons, and very soon all are seated at a well-stocked table. Amidst jokes and gamesome laughter the 'savory goose' is served and well partaken of, nor is there wanting a liberal supply of the 'real old mountain dew.' That same mountain dew falls only in Ireland, and has some peculiar qualities, of which limited space forbids a detailed description. The most noteworthy encomium we hear pronounced upon it by the company is, that "it never saw a gauger's eye." But to particularize the ruinous effect of a gauger's eye on Irish mountain dew would tax too much the patience of the Owl.

There are many victims of landlordism in Ireland, who cannot afford so fine a Christmas dinner as is here mentioned. That forced poverty which pinches their whole existence, pinches their Christmas too. Everyone, however, enjoys something extra on the great occasion. Even if quantity and quality of temporal goods be wanting, they are supplied by a glad cheerfulness of spirits that Christmas is sure to bring to every Irish heart.

During the afternoon of Christmas Day the young men hold a 'shooting-match.' A target is erected and each in turn tries for a marksman's honors. The liberal use of firearms is inseparable from Christmas. Even the small boys must have their toy-pistols for that occasion. It would remind one of the glorious Fourth of July in the United States.

Later on, the young people betake themselves to some neighbor's home, to spend the evening right merrily. Amidst singing, dancing, and instrumental music, the hours pass away like moments. The Irish gig and all important 'break down' are noticeable items in the evening's sport. Honest mirth and pure affection are pictured in every countenance. A casual visitor would imagine Old Ireland the happiest and most prosperous of nations. The winter storm may rage without the stout old walls, the more dreaded storm of adversity may be lowering, but neither the one nor the other can blight those Christmas joys.

> "Heap on more turf!—the wind is chill;
> But let it whistle as it will,
> We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Whilst the youth enjoy themselves, the old folks are relating interesting and perhaps ghostly reminiscences. They tell the stories of long ago, they talk about haunted lanes and strange apparitions, they

admire the prowess of a Brian, of an Owen Roe, of a dauntless Red Hugh.

The merry-making is kept up until a fairly late hour. Since Christmas comes but once a year why not partake sumptuously of its home-like joys? Thus ends Christmas Day in Ireland, but not the Christmas season. The decorations are allowed to remain a while, nor do the boys immediately return to college. The general look of gladness and rejoicing brought by the Infant Saviour departs not

"Till Twelfth Day brings the eastern kings
Unto the cave of Bethlehem."

But it would take too long to describe all those gladsome festive holidays. Each one of them would supply matter enough for a separate paper. During the blessed season the proverbial kindness and generosity of Erin's sons and daughters is never allowed to flag. Friends, neighbors, strangers, all are welcome guests at their plain but hospitable tables. Not one is refused a charity, even though the last crust has to be divided to deaden the pangs of his hunger. Amongst the very poorest, assistance is given to the poor.

Such is Christmas in Ireland, even in our days, when the sons and daughters of the Old Land have seen their gallant efforts baffled, and all their fondest hopes fallen and in ruin. What must it have been in the days of her prosperity, when she proudly bore the name: 'Isle of Saints and Scholars.' Yes, the Irish Christmas must have been grand in the good old times. Only a remnant now remains of the ancient celebration, but that remnant is a golden link binding us to our saintly sires and keeping us one with them in faith and holy observance.

Between the old time and the present there is the Christmas of penal days; those ever memorable days when in the Midnight Mass of Yuletide, the Infant God was again born in a cold cheerless cave, or, peradventure, on the bleak slopes of some rugged mountain. But they were golden days in the eyes of an all compassionate Saviour. Even in the dismal cave or on the mountain heights. He had many devout adorers. Simple, like the shepherds of old, they came, but at a great risk. They came in the teeth of death to lay their sorrows at His feet, and to tell Him they were faithful still.

Turning from by-gone days let us cast a glance at the uncertain future. Erin's sons still nobly stem the current of opposition and misrepresentation. They hold aloft the banner of green, the signal of an immortal hope. They have snatched it from the wreckage of fallen confidence. God grant that before many more Yuletides have come and gone it may wave triumphantly over a native parliament on College Green. Then, and not until then shall Irishmen again celebrate an old time Christmas.

B. J. McKenna, O M.I., '96.

WIN AND WEAR.

THERE'S no royal road to glory,
Men must climb to lasting fame;
Shylock's gold, enshrined in story,
Would not buy a deathless name.
Is a lofty goal before you?
Do you for true honors care?
Let no chills of doubt fall o'er you,
Nature's noble, win and wear.

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
Through her limitless domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is that labor leads to gain.
Moral worth and honest merit—
Brighter crowns than monarchs bear—
Better wealth than heirs inherit—
Nature's noble, win and wear.

With the first be up and doing.
Never let a duty wait;
Ever seeking or pursuing
Force some gift from fleeing fate.
Grow not weary of the combat,
Though the buffets thicken there;
All sagacious maxims sum that
Nature's nobles win and wear!

MAURICE W. CASEY.

ABOUT TWO EVILS.

LOOKING back at the doings of our grand-fathers, we cannot but admire the general spirit of good judgment which seemed to actuate them, compared with the antiquated notions tolerated by a few men of the present generation, as movements towards the goal of perfection. In this enlightened Province of Ontario, at the close of the nineteenth century, in the two foremost secular professions, in the very executives elected by these professions, we find considerable nonsense, and not a little evil. We speak a few words for the good of one, who, in the struggles of this great world, is often lost sight of, or at least greatly ignored—the weary student. As affairs stand at present, the would-be doctor or lawyer in Ontario is the heir of an astonishing code of laws. In the framing of these laws the people at large had certainly nothing to do; and it remains very doubtful if the majority in either profession favoured them. But they certainly exist at present in a surprising state of vigour. It seems to us that the people have none else to blame but themselves for allowing arrogant and irresponsible powers to spring up amongst them, when it was in their power to check them in the beginning. The Ontario Medical Council, and the Osgoode Hall Law School, in their present state, may force upon the public, as well as upon the individual members of the professions which they represent, grave inconveniences; and these corporations in their executive capacity are so removed from the will of the people, that the wrongs they cause may have to be borne for a number of years before they can be redressed. For close on twenty-five years, the doings of the Medical Council have been simply a gradual assumption of arbitrary power, to all of which the Ontario Legislature unwittingly lent a helping hand.

The physicians of the Province became incorporated in 1869 under Act of the Legislature of Ontario, and in their corporate capacity were known as "The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario" Every legally qualified practitioner of Ontario must be a member of this college, which, let it be said, is not an institution for the teaching of medicine. The college has an executive known as the Medical Council, which at present is chosen every five years; only seventeen of the members are directly responsible to the physicians of the Province, the rest being collegiate representatives. In the beginning the powers of this Council were rather limited; at different times, however, particularly in 1887 and in 1891, by amendments passed through the Legislature, its powers have been greatly increased. As far as we can see the Medical Council seems to have in view always the two following objects: 1st. To prevent the overcrowding of the profession in Ontario; 2nd. To raise its standard. Anyone familiar with the percentage of doctors in this Province will admit the legitimacy of the first object; the second is unquestionably praiseworthy. To rest on a safe principle, we say that the means employed by the council are not proportional to the ends in view. They are of a far different nature, as will be shown later. As the Act reads at present, the council is empowered to pass laws on all matters connected with medical education; for the admission and enrolment of students of medicine; for determining from time to time the curriculum of studies to be pursued by them; to appoint a board of examiners before which all must pass a satisfactory examination to be enrolled as members of the college; finally, for determining all fees connected therewith.

Such were the objects in view, and such the powers at its back when the Medical Council began operations in 1870. Previous to that year, the candidate had to pass the required examination and pay fees limited by law to $22.50, They were then increased to $70 ; and in 1889 they were fixed at $100. Another obstacle is at present placed in the way of the coming physician--he must study medicine five years, unless he is a graduate in Arts of a university recognized by the Medical Council. After the student has reached the blessed goal of his desires, a not less strict discipline awaits him. As early as the year 1869 the Medical Council imposed an annual fee of $2 on all members of the College ; nominally it was to be a species of the kindly bonds which united the members to their College ; in reality, however, it had no other object than to defray the expenses of the Medical Council itself, which soon became an expensive institution, owing to the paying of large salaries to officers, and to the fact that it decided to sue all who refused to pay this fee. The suing process was slow. Most of the Ontario doctors did not relish an executive which bound them together by such gentle means. But the Council triumphed on this, as well as on every other occasion, until very lately when a defence association was formed. The Provincial Legislature, which has often been bamboozled into making law whatever the Medical Council wished, was resorted to ; and it has come to pass that at present even a graduate of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons is practicing his profession illegally, unless he pay $2 annually ; that is, a refusal to pay is *ipso facto* a cause for expulsion. Such an assumption of power was not to be timidly assented to by the Ontario physicians, The fee was so small, many were indifferent, and looked upon the Council as a necessary farce. Others, like John Hampden of old, objected on principle. In 1891 the "Medical Defence Association" was formed, with the sole object of resisting all encroachments on the rights of physicians in Ontario. At present this Association claims over 1200 members. Thus a merry internal war went on, resulting in the forcing of the Legislature to pass an amendment by which only the 17 real representatives have a right to levy taxes on the profession. The recent election of members to the Medical Council clearly showed that the high-handed doings of the former councils were very unpopular with the great majority of Ontario doctors.

In addition to the pecuniary bonds which unite the members of the College, there is a tie in the moral order. The year 1887 saw the Provincial Legislature sufficiently hoodwinked to make law the following precept of the Medical Council: "Where any registered medical practitioner has either before or after the passing of this act, and either before or after he is so registered, * * * * * been guilty of any infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect, he shall be liable to have his name erased from the register." And who constitute that august assembly irresponsible to the people which would adjudicate in the moral as well as every other order? Who was to decide where infamous conduct began, and hear the case of the accused, and pass sentence? Not the ordinary law courts of the Province; to them there is no redress. The supreme tribunal is none but the Ontario Medical Council which sitteth annually at Toronto; and which as a sample of its justice was on the verge of expelling a doctor, last year, because he advertised in the newspapers. It reminds us of Macaulay's description of the English Judiciary in the 17th century, when accusation was synonymous with conviction.

Nor are these the only objects which this august Council seeks to accomplish. All quacks, mountebanks, Indian doctors and doctoresses, are prosecuted with vigor; a special detective, under large pay, scours the province for such evil-doers, thereby keeping the professsion up to the standard. Some very amusing petitions are brought before the Council every year. In the last "Annual Announcement" a prosecuted individual gives vent to his indignation thus: "Superior medical men require no protection here of a legal character, nor do I think inferior ones find it necessary, because according to the testimony of a certain Mr. Jones of

Toronto, "they were fitted by nature for carpenters for making coffins, for making work for undertakers, for producing sadness in many a family etc." The farce becomes too serious when in another part of the same book, we see how near the council came to ruining a man's reputation, for the infamous and disgraceful conduct of advertising in the newspapers. Such high-handed legislation not only aroused the ire of the defence men; but also of the Patrons of Industry who have begun a determined assault on the Medical Council. The recent elections in which the President of the Defence Association defeated the President of the Medical Council, and in which six other Defence men were victorious, proved beyond a doubt, that a radical change is necessary. Without having any sympathy for the Ontario Patron movement as a whole, it must be confessed that the movement in as much as it strives to check arbitrary assumptions of power on the part of the medical or legal professions, is worthy of commendation. For, truly, the question is, "What purpose has all this high-handed legislation served?" The exorbitant fees do not go to encourage poor yet worthy students at medicine; but to keep up an expensive registration system, to pay the expenses of a council and of a detective, who annually discuss the merits of such organizations as the Kelapoo or Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company. What possible injury can such men inflict on reputable physicians? Perhaps they may sell some of their tan-bark syrups to a few ignoramuses; but imagine the general public, those who patronize reliable and honest doctors, preferring the drugs of such men to what their physician prescribes. The public are not so often hoodwinked by inferior medical men as the Council imagines, and those who are, richly deserve such a lesson. Moreover, it is perfectly true that a good physician is above the protection of such a system, a poor one below it.

The Medical Council is guilty of another great fault. The present system of examining students who go before the Ontario Board is the worst possible. Who compose the examining Board? Trustworthy doctors, whose practical abilities no one would dare question. But the art of teaching medicine, and of putting questions to students is a distinct branch; and it is a great injustice to make students pass before men who are not highly capable of examining them. On more than one occasion certain examiners have asked questions which, beyond all doubt, they could not answer themselves. At one examination a few years ago, an aged medical man of the 60's objected to the theory, that the origin of diseases had anything to do with Micrococci or Spirochaete. The poorer, intellectually, the physician is, the more thundering will be his examination paper. This is wrong. Only men well qualified in the art of teaching medicine should be allowed to question students. It has happened that students who made brilliant courses at McGill, were completely baffled by the trap examinations of the Ontario Board. Everybody hopes that the newly elected Council will at least remedy this evil. Here is a case where half measures are useless. If the standard of the profession is to be raised, then let it be done in a dignified way; but under no pretext allow an expensive farce to hold sway—a serious reflection on a calling which is so scrupulous (and justly) on matters of etiquette. The standard of the medical as well as of the legal profession will never be properly raised, until students in these branches are compelled to be graduates in Arts of recognized universities.

The Medical Defence Association has triumphed in the last election; but it remains doubtful if its members will radically change the present laws of the Ontario Medical Council. They fought for the individual liberties of the profession and have won. The opposition of the Patrons, however, is more general. For the last six months the medical journals of Toronto, at least in their editorial departments, are teeming with comments on the respective merits of these oppositions. In the Dominion Medical Monthly for last August, the following is given as the state of the profession itself: "That there is a widespread and increasing discontent in the profession is no longer a matter of doubt; it exists to some extent in the cities, but in rural constituencies it

is rife." But it is high time to ask what remedies these opposition-men would suggest. This question was asked by the *Ontario Medical Journal*, (the subsidized, and official organ of the Medical Council, and sent free to every member of the profession in Ontario,) with the following reply: "Reform the Medical Council out of existence, and make the Toronto University or a board composed of the universities of Ontario, a graduating board." Of course, as is to be expected from a paid friend, the Editor of the *Ont. Med. Journal*, with a whoop pens the following right under: "Cosmos turned to Chaos, in these days of civilization." But leaving to physicians themselves, the conduct of this merry internal war, we think, that although the remedy is a step towards a more perfect system of examinations, there is something better, beyond the Medical Council, or the Medical Defence Association, or the Patron Movement, and this is a Dominion Registration system. There may be great obstacles in the way of its accomplishment; but it certainly would remove to a very great extent, the injustices which students and physicians labor under at present. If in Ontario all the belligerent forces used in this petty struggle were given one direction to gain the ideal, medical men would do more good for themselves and for the people at large, than they will ever accomplish by their present actions. It is a matter of grave doubt, that the standard of the profession is elevated one whit, by the conduct of the Medical Council; while it is almost as evident as a first principle that the Council has placed students and doctors under grave inconveniences. With a Dominion Board all would have equal advantages. Let the examiners be capable men from the universities; let the examinations be as difficult as necessary, and a reliable test of a physician's worthiness to practice any where in Canada. Increase the period of study if found consistent with the curricula of the medical colleges of this country. As soon as possible require all students in medicine to be graduates in Arts of recognized universities. Levy no taxes, no exorbitant fees upon students or physicians. There is no reason why the Legislatures of every Province should not vote sufficient in proportion to population, for the support of a Dominion Board.

Not less surprising are the encroachments on the public rights, in the domain of the legal profession. It would, on the whole, be only a repetition of what we have already stated about the gradual arrogation of power on the part of the Ontario Medical Council, to write at length on the *modus operandi* of the Osgoode Hall Law School. Suffice it to say that the regulations now in force are a manifest injustice to all law-students outside the city of Toronto. The period of study is now five years; for graduates in Arts it is three; but in any case, two years at least of this period must be spent at Osgoode Hall. It has been strenuously argued that the advantages gained by this two years' residence in Toronto, more than overbalanced the necessary expenses and inconveniences attached thereto. Even granting this to be true, the principle is wrong; and a law which makes any profession a sort of earthly paradise into which none may enter, but the sons of rich men, is fundamentally unjust. Riches and brains do not always go hand in hand. How many young men quite worthy of dissecting the subtleties of Blackstone are driven from their proper calling by the want of sufficient money to live two years at Toronto? Nor are lawyer's fees going to be the cheaper for all this necessary outlay on the part of students. Here also the Patrons are carrying on a vigorous campaign. They claim that when the war is over, the combs of these professional aggressors who have tried to constitute themselves close corporations—not answerable to the people—will be considerably cut down. Within the legal profession itself, much is being said and written on the subject of reform. On a fair estimate, at least $150,000 comes into the pockets of Ontario lawyers from litigants in useless costs connected with the divisional courts of the High Court. It is hinted that this difficulty could be easily overcome, by having one court for the Common Pleas, Queen's Bench, and Chancery Divisions of the High Court. The change would certainly lessen the number of appeals to

the Supreme Court from the Ontario Court of Appeal, as well as the expenses now incurred by the large number of officials required by these Divisional Courts.

Indeed, in both the Legal and Medical professions, it is high time to come to some understanding. The watchword is *reform*. Pretty soon, and the sooner the better, we will be compelled to have fewer doctors and lawyers by percentage in Ontario than at present. When it has come to pass, that a doctor or a lawyer, after very heavy expenses in qualifying himself for his profession, is not able to earn the salary of an ordinary mechanic, by all means, let him wake up and seek an honest living elsewhere. If things go on much longer as at present, the Ontario Medical Council, and Osgoode Hall Law School will have to scatter pamphlets broadcast to the youths of this Province, explaining to them that they had better keep away from both professions for at least a decade; for at present a large number of the lawyers and doctors could earn more at manual labor. It is all very well for Grandma to tell Georgie that "There is room at the top;" but Georgie finds after taxing his poor brains to the utmost, that he can never reach the top rung of the ladder, or even come near it.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.

PRESUMPTION.

A grain of sand that fain would stay
Resistless ocean's power;
A drop of rain that dares to say,
"I am alone the shower;"
A firefly claiming through the wold
The source of light to be;
A little mind that seeks to hold
And guage infinity.

—DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE MORALITY OF WAR.

Ez fur war I call it murder,
There you have it, plain and flat;
I don't wa . to go no furder
Than my Testament fur that.

—LOWELL.—*Bigelow Papers.*

HE question of the morality of war, which philosophers and moralists have been discussing for years, occupies a great deal of attention just now. Its reality in Asia, and its possibility in Europe, have caused the eyes of the rest of the world to be centred on these two continents.

The inhabitants of Japan and China are engaged in a fierce struggle for the supremacy in Corea, a small kingdom on the south-eastern coast of Asia. Corea has thus far studiously prohibited all intercourse with other nations, with the exception of the two above mentioned. The Chinese enjoy free trade with all parts of the country, while the Japanese are allowed to enter only at the port of Fu-Tschan. The latter, that they may enjoy the same privileges as the former, have brought on a war. Thus the peaceful relations of four hundred millions of people were destroyed to decide who would have the slight profit to be had from traffic with the Coreans. Europe seems also upon the point of being involved. On all sides, preparations for a long and bloody struggle may be seen. This is so evident that the European continent has been described as "an armed camp." England has in a few years greatly increased both her naval and land forces. France in the same time has more than doubled her standing army, and the same is true of Germany, Russia and Italy. All this partly because the other nations of the continent covet the vast wealth which England, rightfully or otherwise, possesses in India, and partly because France seems to be courting a collision with England and Germany, whether from a desire to be revenged upon these two, her ancient enemies, or from some deeper reason, is hard to say. Owing to the "triple alliance" Italy and Austria will also be involved. It will take wary walking on the part of rulers of the world if they are to avoid stumbling into the abyss of war. The indisposition of Alexander III. of Russia, when first announced, seemed to increase the impending danger. But his death and the advent of Nicholas II. to the throne have not seriously affected the situation. The policy of the late Czar was peaceful, at least for the time, and fear of his great power kept the other nations from drifting into hostilities. If this policy were permanent the danger might be successfully passed over. It is probably only temporary, and Europe is in a very unstable position.

With such indications, the question of the possible righteousness or certain evil of war may be fairly claimed to come within the limits of practical discussion, and the opinions of a few great Christian teachers would not be amiss. The Bible, divine in its origin, authority and inspiration, speaks with no uncertain sound. "Have peace," it says, "with one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples," and again, "Avenge not yourselves. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink." Now, on looking over these passages, what evidence do they convey respecting the lawfulness of war? "Have peace with one another" certainly does not mean to engage in battles and sieges; it is an open declaration against warfare.

What, again, is the meaning of "Love thine enemies?" Does it mean "destroy their cities," "sink their ships," "kill themselves?" A cursory glance at the foregoing passages shows that Scripture cannot be interpreted otherwise than as opposed to war. The Pope in his encyclical letter "To Princes and Peoples," commenting on the present turbulent state of Europe, disapproves of the policy pursued by the different nations, and points out the dangers of a war, its causes and remedies. He speaks as follows: "The terrors of war are now constantly before us. The situation is most grave and critical. For many years past the peace of this part of the world has been but a sham. The different nations, mistrusting each other, are incessantly preparing for war. The inexperienced youth of every land, being drafted for the army, is exposed to grave dangers, owing to the fact that the natural guardians, the parents, must be separated from the recruit. In the bloom and the vigor of their youth the young men are called from the field, from their studies, and from their commercial or industrial pursuits. The enormous expenses of the army empty the treasury of the state, they reduce the wealth of the nation bearing the burden, and rob the citizen of his substance. This armed peace cannot be borne much longer; such a condition of society is unnatural. But we cannot escape the logical consequences, we cannot reach enduring peace unless it be through the grace of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Nothing but the teachings of the church can combat envy, false ambition and the lust for spoils—causes which generally kindle the torch of war—and only true christian virtues, justice above all, may be depended on to put an end to the desire for war. Justice is the only hope of nations. If they have a due regard for the rights of their neighbours, and scrupulously refrain from violating existing treaties, the ties of human brotherhood will be strengthened and the different nations will meet on a higher plane, as is said in Proverbs xiv, 34: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.'" St. Thomas and St. Augustine agree perfectly upon this subject. According to them war is a most terrible scourge inflicted upon man, and should not be made use of except as a last resource, when all peaceful means of attaining an end have failed. It is, however, just when subject to the three following conditions: first, that war be waged by command of the ruler of the nation and that no private person take it upon himself to raise an army for hostile purposes; second, that there should be a just cause for war, in other words, that the nation attacked should have committed some wrong for which it has neglected or refused to make restitution; lastly, that the intention of those engaged in the struggle must be either to promote some good or to avoid an evil, that unnecessary cruelty, hatred and greed for power should be entirely banished from war. If all these conditions were fulfilled the struggle is just; otherwise it is not. The opinions of the earliest professors of Christianity upon the lawfulness of war are also of importance, because they who lived nearest the time of our Saviour were most likely to speak and act in accordance therewith. St. Justin Martyr and Tatian talk of soldiers and christians as essentially distinct characters, and Tatian says that the Christians declined even military commands. Clement, of Alexandria, calls his disciples the "followers of peace," and mentions expressly that they made use of none of the implements of war. Lactantius says "it can never be lawful for a righteous man to go to war." Origen, the defender of the Christians when they were accused of refusing to bear arms even in cases of necessity, admits the fact, and justifies them, because war was unlawful. Tertullian, in speaking of a number of Roman regiments, including more than one-third of their whole force, rejoices that "not a christian could be found amongst them" All this is explicit, but too severe. The reasons of St. Thomas and St. Augustine seems more in accordance with our own experience. A few examples will best illustrate this. On one side the names of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon awaken our pity, if not contempt, for their owners, on account of the fearful perversion of their wonderful talents. Had they turned them in another direction they could have attained the highest pinnacles of fame and be venerated as benefactors

of mankind, not looked upon as monsters crimsoned with the blood of innocent victims, objects equally of our wonder and execration. The story of their conquests is too well known to need repeating. The ultimate result of all their efforts was the ruin of their respective countries. In their wars at least two of the conditions laid down by St. Thomas were violated. There was no just cause for their attacks, and the desire of obtaining greater power was the force that urged them on. On the other hand we have Washington, the leader of the great American revolution. This war, as far as the Americans are concerned, was both just and lawful. It was not a struggle between proud and ambitious princes, in which a few provinces would be the spoils of the victor. It was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, concerning the very sanctuary of home, and the responsibility each man should hold over his own condition, possessions and happiness. The spectacle was grand and noble, and may well be cited as one of the brightest pages in the world's history. This is but one of the few examples that can be adduced to prove the justice of this terrible infliction. War is oft-times supported, especially by young people, because its true character is veiled in glittering fiction. How many are there who thirst for the glory which is seemingly attached to military exploits, "who seek the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth!" History tells us of mighty hosts encountering, battles fought, and victories won. We think of the triumphant return, the spoils, and all the pride and pomp that attend the victors, till we would gladly face danger, and even death itself, to acquire such renown. We forget that the laurels which adorn the brow of the conqueror grow only in a soil wetted with the blood of brave men and the tears of widowed mothers and orphaned children. They thrive in the midst of ruin and desolation. In the early ages brute strength attained the supremacy in life. In the subsequent era of chivalry the prowess of military chieftains attained the highest honors and the greatest fame. Providence has appointed our existence in an age and country most favorable for illustrating that the goal of glory may be reached, not by the bloody and treacherous paths of violence and warfare, but by those of study and thought. Franklin, Longfellow and Edison are a few of the many who will live for ever in the minds and hearts of mankind. It would be far better for all if, instead of crying out "havoc and bloodshed," we would help to hasten on that time "when men shall turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

E. BASKERVILLE, '95.

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST POET.

The simple bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspired, 'tis nature's powers inspire,
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

A SHORT distance from the ancient town of Ayr, a small and secluded hamlet, is situated on the banks of the Doon, a beautiful sheet of water which flows through the Western Highlands. In its vicinity, grand and gloomy hills, overgrown with flowering plants in variegated colors, rise majestically above the waters of the river, forming miniature water-sheds, where fresh and overflowing streams meander in foaming torrents down winding stairways into the rolling valleys beneath. It was here in a small cottage, which yet stands to commemorate the event, that Robert Burns, the greatest of Scotland's poets was born on the 25th of January, A.D. 1759. It was in this sequestered spot, where the charms of land and water blend in harmonious combinations, that he spent his early days, listening to the merry songs of the birds, playing on the banks of the river or watching its rippling current glide in silvery threads to the ocean. Amidst those rural scenes the future poet acquired that passionate love of nature which he manifested in such charming pathos. Robert's parents belonged to the honest and industrious, but unfortunate class of farmers, who during those dark days of landlordism were kept in continual suppression by the unscrupulous dealings of ambitious factors. He was the eldest of a family of seven, and his father being broken down by infirmity, young Robert was obliged to leave school at an early age to assume the management of the farm. This deprived him of the advantages of education. But his remarkable genius and insatiable thirst for knowlege made up for what straightened circumstances denied him. As much time as he could spare from the plough was given to the volumes of Addison, Pope, and other eminent authors, which with his natural depth of penetration and comprehensiveness of mind enabled him to become an accomplished English scholar. These years which he spent on the banks of the Ayr were clouded with misfortune; financial ruin continually stared him in the face. Incessant toil and care seemed only to aggravate his difficulties. Tired of a life that was pregnant with such bitter disappointments, he resolved to leave his native land, and seek a more congenial home on the remote shores of the Indies. He had composed the last song which he should measure in bonnie Caladonia.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast.
* * * * * * *
Farewell old Coila's hills and dales
Her healthy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The burning tears my heart declare
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!

Everything was in readiness for his contemplated voyage; his passage was paid on the vessel that was to waft him from the country of his birth; ere the morrow's sun should brighten the ocean he was to embark for the fragrant isles of the West. But Scotland was not destined to be so soon deprived of the most brilliant of her poets. The timely arrival of a letter from Edinburg banished all his schemes of adventure. His poems had been published and had received the encomiums of the most distinguished literati in the metropolis, and what was of more consequence to him in his exigency he had gained a considerable sum of money through this

publication. All his past difficulties; all the cares of penury; all the injustices of his landlord were now forgotten. Visions of a propitious fortune in the Capital began to dawn upon him. Thither, accordingly, he directed his steps. In Edinburgh the rustic poet soon gained the affection of all classes. His bright smile, his winning manners, his vivacious discourse, and his ready wit were attractions which no one could resist. In the most brilliant assemblies he was the brightest ornament. Grandees of rank, fashion and learning eulogized the gifted ploughman, and sought his acquaintance. High and low vied with each other in showing their appreciation of his merits. He was the acknowledged

> "High priest of Scottish song!
> That could alternately impart
> Delight and rapture to his page;
> Or brand each vice in satire strong;
> His truths electrify the sage;
> His lines were mottos of the heart."

But while

> "Fame held her golden clarion to her lips
> And sounded his praise over all the world."

Burns was still the poet of the people. No idle formality; no pomp of moneyed greatness; no ostentation of titled rank and dignity had any sympathy for the rural bard, whose greatest delight was to sing of the rustic scenes of his native land. Speaking of himself he says: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and the rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired."

In the meantime he was enabled to make several tours through the most classic parts of Caladonia. During these pilgrimages through his native land the gifted bard was enabled to accomplish the dearest object of his ambition—to view the romantic scenes of chivalric days; to muse by the stately ruins of historic castles, once the abodes of honored heroes. After these wanderings he returned to Edinburgh where he remained a few months longer. He spent much on his travels, and after his return to Edinburgh he incurred great expenditure in fitting out a farm on which he intended to pass his remaining years at his old occupation which he cherished more than all the grandeur of the metropolis. No sooner, however, was he settled in his comfortable home than misfortnne darker than evening shadows clouded his brightest hopes, and doomed him to bitter disappointment. Impoverished, disconcerted by repeated failures, he removed to the unimportant town of Dumfries, where he lived on the slender income of officer of excise. Such an office was everything but suitable to his taste, but he expected promotion. He waited from day to day. But he waited in vain. He did not possess enough of the artful fawning of the sycophant to slip into the robes of government at a time when flattery and finesse were the necessary concomitants of a lucrative office. We do not intend to say that he was faultless. He had his failings and his sins. Of his sincerity and rectitude in social dealings, however, we have not the least shade of suspicion. He was true in misfortune as well as in prosperity, and never did he show that highness of mind which characterized him more than when "hungry ruin had him in the wind." He chose to drag out a living on an income that was insufficient for his standing, sooner than accept an office on any humiliating terms. He had enriched the nation by the rare productions of his genius; he had raised his country's song to a degree of perfection which it would never have attained were it not for his labors, and yet, his illustrious patrons, his noble admirers, forsook him in this, his hour of trial.

How well may his own words, full of solemn truth, apply to his ungrateful friends,—

> "Many and deep the numerous ills
> Inwoven with our frame!
> More pointed still we make ourselves
> Regret, remorse and shame.
> And man, whose heaven directed face
> The smiles of love adorn,
> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

Like the brilliant orb which rises on fleecy clouds from the calm bosom of the ocean, is borne to its zenith amidst the serene beauty of a cloudless sky, but long ere it has finished its course in the West is obscured by the dark livid clouds of gathering storm, so passed the years

of the gifted poet of Ayr. His earthly pilgrimage was now drawing near to a close. The cares and confinement of office had undermined his health, and his jovial spirit was sinking fast to despondency. His own words lamenting the fate of a friend, well describe his latter days.

"The morn that warns the approaching day
Awakes me up to toil and woe,
I see the hours in long array
That I must suffer lingering slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe
Keen recollection's direful train
Must ring my soul ere Phoebus low
Shall kiss the distant Western main.

After an attack of nervous disorder which baffled medical skill he passed away at the early age of thirty eight. Though few and troubled were his years he left an impress on his country's song which time cannot obliterate. All the elements that constitute the poet were happily united in him. There is a soothing sweetness, a flowing harmony, an easy gracefulness in his poetry, which gives it a peculiar charm. His descriptive powers are no less marked than the more marvelous gifts of the muse. His "Cotter's Saturday Night," which is a dramatic picture of Scottish peasants' life, is a masterpiece of descriptive composition,

"Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And profter up to heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide.

* * * * * *

Perhaps the christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How He, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by heaven's command."

While his mind wandered through the higher regions of contemplation, his heart had a consonance for all the afflictions of suffering humanity. Nature had a particular charm for him. He is styled by Coleridge 'Nature's own beloved bard.'

The following lines addressed to a poor solitary owl, shows the loving tenderness of his heart,

"Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

* * * * * *

Sing on sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song;
Sing on sad mourner; to the night complain,
Why the lone echo wafts thy notes along."

We will close this short sketch by giving our estimate of the poetic genuis of Burns in the words of Thomas Carlyle: "No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns. The characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance. Three lines from his hand and we have a likeness . . . . Burns again is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions,—of the strength, the piercing emphasis with which he thought, his emphasis of expression may give a humble, but the readiest proof . . . . . while the Shakespeares and the Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa fountain will also arrest our eye, for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of the clear waters and muse among its rocks and pines."

J. A. GILLIS, '94.

CADIEUX, AND HIS GRAVE.

ANNALS of Canadian History are alive with the heroic deeds and warlike achievements of the early French colonists. Our literature abounds with the relation of the trials and hardships of the ancient *voyageur*. Enchanting poems hold the reader enthralled, as they feelingly depict the fatiguing journeys and adventurous lives of the *coureur des bois*. Tradition hands down innumerable legends in connection with the establishing of a New France on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. Lonely spots and sequestered glens, buried deep in the "Forest Primeval," or secluded among our numerous hills and mountain ranges, places now only recognized by the pleasure seeking visitor, are all that an advancing civilization has left to mark the scenes of valorous contests, in which the blood of the fierce Iroquois mingled so often with that of the conquering French victor; while the waters of some long forgotten lake or river murmur a soft lullaby as they ripple over the pebbles of the shore, whose sands by some rude sign, show the last resting place of a Laval, a Champlain, or a Montcalm, men whose untiring energy and generous self-sacrifice paved the way for a future great Canadian nation.

But among all the legends of fortune and adventure, none is listened to with more attention and respect than that of the pathetic death of the subject of this essay; nor is there a more historic spot in Canada than on the south shore of Calumet Island, where in his rude rustic tomb forever sleeps the illustrious *coureur* Cadieux.

Where Cadieux was born, or why he crossed the broad Atlantic, is unknown. Of his early life little is related. He was known to be an educated but roving Frenchman, who cast in his lot with the early French emigrants to seek a fortune in New France.

Cadieux was but a short while in New France when he voluntarily exiled himself from the company of his white friends and established himself among the haunts of the red man in the forest wilds of the Ottawa Valley. Here engaged in the fur trade and mixing with many different tribes, he soon not only imbibed a thorough knowledge of this forest-clad territory, but also became master of many Indian dialects. On account of this latter accomplishment he was recognized as chief interpreter between the different Indian tribes and the fur companies.

After a winter employed in the pursuit of game, Cadieux and the different tribes were accustomed to meet at the *portage* (near which the village of Portage du Fort now stands), and thence to proceed to Montreal to dispose of their furs. Here, one spring, while awaiting the arrival of some of the tribes, the roofs of the huts and wigwams trembled with the resounding cry: "The Iroquois! The Iroquois!" a cry proclaiming death and disaster to the affrighted occupants.

A large war party of the Iroquois was soon perceived, leisurely awaiting at Seven Falls, the arrival of Cadieux and his companions, whom the Indians intended to pounce upon and plunder. But one chance of escape remained, an almost hopeless chance, but one nevertheless that was attempted and carried to a successful issue. They must shoot through the foaming waters of the boiling rapids and run the risk of being dashed to pieces against the hidden rocks of the waterfall. Nor was this all; someone must be stationed in the woods, and by firing, draw off the attention of the Iroquois, and thus prevent pursuit. Cadieux, the ablest and most resolute of the party, took upon himself the execution of this perilous project. At the first sound of the voyageur's gun the remaining members of the party were to launch

their canoes amidst the foam and rocks, and begin this terrible life-race over the treacherous death-trap.

Taking with him a young Algonquin, Cadieux advanced towards the Iroquois encampment, made a short reconnoitre, and the first report is heard ; with it begins the struggle in the boiling cauldron. Swiftly the canoes are driven through the surging currents; one false stroke—even the slightest deviation—may hurl the whole tribe into eternity. But no ! by extraordinary skill and the help of a guiding Providence, the frail crafts have made the descent in safety, and soon after their safe arrival is heralded at the Lake of the Two Mountains. But what of Cadieux, their brave and generous defender? His fate was learned a few days later by a search-party sent in quest of him. In after years some facts of his untimely death were ascertained from the Iroquois themselves.

Here is Dr. Taché's story of Cadieux's death, as translated from the French by Mr. J. M. Le Moine: "Cadieux quietly watched for the Iroquois; placing himself about an acre from his colleague, allowing the Iroquois scouts to penetrate to the centre of the *portage*, he waited until he heard the death yell of one of them, shot by his helpmate, and then marking his victim, fired with unerring aim: the war whoop resounded, and the Iroquois, fancying they were attacked by a large party of warriors, separated and charged in different directions. For three days the blood-thirsty aboriginies scoured the woods to find traces of the encampment, never thinking for a moment the enemy would be fool-hardy enough to attempt descending the rapids. For three days and three nights they searched for Cadieux; and these were sleepless nights for the white man ! Baffled, they retraced their steps and returned to their canoes. Several days had elapsed, and as no tidings of Cadieux came, a party was formed and sent to his relief; traces of the Iroquois were unmistakeable, and indications also of the presence of Cadieux in the vicinity. At the *Portage des Sept Chutes*, they noticed a small hut of branches which apparently had been abandoned; after examining it they passed on, thinking perhaps Cadieux might have been compelled to ascend the Ottawa and take refuge with the Indians of the Island. Two days later they noticed, with surprise, on their return, on repassing what had previously appeared to them an abandoned hut, a small cross. It stood on the surface, at the head of a freshly made grave, in this grave was deposited the corpse, still fresh, of Cadieux, half covered with green branches. His hands were clasped over his chest, on which rested a large sheet of birch bark. The general opinion was, on reading the writing scribbled on the bark, and from other attendant circumstances, that exhaustion, hunger and anxiety had produced on the unfortunate interpreter that kind of mental aberration or hallucination which the French-Canadians call *la folie des bois;* one of its peculiarities being the propensity its victims have of walking in the woods, unintentionally in a circle, without making any progress. Cadieux had probably lived on wild fruit, never daring to light a fire for fear of betraying to his merciless foes his place of concealment. He had grown weaker daily; when the relief party had passed the hut two days previously, he had, it would seem, recognized them as friends, but the sudden joy, at the prospect of a speedy deliverance, was so great that he fell to the earth speechless and inanimate; that when they passed him, seeing the last hope vanish, and feeling his strength fail, he had scribbled his adieu to the living, and then prepared his last resting place; this done and the cross erected, he laid himself down to sleep the long slumber, covering himself as best he could with spruce boughs. Cadieux was a *voyageur*, a poet and a warrior. What he had written on the birch bark was his dirge, his funeral chant. Before laying himself down to rest, he whose imagination had so long revelled in nature's grand scenery, and who could write songs for *voyageurs*, feeling a return of the sacred fire, embodied in verse his own dirge."

The knoll that marks the scene of Cadieux's tragic end is situated on the south shore of the foot of Calumet Island, about a mile from the village of Bryson. A stone's cast from the mound the angry

waters of the Ottawa hiss and boil over the hidden rocks, as if still resenting the many attrocious crimes they have witnessed. Directly north is a rising hill, at the base of which, surrounded by spreading flags of limestone, our hero lies buried, and from the sides of this hill a few drooping shrubs and wild flowers drop their mournful tears over his friendless ashes. Further to the north-west, the huge forest giants, though less dense than of old, sorrowfully bend their lofty heads as the rustling leaves respond to the plaintive lullaby of an evening breeze, while the lonely robin, as he flits from limb to branch and branch to shrub, chants a melancholy *De Profundis* over the desolate tomb. Here when the timber floats down with the spring tide, the raftsmen congregate to recite a silent *Ave Maria*, or to meditate on the long forgotten story of Cadieux.

An old wooden cross, destroyed by relic seekers, and defaced with numberless names and initials—as was the worm eaten fence that surrounded it—for ages alone marked the sepulchre of the old *voyageur*. But of late years more interest has been developed in the story buried in this lonely grave, and indeed the place now assumes much more of that solemn sanctity which should surround the last resting-place of a true Christian. Thanks to the untiring zeal of Rev. Father Picotte, parish priest of Calumet Island, a beautiful blue limestone monument replaces the old wooden relic, while outside the grave a fence of more modern architecture supersedes the time-worn wooden railing. And now when the weary traveller winds around the south shore of the island, or lifts his eye from the angry, hissing waters, he sees chiselled deep into the monument the once beloved name of the old *voyageur;* then he remembers the old traditional story, the self-sacrifices, the noble deeds, the sanguinary history of the Ottawa, all buried under this out-of-the-way knoll that marks the last resting-place of the brave and renowned Cadieux.

JOHN RYAN, '97.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Autumn, with her auburn tresses, has hurried away. The woodlands are bleak and bare. The wind "weirdly moans and wildly weeps" through dusky woods. The rustling leaves of scarlet have relaxed their frightened, shivering hold, fluttered mournfully to earth, and now lie dying in the woodlands. The grasses have paled, the summer flowers have pined, died and vanished. The bee no more intones its drowsy melody. The skylark's merry flute, and the thrush's rapturous song are hushed; the grove and thicket is no longer merry The air is still, the sky blue; starlight gleams, moonbeams shine. White mists drape each hill, valley, wood and meadowland. Serene and calm is that short season at the end of Autumn,—"Indian Summer."

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES

——— ——————I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

21—A London periodical recently caused much merriment among the reading public (an unusual achievement for a London periodical) by producing a pictorial caricature wherein the numerous bards of Great Britain were depicted crowding before a mirror, trying how the laurel left by dead Tennyson would look if set among their by no means too numerous locks. This picture struck off the situation to a nicety. There are, at this moment, dozens and dozens of British bards each of whom in the silent depths of his inner consciousness, fondly imagines that he, of all others, has a right of merit to the vacant Laureatship.

Nor would it be just to attribute this individual assumption to mere egotistical vanity. There is a levelling tendency in the modern—I might have said recent—conditions governing the production of verse which makes for equalization among the versifiers. Few things are more noticeable in current literature than the number and eminence of those whom, for want of a recognized name, I venture to style, artists in verse. They are not poetasters. Poetasters we have had always with us—like the poor. They are not versifiers, nor rhymers, but a class apart. They have laughed at the hoary axiom, *poeta nascitur, non fit.* They have lived to give a novel meaning to the word, inspiration. They were not born poets, but, possessing among other qualities that power which has in a definition been identified with genius; the power, that is, of taking infinite pains, they defy the venerable aphorism, and do become poets, or, at least, what passes for poets with this practical and prosaic generation.

The late Robert, Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," was the bright particular star of this constellation. I may mention parenthetically, that I do not think the latter term out of place, as a brighter group of writers it would be difficult to supply. With them, form, is everything, and so they have abolished doggerel by rendering it impossible, and have exterminated the conception of "poetic licence," which came to be in practice, licence unpoetical, substituting for it a painstaking literary completeness, which has served, on the whole, to heighten the standard of poetical composition, but which has made one possessor of industry and skill in metre quite as good as another possessor of industry and skill in metre. The poetical "Jack" thus becomes "as good as his neighbor." A remark which Emerson made with a more general intent, is justly applicable to this school of versifiers. "Our poets," he said, "are men of talents who sing, and not children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verse is primary."

The best substitute now existing in England for the swing and passion of Browning, and the restful thought of Tennyson; that is to say, for the qualities which we most admire in those authors and which have earned for them a place among the great poets, is the music and passion of Algernon Charles Swinburne. But Swinburne has been all his life too sincerely devoted to the Ephesian goddess ever to find favor with a virtuous Queen, or be suffered to wear the laurel "fresher from the brow" of the poet of In Memoriam. Robert Browning was the first great poet since Shakespeare who profoundly set the sense above the sound. Swinburne all too often reverses the process. Browning has few imitators. Swinburne has hosts of followers. In all other respects save depth and wholesomeness of thought, Swinburne towers over all his competitors to be mentioned as we proceed, save one. Swinburne, stands like a lordly oak among underbrush. Still, many in the crowd at his feet can boast of no little talent and great diversity of method and subject. William Morris, for example,

is a poet of placid imagination, to cite Stedman, who can tell a story in a way which should not bring a blush to the cheeks of Geoffrey Chaucer himself. Austin Dobson is a most acceptable strummer of "the light and golden-chorded lyre," an inimitable piano-poet; but the organ is at all times an instrument too massive for his strength. Thomas Watson has already done so many things well that it is not reckless to presage he will do more work equally well, if not better. More promise hangs about him than about any of the younger verse-makers. As a recent writer says, he is, in his best poetical efforts, the sublimation of the philosophical critic of poets. For Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth he has done something, at least, in the nature of what Milton did for "Lycidas." Edmond Gosse has made some fine experiments in dactylic verse, and made us the richer by innumerable sweet thoughts and pleasant conceits. Kipling is, among the eccentric, most eccentric, yet I am willing to credit him with a brace, or a triune even, of rollicking ballads. Coventry Patmore is delightfully old-fashioned and homely. He, to quote Mr. Arthur C. Benson, "strikes an old, full-favored note in the region of the happy, homely courtesies." George Meredith is sometimes gorgeous, but his manner too often resembles that of his own *Jump-to-Glory Jane*, the demonstrative and noisy Salvation Army "Captain" who bounces through one of his ballads, as is the custom of such veterans, hammering a tambourine and speaking of the Almighty in most familiar terms. Bridges interprets rustic nature charmingly, and when he is at his best rivals the pæan of the birds of the coppice, but when he falls below his supremest point of excellence,—and it cannot be denied he has like Falstaff, "a great alacrity in falling"—he is a touch too grave if not too stilted and dignified. La Gallienne is much too airy to admit of being properly appraised by such a prosaic personage as the present writer, and Yeate's "eerie wailing of the winds in a haunted Celtic twilight" is a contribution to the general choir concerning which I have nothing to say as his fairy cadences by no means melt on my untutored ear.

I have likened Swinburne to the lone oak, majestic in its matchlessness But, if I lay stress upon the possession of the element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of the slightest poetic instinct, to borrow the terms in which Swinburne himself somewhere describes it, the demonstration of which is an unerring mark of your true poet, he has one right royal compeer—Aubrey De Vere. As the "curse of Swift" is on De Vere, he being an Irishman, and what in English eyes is quite as bad if not worse, an exemplary Catholic, he has no earthly chance of either the laurel or the Laureateship.

22—Conan Doyle, the English novelist of Irish extraction, who has been lecturing in the United States and Canada during the past two months, is an author who has performed a praiseworthy and notable achievement. He has made the dime novel into literature. The alteration expressed in those nine words outdoes almost anything mentioned in the history of change; for literature and the dime novel were two emphatically different articles. I doubt if Ovid has immortalized a metamorphosis more surprising, and, what is much more to the point, the transformation wrought by Doyle is of infinitely more use and benefit to us than all the marvels ever related by the Latin poet.

There can be no doubt of the exceedingly pernicious effects of the low class of literature which is so greedily devoured by many youths, and, in view of the cases that have recently come to light where mere children have left their homes with a piece of bread and an edition of *Jim Jones the Throat-Slitter* in their pockets, to discover an island in the unknown seas, or have set up as bandits nearer home, with fire-arms in their possession wherewith they have managed to shoot their friends or each other; it is hardly surprising that some people are clamoring for its suppression. We frequently hear of such incidents, and many more of a kindred sort. But it is not easy to devise a preventive. Condemnation is one thing, suppression quite another. It is a matter in which it is extremely difficult to say precisely where the line should be drawn. The spirit of the age favors personal liberty, and so do

I. It would be a very arbitrary proceeding, legally to suppress or exclude from the country, reading matter that was merely sensational or trashy. Sensation and trash are not sins in themselves nor are they necessarily the occasion of sin. It is a pity dime novels are not more pronouncedly and visibly mischevious; because then it would be easier to deal with them. Anything that can fairly come under the head of obscene literature, ought, of course, to be rigorously stamped out, and the vendors prosecuted.

But the dime novel proper is not open to this objection, yet it may do, and does do irreparable harm to the young. Perhaps the very best treatment for a victim of the dime novel would be quietly to put into his hand a work containing an abundance of sensation, the ingredient which he admires most in a story, and in all other respects immeasurably superior to everything literary to which he has been accustomed. Now, Doyle supplies such books. I have but just devoured his *Study in Scarlet*, and know whereof I speak. This is how the perusal of another of his works—or was it the same one?—effected Mr. S. S. McClure, who is no mean judge of books and reading. Let Mr. McClure tell his story in his own way:—

"I was visiting Andrew Lang at St. Andrew's University, in Scotland. Mr. Lang said: "There is a young man named Dr. Doyle who has written a capital shilling shocker (British for dime novel), and who is about to have a novel published by Longmans, and this man has a future." "On my way back to Edinburgh," said Mr. McClure, "I purchased a copy of the shilling shocker, which proved to be one of the earliest and greatest of the famous Sherlock Holmes stories. I read it with unbounded delight. It was more than a shilling shocker; it was a great story, and although a detective story, it certainly was a piece of literature." If a devotee of dime novels were presented with the recitals of Sherlock Holmes' engrossing adventures, he would, I believe, consider them "great stories" and henceforth become a patron of genuine literature by inoculation, so to speak.

Doyle's first trip into the land of letters, to use his own words in one of his lectures, was at the rather premature age of six years, when a man and a tiger figured in a weird story, with illustrations by the author. In his early school-days he was an omnivorous reader, but his literary taste had not manifested itself strongly enough at the age of seventeen to prevent his beginning the study of medicine. He not only studied medicine, but, after an exacting course, became a doctor of medicine.

The child's bent re-asserted itself in the man. During the ten years he spent in acquiring his medical degree, and in travel, literature was always in his heart. His intellectual development was slow and painful. His enrolement in the army of literature he dates from 1878, when a provincial magazine accepted his manuscript. It finally dawned upon him that success lay, not in short stories—prose sonnets as they are called in America—whose author was always anonymous, but in a lengthy story, a book. "And it was a bad one," Dr. Doyle says, "candidly, my conscience would have been lighter had it never been published." The man who can make such an unreserved confession is predestined to succeed. The historical tale, *Micah Clarke*, opened the straitened door of literary success for Dr. Doyle. But it was not without difficulty that the book found a publisher in 1888. One publisher to whom it was submitted, returned it with the comment that it lacked but one thing—interest. One can fancy how this exquisitely brilliant observation disturbed and annoyed Dr. Doyle, when it is told that the creator of "*Sherlock Holmes*" holds, and I believe rightly, that interest is the life-breath of the novel. The object of fiction, he explicitly stated in an interview the other day, is to interest, and the best fiction is that which interests most.

There is a story current which gives to a Toronto editor the credit of having written a favorable notice of *Micah Clarke*, long before the professional critics could perceive anything good in the book. I hope this story is true. If it is, we tender our compliments to the editor of the Globe. "Hands all round" as the Montreal Herald puts it.

23—A successful educationist, a persuasive preacher, an orthodox thinker and erudite philosophical writer has just passed away in the venerable person of the late President of that famous New Jersey educational foundation—Doctor James McCosh.

Born on April 1st, 1811, at Carskeoch, Ayrshire, Scotland, the native locality of Robert Burns, James McCosh did not walk in the road of Helicon or consort with the Muses like his great countryman. He was fated, on the other hand, during the course of a long life, to shape the educational systems of more than one foreign land, and to advance the noble cause of Christian Philosophy. His father was a wealthy farmer and the lad was "brought up on good parrich," a prime requisite, I have been told, in the formation of a good Scottish constitution. He received a sound and thorough education at the two famous Scottish Universities, those of Glasgow and Edinburg, residing five years at each. After leaving the universities, he went, in 1830, to study theology at Edinburg under Chalmers and Welsh.

An essay written by him on the Stoic philosophy led the pleased University of Edinburg to mark its appreciation by giving an honorary degree of Master of Arts to the young author. From 1834 till 1843 he was a pastor in the Established Church of Scotland, first at Arbroath Abbey, and afterwards at Brechin. Under the leadership of the Chalmers, he became a prominent member of the reforming party in the Scottish Church, and when the movement reached a climax in 1843, McCosh threw up his valuable "living," and joined the ranks which organized as a Free Church. I must be excused for not following him further into the Dismal Swamp of Scottish sectarian controversy. We of Rome are not particularly interested in the cackle of extra-mural geese, nor particularly amused by their antics.

His career as an author began somewhat earlier than the date of his secession from the Scotch Establishment, first in contributions to the Reviews, and, in 1850, by the publication of his first book, an event which the University of Aberdeen recognized by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

His life work as a teacher began in his forty-first year when he accepted the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. The story goes that some friends sent a copy of his work, *The Method of the Divine Government*, to Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor. That eminently practical statesman has left on record that he spent the night reading the book, and gave the appointment to its author on the following morning. This was the occasion of those scornful lines of Master Molloy Maloney, which Thackeray reported for us:

"As I think of the insult that's done to the nation
Red tears of rivinge from my faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome to the world's detestayion
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh.
. . . . . .
. . . . It is thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universities bosh;
And if you've no neetive professor to taych me
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh."

Master Molloy Maloney is made to say "sleeves" for slaves, and "neetive" for native, which proves that the tuneful youth was not Irish; for assuredly no Irishman or Irishwoman ever used the words. Nor was Master Maloney at all likely to call Professor McCosh with the "Mc" to his name, a Saxon. The author of "Barry Lyndon" should have done better than this. There was no public outcry against Professor McCosh. The Irish people, then as now, concerned themselves little about the head of a Queen's College. Their quarrel was with the system of Queen's Colleges, which they justly regarded as an adjunct of a proselyting movement then under way. Thackeray, therefore, has not only misrepresented the Irish *patois* but libelled the Irish themselves—two unmanly faults English writers are over prone to commit.

The work which spread the fame of Dr. McCosh most widely and put him among the leaders of the Intuitional School of Thought, was written at Belfast. In his *Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated*, the author is at his best, both as a thinker and a writer. His reasoning

is vigorous and his logic unassailable, if his premises be once granted. There is, of course, the proverbial amount of virtue in that "if". His style is always direct and often easy. The illustrations are numerous and apt, and the metaphors correct and in keeping. However, the style is so far from being florid as at times to suggest the ruggedness of a Scottish mountain when the bloom has left the heather. But his works are permeated with the faith of a Christian, which characteristic makes them reliable references for the Christian student.

From the publication of the *Intuitions of the Mind* forward, Dr. McCosh was an industrious author, and his erudite and recondite contributions to philosophical and religious literature have not ceased to grow in number and importance down till a short time previous to his death.

Dr. McCosh was invited to preside over Princeton College in 1868, which position he accepted and retained for nineteen years. He retired from the presidency in 1887, but retained the Chair of Philosophy till 1890, when his advanced age caused him to relinquish all active work. Of his connection with Princeton it is not my privilege to speak from personal knowledge. However, a sketch of the late president, written by Mr. John Van Cleve, in 1887, for a New York publication, whence I have obtained some of the foregoing facts, gives us an idea of the daily life led by the Doctor, on the authority of a graduate of Princeton College. Says Mr. Van Cleve:

"The wonder concerning men eminent in one department and strong in many, is how they do it; where they find time, humor, mood for such diversified work. Those who have ever been active in the stirring life of Princeton College could not explain it in the case of Dr. McCosh. He is seen about the college yard from early chapel till midnight or later. Except from three to five in the afternoon he is never denied to any caller, however unimportant his errand. The parent or casual visitor who would like a little attention always gets it. The students are always welcome whether they earnestly seek for advice or instruction, or in some captious mood lay down a plan to revolutionize college government, to change systems of instruction, or to have their own way in whatsoever directon. He is constant in his attendance at faculty and committee meetings, presides at public lectures, makes long journeys to stimulate and guide the alumni, and is a close observer of all intellectual and educational progress. But he will turn from conversation to his writing-desk without an interval. The change from one intense occupation to another is his rest. The pseudopsychologists of modern literature have flattered the yearning public into the belief that there is not and was not what is commonly called genius. Perhaps they are right. Let us take them at their word and substitute for genius, capacity for productive work. Both sides will be content."

Dr. McCosh was a Conservative in the non political sense of the term. He was a defender of old-fashioned doctrines in the pulpit and the press. For modern "science" he had great suspicion not unmixed with contempt. For advanced Liberalism he had little admiration. He held by what he had tenaciously, and dreaded novel experiments, and if he advanced, it was only after having conclusively determined beforehand that the way was safe and the ground firm.

I append an almost complete chronological list of his writings: *The Method of Divine Government*, and in conjunction with Dr. Dickie, *Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation*, 1856; *The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated*, 1860; *The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural*, 1862; *Examination of Mill's Philosophy*, 1866; *Inaugural Address*, at Princeton, 1868; *Laws of Discursive Thought*, 1866; *Christianity and Positivism*, 1871; *The Scottish Philosophy*, 1874; *A Reply to Tyndall*, 1885; *The Development Hypothesis*, 1876; *The Emotions*, 1880; *Certitude, Providence and Prayer*, 1883; *Energy*, 1883; *Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley*, 1884; *Locke's Theory of Knowledge*, 1884; *A Criticism of the New Critical Philosophy*, 1884; *The New Departure in College Education*, 1885; *Psychology*, 1886; *Religious Aspect of Evolution*, 1888; *Fundamental Truths*, 1889; *Tests of Truth*, 1889; in 1887 he re-issued his philosophical series in three volumes, under the title of *Realistic Philosophy*, two volumes, and *Psychology*, one volume.

24—A recent series of these Notes (Notes No. 7–12.) dealt with the pioneers of popular literature in the Southern States, and I excluded one notable writer from my list for several reasons. The remarks then offered were founded upon a paper written by another person, and I, to a great extent, found myself constrained to follow my leader. Again, I desired to give this particular writer a somewhat fuller notice than the space then at my command permitted me to do. Finally, although this author was a contemporary of almost all the writers which I have sketched, he was advanced in years before he produced the ingrossing stories which have earned him fame, and, consequently, should properly be adverted to as belonging to a period slightly subsequent to that occupied by the Southern writers who have been considered in those columns. In order, then, to place ourselves perfectly abreast of the subject, I may mention that the most noted Southern writers of the present day are—giving precedence to the ladies—Grace King, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, and the subject of this sketch. A mere glance at the works of the author we are now discussing makes it quite clear that the legitimate successor of the very best among the group of Southern character writers, the people who have used the South in artistic fashion, and have given us the essence of Southern life, who were led on by Judge Longstreet (see Note No. 7) in his rude but graphic pictures of the manner of living which held force in the South before the war, is our present subject, Richard Malcolm Johnston.

Before I proceed further, I must explicitly state that I am indebted for much of my material to two sources,—an article in the Century Magazine, for June, 1888, on Mr. Johnston, by Miss Sopie Bledsoe Herrick, and a descriptive interview which the new favorite novelist and poet who signs his contributions "Walter Lecky," has just printed in that most modest and helpful of magazines, "The Catholic Reading Circle Review."

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in Hancock County, Georgia, March 8, 1822. The immediate region of his birth, called Middle Georgia, was a circumscribed strip of country with the city of Augusta as its metropolis. Consequently, the life led here at the time our author was born was isolated, which goes far to account for the rugged independence and charming provincialism of the inhabitants. Johnston was the son of a staunch Baptist, and he was made amendable to the usual prejudices against the Catholic Church, so commonly harbored by staunch Baptists, at a tender age, and possessed besides many of the inherited convictions of the class to which he belonged. In his earlier infancy the sociology of Middle Georgia was a level plain which admitted of no protuding point. It was a hard-working little resting society of toilers. As society settled and clarified, the classes naturally separated, but no violence marked this separation and those who were neighbors before remained well-wishers afterwards. White master and colored servant were brought into direct relation, without the intervention of the hated overseer. The Middle Georgia plantation, being comparatively small, was directly supervised by the owner himself, who knew his servants personally, just as Napoleon knew his soldiers, and he frequently visited the "quarters" which were not very far from the "big house." The perfect healthfulness of the climate made life possible for the whites all the year round on the plantations, so that the owners were seldom divorced from the attendance of their slaves. In other places and other States the socialistic and climatic conditions were different. There the owners often resided for long spells far away from the plantations. Many of the larger planters did not know all their slaves even by sight, and their welfare was intrusted to an overseer. What that meant the readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin will know. The negroes were huddled together by themselves, seldom allowed to indulge in helpful association with their masters, entirely neglected and allowed to lapse into their old heathenism and barbarism. In the Middle Georgia District, in which Richard Johnston was growing up and receiving his earliest impressions, everything was the reverse of this. Miss Herrick assures us that the children, black and white, grew up together, getting into the same scrapes, speaking the same vernacular; and that they grew up

companions and friends. With this explanation to hand we can fully understand what Mr. Johnston said to "Walter Lecky" concerning those events. "Do you know, Lecky, that the Georgia negro has five times the sense of the South Carolina negro? Why? Because he has always been near his master, and their relations are closer. My father's negroes loved him, and he loved them, and if a negro child died upon the place my mother wept for it. Some time ago I went to the old place, and an old negro came eight miles, walking all the way, to see me. He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning, and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room, 'Oh, Marsa Dick!' We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together. One of my slaves is now a bishop—Bishop Lucius Halsey, one of the most eloquent men in Georgia." In short, where Mr. Johnston's childhood was passed, the more revolting aspects of the, at all times, horrible institution of human slavery, were softened by the flowers of charity and concealed under the graceful draperies of a sweet humanity.

The grandfather of Richard Malcolm Johnston was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and a Virginian of Charlotte County, who emigrated to Georgia when the spot where he settled was hemmed in by Indian tribes, which were forced back on all sides as the settled region gradually and slowly enlarged its borders. On the side of his mother, who was Catherine Davenport, also of Charlotte County, the ancestors of our author were also Virginians. His father was a larger planter, for that part of the country, the industrial conditions of which I have already scantly described.

Until he was eight years old, Richard resided on the plantation, surrounded, when he crossed his father's threshold outward bound, by society almost archaic in its simplicity. The people with whom he mingled were a simple, unlettered folk, full of hardihood and loyalty. They spoke frightfully corrupt English, but they were true to the behests of all honor. The men were brave, the women were virtuous. Among the children of this gentle-hearted, simple-minded people, young Johnston grew up, forming friendships which colored all his future life, and furnished the key-note to his career and his life.

"My first books," Johnston told "Walter Lecky," last summer, "were Webster's Dictionary,"—"the terror of Blinkley Glisson, and the ultimate downfall of Mr. Israel Meadows," Walter Lecky broke in, quoting from one of Johnston's books, and Mr. Lecky adds, the eyes of the venerable author repaid him for the implied compliment of the remembrance. "Dayball's Arithmetic," Johnston continued, "Popular Lessons, a selection from the works of the long-forgotten authors, Edgeworth and Barbeau." Verily, although the courses were few, the meat was wholesome withal.

The education of the coming writer of inimitable stories of "Crackerdom" was begun in what is known in the South as an "old field school," a primitive academy holding much in common with "the hedge school," so faithfully described by the Irish novelist, William Carleton. Says Miss Herrick: "Some poor, broken-down farmer or business man, at the end of his resources, would betake himself to teaching. For a mere pittance he would undertake to impart to the children of the neighborhood his small store of knowledge; reading, writing and ciphering was usually the limit. The teacher did not possess knowledge enough to hurt the sturdy little lads and lassies who came to be taught, and who managed between times to learn many a lesson in kindness and courtesy, especially the boys in helping and guarding the girls, of whom less was required, both in scholarship and behaviour, than was asked of the sterner sex." Those who have read *The Dukesborough Tales*, will recognize in *The Goose-pond School*, a genuine picture of the "old field school," touched with the quaint humor of its author.

In 1830, when Richard was eight years old, Mr. Johnston moved first to Crawfordville, then to Powelton, the "Dukesborough" of the tales. This move was made to give his younger children access to good schools, as Powelton had much better educational facilities than were to be found in the country districts. The leading academy had for instructors excellent teachers, usually from the New

England States, who prepared the boys and girls—it was a mixed school—for college, or "finished" them, according to parental instructions. After leaving Powelton Academy, young Master Johnston went to Mercer University, in Georgia, where he was graduated in 1841. He taught school for eighteen months, and then studied law, and was called to the Bar, where he practiced for ten years, in the northern and middle circuits of Georgia.

Miss Herrick must be permitted to describe the life Johnston led while on circuit. "A lawyer's life in those days," she tells us, "when the country was so thinly settled that no small district afforded sufficient litigation to support a single lawyer, was a peculiar one. A bevy of practitioners following the court in its sessions made a peripatetic society for themselves. The scenes in court were sometimes irresistibly funny; the peculiarities of the people, the incongruity of setting, all supplied material for uproarious mirth in the symposium that followed each day's work. The dialect, so familiar to these men in their childhood, became indelibly engraven an their memories by repetition in the stories they told, and their native gifts as *raconteurs* found an admirable field for development in these days filled with court experience and the nights filled equally with laughter." It was a good school for a budding romancist, and it must be at this time Johnston began his tentative essays in story-telling; as he informed "Walter Lecky" that he had written a few tales before he left his native State for his present abode.

In 1844 Mr. Johnston was married to Miss Frances Manfield, of Hancock County, Georgia, whose father was from the State of Connecticut. The bride was fifteen, and the groom was twenty-two, quite a sober age for marriage, as things go in the South. Referring to this ceremony "Walter Lecky" says: "He married the one who has been the sweetest part of his life."

After ten years at the Bar, in 1857, Mr. Johnston was offered three positions of distinction almost at the same time—a Judgeship of the northern circuit, the presidency of one college and a professorship in another. This latter offer, as being more congenial, as well as for another reason to be mentioned later on, he accepted, and took ths Chair of Literature in the University of Georgia. This position he held for four years, when he retired to his country home near Sparta, in his beloved Georgia, where he opened a boarding-school for boys at Rockly. Here he carried on a flourishing school and supervised his farm till 1867, in which year a very sad domestic bereavement, the death of a cherished daughter, Lucy, a girl of fifteen, made old places unbearable for him and for his wife.

"And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched with the thorns."

Giving up a school of sixty pupils, forty of whom insisted on being taken with him, he returned to Maryland, started a new school a few miles outside of Baltimore, where he has since resided, his time being fully occupied with teaching, lecturing and writing.

And now we come to a most important incident in his life, concerning which Miss Herrick is as silent as the Sphinx, the only lady of all history known to have kept a secret. Speaking to "Walter Lecky" of his refusal to become president of a college, the Mercer University, Mr. Johnston said: "That appointment carried with it a house and a salary of three thousand dollars a year. Finding my faith in the tenets of the Baptist Church weakening, I could not loyally accept this offer.... My great grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Johnston, was a leading Episcopalian minister, who came from Dumfries, in Scotland, to wage war with the dissenters. His oldest son went to Georgia, but dying early, his son Malcolm, my father, was brought up in the Baptist Church and became one of its ministers and a strong partizan. I was brought up strictly in my father's faith. I imbibed the usual prejudices against the Catholic Church.... It was not until the know-nothing campaign, in 1885, that my prejudices suffered a blow. In that campaign it was necessary to offset the violent diatribes of my opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose I was forced to consult Catholic books. Now, it happened that the most cultured woman

in Georgia was a member of that Church. She was a Miss Casey, of Sparta, afterwards Mrs. Bird, a life-long friend of my wife. To her I went, saying, 'Miss Casey, give me something to fight these scoundrels with.' She put in my hands the works of Bishop England. These works not only furnished me with arguments against know-nothingism, but dispelled much of my early prejudice.

Under the signature of 'Valdes' I was able to show how absurd were all the current opinions of Catholicity."

That was the beginning of his conversion; but the end was some little way off. Mrs. Johnston had also procured Catholic books and had read them to advantage. Then she passed them over to her husband. He read them in quest of truth. In good time, Mrs. Johnston became convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, and in January 1875, she, unopposed by her husband, came into the Ancient Fold. Whereat Mr. Johnston remarked: "That parting was hard, but it was in the line of duty, and I could submit. I continued to read. Bishop Ives' 'Trials of a Mind' made a deep impression. This was followed by 'Milner's End of Controversy,' and the masterly answer of Newman to Gladstone. The life of the Curé d'Ars produced a lasting effect. As an antidote I read the works of Laud and Hooker. They were no longer convincing. I was filled with agony and depression. I could not banish from my mind the thought that 'these Catholic writers have got the argument.' While reading Balmes I was convinced that my wife had followed the true path. . . . . I closed the book, and, walking into the house, greeted my wife with the happiest salutation of my life, 'I am going with you, my dear.' In July, '75, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, I found that peace which I had long sought and prayed for, in the bosom of the Catholic Church." That was the end. I am sorry I could not find space for this simple and touching recital, word for word just as it was reported by "Walter Lecky." The reader who desires the original, is informed that Mr. Mosher's magazine, The Catholic Reading Review, is a very good and very cheap publication, and that a remittance of twenty cents and a note to the editor, at Youngstown, Ohio, will procure a copy.

The first story which James Malcolm Johnston gave to the public appeared under the pen-name "Philemon Perch," in the Southern Magazine, a publication largely ecletic, which was published in Baltimore. For this sketch, as indeed for all subsequent ones of his, he drew his material from the surroundings and experiences of his youth. That rich matter for romantic treatment existed around his Georgian birthplace, I think I have already shown. He knew the people he depicted, and the country he described. The dialect spoken there was the dialect he spoke in his unguarded moments. In answer to the question, "How is it that you never 'slip up' in the dialect of the crackers?" Mr. Johnston replied, "Slip up in my vernacular! How could I? I talked it when I was a boy with the other boys. I often, now, find myself dropping unconsciously into it. When a Middle Georgia man 'gets mad' I assure you he does not use the stately anathemas of the Charlestonian or Savanese; he just "cusses" roundly in cracker 'lingo' and gets an immense amount of satisfaction out of it." Speaking of his habit of returning to his own country for material for his stories, Johnson once said: "In going back to my past life, and in attempting to make a worthy record of the limited provincial life in the midst of which my childish days were passed, I have drawn a sweet solace for the sadness of my exile, of being so far from old places, old friends, even old graves. The stories are all imaginary, but they are in harmony with what I have seen and of which I have sometimes been a part. I loved this people and this district, and in doing so have loved many of the most gifted and most cultured and most distinguished men in dear old Georgia." Those words are the heart-bubbles of a patriot.

Concerning the tone and method of this author, Miss Herrick testifies: "There is no plot in his stories carefully devised; it is not so much a story he has to tell as a life he has to depict. The nucleus of each sketch is not a thing, but a person. He takes a character or two, perhaps; as he writes, they become defined and grow into roundness and reality under his hand. The incidents are for the sake of the

characters, not the characters for the incidents. The *mise en scene* is always photographically accurate; every detail is true. 'As long as the people in my stories have no fixed surroundings, they are nowhere to me; I cannot get along with them at all' . . . . . The love for old associates, old places, old times, shines through all his work; it qualifies the fun in every description. No touch of ridicule or shade of contempt for the primitive simplicity of living, the clumsy laboring after expression, the narrowness of thought that marked that intensely provincial life, ever mars his work. A loving tender light shines through the quaint humor; it plays over every incident, and irradiates every homely detail of the life he depicts, lifting it above all touch of sordidness."

That kindred soul "Walter Lecky" thus tenderly and vividly pictures the venerable weaver of delicious tales as he appeared on the lecture platform at the Catholic Summer School, in Pittsburg, last summer: "He is tall and spare, dressed in sober black. There is a slight stoop to his shoulders. The features are well cut, nose long, mouth full and forceful, forehead rounded and thoughtful. The eyes are youthful, twinkling as merrily as in boyhood's rosy hours; sorrow has not dulled them, nor has the weary world in its seventy years schooling taught them a single sour glance. The white hair and mustache may betoken the veteran, but the voice has lost none of its early sweetness. The subject is "John Milton." The manuscripts are carefully held in the left hand, while the right is used in a peculiar downward gesture to emphasize a point. Here is one who knows whereof he speaks. The poets are not of yesterday's acquaintance, but the old familiar friends that have been his daily companions from boyhood. The lecture ends with an apt quotation. The lecturer bows and retires." This picture is explicit and leaves nothing to be imagined.

As to his famous stories, Walter Lecky interrogated him: "And about the tales? 'Well Lecky, that came about in this way: While in Georgia I wrote a few tales, but I had no idea of having any knack for that kind of writing. In 1870 the 'Southern Magazine' was started in Baltimore. I was asked to contribute. The first nine of my Dukesborough tales were given to that magazine. These fell into the hands of the editor of Harper's Magazine, who asked me what I got for them. I said, not a cent, and he wanted to know why I had not sent them to him. *Neelers Peelers Conditions* was the first story for which I got pay. It was published in the Century, over the signature of Philemon Perch. Dr. Holland told Mr. Gilder, to tell that man to write under his own name, adding, he himself had made a mistake in writing under a pseudonym." In his modesty he was surprised to find his stories of any value, but so soon as he discovered there was a demand for his wares he gave up teaching and devoted all his attention to authorship.

Although Richard Malcolm Johnston is not a rapid writer he has produced the following goodly number of works: *Life of Alexander H. Stephens*, 1878; *A History of English Literature*, in connection with H. H. Brown, 1879; *Dukesborough Tales*, 1883; *Old Mark Langston*, 1884; *Two Gray Tourists*, 1885; *Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk*, 1885; and *Ogeechee Cross-Firings*, 1889; besides several sketches not yet collected.

There are few living writers to whom such of us as delight in a well imagined tale, charmingly told in a dialect scrupulously correct, and who appreciate rich humor which is neither rough nor extravagant, owe a greater debt of gratitude than to the truthful delineator, the cheerful relator, the sweetly sympathetic literary artist and fine old Southern gentleman—Richard Malcolm Johnston.

GARNET AND GRAY.

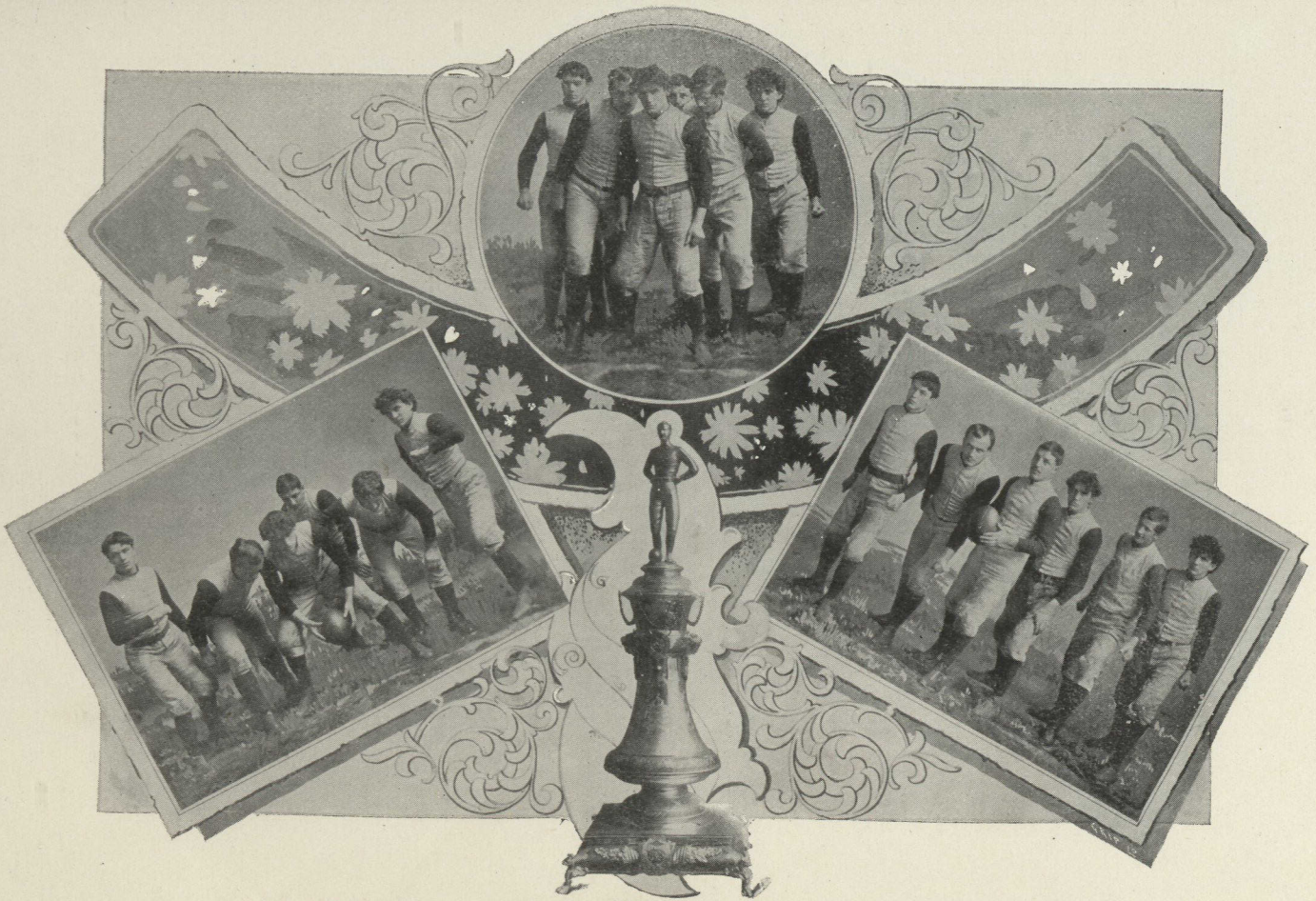
ROSEDALE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1894.

E ran from the East, and we sprang to the fray
Strong-limbed, eager-hearted, in garnet and gray ;
For ever this message the winds to us bore :
You must fight as your fellows who conquered of yore !
And campus and corridor ever spoke plain :
Win it back ! bring it back to the College again !

There were earnest eyes on us, all tender and blue ;
And McCarthy and Griffin were watching, we knew.
And we felt, as we fought every inch of the ground,
That a gaze warm and loving encircled us round.
But ever we thought, as the soldiers of Rome,
Of the hearts of the friends who were watching at home !

Face to face with the foe and the breeze and the sun !
And scarcely it seemed had the battle begun,
When the enemy scored,—and again and again !
But 'twas only the fuel that spurred us amain.
For fiercely we fought as our brothers of yore,
Till at length we had distanced—nay, *doubled* the score !

The shadows lay long o'er the lingering green,
For the day had grown old, and the air had grown keen.
But keener the strife of the struggle grown old,
When the desperate foemen pressed hard on our hold.
And warm throbbed our pulses, and fiercely and fast,
When seven to seven the score stood at last !



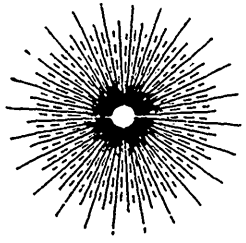
A HEEL OUT. PROTECTING THE QUARTER. FOLLOW THE BALL.

There's a roar from the rooters, a cheer from the crush,
For gallant Belanger has countered a rush!
And back like a challenge the leather has flown,
And back from the hillside an echo has blown!
And ever we fought with the knowledge within:
No matter the time we have left—we must *win*!

Then out with the ball, and the cheer he deserves,
The enemy's full-back comes flying, and swerves
To the left, to the right, like the lightning's flash,
Yet onward and swift in his desperate dash.
But at last, like the homeward-bound message begun,
Flies the ball to the East—and the battle is won!

All honor the victors! the bugles have blown.
But honor the vanquished, who fought for their own.
And keen though the strife while the battle may last,
Let the spirit of friendship and fairness hold fast;
That always as ever this message may run:
Full fairly they fought, and full fairly they won!

C. G. Rogers.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

UR victory over Queen's in Toronto on Nov. 17th last, has been the subject of comment in every province of Canada and in many States of the American Union. Amongst the numerous notices that have come to hand we insert two--the first from the *Evening News* of Syracuse, N. Y. and which speaks for itself, and the second from the *Casket*, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. The *News* speaking of "the Ottawa College team, which Yale may find a formidable adversary" continues thus:

"In connection with the recent talk of an international football contest between teams representing America and England, it should be remembered that if Yale is sighing for more worlds to conquer it will not be necessary for the wearers of the blue to cross the Atlantic. Ottawa University of Ottawa, Canada, has again won the Rugby Cup this season with a splendid record of championship games.

That the Canadian champions would be pleased to meet a team representing the United States is shown by the following editorial in the OWL, the official organ of the students."

The *News* then quotes from the November OWL regarding the desirability of an international match.

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But the article from the *Casket* is so intelligent an appreciation of the game of football, that we shall quote largely from it. The *Casket*, by the way, is in our opinion the best written Catholic paper in Canada. "An Occasional Contributor" is the author of the article from which we take the following extracts:

"The football season is over. No longer are the newspapers from Halifax to Hamilton, teeming with descriptions of that mimic warfare which the uneducated witness sometimes mistakes for the genuine article. No longer does the weary welkin groan under the strain put upon it by volleys of college cheers—the stirring cry of U-pi-dee, one, two, three! Dal-hou-sie!" the anxious inquiry as to the sanitary condition of another venerable institution of learning, and its highly satisfactory response: "What's the matter with old McGill? She's all right!" or the window-rattling, victory-winning "V-a-r-s i-t-y! Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the collegians of Canada's Capital. The choicest athletes of cities—full grown men in the prime of strength—have yielded to the prowess of beardless boys from out our colleges. Truly a great change from the days when the typical student was such as Chaucer has depicted, hollow-cheeked, and hollow-eyed, sober faced, and badly fed. And not a change for the worse, whatever prophets of ill-omen may say. The young man trained to wrestle with an opponent on the playing field is not thereby incapacitated for wrestling with a problem in mathematics, an experiment in chemistry, or a theory in philosophy. Rather has he acquired a strength of will, an accuracy of judgment, a tenacity of purpose, and a fund of health which will enable him to prosecute his studies more vigorously and more successfully than he could otherwise have done.

***

It does seem rather funny, though, that the peculiar religious tenets of the members of two football clubs should be thought worthy of special attention. Yet, the *Toronto Mail* in its Homeric introduction to a full-page account of the great match between Ottawa College and Queen's College lately played in Toronto has the following words: "The laurel wreaths of victory wrested from Presbyterian brows will beautify the countenances of the Catholic University's faithful fifteen." A little further on we read: "Perhaps in none of any gathering that has graced the home of lacrosse and Rugby football has there been so plentiful a sprinkling of ecclesiastical representatives as in that which was attracted to the Queen's vs. Ottawa College match. Many priests of the Roman Catholic Church and well-known Presbyterian divines were prominent in the audience."

***

Mr. Conan Doyle in one of his novels incidentally refers to the very great difference in dealing with students between the English and the Scotch Universities as represented by Oxford and Cambridge on the one hand and Edinburgh on the other. "A lad coming to an English University finds . . . that his religion is cared for and he is expected to put in an appearance at hall and at chapel. He must be within bounds at a fixed time. If he behave indecorously he is liable to be pounced upon and reported by special officials, and a code of punishment is hung perpetually over his head. In return for all this his university takes a keen interest in him. She pats him on the back if he succeeds . . . . There is nothing of this in a Scotch University. The young aspirant pays his pound and finds himself a student. After that he may do absolutely what he will. There are certain classes going on at certain hours which he may attend if he choose. If not, he may stay away without the slightest remonstrance from the college. As to religion, he may worship the sun, or have a private fetish of his own upon the mantel-piece of his lodging for all that the university cares. He may live where he likes, he may keep what hours he chooses, and he is at liberty to break every commandment in the decalogue, as long as he behaves himself with some approach to decency within the academical precincts. In every way he is absolutely his own

PRUDHOMME. SHEA.
McCREDIE. VINCENT. McDOUGALL. BOUCHER. LEE.
LEVEQUE. MURPHY. CLANCY. GLEESON (CAPT.) JAMES. FOLEY.
O'BRIEN. BELANGER.

OTTAWA COLLEGE F.B.C.—CHAMPIONS OF CANADA, 1894.

master. Examinations are periodically held, at which he may appear or not, as he chooses.

The university is a great unsympathetic machine, taking in a stream of raw-boned cartilaginous youths at one end, and turning them ont at the other as learned divines, astute lawyers, and skilful medical men."

* * *

This marked contrast between two systems of education—between the university which is deservedly styled the "Alma Mater" of its students and the other which is a mere teaching machine, is only the natural result of the contrast between the ideas which founded them. It is the contrast between the spirit of Catholicity and the spirit of Calvinism—between the belief that the destiny of man can be attained only by his co-operation with the grace of God, and the belief that his destiny is fixed beforehand without his having any freedom in carrying it out. Catholicity teaches that man has to co-operate with the grace of God, warns him that he may by abuse of his free will reject that grace, and, as far as possible, guards the child and the youth up to manhood from those temptations which would lead him to abuse his free will. Calvinism, on the contrary, when it logically adheres to its principles—happily it does not always do so—considers that any attempt to shield the young from spiritual danger would be a vain and blasphemous endeavor to assist the Almighty in His government of the world. If "many lad falls at the starting point of life's race never to a rise again," while there are others "whose manliness and good sense keep them straight," it is, say the Calvinists, because God ordained it so; nothing in the power of man could have ordered it otherwise.

* * *

Oxford and Cambridge, though they have long since ceased to be Catholic Universities, are still governed to a great extent by Catholic educational traditions. Edinburgh is by excellence the modern university of the Empire. The Calvinistic theology may be expiring within its walls as well as everywhere else, but by a sort of metempsychosis its spirit is renewed in the scientific theory of the "survival of the fittest."

* * *

The leading non-Catholic colleges of Canada, Dalhousie, McGill, Queen's, Toronto, are all modelled upon Edinburgh University. They are all mere "machines" for the turning out of divines, lawyers, doctors, *et al.* Our Catholic colleges, on the other hand, although being handicapped by poverty, they do not present so brilliant an appearance as their non-Catholic sisters, yet are guided by the same essential principles of education as other non-Catholic colleges the world over. Their students are kept in residence, they receive a regular course of religious teaching, they are required to attend religious exercises in a body, they meet their professors not only in the class room but in the study, the library, the reading-room, in the gymnasium and on the playing field, finding everywhere in each one of them a "guide, philosopher and friend." If this be a restraint upon the student it is only such a restraint as he feels in the presence of his father or elder brother—a wholesome restraint which prevents him from doing anything that he would be ashamed to have them see.

"A professor in a gymnasium or on the playing field! What an oddity!" some may say. Not at all. The professor is often a young man not very much older than his students. He has been distinguished as an athlete in his day. He understands the various field sports not only practically but scientifically. He brings all the powers of his well-trained mind to bear upon baseball, or lacrosse, or football, he encourages the formation of clubs, which he trains and drills and then draws up for them a plan of campaign ending, let us say, in the defeat of Queen's at Toronto, just as Von Moltke planned the series of victories ending with Sedan. What more natural than that he should accompany those who owe him so much, on an incursion into hostile territory to share their victory or defeat?

* * *

Thoughtful parents reading in the New York papers a glowing description of some great contest between Yale and Princeton, or Harvard and Pennsylvania, may well feel alarmed if they ask themselves "What will those young fellows, with animal spirits heated to the boiling point, do after the game?" And if they happen to see some of the comment made by cynical journalists within the next few days their fears will be augmented. "The hard drinking club-men of the city were utterly dumbfounded at the way these youngsters drank." "The police were powerless, the students took possession of the city." These are occasions when scores and scores of rash youths "fall never to rise again." But this sort of thing never happens to the students of our Catholic colleges. They can play football, or any other game with the best, but after the game is over, there is the "guide, philosopher and friend," exhorting them with wise words and kindly admonitions not to sully the splendor of their victory by the foul stain of orgies which might shame the bacchanals themselves."

"An Occasional Contributor" has given expression to a great truth in his last remark. He is evidently aware of the vast difference that exists both before and after a game in the conduct of teams hailing from Protestant and Catholic colleges respectively. But we can cite a few facts that must certainly be unknown to him. Ottawa College won the Quebec championship in Montreal on November 3rd. On November 4th not a footballer was absent from his accustomed place at early morning service in the chapel. Two weeks later the same players carried off Dominion honors in Toronto. Again on the following morning they were all in their places for the community Mass as though nothing extraordinary had happened. Football with us is not merely a pastime—it is a means of forming character, of developing truthfulness and self-reliance and honesty in those who play it.

The Owl,

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SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

There is not a true Canadian, whatever may be his creed or political principles, who is not overwhelmed with sorrow at the untimely and unexpected death of our brilliant Prime Minister. His death shows how he had enshrined himself by his integrity, honor and intellectual ability in the hearts of all classes of our citizens. Everyone feels that his loss is little short of a national calamity; that Canada has been deprived of the brightest, noblest and best of her sons just at the moment she could least afford to lose him. The Catholic Church in this country has to mourn an exemplary member and her most distinguished layman. The blow falls heavily also on the University of Ottawa. Sir John Thompson was Dean of the Law Faculty, and a tried and true friend of the institution. But the sorrow of the nation goes out in an especial manner to Lady Thompson and the members of the late Premier's family. Their loss is the greatest, and their grief the keenest. The memory of a noble life spent in the furtherance of every laudable project, whether national or religious, and of a public and private character above even the shadow of reproach, must be the main consolation of the chief mourners in the sad event.

REV. FATHER MARTINET, O.M.I.

Almost simultaneously with the sad announcement of the death of Sir John Thompson came the news of the departure from earth of another good friend of our Alma Mater. Rev. Father Martinet, first Assistant-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and specially charged with the direction of the affairs of the University in Europe, died on that day in the General House of the Order, Paris. For almost forty-seven years he had been a member of the Oblates, and was one of the most widely-known and deeply loved men in that congregation. But three years ago he paid an official visit to the University of Ottawa, and by his kindness, tact and ability created a most favorable impression. His interest in this institution was shown on many a subsequent occasion. In his death the University of Ottawa loses a dear friend; the Oblates of Mary Immaculate an able, experienced and exemplary member.

"BACK TO DOGMA!"

The Marquis of Salisbury, speaking as Chancellor of the University of Oxford and President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and addressing one of the most distinguished scientific bodies in the world, took occasion to express what seemed to him to be the present position of Darwinism in the scientific world: "The deepest obscurity still hangs over the origin of the infinite variety of life. Two of the strongest objections to the Darwinian explanations appear still to retain all their force. . . . The laity may be excused for returning a verdict of 'not proven' on the wider issues the Darwinian school has raised." Replying to the statement of Professor Weismann in favor of natural selection, that "it is inconceivable that there should be another principle capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms without assuming the help of a principle of design" Lord Salisbury says: "The whirligig of time assuredly brings its revenges. Time was, not very long ago, when the belief in creative design was supreme. Even those who were sapping its authority were wont to pay it a formal homage, fearing to shock the public conscience by denying it. Now the revolution is so complete that a great philosopher uses it as a *reductio ad absurdum*, and prefers to believe that which can neither be demonstrated in detail nor imagined, rather than run the slightest risk of such a heresy. I quite accept the professor's dictum that if natural selection is rejected we have no resource but to fall back on the mediate or immediate agency of a principle of design. In Oxford, at least, he will not find that argument is conclusive, nor, I believe, among scientific men in this country generally, however imposing the names of some whom he may claim for that belief. . . . I prefer to shelter myself in this matter behind the judgment of the greatest living master of natural science among us, Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thompson). . . . 'I always felt,' says Lord Kelvin, 'that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been in biology. . . . . I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living things depend upon one everlasting Creator and Ruler.'" Whereupon the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, heedless of the arguments adduced, and supremely careless of the difficulties proposed, raises his voice and cries out: "Back to Dogma!" Yes; that's about the meaning of the noble lord's words. After hopelessly poking and groping about for forty years in the desert of indifference, scientists seem to have caught a glimpse of the promised land.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

That the OWL is the Journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Well, if that statement be true, it is so in some mysterious, undefinable, incomprehensible sense. Simple, unsophisticated folk might fancy that there were only two ways for students to show that they really had the interests of their college paper at heart. They might be pardoned for thinking that student-support should show itself either in literary contributions or financial aid—or both. Well the OWL's student friends are an excep-

tion to the rule. Of course it would be plain discourtesy to doubt the genuineness of their friendship. Yet it becomes monotonous to be continually fed upon "an East wind of words." The Owl craves for more substantial nourishment. The difficulty of obtaining literary work from those outside the staff is discouraging and the financial assistance given the Owl by the students is positively shameful. We do not speak of the students in residence; they are practically all subscribers. But we have probably two hundred and fifty extra-mural students—externs, as they are called. Well, of that body, if you except two members of the editorial board, there is just ONE subscriber, and he is a member of the collegiate course; in the four years of the University course there is not a single extern who has had sufficient public spirit to offer the assistance of his subscription to his college magazine. It is the same story everywhere, as regards these gentlemen; they fancy that wearing the college colors—probably borrowed—should dispense them with paying their fee to the Athletic Association, and they are then shameless enough to contend that they and their friends should enter free to every game or entertainment that any college societies may organize. Verily there is no sounding the depths of some people's meanness. Stringent measures should be taken by every society in the college, that those only who are willing to bear their share of the burden should have any part in the rewards.

***

That after the Christmas holidays—if not before—the Debating Society will be re-organized. In this connection the Owl wishes to make a remark. Time was, when there was only one debating society in the University. In addition to the students of the four higher forms, who were members by right, the three lower classes and the fourth grade chose a certain number of representatives who took their standing as regular members of the society; while the other students in these classes were always welcome guests, but had not the right to take part in the weekly debates. Members of those days tell us that the plan worked admirably and that the debating society then enjoyed probably its greatest popularity, and was most useful. But from certain quarters the cry arose for a change and we soon had the spectacle of a Senior English Debating Society, a Junior English Debating Society, a French Debating Society, and a Commercial Course Debating Society. Not even the most prejudiced partisan ever claimed that the change was for the better. Last year the French Society wisely decided to re-unite with the Senior English, while the Commercial happily merged itself in the Junior English. Has not the time arrived for further union? Will not the members of the two remaining societies discuss the matter, and come to some decision whereby we may hope to have in future one debating club—and only one—for the whole University?

FROM ROME.

For the past six or seven years the Oblates attending the Gregorian University, Rome, have enjoyed the enviable distinction of holding first place in the results of the annual competitions. The prize list just to hand shows that all previous success has been outdone by the record of the past year. It should be remembered that almost one thousand students attend the courses in philosophy, theology and the allied ecclesiastical sciences; the class of dogmatic theology alone numbers over five hundred mem-

bers. Though there are not more than fifty Oblates in attendance, they secured thirty prizes—twenty firsts and ten seconds, all other competitors combined obtained only forty-two. Out of a maximum of fifteen prizes in theology, the Oblates gained ten; in philosophy ten also, out of a possible eighteen. When it is said that they carried off the honors in Holy Scripture, dogmatic theology, mental philosophy, church history, Hebrew, archæology and higher mathematics, there can be no question of the place they occupy among Rome's students. The OWL extends its heartiest congratulations, and hopes that the present success is but an earnest of greater triumphs in their life work as missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Niagara river is said to contain a channel through which flows the deepest stream of water in the world. This stream is at its greatest depth just under the famous suspension bridge.

Philadelphia has a mint collection in which is placed the oldest known coin. This piece of ancient money was coined in Algina as early as the year 700 B. C.

Sponges are being propagated very cheaply just now. About three years ago a clever German divided a few healthy specimens of live sponges into a goodly number of parts and placed them in deep water with the result that he now has a crop of 4,000 at an initial expenditure of $20.

The Catholic population of New York City is estimated at 500,000. For this population there are eighty-four Catholic churches. Of these churches three are of the Jesuit order, two Capucin, two Franciscan, one Carmelite, one Paulist and one Dominican. There are ten German Catholic churches, two Italian, one Bohemian, one French, one Hungarian, one French Canadian and one Polish. The rest are divided up among other nations, the Irish largely predominating.

Every Catholic heart will beat with joy, even in its deepest sorrow, at the following lines, taken from the cable message on the death of Sir John Thompson: "The body was then removed to an adjoining apartment. The attendants took possession of his money, papers, etc. They found a crucifix, rosary and portrait of the Saviour on the person of the deceased." In death as in life Sir John Thompson taught the lesson of strict religious observance, and the folly of holding that the duties of even the most exalted political position should exempt us from paying our tribute to the sacred rights of God.

Early in November the Christian Endeavor Societies of Massachusetts met in convention at Fall River. Rev. F. Wood, of East Boston, in his address to that body, on "Temperance," made the following reference to Mgr. Satolli's affirmation of Bishop Watterson's rulings: "The liquor saloon has received a blow which it says has hurt it more than all the prohibition cranks and temperance fanatics ever did. One of the keys of Heaven has descended upon the head of the giant and made him see stars. All honor to the Catholic Church! That blow was infallible at least. She has done a great thing for humanity, and put herself close to the heart of everyone interested in temperance and prohibition, positively with them in uncompromising hostility to the liquor saloon. Thank God for the mighty blow which has just been delivered by the Roman Catholic Church, and which has been felt by the traffic throughout the land. All honor to her for that! That stroke is infallible."

Sir Robert Bell, an Irish astronomer, has an article in the *Fortnightly Review* to prove that other planets are inhabited. He does not go quite so far as to furnish a photograph of the man in the moon, but he is of the opinion that life-giving gas is as abundant on many other globes as on this terrestrial. The worthy knight does not hurry to build up supernatural and superfine theories on the basis of intellectual pride and superiority. He is

more modest, for he is a humble believer in the creation, and no faddist in process of evolution. The following very sensible paragraph concludes the article: "The character of each organism has to be fitted so exactly to its environment that it seems in the highest degree unlikely that any organism we know here could live on any other globe elsewhere. We cannot conjecture what the organism must be which would be adapted for residence in Venus or Mars, nor does any line of research at present known to us hold out the hope of more definite knowledge."

The following list of names will certainly be interesting, as it contains the different names by which God is known in many different languages. In thirteen of these languages the name of the Deity is expressed in two letters, viz: Hebrew, Al; Simonian, El; Chinese, Fo; Hindoo-Syr, Ie; Babylonian, Il; Sanscrit, Ja; Egyptian, Ju; Tamil, Ko; Yucatanese, Ku; Hindoo, Om; Far East Hebrew, On; Egyptian, Ra; Chaldean, Ur. The St. Louis Republic is our authority for this list. But our English tongue is not the only one that gives but three of its alphabetical sounds to the name of all that is eternal and infinite. The three-lettered name is found in twenty-three different languages and provincial dialects. These are: East India, Aom; Hindoo, Aum; Chaldean, Bil; Slavonic, Bog (a contraction of Biali-Bog, meaning white); Roman, Dea; Grecian, Deo; Essequibbo, Dia; Hindoo, Div; Chaldean, Enu; English, God; Swedish and Danish, Gud; Persian, Hom; Hindoo, Hua; Phœnician-Babylonian, Iau; Sanscrit, Jah; Phœnician, Joa; Druidish-Irish, Joh; Egyptian, Pan; and Latin, Sol. Taken altogether there are 178 languages and dialects in which, as a figure of speech, God is expressed in words, but in none of them is the word of overgrown proportions, the longest being "Joabulion," a word which expresses the Deity idea according to a certain sect of Irish Druids known as the "Mistletoe Eaters."

The *Missionary Record* of the Oblats gives us an interesting piece of news in its December issue. It is in the shape of an unpublished letter from Rev. Robert Cooke, O. M. I., who in his lifetime was one of the best known and most sincerely loved missionaries in the British Isles. The letter was written at the time of Cardinal Wiseman's death, and shows the high esteem in which Bishop de Mazenod was held by Pius IX, as well as the clear-sighted view the Bishop of Marseilles had of the needs of English Catholics and the ability of Dr. Wiseman. Here are Father Cooke's words:—"I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without mentioning a conversation with which his Eminence honored me five years ago. It was on the occasion of the third Provincial Council of Westminster (held at Oscott in July 1859). I was present as representative of our Congregation. One day I called on the Cardinal to pay my respects, and to transact some business. I had not been long with him when he said, 'Do you know that I owe it to your Superior General, Mgr. de Mazenod, that I am Archbishop of Westminster? In raising me to the Cardinalate, the Pope intended that I should remain in Rome. This was about the time that the establishment of the hierarchy was projected. The Bishop of Marseilles arrived in London during my absence, and there he learned that I was not returning to England. He was so strongly of opinion that my right place was London that he wrote to Pius IX without loss of time, begging His Holiness to send me back here. The Pope, having received the letter of Mgr. de Mazenod, sent for me and said, 'Here is a letter which I have just received from the Bishop of Marseilles, now in London. He lays it on my conscience not to keep you in Rome, so, as I do not like to take the responsibility, prepare to return to London as Archbishop of Westminster.' 'So it is to your Founder, concluded the Cardinal, 'that I am indebted for being what I am.'"

NEW BOOKS.

"Mostly Boys," by Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J., Benziger Bros., New York.

Father Finn, whose former literary productions merited for him such an eminent reputation as a writer of boys' stories, has lately favored youthful readers with a new

book. It consists of a valuable collection of short stories, marked by the same commendable qualities as those which distinguish the author's other efforts. Though any of them may be read in half an hour, each contains a complete and well-executed plot. The different characters too are life-like and real.

"The Flower of the Flock," by Maurice F. Egan, Benziger Bros., New York.

The public will hail with delight this new volume written by one who long ere this has proven his right to be classed among the foremost of America's Catholic writers. The excellence of his frequent contributions to magazines and of the books which he has already written has made him a general favorite with the reading community. "The Flower of the Flock" contains two lengthy stories of great merit in plot and style. They are filled with charming descriptions and exciting narratives, and possess in a high degree those qualities which should commend them especially to boys and girls. Undoubtedly a welcome reception will be tendered them by the young readers, whose demands, as the author remarks, have induced him to publish the stories.

"Legends of the Holy Child," by A. F. Lutz, Benziger Bros., New York.

This book contains a number of pious tales, which, though simple in their construction and style, are edifying and full of instruction. The saintly characters with whom we meet in the neat and interesting little volume present virtuous qualities from which the reader may learn many profitable lessons. The scenes of the different stories have been laid in several of the principal nations of the earth.

"Is One Religion as Good as Another?" by the Rev. John McLaughlin. 40th thousand. Stiff paper covers, 6*d*; cloth, 1*s* 6*d*.

We do not regularly review the same work more than once in our columns. But Rev. Father McLaughlin's book is not one to which set rules can be applied. It is an exceptional book and merits all the praise and all the prominence that a reviewer can bestow upon it. What are its claims to popular favor? Considering only extrinsic arguments, nothing could be a greater proof of superior worth than the fact that an avowedly religious work both in title, contents and treatment, and on a subject concerning which it might be supposed that men are not too anxious to be bothered, has reached its fortieth thousand, and bids fair to make still greater progress. If we look within we shall find also intrinsic reasons for its widespread success. "Is One Religion as Good as Another," both in its great outline as well as in its minutest details, is clear and logical; its tone, though firm in an unwavering adherence to principle, is kind and charitable; its doctrine, sure and convincing. There can be no mistake in styling it one of the remarkable books of the later half of our century—a book that every lover of truth should pray to see largely and quickely in the hands of the masses—Catholic and non-Catholic—of America. We would put it in every layman's library—with Our Christian Heritage, The Faith of our Fathers, Tactics of Infidels and Notes on Ingersoll.

EXCHANGES.

Much as we embryo lords of creation dilate upon the inferiority of our sisters in things rational, and swell with importance at the thought that we are the seed of the future, the hope of the land, etc., we are frequently disconcerted by the inexplicable phenomenon that from the pens of the dear helpless comes much of the best current college literature. *St. Mary's Chimes* is an instance. This paper, issued by the students of St. Mary's Academy, is one of the numerous offspring of Notre Dame, and therefore a priori of high literary standing. It is not only a model of taste, but contains very sound thought in its criticisms, biographical essays, poems and editorials. "Be Natural" is a short pithy article in which, without the bitterness of a cynic, the author exposes some of the phases of that common vice—affectation.

From the same file we take the *Niagara Rainbow*, from Laretto Abbey, Niagara Falls. One of its attractive

features is its cover, which presents, instead of a classical emblem as commonly used, the familiar view of the great Niagara, with the Academy in the distance. Being a quarterly it escapes much of the inevitable local baggage which so seriously impedes the majority of monthlies and weeklies, and thus maintains the tone of a magazine. Its contributors will never exhaust the fund of descriptive material they have about them in the vicinity of grand old Niagara, although they use it not sparingly. Two articles on this topic—"Autumnal Glory of Niagara," and "The Rock of Ages and Cave of the Winds" are not unworthy of the subject. There is not so much verse in it as is usually found in ladies journals, although there are unmistakeable signs of poetic thought in such titles as "Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway" and "Loosened Leaves from Literary Laurels Twined by the Rainbow Circle." If Teresa Crowley had used more simple language in "My Mother's Face" and tuned it to the lyre she would surely have rivaled Cowper in his poem on a kindred topic.

For excellence of taste, happiness of selection, and real literary merit, we know of none of our many exchanges which suspasses *The Brown Magazine*. It usually contains an article by a professor, another on some topic of general interest by a student, and a profusion of shorter contributions in prose and verse. The verse is worthy of unqualified praise and the lavishness of this desired of college journals adds a richness to the firm, manly tone of the prose. One or two attempts in the field of fiction form an attractive part of the front pages; under editorials, the part labelled "Etchings" is the most happy.

From St. Dunstan's College, away out in the land of the cold sea breezes, comes a blue little visitor—*The Collegium*. It bears the hopeful motto "Great Oaks from little Acorns Grow;" and verily this little shoot manifests quite unmistakeable signs of life and growth in the vigor with which it retaliates on the *Niagara Index* for its carping criticism. That is right Collegium; do not let people tramp on you simply because they have big feet. It often occurs that such engines of destruction are not managed by wit sufficient to keep them out of trouble. We beg leave to make a correction in one of the notices. "The Ottawas are Champions of Canada." The champion team is one of the treasures of our own dear Alma Mater and not of the city of Ottawa. There is, or was earlier in the season, a team known as the "Ottawas" whom we ask you to distinguish from the "Ottawa College," champions.

The most noticeable feature of the *Villanova Monthly* is its "Splinters" or funny column. Though some of its metrical parodies are amusing enough, we would take exception to the propriety of some of the matter in that column. In many college journals the laughter furnishing department is a serious drawback to the otherwise high excellence of the paper; in no place should the restraint of propriety be more diligently observed, for wit is intoxicating and very prone to extravagance. The paper on "Grecian Civilization," at the disadvantage of a threadbare subject, makes out a fairly good case.

The *Texas University* is a fitting mouthpiece for that flourishing institution. The editor-in-chief consoles the tribulations of his ungrateful office with the privilege of reading such effusions as the following:

"Wednesday morn we off did go
To attend the state university,
From which all great men doth flow
To a land that excites my curiosity.

Wednesday ere we did arrive
To what we called our destination
It was decided we couldn't survive
In this land to name which is beyond our imagination."

The Christmas number of *Donahoe's Magazine* has reached us in advance of all others of the month. It has reserved for the holiday number its tribute to the lately deceased poet in "Reminiscences of Doctor Holmes" by Winfield S. Nevins. "A Galaxy of Catholic Scientists," by Rev. J. A. Zahm, "Eminent American Prelates," by Rev. John Talbot Smith, "Thomas à Becket" and "A National Mausoleum," are the best selections. The last named article will attract a good deal of attention

and set many Americans thinking. It suggests the errection of a national Mausoleum such as that by which England honors her noble dead. The necessity of such an institution, to keep alive the memory of past heroes is plainly demonstrated. The idea is plausible indeed, and will find much encouragement.

In the *New Science Review* we hail the advent of a magazine which we predict will straight-way take its place among the very foremost of the continent. The October number, the latest at hand, is but the second. While its title proclaims it a science review, it is scientific in a truer sense of the word than is commonly interpreted by that much abused word. In our judgment its best paper is "Mental Training, A Remedy for Education." There could not be a stronger argument for mental training than the clear vigorous style in which this admirably trained mind treats the subject. He advocates more mental training, the simultaneous development of reason, memory, and senses, and the methodical appropriation of facts by analysis, law and analogy. The present system is inefficient, inasmuch as it stuffs the memory with facts without enabling the mind to assimilate them. The mind should be trained to classify, at once, whatever is presented to it, so that in any emergency the mind has appropriate thought ready prepared. It is the best article of the month, and every student should read it carefully, with a view of putting into practice the methods suggested.

SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

At the ordination held in the Cathedral on Sunday, Dec. 2, one brother received minor orders and ten received tonsure. Another ordination will be held on Saturday, Dec. 22, when two will receive sub-deaconship, and five minor orders.

This year's theology class is one of the largest that ever passed through the house, numbering forty.

The feast of St. Catherine is always celebrated in a becoming manner by the philosophers of St. Joseph's Scholasticate, but with perhaps more than ordinary éclat this year since (for us, at least,) the feasts of St. Catherine and St. Cecilia coincided. In the afternoon, according to time-honored custom, the "young friends of wisdom" invited the other members of the community to partake of a modest banquet prepared in our large recreation hall, which was tastily decorated for the occasion. In the evening a delightful entertainment was enjoyed by an appreciative audience, amidst which were seated Rev. Father Provincial, the Rev'd Rector of the University, and Rev. Fathers Mangin, Boisramé, Coutlée and Gauvreau. Before the curtain rose, Rev. Bro. Najotte came forward to pay a brief but elegant tribute to the virtues of the Patroness of Christian Philosophy. The play (La Philosophie *in praesenti rerum statu*) discovered to the admiring spectators much hitherto latent histrionic talent. Brother Phillipot, in the character of a rascally old Jew, and Bro. Jager as the rather credulous and loquacious servant of a much-travelled master personated by Bro. Najotte, were frequently applauded. The singing of the Rev. Bros. Stuve and Vezina, in turn elicited a well merited encore, while Bro. Flynn with graceful gesture, changing look and impassioned word, portrayed the emotions that overwhelmed the soul of the fiery "Spanish Champion." The entertainment closed with a beautiful *Cantique* in honor of St. Cecilia.

The "White House," which until now has been situated in the middle of the campus that is used for games is being moved back, in order to give us a larger field.

SOCIETIES.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Among the students the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin has always been one of the most important of their societies. At a meeting of the members, called for the purpose of selecting the officers for this year, a large number of students were present, and an unusual interest was dis-

played. The admission of about twenty-five new members has placed the membership of the society on a very solid basis. The officers are as follows: Director, Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I.: Prefect, J. Leveque: 1st Asst., J. Garland; 2nd Asst, J. Foley; Secretary, T. Clancy: Treasurer, G. Prudhomme; Councillors, E. Fleming, J. Quilty, W. Walsh, M. McKenna; Sacristans, F. Reynolds, F. Joyce.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

It has been remarked for the last few years that the juniors have preceded their senior friends in organizing their debating society. They seem to realize the importance of at least selecting their committee before Christmas, in order that no delay may be caused in beginning the debates immediately after the holidays. At a meeting of the society, held Dec. 9th, the following committee was chosen: President, T. Ryan; Vice-President, F. Joyce; Secretary, D. McGale; Councillors, P. Lawn, C. O'Neill, A. McIntee, J. Harvey. Rev. W. Howe, O. M. I., has been asked to resume the directorship of the society. The advisability of holding fortnightly, instead of weekly meetings, was discussed, but it was found impossible to give each member an opportunity of displaying his oratorical abilities if debates were not held weekly.

THE ALTAR BOYS' SOCIETY.

In the last number of the OWL we mentioned the formation of the Altar Boys' Society, but it did not occur to us then that the utility of such an organization would so soon become apparent. Especially during ceremonies, such as those which occur at the time of the forty hours' devotion, is the usefulness of this society recognized. The students in general are greatly indebted to Rev. J. M. Coutlée, the director, as well as to the other officers of the society for the time bestowed in the society's interest, and feel that a long-felt want in the University has been relieved by the formation of the Altar Boys' Society.

SCIENTIFIC SEANCE.

Under the direction of Rev. W. Murphy, the members of the sixth and seventh forms gave a very interesting and instructive entertainment on the evening of Dec. 13th. The subjects treated were of a physical and astronomical nature. Though best understood by the members of the above mentioned classes, the experiments were so well performed and the illustrations so well explained that even those not acquainted with either physics or astronomy could not but have derived much benefit from them. The audience was very attentive and appreciative, which was no doubt due to the masterly manner in which the several speakers dealt with their subjects. Mr. W. Walsh opened the entertainment with a description of the simple pulley and its several combinations, the laws which govern their use and the mechanical advantage afforded by each. Mr. C. Mea, with the aid of several experiments, explained, in a very pleasing and lucid manner, the different properties of matter. The séance was closed by a number of lime-light views, illustrating the rotundity of the earth and its motions, the refraction of light, the various kinds of time and many other interesting phenomena. These were thoroughly explained by Mr. J. R. O'Brien. Mr. J. Walsh acted as chairman.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The first public entertainment of the season, given by the students of the University, took place on Dec. 10th. Though the audience was not as large as many which have greeted the students on former occasions, the entertainment was a good one, and was highly appreciated. Among the best features of the programme were the several selections rendered by the Cecilian Society. By assiduous practice the members of the band have made their organization one of the most flourishing of our College societies. In fact, we are not backward in saying that it has reached a state of excellence little below that which it years ago held, when it took its place with the best bands in Canada. The rendition of the other items on the programme was highly creditable, especially the cornet solos by Messrs. C. Dontigny and C. O. Sénécal, the singing by J. Clarke, the club swinging by E. Gleeson, and the declamation by M. McKenna. The football tableaux were also very enthusiastically received.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

In a few days the class-rooms and corridors will again be silent and our young readers will be gathered around the family fireside. To most persons the 'Xmas season is a time of joy, but to the average junior student it is especially so. The dreary shadow of the approaching exams. which he has been watching for several weeks past will soon be dispelled, and the prospects of its not returning for six months at least is comforting in the extreme. The slight increase of interest manifested by some of the most optimistic of the juniors must not be interpreted as indicating a radical change in their ideas as regards the advantages accruing from mental exertion. This outburst of enthusiasm is inspired rather by a consciousness of the fact that their chances of remaining here during the coming holidays are in indirect proportion to the advance made in class during the term. The Junior Editor wishes his young readers a very pleasant vacation, and trusts that they may return to their studies materially improved by their brief rest, and free from any digestive ailments so prevalent during the festive season.

It has been customary in the 'Xmas number to publish the records made during the fall term by the different teams of the Athletic Association. This feature of the Junior Department is wanting this year, for the simple reason that there are no records to record. Why this is we are unable to understand. The material in the "little yard" is as good as ever. In view of the extraordinary activity displayed this year by the seniors, the non-progressiveness of the juniors is all the more surprising. If affairs do not take a rapid change, this department must cease to be the Official Gazette of the Junior Athletic Association. We trust that we shall not be constrained to take this step; and we hereby warn the members of the J. A. A. that, at the beginning of the next term, a livelier interest must be manifested.

Dictator Dempsey has appointed Messrs. Balfe, Pigeon, Gosselin and McMahon to act as Royal Commission to examine into the causes of the inactivity of the juniors and to devise some means of changing the aspect of affairs.

The member for Texas has given notice that, at the reopening of College, he will move a vote of censure against the Hon. T. F. Finnegan for refusing to accept the invitation extended to him by the Seniors to give a harmonica solo at the latter's entertainment on the afternoon of December 8.

Messrs. Hewitt, McNulty, Sherman, O'Neil and Herr Phaneuf, who are suffering from nervous prostration brought about by their arduous labors of the closing term, have been ordered by the attending physician to take complete rest during the holidays.

Architect Bisaillon reports a very busy season. He will spend the next two weeks on the plans for the snow fort and hockey rink.

Some of the Third Grade historians made a remarkable showing at the recent oral examination. As our space is limited and so many are deserving of honorable mention it would be unfair to single out any names.

We regret very much that it has been deemed necessary to reorganize the objectionable P. P. A. We are pleased to note, however, that the society is not as strong numerically as it formerly was.

The following held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of November, They are deserving of praise for having resisted the allurements of the infirmary table, and for the good example in perseverance they have shown.

First Grade	1. A. Bissonnette. 2. J. B. Patry. 3. A. Martin.
Second Grade	1. M. Kennedy. 2. J. Neville. 3. E. Valin.

Third Grade B
1. J. Cote.
2. M. O'Brien.
3. C. Bastien.

Third Grade A
1. B. Girard.
2. A. Kehoe.
3. F. Houde.

Fourth Grade
1. H. Desrosiers.
2. J. O'Neil.
3. P. Nolan.

P. P. A.—All held first place.

ULULATUS.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Examinations are a bore,
For the boy is slow that cannot
Make out cribs the night before.

Trust no cramming howe'er thorough,
Put it down in black and white,
If you make out cribs sufficient
You'll be sure to come out right.

Lives of cribbers oftimes show us
How to make our standing high,
And departing carry with us
Honors for which others sigh.

A reward of $500 is offered for the detection of the aut' or of the above lines.

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

With apologies to the memory of Sir W. Scott.

She was a bird—she was not the OWL
Although she was not a common fowl—
Nor the Whippoorwill with his dulcet thrill,
But a bird.

The notes of whose wild, enchanting song
Floated the forests the whole day long;
And even at night by the moon's soft light,
She was heard.

Among her mates of the feathered race,
She held with honor the highest place —
She was known to fame by the flattering name
Of Minstrel.

She was the last of a noble line—
Could trace her birth to a bird divine
Whose lamenting cries harrowed paradise
When man fell.

The sole left since her parent;' death
The world of songsters had held its breath,
Awaiting the day when her timely *lay*
Would secure
An issue that might carry her name
Through ages down, as to her it came,
With the royal blood from its fountain flood
Full as pure.

The world of singers still held its breath—
The Minstrel lay on her bed of death—
Till the mourners sigh'd that the bird had died
Where she lay.

A rumor flew and its message spread:
"An heir was left the lamented dead;"
And the rumor grew—just as rumors do—
On its way.

And many an aviary's halls were swelled,
And many a feathered convention held,
Until all the birds on th 'equivocal words
Had their "say."

"If she lay," reason'd the wisest head,
"She left an issue, although she's dead;"
So a search was made where, 'twas claimed, she laid
Many a day.

But, as no egg could, of course, be found,
The wise head furiously stamped the ground,
And uttered the cry: "Twas the mourners *lie*,"
Since they said:

"The Minstrel lay before she expired—
His hearers wonder'd and so retired;
And a lay of verbs in his dreams disturbs
The wise head.

C. C. D., '91.

POOR VANDY.

Joe Proulx and Saul went to the store
To buy some cakes and candy.
Joe Proulx and Saul returned once more,
(But closely watched by Vandy.)

We know not why our Vandy gazed,
(We're sure 'twas not for cakelets)
But Proulx, keen man, was not amazed,
And said: "Juss look his fakelets."

And, true enough, poor Vandy came,
Straight forward towards the pair.
"Now see, said Proulx, hees leetle game
An' how wid me he'll fare."

"Pray what's the time?" then Vandy said,
(Though he knew Joe had no time-piece.)
Joe bit his cake, and bowed his head.
"De clock hees on de cornice."

But hoping still some cake to get,
Vand spoke of games and rink.
Then Saul, in turn, his questions met
By "yes," "I'm sure," "I don't think."

A look of hunger came right straight
From Van to Joe and Saul;
A frown, two smiles, poor Vandy's fate,
The cake had vanished all.