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## BURNS A TRAVELLER.

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BURNS, having realized a considerable sum of money by the publication of his poems at Edinburgh, resolved to travel through Scotland visiting as many as possible of the numerous places of interest in his native land. Before setting out on his travels he gave £300 to his brother Gilbert, for the improvement of his farm in Ayrshire.

His first visits were in the south of Scotland. There was much in that portion of the country to interest and delight our traveller. The history of Berwick, now an English city, arose to his mind. It had been long Scotch. This was enough for Burns. But its most interesting history is that of the period when it was an independent town. It was then rich and prosperous. Its trade was so great that its customs duties amounted to one-fourth of the entire customs of all England. One of its citizens, "Knut the opulent," was so rich as to be able to send a squadron, equipped at his own expense, in pursuit of pirate vessels that had robbed him. He overtook and punished them. So completely was Berwick recognized as an independent town that in the general Parliament laws were enacted for England, Scotland and Berwick on Tweed. Passing from this unique city, Burns stepped across the Tweed into England. No sooner had he arrived on English ground, than turning towards Scotland, he knelt down and prayed for his beloved country in the language of one of his finest poems:

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health and peace and sweet content!

And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile,  
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O thou who poured the patriotic tide

That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's god peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;

But still the patriot and the patriot hard

In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Passing along the border lands, Burns could not but be deeply moved by the thought of those border wars which caused so much misery to both English and Scotch. It cheered him, on the other hand, to think of the chivalry which the borderers not unfrequently displayed. One who sympathised sincerely, as Burns did, with unfortunate Queen Mary, felt the glow of admiration when he called to mind the noble spirit of the border clans who, without the aid of Mary's pusillanimous son, made war on Elizabeth's mighty kingdom in order to avenge the cruel murder of their beloved Queen. Unfortunately this bright example was lost in the presence of cold, calculating policy.

The many religious establishments, founded and assisted by King David and other pious kings of Scotland, could not fail to attract the attention of the inquir-

ing traveller. An irreverent age laid in ruins those numerous and stately monuments of the piety of a by-gone time. But it could not take away their beauty nor rob them of their charm. They are grand as of old and soul-stirring still. Not a stone of them but tells the history of the happy days that are gone, and speaks with more than eloquence to the generations as they pass. Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Sweetheart Abbey, Lincluden, Dundrennan, all in ruins though they be, are objects of veneration to the believing, and the resorts of pious pilgrims. The traveller bard was most affected by the intensely interesting historical associations of Dundrennan Abbey. It was the last spot of earth on which Mary, the ill-fated Queen, breathed the breath of freedom. Relying on the consideration of her sister Queen and cousin, she spread her sail for England. Arrived there, expecting to be welcomed as a guest, she found herself a captive, and so remained till after nineteen years of exile and captivity, she was put to death by her irreconcilable enemy. This moved the poet to write severely of the English queen :

"But, as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my foe ;  
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword  
That through thy soul shall gae.  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee ;  
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of wae,  
Frac woman's pitying ee." (eye)

These scathing words, no power, not even that of time, can ever efface. Talk of vengeance ; could any be more terrible than the stigma thus indelibly associated with the memory of a great queen ?

There can be no doubt that the religious foundations of King David did much towards forwarding the cause of order and civilization among the people of the South of Scotland. What neither arms nor statesmanship could effect, the pious institutions, so far in advance of their age, were, in great measure able to accomplish. If they impoverished as James VI. would have it, they still more abundantly enriched the crown, and they continued to do so until the monasteries were robbed of their properties and their buildings laid in ruins. All this was done on the hypocritical pretext of reforming religion, whilst in reality, instead of reforming it destroyed, depriving the people of their

instructors, and both king and country of inexhaustible resources. At first, the spoliation was resisted, and successfully, so long as a power remained that could oppose it. James V., the last of the Christian kings of Scotland, upheld the Church in her rightful possessions in opposition to the advice and remonstrances of his fierce and unscrupulous uncle, Henry the VIII. of England. That prince insisted that his royal nephew should do as he himself had done in regard to the Church—fill his coffers with its revenues and leave the inmates of the monasteries and other clergy to starve. James refused to be guilty of such tyranny and injustice. He said, moreover, that when occasion required, his faithful clergy were always ready to assist him. When this statesman monarch departed this life all sense of piety and justice departed with him ; and spoliation and cruelty ran riot in the land.

Burns, in his travels did not neglect old England. He visited Newcastle, Hexam, Alnwick Castle, Warkworth, Morpeth, together with some places of lesser note. Arriving at Carlisle, he must have thought of those brave men of Prince Charles Edward's army who were left behind on the retreat from Derby to defend against a more powerful enemy a place that could not be defended. Although no Jacobite, his sympathies, no doubt, were awakened as he called to mind the fate of those unhappy men. He travelled by the sea coast to Annan in Scotland—Annan, so well known as having been the parish of Edward Irvine as long as he was an orthodox follower of John Knox, but who was discarded when he professed to believe sounder doctrine and founded the sect which claims to be "The Catholic Apostolic Church."

At Annan there is now a flourishing Catholic mission under the care of the Reverend Lord Archibald Douglas of the Queensbury family.

Soon after his return to Scotland, Burns made an excursion to the west Highlands ; but had not proceeded farther than Inverary, when some untoward circumstance induced him to retrace his steps. He is not known to have had a grudge against the McCallum-More or the Campbells generally. Some one at Inverary must have offended him ; hence the following pretty compliment :

"There's nothing here but Highland pride,  
And Highland scab and hunger ;  
If Providence has sent me here,  
'Twas surely in its anger."

The bard was soon consoled in the midst of the magnificent scenery of Loch Lomond, "the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond." The agreeable company he met with added not a little to his enjoyment.

Returning to Edinburgh for a short time, he undertook a more extended tour to the north. Reaching Linlithgow, he has not left us any remark on the magnificent palace there, so long a seat of Royalty. Perhaps it was the contrast presented at Linlithgow which prompted him to animadvert so severely on the miserable style of the Presbyterian churches of his time: "What a poor, pimping place is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow and squalid, stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur, such as Linlithgow. Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, are absolutely necessary for the great bulk of mankind, both in civil and religious matters." It was not to be expected, however, that a sect when only beginning to assert its existence should have buildings that could show to advantage beside the magnificent palace of Linlithgow. Here the Regent Moray expired on being mortally wounded by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh in revenge of an atrocious act of private cruelty.

Our traveller bard made a short excursion into that part of the West Highlands which is known as the country of the Campbells. It might surely have elicited some words of praise from him associated with the memory of his favorite, Mary Campbell. It is not known that he bore any grudge to "McCallum-More," or the Campbells generally. It may be supposed, therefore, that at Inverary, some one had offended him, when he wrote the ungracious stanza:

"There's nothing here but Highland pride  
And Highland scab and hunger ;  
If Providence has sent me here  
'T was surely in its anger."

On beautiful Loch Lomond his sentiments were very different. Fine scenery, agreeable company, social parties and boating excursions on the lovely lake, all contributed to promote his enjoyment. Visiting Falkirk and the Roman vallum, he, on

the same occasion, enjoyed the foaming waters of the Carron and the green beauties of Dunipace (*Duni pacis*). Some remark from him on the historical associations of this interesting place would have been very pleasing. It carries us back to the time when the Emperor, Septimius Severus, who baffled in his attempt to subdue Scotland, was obliged to conclude a peace with the ancient Caledonians. The *Duni pacis* (the two mounds of peace) were raised as a lasting memorial of the event. They were still to be seen in the days of George Buchanan the historian, and to-day, the village of Dunipace is the only sign. He was now close to Stirling and the field of Bannockburn where King Robert Bruce with a comparatively small army of thirty thousand men, completely defeated one hundred thousand veteran troops of Edward I., commanded by King Edward II. in person. How his heart must have leaped within him when he thought of the indomitable Scots.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has asen led."

Descending the Valley of the Forth, he was on the flowery banks of the lovely Devon. Crossing the quiet vale he was at the base of the Ochill mountains. Ascending the rocky steep, he looked down upon that grim fortress of a warlike age—Castle Campbell, called also, "Castle Gloom." Situated in a deep hollow of the mountains, this now useless castle contrasts grandly with the smiling plain beyond.

Proceeding northward by Crief and Glen Almond, he reached Taymouth, the magnificent seat of Campbell, Marquess of Breadalbane. An admirer of fine scenery Professor Blackie, describes beautiful Taymouth where English softness and Highland grandeur combine to form a harmonious union of the beautiful and the sublime in landscape, certainly not surpassed in any most lauded district of the United Kingdom. The poet's admiration was no less.

"Admiring nature in her wildest grace  
These Northern scenes with weary feet I trace.  
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,  
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.  
Cliff meeting cliff each deep sunk glen divides,  
The woods, wide scattered, clothe their ample  
sides

Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,  
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
 The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,  
 The palace rising on its verdant side ;  
 The lawns, wood-fringed, in nature's native taste ;  
 The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste ;  
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;  
 The village glittering in the noontide beam."

From Taymouth, Burns pursued his journey along the Tay to Aberfeldy so celebrated in one of his songs. Reaching the romantic river, Bran, he met and heard Neil Gow the celebrated violinist, whose name is so intimately connected with the history of Scottish song. Burns describes this master of music as "a short stout-built honest Highland figure with greyish hair shed on his honest social brow ; an interesting face, marked by strong sense, kind open-heartedness and unmistrusting simplicity."

Taking a cursory view of the falls of the Tummell and the wilderness of birches around it, the next point that attracted his attention was Killicrankie. There he thought of the famous battle and dropt a tear of loyalty over the honoured grave of the gallant Dundee. Blair Athole was now reached, and Burns had the pleasure to meet there his friend Professor Walker, and to receive a cordial highland welcome from the ducal family. This distinguished family was characterized then as now by the high breeding and culture so long the heritage of the ancient celtic races. It may be conceived better than told what pleasure they derived from the visit of the patriotic bard. His delight was equal to theirs ; and he expressed it together with his gratitude in a beautiful poem. This poem takes the shape of a petition to the noble duke on the part of the river which swept by Blair Athole unadorned by wooded banks. The petition entitled "The humble petition of Bruar water to the noble Duke of Athole," was not preferred in vain ; and the scenery, so rich in woodland, is now all that the poet could desire.

At Blair Castle, Burns was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Thomas Graham of Balgownie, afterwards so celebrated as Lord Lynedoch. His amiable and lovely spouse was a sister of the Duchess of Athole.

The poet now repaired to Inverness by way of Dalnacardoch, Aviemore and Dalwhinnie. It is needless to say how

much he admired the grand highland lake, Loch Ness with its picturesque scenery, and the falls of Foyers so much visited by tourists at the present day. Macbeth's "blasted heath," where this usurper murdered the good King Duncan, did not escape his notice. He was shown the bed on which King Duncan was stabbed. Proceeding, our traveller was much struck on viewing Elgin Cathedral, a venerable ruin, which at first sight, appeared grander than Melrose ; but, as the poet remarked, not nearly so beautiful. He was now close to the princely residence of the Duke of Gordon. Having been introduced to the duchess at Edinburgh, he went to visit her Grace at Gordon Castle, leaving his companion, Mr. Nicol, at the hotel of the neighbouring village. He was received with the greatest hospitality and kindness. As the family were about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table with them. He accepted the invitation, but withdrew rather early. On being pressed to stay, he felt obliged to explain that he had left his fellow traveller at the inn. The duke sent a gentleman of his acquaintance along with Burns to invite Mr. Nicol to the castle. The pride of the conceited pedagogue was already hurt, and instead of accepting the invitation which was most kindly communicated, he set about proceeding on his journey. Burns must either quarrel with him or accompany him. From an excess of good nature, he chose the latter way, and so deprived himself of the pleasure of spending a few days at Gordon Castle as the ducal family so kindly invited him to do. The duchess was particularly anxious for his stay, as Mr. Addington, the home minister, was expected, it might have been for the interest of Burns to be introduced to him. The gratitude of the poet found expression in a short but elegant poem. We may be excused for quoting the last few lines.

" Wildly here, without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
 In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood.  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
 By bonnie Castle Gordon."

At Aberdeen, Burns was much interested in meeting Bishop Skinner, a non-

jurings clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and son of the Rev. Mr. Skinner who wrote the song "Tullochgorum," and the "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn." The former song exercised most beneficial influence, in its day, in softening down the asperities of party strife.

At Stonehaven, Burns met with some of his paternal relatives. He breakfasted with one of them at Lawrence Kirk, the birthplace of the philosopher and poet, Beattie.

Our bard speaks respectfully of the stately ruins of Arbroath Abbey, once so great.—Dundee: "low lying but pleasant."

"The fair city," (Perth) does not seem to have elicited any remark from the poet. This may have come from his approaching it from the north. The view from the south is very fine and cheering. The Roman soldiery when they reached the summit of the hill to the south and beheld the city sleeping in peace which they came to disturb, with the silver Tay gently flowing by its walls, are reported to have exclaimed: *Ecce Tiberim! Ecce Roman!*

After a tour of 22 days, and having travelled about 600 miles, Burns was, once more, at Edinburgh.

Soon after his return to Edinburgh, Burns undertook the cultivation of a farm in Dumfriesshire. His farming did not prove successful; and he obtained, through his friends, a situation in the excise. The

duties of this office, although far from being congenial to him, he diligently and efficiently fulfilled during the remaining years of his life. This fact is borne witness to by his superior officer, Mr. Findlater, who says: "My connection with Robert Burns commenced immediately after his admission into the excise and continued till the hour of his death. In all that time the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my special province, and it may be supposed I would not be an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet, so celebrated by his countrymen. In the former capacity he was exemplary in his attention; and was even jealous of the least imputation on his vigilance." Mr. Gray's evidence, is to the same purpose. "He was courted by all classes of men for the fascinating powers of his conversation; but over his social scene uncontrolled passion never presided. . . . he superintended the education of his children with a degree of care that I have never seen surpassed by any parent in any rank of life whatever. In the bosom of his family he spent many a delightful hour directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents." There is much more testimony to the same effect; but, the honest words here quoted must satisfy every candid mind.



### LOYALTY.

The king is dead! long live the king! Thus they  
 Who dwell in courts renounce and thus renew  
 Their loyalty; to past and future true  
 They in a moment pass from grave to gay.  
 So let us, when we, though reluctant, lay  
 The memories of the past to rest, and view,  
 Or clothed in rosy tints or sombre hue  
 Their fragrant meanings—greet the coming day.

—The *Philadelphia Ledger*.

## SOCIETY AND MISERY.



WHAT there exists in this world misery and hardship is a fact of daily experience to each and every one of us. No matter in what state of life, high or low, rich or poor, the pangs of affliction and misfortune accompany in divers forms our course through time, and even in our final moments, with a last and most determined effort, lend their forces to hurl us into the uncertain depths of an eternal destiny.

Various as are the forms in which affliction and sorrow cross the path of man, just as variously is their origin interpreted by him, but least of all do we find him attribute the responsibility for human misery to the frailty and evil inclinations of his own nature, and few there are who trace its source to the sin of Adam, the first frail member of our sinful race, foremost to cause, and first to feel the effects of, human woe and sufferings.

Among the many malcontents who are ever striving to excite a movement against the existing state of things, and who taint their native atmosphere with loud-mouthed revolutionary utterances, calculated to arouse the minds of the ignorant, there are not wanting those of higher talents who, through some petty self-interest, a morbid desire for notoriety, or an erroneous conception of the true relation of things, prostitute those talents in an attempt to prejudice the minds of men against the present order of things by falsely arraigning society and its laws as the author of human misery and sin.

Foremost among these we find in the present century two French writers, Eugene Sue and Victor Hugo, especially the latter, the central figure in modern French literature, who, in his chief work, *Les Misérables*, in form a novel, but in reality a satire on the social condition of man, makes a violent attack upon society as the cause of all the evils that befall its individual members. This man, even in youth, unable to discuss dispassionately the suffering of others, when he had himself experienced its pangs by expatriation and misfortune, became a relentless foe

of what he supposed to be the cause, that is, the present state of society and its mode of dealing with its citizens, and he gives utterance to his sentiments in the most forcible manner in the above-mentioned novel.

He begins this book with a violent outburst against society, and justifies its existence in words to the following effect: "As long as there exists, by the facts of our laws and customs, a social condemnation, which creates artificially in the midst of our civilization a hell, and which complicates by a human fatality that destiny which is divine; as long as the three problems of the age, the degradation of man by pauperism, the fall of woman through hunger, and the mental atrophy of the child through ignorance, are not solved; as long as, in certain quarters, social asphyxia is possible; and, from a point of view still more elevated, as long as there exists on earth ignorance and misery, books of the nature of the present one will be useful." Thus he proclaims his doctrine, which makes society and its laws the source of all the evils of man, and which calls for the abolition of the proletariat, as the cause of misery and social degradation.

The effect of books of this nature, needful though Hugo may think them, were they written daily till the crack of doom, would be to augment, rather than diminish, the miseries of humanity. His doctrine has been long since judged and condemned. He tries to make away with individual responsibility, and in its place to substitute social responsibility. Because ignorance and misery exist in society he tries to undermine society as the cause of them. To its abuses he attributes the poverty of men and the degradation of women. By society he says man is held down, and if born in obscurity, he cannot, by any energy of his own, resist the social tide, and over-step the limits of his poverty. So, impelled by prejudice, he hesitates not to give assertion, not only to gross exaggeration, but to open and notorious falsehood. As long as woman will be led by vanity and the desire for pleasure, into sin and corruption, can society prevent her degradation? He seeks to remedy the misery of man by the removal

of ignorance and pauperism, but do we find among rich and learned the desired perfection? Daily experience proves the contrary. Hugo himself had not to complain either on the score of knowledge or of wealth, and yet has he not had his share in the trials of adversity? Neither the home nor the heart of rich man or sage, is proof against earthly affliction and sorrow. It is among those who are rich and need them least, that fraud and injustice are practiced most, and as long as avarice, lust, ambition and cupidity exist, there will be crimes and misery among men. Society certainly owes to every man protection in his struggle for a living, and she in all cases fulfils that obligation, by guarding his rights and faculties in the free exercise of the only legitimate means given him by the laws of his Creator to earn that living, and, if he does not accept and use that means, but, through idleness and perversity, chooses rather to see his wife and children starve, the fault is not to be imputed to society.

As an example of those wronged by the social juggernaut, Hugo brings forward the hero of his work, one Jean Valjean, whom he represents as having been condemned by the civil authority to nineteen years on the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread. In the reign of hot-headed anarchy in France, such a misdirection of justice as this might have occurred, as, during those troublous times, hundreds more innocent have suffered more severely, but society in its normal state is seldom, if ever, guilty of such gross injustice to its members, and, if ever this does happen, it is not the fault of society, but of the individual judge who passes the sentence. This exceptional case, therefore, goes but a very short way in proving Hugo's theory, and the paltry and absurd evidence he puts forward to support his accusation against society, show that he has gone astray in seeking both the source of, and the remedy for, man's miseries. No, it is not from society that man's misfortunes come, but rather from the perverse inclinations of his own human nature, as exemplified in the very first of his race, who brought upon his progeny the curse of his maker, and the condemnation to perpetual toil and hardship as an atonement for his first sin, the blighting effect of which on man's will and understanding still causes him, by sins of intemperance

and injustice, to keep himself and his fellows in continual wretchedness and sorrow. And so it will be to the end. Misery always existed and it was permitted by God that it should exist, for did not He himself, under human form, drink more deeply of the cup of suffering and sorrow than ever mortal man before or since, and therefore, it is not to revolutionary dreams, or socialistic utopias that we must look to eradicate or to relieve it. Modern society has done, perhaps not all it can, but at least enough, to place every man on a sound standing in the world. In every country it has abolished slavery, and given to each man the free use of his faculties to provide for himself according to the divine command, the necessities of life. And what more can he expect or look for? What more need he desire? Why does he listen to the honeyed words of cunning socialists, who, not for his benefit, but in their own interest, preach to him that he should be on a level with his richer neighbour, and who by their illusory pictures of a life of joy, and by their lying promises of freedom from pain and trouble will only increase his wretchedness, and make the evil worse than before. Their words are empty as their schemes are vain and absurd, for to reduce humanity to a level is an utter impossibility, since men differ in mental and physical constitution, that is to say in the natural means by which is achieved success in life, and how then can all their unequal claims and diverse interests be maintained in a common social level. And even if this were accomplished, would man be freed from sorrow and pain? Would ills, infirmities and death no longer afflict him? Would man's will not still be liable to lead him into error, or, when society has reached a state of equilibrium, and therefore of perpetual stagnation, would he no longer interfere with the interests of his fellow because he knows he is his equal? No, as long as man remains free in will, and as long as Satan lives to tempt him, mere equality will not banish vice and crime, nor misery their necessary attribute. Sickness and death bearing in their train the pangs of suffering and sorrow shall ever continue to invade the home of man, and, on their advent, what comfort shall he derive from the sensation of social equality.

In man's very nature we find the root

of his troubles, and to that nature itself, and to its author, we must look, and not to society, or any other institution of his making, for the relief of these troubles. It is, therefore, in the consolation of religion alone, which, above all other things, appeals to his inmost nature, that he can obtain balm for his sorrows, relief for his misery. Faith alone will give him strength in his trials, and by the propagation of that faith, and not by social revolution, should man seek to remedy the misery of his race. He should be taught to bear constantly in mind that this is not his true abode, that he is here but an exile from his true country, and that before him there awaits him a life of lasting joy and unalloyed happiness—that he is the heir of a glorious kingdom, free from care and sorrow, in the eternal future, without the idea of which this life would be but a vague, inexplicable mystery. He must receive sufferings and calamities with submission and endure them joyfully in expiation of the sin of his race, and in preparation for his future home, and must re-

member that, though redeemed from his sin by the blood shed on calvary, his Divine Redeemer did not with that sin take away its legitimate consequences, pain and sorrow, but pointed out, through these, the way of his salvation, the way which, marked by His blood-stained footsteps, it would indeed be impossible for frail mortality to traverse, were it not brightened and rendered easy by his hallowed presence, and were it not the way laid down for man to arrive at the foot of the cross, the only place for his reconciliation with an offended Creator.

Let man fully realize these truths and life will have for him a new aspect. Sorrow and pain will lose their sting, and social order and charity will announce that, though misery has not disappeared from among men, it is no longer a cause for dissension and anarchy, but fulfils the mission for which it was designed, a mission of earthly penitence the peace of future happiness.

J. T. McNALLY '92.

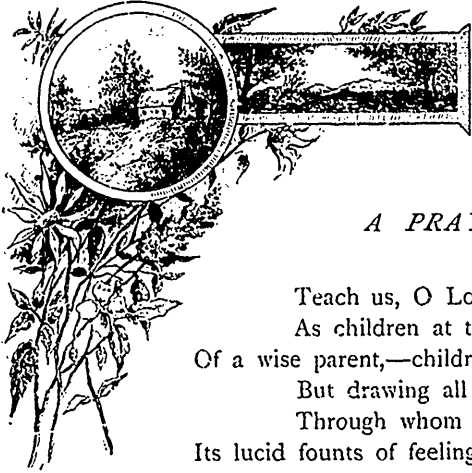


*MY MOTHER'S VOICE.*

My mother's voice! how often creeps  
 Its cadence on my lonely hours,  
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.  
 I can forget her melting prayer  
 While leaping pulses madly fly,  
 But in the still unbroken air  
 Her gentle tone comes stealing by  
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee  
 And leave me at my mother's knee.

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.





## A PRAYER.

Teach us, O Lord, to be  
 As children at the knee  
 Of a wise parent,—children knowing naught ;  
 But drawing all from him  
 Through whom their life doth brim  
 Its lucid founts of feeling and of thought.

Plant deep within our souls  
 Those wise, strong self-controls  
 And self-distrustings without which we are  
 Waste lands that grow, apace,  
 But harvests of disgrace,—  
 Ill weeds that poison, and keen thorns that scar.

Train us betimes to know  
 There is no way to grow  
 In comely grace beneath Thy heaven wide,  
 Save that by Thee ordained,  
 God-ordered, God-restrained,  
 Not such as wantons wild on every side.

Bend o'er us from above,  
 An atmosphere of love,  
 A dew of grace, drenching us through and through ;  
 As summer airs and rains  
 Quicken the earth's glad veins,  
 And fill the summer seas with heaven's own hue.

Guide us in all our ways,  
 That aye through prayer and praise  
 We render back to Thee what Thou hast given ;  
 Still growing fruitfully,  
 Away from earth towards Thee ;  
 Still mirroring more true the light of heaven.

—FRANK WATERS.

## SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.



FEW days ago several of the students, who were out to enjoy the cold morning air witnessed a peculiar and pleasant optical phenomenon. The light snow which had abundantly fallen during the night was readily dis-

persed throughout the atmosphere by a soft breeze, so that it hung as a thin cloud above the ground. The sun, which was just then rising behind the neighbouring buildings, pierced through this crystalline cloud and emerged in three or four places clothed in the most brilliant colors. One of the observers was pleased to call these variegated pillars of crystals *snow-beams*. The name gave a wrong idea of the form of the luminous streak, but it thoroughly explained the cause of the phenomenon, which was the same as that of the rainbow. For, the light of the sun while passing from the air to the denser medium of the snow crystals, is bent or refracted. It is decomposed into its constituent elements, the seven prismatic colours.

This phenomenon, the beauties of which nature also displays before our eyes in the bright colours shed by the rising and setting sun, and in the dim hues of the halos and coronas, we will likewise reproduce artificially. If a small aperture be bored through a shutter in a dark room, a luminous pencil of light will at once pierce through the obscurity, illuminating the minute particles of dust that are continually dancing in its path. If this pencil is made to fall on a prism, it will alter its direction and emerge under the form of the seven prismatic colours. These colours, which are the red, the orange, the yellow, the green, the blue, the indigo and the violet, will be bright and distinct, and will constitute a spectrum.

The colours can be rendered still more distinct if the pencil of light be focussed on to the prism by means of a lens. The spectrum thus obtained, if closely examined with a microscope, will no longer present a pure and continuous spread of colours, but rather a succession of bright bands and dark hues. This fact which is so easily related, was a revelation to phy-

sicists. It opened to them a region replete with scientific truths, until then shrouded in darkest mystery. This discovery, slowly unearthed by Melvil, Wollaston, Fraunhofer and Angstrom, became, through the deep and patient researches of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, the basis of spectrum analysis.

To penetrate more deeply into the hidden treasures of this new science a tool of great strength and extreme sharpness was required. Bunsen and Kirchhoff improved upon Fraunhofer's primitive instrument, and gave to the world the spectroscope now universally used. The distinct and magnified images which it gives of the spectrum, the comparative views of the positions of both dark hues and bright bands when referred to some fixed scale, and the facility of examining simultaneously the spectra of varied elements, have made it a means of penetrating into spectrum analysis, which in its infancy has already taught a wonderful lesson to the veteran science which has dawned in the days of the alchemist and to the more antique and lofty study which the astrologist of old fostered in the shade of the pyramids.

Provided with this means, the task of determining the nature of the spectra is feasible. Let us place a small quantity of potassium in the flame of the Bunsen burner, or better, in an electric spark, the intense heat of the electric fluid will melt the element and cause its vapors to emanate. If the light produced by these vapors be decomposed in the prism of the spectroscope, the observer will notice a spectrum in which two bright red bands on the right and one violet band on the extreme left, will predominate. This experiment can be tried over and over again, and the same bands and no others will always appear, and their position will not deviate by a fraction of a millimetre. Let silver now be submitted to the same process. In the midst of it will appear a bright green band, extremely well defined. The rest of the spectrum will be dark, but the green line will be perfectly distinct. If now both metals be fused together, the three lines will spontaneously arise, each in its definite place. If all other metals be treated in the same way, whether they

be pure or alloyed, each will give his own particular spectrum. In fact, physicists have determined accurately and reproduced by means of tables, not only the spectra of metals, but also those of alkalis and gases. From all these facts they have deduced this fundamental principle of spectrum analysis, that "the spectrum is characteristic of the chemical species."

Careful and persevering experimentation opened the way to discoveries. When all the known substances had been viewed by the spectroscope and recorded accordingly, Bunsen and Kirchhoff were one day surprised at obtaining a spectrum in which were found two blue bands, until then unknown. They had, indeed, come across several spectra in which two blue bands were visible, but in none of them did they occupy the exact positions which they here filled. Having carefully established the identity of these bands, they concluded that there existed a new substance which they termed *caesium*. They had obtained it by the long evaporation of the mineral waters of Germany, whence caesium took its place among the elements with the further distinction of being classed among the metals. Shortly afterwards the appearance of two very bright bands simultaneously with two violet ones of less intensity in their spectroscopic horizon announced a new-comer whom they welcomed under the name of *rubidium*.

These first secrets snatched from nature's jealously guarded treasures, excited the curiosity of both French and English scientists. Professor Crookes discovered a spectrum with a green band, until then unknown. To this embodiment of his toil and perseverance he gave the name of *thallium*. Professor Lamy, a French chemist gave to the sceptical mind a more tangible proof of the efficaciousness of the new analysis by presenting a fact to substantiate the negative proof drawn from the exclusion of known spectra. By long and careful labor he succeeded in isolating thallium, the very metal which Professor Crookes had spied through his spectroscope. A fourth metal distinguished by the indigo band of its spectrum has been recently discovered. It is known by the name of *indium*. In the summer of 1875, Lecoq de Boisbaudran after incredible labor drew from a minute drop of a concen-

trated solution, a luminous spectrum of two violet lines. The new metal discovered was *gallium*. This quantity of gallium perceptible only to the delicate test of the spectrum analysis, had been extracted from fifty kilograms of zinc blende.

As we have said, the physicist seeks with his spectroscope to pierce the mist in which all gases are diffused in order to identify them, while at the same time he aims at determining the nature of the different metals and alkalis. He again had to adapt his tools to the objects with which he dealt. The gases ever distending their meagre and ill-defined frames through space to elude the chemist's grasp, are well-nigh impregnable. They could not be experimented upon with the same freedom with which solids were. Accordingly they were first cautiously gathered by chemical means, and then held captive within glass walls specially adapted to this end. The glass vessels wherein they were stored, have been styled Geissler's tubes, from the maker's name. The ends of the apparatus which are provided with electrodes are somewhat distended into a cylindrical shape and are joined together by a capillary tube. On the sudden intrusion of the electricity the rarefied gas emits a faint shimmer and thus betrays itself to the physicist.

Plucker and Morren have devoted special attention to the study of the gases. The former made his chief discoveries in 1856. His work is considered by some equal to that of Bunsen and Kirchhoff. He discovered that hydrogen displayed four bands, one orange, one greenish-blue and two indigo. Oxygen was characterized by a yellow, a green and a succession of blue bands. All the gases were thus identified and registered in due order.

The delicacy of the test required the use of the gases in a most rarefied state. It followed from this that mistakes could be easily made in experimenting on gases that were little known, since the spectrum of one might easily be taken as representing another. Mullner further impressed upon physicists the importance of the greatest possible care in the analysis of gases, for he showed that certain changes in the pressure sensibly altered the spectrum. Through the agency of a

small inductorium he gradually increased the pressure in a Geissler's tube filled with hydrogen from less than one millimetre to two thousand millimetres. At the lowest temperature he obtained a bright array of six groups of bands cut into a green spectrum. When the pressure was raised to one millimetre, the spectrum became continuous. One or two millimetres more gave the three well known bands. The continuous spectrum brightening with the increasing pressure threw a relative dimness on the bands. Finally Mullner changed his small apparatus for a larger one and then raised the pressure to two thousand millimetres. At this junction the spectrum became continuous.

So far spectrum analysis has served as a guide to the chemist and mineralogist. It was destined to play a philanthropic roll of unusual importance in practical life. Sorley and Browning saw that it would be an efficient help to medicine. To this new office it readily lent itself. They availed themselves of the discovery to examine the spectrum of normal blood. A small quantity of it was placed in a glass cell. This was then interposed between a source of light and a prism. In this manner a spectrum characteristic of normal blood was obtained. To scrutinize this and other organic substances at leisure, the experimentators invented a spectroscope, provided with a powerful eye-piece. To this instrument they gave the name of micro spectroscope. The spectrum of normal blood was found to contain certain special dark lines. That of diseased blood had also its characteristic lines. In like manner spectra of the different fluids that undergo changes in the human body, were examined at different stages of their transformation. From these observations important conclusions were drawn respecting digestion and nutrition. These tests also proved extremely useful in the investigation of poisoning cases. The least traces of the poison were revealed by the spectrum.

Industry also, draws its ample share of the profits of this new science. The adulteration of wines was loudly denounced by the presence of the dark lines in their spectra. The comparison of the spectra of adulterated and pure wines betrayed the former's imposture. Thus, claret mixed with the juice of elderberries

gives a spectrum, whose yellow band is marked with dark lines.

The great success which crowned the untiring efforts of the spectral analysts, created in them a thirst for new discoveries. This time they attempted to penetrate into the depths of the heavens and there to examine with care the very constitution of the celestial bodies. The task seems almost a hopeless one. Let us study their works and see how far our conjecture is true.

Wollaston was the first to discover that the solar spectrum was not continuous, but that, four dark lines pervaded it. This first discovery opened the way to more accurate investigations. In 1815 a detailed description of the size and position of these lines was given by Fraunhofer. The masterly skill which he displayed in bringing to light 354 of the lines of the solar spectrum has caused his name to be inseparably linked to them. Hence they are now invariably known as Fraunhofer's lines.

So far scientists could only register a fact, which of itself was of no great practical importance. In its explanation lay the whole treasure. For years it remained a mystery, and physicists could only use the dark lines to identify solar light. In October of the year 1859 the Academy of Science of Berlin received a short memoir of two pages wherein the whole problem was solved. Kirchhoff was its author.

He had observed that the spectrum of sodium gave two bright yellow bands corresponding exactly to the dark lines D of the solar spectrum. Anxious to see what relation there might exist between them, he admitted a pencil of solar light through a hole bored in the shutter of his laboratory. He then interposed between the opening and the spectroscope a yellow flame produced by a mixture of alcohol and sodium. At first the two yellow bands shone with peculiar lustre, but as the solar spectrum increased in intensity, the yellow bands vanished and Fraunhofer's two dark lines suddenly appeared, darker and more distinctly marked than usual.

The conclusion immediately drawn from this was, that the solar spectrum had on increasing in intensity absorbed the two yellow bands of the sodium spectrum. Fraunhofer's lines had not only obscured

the others, for if such had been the case the former would have assumed a lighter shade, while in reality they were darker than before. To make sure of the correctness of his conclusion, he replaced the solar light by the white light of the Drummond flame. On interposing the sodium flame, Fraunhofer's dark lines again attested to the truth of Kirchhoff explanation.

It was evident, then that the Drummond light had the faculty of absorbing rays of the same refrangibility. This law was furthermore demonstrated by replacing the sodium flame by those of metals containing spectra with closely marked bands. In each case the spectroscope announced that the bright bands had been replaced by dark lines. Thallium no longer gave two green bands, but two dark lines. Lithium's two orange bands were likewise absorbed. Spectra of this kind are known as absorption spectra.

In the above experiments we had two lights: the Drummond and the sodium. If we now substitute for the former the nucleus of the sun which is heated to incandescence, and for the latter, the luminous vapours emitted from the central solar mass, the whole phenomena of Fraunhofer's dark lines will be easily understood. All these groups of black stripes traversing the solar spectrum, inscribe on the bright spread of colours the names of the corresponding elements with unerring accuracy. The clearness and strength of the proofs contained in this explanation of Kirchhoff created in the evolutionist Tyndal's soul the strong conviction which he expressed in the following words: "Kirchhoff's discovery deeply modified the idea entertained until then concerning the sun's constitution, and led to views concerning this constitution which may hereafter be altered in their details, but which I believe will substantially preserve their value to the end of time."

Fraunhofer's admirable spectral table was by no means considered perfect by his successors. Brewster plotted 2,000 lines on a plan 1<sup>m</sup>,727 in length. Kirchhoff covered a board of 1<sup>m</sup> 25 with 3,000 lines. Thollon went still further and displayed on a drawing of 15 metres, 4,000 dark lines. We can see, then, that there were still treasures to be disclosed. These delicate researches showed that 460 of the

dark lines found in the solar spectrum coincided with the same number of bright bands of the iron spectrum. In like manner the presence of calcium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, manganese, and hydrogen in the sun, was placed beyond doubt.

The spectroscope was then directed toward the moon. Its pale bluish light gave no other spectrum than that of the sun; confirming thereby the discoveries of astronomy which state that the light of the moon is nothing else than the light reflected from the sun. The planets likewise displayed the spectrum of the solar monarch. Slight differences, occasioned undoubtedly by the planetary atmospheres, occurred in these latter spectra.

The spectroscope has revealed to us no less wonderful truths concerning the fixed stars. Assisted by spectro-photography it has disclosed and is still disclosing incredible things. We have all noticed the increasing intensity of the piercing sound caused by the steam whistle of a fast approaching locomotive. We also have been startled momentarily by its deafening cries as it whizzes past us, and buries in the distance the groans of its brazen lungs. How did we account for its increasing and decreasing intensity of the sound? The approach of the train conveyed a greater number of vibrations to the ear, while its retreating motion undoubtedly had the contrary effect.

This common fact, daily noticed on our planet is occurring at the same time among the celestial bodies. The fixed stars move in the direction of our visual ray. What has been said of sound likewise applies to light. As the stars approach the earth, the vibration of their rays are shortened and are conveyed to our eye in larger numbers. At any time the spectrum of such bodies can be photographed and held in the position in which they are taken. According as the star is approaching or retreating in the heavens, the bands of the spectrum will fall or rise above their first position. For, an accumulation of luminous vibrations on the prism of the spectroscope, will cause the rays to undergo greater refraction, while a smaller quantity will lessen it. Professor Thollon, of the observatory of Nice, has, by calculating the displacement of the bands of such spectra, determined the direction and also the velocity of the stars moving

in the line of our visual ray. Knowing the velocity of the sun's motion, he took as basis of his calculations, the displacement of the lines of the solar spectrum.

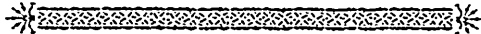
At the Greenwich, Paris and other observatories the following results were obtained: The mean velocity of the earth in its orbit being 30 kilometres per second, Aldebaran was found to move at the rate of 50 kilometres, Alpha Orion at 47 k., and Gamma Gemini at the rate of 52 k. per second. Professor Deslandres, of the Paris observatory, has lately calculated that Sirius, the largest and brightest of the fixed stars, is approaching towards us at the rate of 19 kilometres per second.

Careful observations have also been made on this side of the Atlantic. Last year, Professor Pickering, while directing spectroscopic researches in the heavens from his cabinet in the Harvard Observatory, discovered that Zeta of the Dipper is not a single star as previously sup-

posed, but that it consists of two distinct stars revolving around each other. The photographs of their spectra, taken at fixed intervals, showed the periodical appearance and disappearance of a dark line.

We are struck with wonder and admiration while recording such facts. Through the medium of the spectroscope, man is placed in daily contact with the huge and ponderous masses that wend their flight through space. Gazing in the depths of the celestial vault, he observes the vast bulk of these monstrous bodies, the alarming velocity with which they roll on their course, lost as it were in millions and billions of leagues. Remembering for a moment that all this is not a dream, he holds the book of science with a trembling hand and bows with awe and veneration before that Mighty One of whom all these wonders are but the faint and perishable vestiges.

CHARLES GAUDET, '92



### *COWARDS ALL!*

All mankind

"Is one of these two cowards:

Either to wish to die

When he should live, or live when

He should die."

—SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

1848—1892.



IN the September number of the OWL I compared the revolutionary actions in Italy to the volcano of Vesuvius, belching forth at times its fiery lava and laying low the monuments of art and the cities of the land. Although for a time the mountain may not be in a state of active eruption, still its interior rumbles and groans and threatens, while fitful flashes from its crater warn the dwellers at its base that at any moment it may again burst forth, and create another devastation. Still the heedless people build their houses upon the debris of Herculaneum and Pompeii, seemingly regardless of the ever-constantly threatening danger that thunders beneath their feet and flashes over their heads. Any day or any hour Vesuvius may again vomit forth its death-dealing fires and bury Rescina and its inhabitants, as in the first century it interred Herculaneum. It is even so to-day with the great political volcano of the country. In 1848 it flashed its fiery contents, long seething and boiling within, upon the social structures, and rolled its red flood of devastation over the sacred and ancient relics of Christian civilization. It spent its forces and then sank back into a seemingly extinguished volcano. Yet, the fires still burned within its mighty caverns and its powers of destruction have been yearly accumulating; at the next moment we would not be surprised to again behold the warning column arise upon its summit, to hear the earthquake beneath, and to witness another social and political outburst, as terrible, if not more so in its results.

"Like causes produce like effects." Already, in the pages of this magazine, have I pointed out the causes of that anti-Catholic and anti-social revolution of 1848. Its effects I allowed the author of the "Jew of Verona" to paint for the reader, when he described the persecutions and sorrows to which the venerable Pius IX. had been subjected. To-day the same causes exist, and they have the same instruments of devastation at their

disposal, should they be moved into action, we can but expect like effects—and Leo XIII. might look forward to a repetition in 1892 of the scenes enacted in 1848. Under the mask of virtue the socialists, the carbonari, the Illumini of Italy attacked Pius IX.; beneath the domino of a similar hypocrisy their descendants, and the perpetuators of their destructive principles, make war upon Leo XIII, to-day. In order to properly understand the situation in Italy we should be able to transport ourselves to the place where the scenes are enacted, and to enter the conclave of the Vatican, the councils of the Government and the conventions of the societies. As this is not possible, we only look on from a distance and speak somewhat in a general manner upon the subject. To the Catholic there is no difficulty in understanding the rights of the Pope, his claims upon his temporal possessions and the injustice of the Italian political nation in striving to deprive him of his inalienable property. But in order that the outside world, they who are not united to Rome by the bond of faith, but who look at things from a human and purely legal standpoint, may grasp the idea of the extent of the Papal pretensions, I will draw attention to one of the fundamental principles of civil law, and add to it an elementary principle of internationally accepted law. From the days of the Tarquins, on down through the ages, in every country where the principles of Roman law prevail, and such is the case upon the continent, in nearly every country of Western Europe, the law of prescription exists. In Lower Canada we have it from the Code Napoleon, which derived it from the Institutes of Justinian. One of the rules of prescription is that, whosoever holds a property in undisputed and undisturbed possession for thirty years thereby becomes owner of that property, with all the rights belonging to ownership, the power of willing it to whomsoever he pleases, as well as the power of giving it, selling it or transmitting it by simple heritage. If a term of thirty years forms such a right of ownership; how much

more so an unbroken possession of twelve or more centuries? By the laws of prescription, acknowledged by all international laws and respected by them, the Pope has the possession and ownership of his temporal property in Rome, handed down to him through several hundred years, and transmitted by the undisputed will of his predecessor, who received it by a like title from his predecessor. Leaving aside all question of Divine mission and apostolic succession, according to the civil laws of Italy, the individual known as Leo XIII. has received legally, legitimately and undisputably the ownership of the temporal possessions, from the individual Pius IX, who in his turn received the same from his predecessor—and the claim of unbroken possession runs back, not for thirty years, but into centuries.

It is exactly this legal right in the eye of the civil law that confounds and exasperates his enemies. Were he depending merely upon the faith of his people and the mystic claim of Apostolic succession, the infidel hordes that swarm in Italy to-day would have no obstacles to check their attacks upon the Holy See; but they must bow before the laws which they themselves invoke, and it is this that enrages them against the occupant of the Papal throne. Legal means cannot avail them, because all the legal instruments—the laws civil and divine—are in the hands of the Pontiff and proclaim the justice of his cause: illegal means they dare not openly avow, so they are reduced to the necessity of resorting to false cries of patriotism and liberty.

In 1848 the societies clamored against the newly elected Pope because, forsooth, Austria occupied part of their domain, and they demanded reforms. They claimed that the Pope sought to keep them in mute subjection and when they cried out for liberty and reform, the tiara-crowned potentate merely answered them with anathemas. Pius IX. at once silenced these cries, by granting more reforms than were asked, and by inaugurating a policy so liberal that it even out-stripped their most unreasonable demands. For a few days Pius was received with acclamation; the societies kept the mob excited, and to the cries of *Viva Pio Nono*, they thought to lull the Pope into a fancied security. Meanwhile, in their secret conclaves they were grinding their

teeth with vexation and disappointment, and grinding their knives for the bloody work to be done. While the crowds cheered the Pope as the saviour of the Italian people and of Rome, the dark lanterns flashed over the corpses in the caves behind the Janiculum, where assassins practiced their stiletos upon the dead, where the *carbonari* loaded their carabines.

They complained that Pius IX. was not serious in his policy of reform, that his liberty-granting proclamations were merely subterfuges to gain time; they accused him of acting from the impulses of the heart, but not in consequence of reflection: they said he was governed by transitory passions, but not by the intellect or the dictates of reason. And they came forth from the cellars behind the ruins of the golden palace of Nero, and their stiletto cut down Rossi on the steps of the Senate, and their carabine flashed death to Palma on the balcony of the Vatican, and their organization exiled Pius IX. from the city of the Popes, and their rapacity snatched with sacrilegious hand the wealth from the shrine, and with brigand hand the legitimate possessions from their rightful owner. But Pius returned to Rome in triumph. Nearly half a century has rolled past, and Mazzini, Gioberti, Strabini and their friends Garibaldi and Victor, have been gathered into the silent majority. But the man dies, and his works remain, to-day their worthy descendants and their legitimate successors are ready to repeat the depredations of 1848. One sample of their work and its effects should suffice. The Catholic world, from Leo himself, down to the last of the faithful should be prepared to frustrate the plans of those irreligious and irrational beings. They accused Pius of not governing by the *head* but by the *heart*, meaning not by the intellect but by the passions. To-day they have no such excuse. However tender the heart of Leo may be, however paternal his sentiments, still the most infidel, the most deadly antagonistic person cannot but admit that the present Pope towers sublimely and intellectually above the mass of the world's statesmen. He may have one, perhaps two equals on earth to-day, he has no superior. His ideas are modern, he is up to the march of the times, he is conversant with every



invention, improvement or change, and he shapes his policy in order to be in the vanguard of civilization. The letters upon the labor question cast into the shade all the Henry Georges and the stirring agitators of the age. Legally speaking he has his rights, and they must not be disturbed; politically speaking he is a giant amongst men, and must be respected accordingly; religiously speaking he is a saint on earth, and let no audacious hand be raised against his person, for the wretch will not strike with impunity,—awaiting his punishment in eternity he

shall be treated to a forecast thereof, through the instrumentality of human justice. Although there is not much likelihood of 1892 being a repetition of 1848, still we got one lesson and to be "fore-warned is to be fore-armed." The Catholic world must unite more and more strongly around the successor of St. Peter, it is our duty, pure and simple, and who is he who will shirk that duty when his faith demands the service of his sword, his voice, his pen, or whatsoever means he has at his disposal?

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.



*THE SPIRIT THAT IS HAPPY.*

The spirit that is happy, it must sing,  
 Be it in the splendid palace of a king,  
     Or the cottage in the vale with lowly wall;  
 For the spirit that makes happy has his seat above the king,  
     And is greater than the cotter, king and all.

—EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN, in *The Boston Pilot*.

*A PILGRIMAGE TO LA CHAPELLE MONTLIGEON,  
(ORNE,) FRANCE.*



THE pilgrims who come to pray at the altar of Our Lady of Montligeon cannot fail to be edified at the sight of a whole village occupied in a work of charity, the most disinterested and generous, viz: exertions in behalf of the dead, of those who have departed this life, and are expiating their faults in the other world. Everyone is busy, from the much-loved curé of the parish to the young boys and girls in this bee-hive of Christian love, for the relief of the poor captives in purgatory.

The pilgrims are shown over all the departments belonging to the *Cœuvre Expiatoire*, and everything explained to them. Their first visit is to the Bureau of the Director-General, where the secretaries are occupied in answering the numerous letters which arrive twice a day from all parts of the world. There they will see the pictures of the *Cœuvre* printed in different languages--European and Asiatic. From thence they pass to the typographic room where several boys are engaged under a skilful master in setting the type etc. for the three "*Bulletins*," the books and lists used in the propagation of this great work.

They must now descend to the printing rooms, where three engines work in the place of the small one with which M. l'Abbé Buguet started his first "*Bulletin*" and lists. Fifteen workmen are employed there. They deserve a word of special praise, for they have taught themselves their trade. On the same floor is the

book-binding office. The professed tradesman who works in it finds time to do something for the public too. The pilgrims will then be taken to the convent of the Nuns of the *Cœuvre* (who belong to the "*Congregation of Mary*," Sogny, Orne). The Sisters are affable, humble, and devoted to the souls in purgatory. The work-rooms for young women and girls are here. The printed papers are folded, sewn and covered by their skilful fingers, under the superintendence of the good Sisters. The "*Bulletins*," (printed in French, English, and German,) lists, pamphlets, and pictures, are used for propagating the work. "*The Rosary Book*," "*The Summary of Indulgences*," "*The Devotion to the Holy Souls*," are printed in the English language. When ready, they are directed and sent off on their mission of charity. This is done in another department situated near the well-stocked shop (also the property of the *Cœuvre*), where the pilgrims may see the handsome collection of pictures and other beautiful objects of piety and provide themselves with pleasing souvenirs of La Chapelle Montligeon and the *Cœuvre Expiatoire*.

Before taking leave of M. l'Abbe Buguet, to whose generous devotion to the holy souls all this happy activity, with God's blessing, owes its origin, the pilgrims' last visit will be to the church to beg there a blessing upon this noble work of charity, that has sprung from a priestly soul burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. The description of the church we defer until our next.

M. T. L.

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Barefaced bawdry is the poorest kind of wit.—DRYDEN.

*THE DREAM SHIP.*

SET a dream vessel upon the sea,  
 And freighted her down with the hopes that blaze  
 In Youth ; and she sailed from the golden quay  
 To the chartless shores of ultimate days.  
 Then I cried : "Speed fast !"—for my heart beat high—  
 "To shores where the mines of my visions be !  
 Where the breathing forms of my Fancy lie,—  
 And barter, and bring them, exchanged, to me !"

And the ship went out o'er the ocean bar,  
 While the sun shone bright on the sea and land ;  
 And I watched the ship while she sailed afar,  
 As I dreamed and played with the golden sand.  
 "I will wait," I said, "she will soon come back,  
 For the wind is fair as the wind can be ;  
 I would toil for naught ere the homeward tack  
 Were made, and my vessel lay at the quay."

And the years went by—and the skies grew gray ;  
 And the ocean of Time washed o'er the lea  
 Where I stood when my vessel sailed away ;  
 And the rust lay red on the golden quay.  
 Till a hull, one day, drifted on the shore,  
 And it broke, where I stood, upon the strand ;  
 And the hopes it had sailed with years before  
 Lay withered and dead on the arid sand.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Ottawa, Feb'y 1st, 1892.



## BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.



EW would perhaps care to confess having been influenced in their religious notions by poetry, yet it may be doubted whether, amongst a large class of people, the poet is not a greater power for good or evil than the preacher. If

this is even in a moderate degree true, it is a matter of no small moment, in our estimate of a poet's influence upon his age, to know what religion he professed and embodied in his teaching. Especially is this the case when the religious side of the poet is most strongly seen in his writings. This, I believe to be true of Mr. Browning. No poet of the age now passing away seems to have possessed deeper religious convictions, or to have written more on the subject of religion, and as, moreover, he shares with Tennyson the suffrages of the poetry-reading public for the foremost place among the poets of his day, it will not be useless to inquire what religious inspiration his poems are calculated to produce. It will be readily understood that the term religion is here used in its more general acceptation, as signifying the whole duty of man towards his Creator, and not as specifying any particular form of dogmatic teaching. It might be easily ascertained to what sect of the many Mr. Browning professed allegiance, or to what minister of the Gospel he listened; but with the wide latitude of belief allowed within the limits of a sect we might then be little nearer the heart of our inquiry. It will be more to the purpose to ascertain what he has said, and thence arrive at an understanding of his views on this important question of man's present in relation to his future state of life. With this, none of his works deal more clearly or directly than two of his shorter poems, "Christmas Eve," and "Easter Day," and what is here said is mainly based on an analysis of these.

In "Christmas Eve" he estimates the value of the leading modes of Christian belief of his day when weighed in the balance of his individual notions. Christianity as it exists in modern society, he conceived to be divisible into three great

branches, the Protestant, or Reformed, the Catholic, and the critical or rational school. The first, he believes to have its highest type in the Protestantism of England, and the 'Christmas Eve' service of an English congregation typifies the worship which has sprung from the Reformation. Catholic worship is represented by the midnight service on Christmas Eve in the great Church of St. Peter's at Rome, the centre and heart of Catholicity; while the lecture hall of a German professor with its scientific apparatus and unchristian atmosphere typifies the worship of the rational school of Christianity, if Christian it may be called. Each of these has its particular service on Christmas Eve in commemoration of the birth of Christ.

In England, on this Christmas Eve, when the churches are lighted up for the evening service, rain is falling rapidly. The poet stands at the entrance to one, while the congregation file in past him, standing under the pouring rain, cast inquiring glances at him, wring their dripping cloaks and let their wet umbrellas bathe his feet; but he is an outcast and none invite him to enter. When all are in, he is still standing there, and then, overcome by his desire to join in the worship, he enters unbidden. Once within, he seats himself among the congregation who avoid him and seem to say to him, "What, you, the alien, you have ventured to take with us, the elect, your station?" But unmindful of the evident unwillingness of the congregation to have him in their midst, and paying no heed to their forbidding glances he unites his supplications with theirs, patiently listens to an elaborate sermon under ten heads, and endeavours to persuade himself that this is truly Christian worship. But he soon becomes weary of both preacher and congregation, and with less hesitation than when entering he rushes forth into the open air where he can behold God ever present in His works.

In this typification of English sectarianism, the poet shows how clearly he perceived the chief secondary causes of the failure of Protestant worship, to satisfy the highest longings of the human soul. He had not the real clue to this weakness in

a system he revered, but he felt that its exclusiveness and the lack of soul in its teaching could not be the offspring of love for the Divine founder of Christianity. There was nothing to satisfy his soul in this dry mummery of worship or this cold mechanical teaching. He still believed that the body of truth was present, but the soul he felt had departed. This was not the true religion of Christ that suffered the poor and the wanderer to stand unheeded at the doors of its temples, that seated its worshippers on luxurious cushions and regaled them with dry dissertations on dry dogmas, but never aimed at touching the heart or inspiring love within the soul. His heart rebelled against it and he hastened to seek God where he had never failed to find Him, under the open canopy of heaven. From his youth he tells us he had seen the power of God plainly manifest in his works, and, greater even than this—His love for man. This love so evident in all that nature provides for man, demands a like return in man's worship of his Creator, and it was the apparent lack of this in the English service that impelled the poet to desert the church on Christmas Eve.

But with a poet's privilege of movement, on this same Christmas Eve he stands at the entrance to the most magnificent of all temples in the most ancient and venerable of cities. No city more representative of Catholicity could be selected than Rome, and no Church more typical of the general magnificence of Catholic Churches than St. Peter's at whose threshold Browning invites us to judge of Catholicity on Christmas Eve. Within the Church all is prepared for the glorious midnight service in commemoration of the most memorable event in the history of mankind. As the poet stands at the portal he sees the magnificent decorations of the interior, the officiating priests in their gorgeous vestments, the myriads of lights gleaming from the altars and reflected from pillar and cornice, the congregation kneeling in prayer, and his ears are ravished by the swelling peal of the organ, mingled with the human voice, hymning praise to the Babe born on that night in a stable at Bethlehem. But here he does not enter. He seems afraid and in wilful blindness of heart he turns away from the threshold in the full conviction that here at least God is not and cannot be

found. If he ever enters here it can only be in virtue of some feeble spark of love that is mingled with all this dross of worship, this artificial and showy exterior. It seems to him indeed that some love must have prompted the dedication of all this magnificence to His worship, but his reason warns him to mistrust it and he turns away without daring to enter.

This seems to me very characteristic of the man and accounts in a great measure for the injustice with which he too often treats Catholic belief, and the aspersions he casts upon the lives and characters of dignitaries of the Catholic Church. As he turns away from the very door of St. Peter's, so he turned aside from an examination of the teachings and practice of the living or dead exponents of Catholic faith. His prejudices restrained him from an investigation that would have revealed to him that all that was best in his own teaching had long been taught by the Catholic Church and much more, and was put into daily practice by hundreds whom he must have known in his Italian home. The justness and nobility of intellect which he possessed and his high aims raised him above the errors of his early training, but his inveterate prejudices prevented him from recognizing his affinity with those whom he traduced.

Conceding then to Catholic worship a mere possibility of its enclosing a saving portion of that love which he conceived to be the foundation and essential quality of true Christian worship, he regarded all else as corrupt and superstitious. Thus neither the worship of Protestant England, nor in a less degree the Catholic worship, fully realizes his conception of what Christian worship should be. Did he then lean towards the rational or sceptical school of Christianity? Least of all, for lastly, and in the descending scale of religious thought, on this Christmas Eve of his imagination he enters the laboratory of a learned German professor who deems this a fitting time for tracing Christianity back to its source and for dissecting the evidence for belief in the Divinity of Christ. Reason, as it is understood by this school, can not admit the existence of the Divine Christ of history and all that is left for reason to determine is what Christ really was and how this "myth" of Christianity has arisen. When passed through the straining process of reason

Christ is found to have been indeed a great and good man who has left to mankind an example of high moral worth. The world has been enlightened by His advent and man's notions of right and wrong have been made clearer by much of His teaching, but as to his divinity there is and could be no such thing. The ignorance of the times in which He lived and the proneness to believe in legends enabled a few zealous followers to lay the foundation of what has grown into the mythical Christ of history.

Against the rationalist Browning is clear and pronounced, contending that man wanted not so much an increase of knowledge as a motive to practise what he already knew. The worst of us, he says, knows more of the distinction between right and wrong than the best of us practise. A God was not wanted in his view so much to teach mankind as to give them a motive strong enough to more than counterbalance the evil tendencies of their nature. Such a motive no mere man could adequately furnish and Christ has saved us rather by supplying an irresistible motive for exertion than by the excellence of His moral teaching or the purity and grandeur of His life, though these, too, are important elements in the benefits he has conferred upon man. Thus the greatest gain to man from the life of Christ lies not in the morality of His doctrine, or the influence of His exemplary life, but in the strong assurance that the Divinity of Christ gives to man of an eternal reward for right-doing here below. Take away the Divinity of Christ and you remove this assurance without which no mere knowledge of right and wrong will avail.

Standing thus firmly on the true basis of Christianity, his creed was in accordance with his views on the necessity of a Divine person in Christ. By employing as he can the gifts God has bestowed upon him, it is possible for man to raise himself almost to the heights of the Infinite, but by neglecting them he may sink to the level of the brute. God is all, he says, and man is nought, but God withdraws Himself and leaves man space wherein to work out his destiny. This destiny is a truly grand one for those who strive ever upwards. Their progress will be slow and can not be attained by sudden flight or by feeble efforts, for

"Our best is bad nor bears Thy test,  
But let it be our very best."

By striving to the utmost we grow from day to day till in the fulness of time we bear perfected to Him the gifts He gave. How are we to attain this growth of soul by which we rise "from the finite to the Infinite," and from "man's dust to God's divinity?" In "Easter Day" Mr. Browning points out how in his view this can be accomplished.

To be a Christian and aspire to the glorious heritage of the Christian we must trample under foot the grosser joys of sense and with our eyes on the heights above keep steadily climbing upward. A Christian can not lead a mere worldly life and hope to fulfil the end of his existence. A life dedicated to the perishing joys of earth even though it eschew all the grosser forms of sensuality, can never bring the soul towards God. The object of our striving is to brighten the image of God within us, to make it shine with ever increasing radiance, but the worldly life dims and blots this fair image. For the Christian, faith is necessary, but not in his opinion, the firm unwavering faith of Catholicity. Some doubt must be mingled with it to be meritorious. Is it very difficult to be a Christian, he asks? It may be if we look only to the struggle, but keep the end in view, and it will prove a source of strength sufficient to bear us cheerfully onward and upward. Do we not behold men every day slight "the stupid joys of sense," and subdue their appetites for a paltry scientific game, to add a few specimens to an incomplete collection of beetles, or to guess at the site of the tower of Babel? And shall we dare say it is hard to be a Christian, or rather would it be worth while to be a Christian, if there existed not many difficulties to task our strength and resolution? Did Browning then recommend carrying the subjection of appetite to the extreme that has been, and is practised by many within the Catholic fold? Far from it. He condemned equally both extremes, the extreme of the sensualist, and that of the ascetic. A middle course that had in it more of the spiritual than the worldly element, was his ideal of a life whose end was God. An attempt to make life wholly spiritual would in his view inevitably lead to disintegration of the moral fibre and cast the too aspiring soul hope-

lessly to earth. On the other hand the sensual life leads farther away from God, and its end and punishment would be to be compelled to glut itself for all time on the things of sense that had rejoiced it during life. This would be its hell forever. He represents the soul, thus guilty, appearing before its God and receiving this sentence: "Thou art shut out from the Heaven of spirit; glut thy sense upon the world: 'tis thine forever, take it." Not a very serious punishment, we may think, and far from holding out to the transgressor the terrors of the real hell of orthodox belief. But whatever may be its worth as a conception of an eternal punishment commensurate with the malice of sin, it indicates how clear an insight Mr. Browning had into the true relations between matter and spirit and the inevitable degradation and suffering that ever follows the subjection of the latter to the former.

It would seem, then, to be no unfair inference from what has been seen of his religious views, that Browning was a Protestant by youthful training and predilection, but was being constantly drawn, unconsciously as we see, by his intellect and heart, towards the Catholic Church. Not that he shows any marked leaning towards Catholic dogma or practice. On

the contrary, he invariably misrepresents the lives of his characters of this Faith and regards Catholic worship as grossly corrupt and superstitious. But this seems to have arisen not from malevolence or perversion of heart, but from deep-rooted prejudice that was too strong for even his intellect to overcome. But he possessed a soul keenly alive to that moral excellence, which marks the character of the true Christian. He seems, moreover, to have been unconsciously influenced by what he rejected. Amid all his reprobation of what he irreverently terms "the raree-show of Peter's successor," his heart is deeply impressed by the evident love shown in the consecration of all this magnificence of art to the worship of the Infinite. A passionate lover of art himself and filled with noble ideals of its true aim, he was forced to recognize the depth of love and greatness of soul that had prompted the building of those magnificent temples. Beyond this he did not go, but there is a healthy Christian tone about his work and an entire absence of any materialistic tendency, that places him definitely in the ranks of those whose aim it is to stem the tide of modern unbelief.

P. CULLEN, '93.



## STUDENT MORALITY.



HE late John Boyle O'Reilly on being asked on one occasion what was the best exercise for those engaged in Athletics, answered that the best practice for any game was the game itself, but that the second best, in all cases, was running.

Similarly may the question be answered as to what is the first requisite for obtaining a thorough education: The first thing necessary is talent; the second is morality. Now, talent can exist without morality, and morality without talent, but both are required to make a thoroughly educated man. We do not say that a talented man without morality may not attain a considerable degree of learning, but we claim that he is not educated in every sense of the word. Yet even this moderate amount of education, as we shall see, can seldom be obtained without abstaining from the vices of the world. To show that talent and morality go hand in hand to make the educated man, and that the former is useless without the latter, we have but to take examples of students in our schools and colleges. We have frequently met those who, for a few years, are far superior to any one else in their class, but, after a time, a reaction seems to set in, and they no longer manifest an interest in their studies. At first the change is scarcely perceptible, but by degrees it becomes more evident to the teacher, and, at length, is noticed by all. Now, what is the cause of this reaction? Why this neglect of duty? It is not the loss of talent; the student could apply himself as before, if he chose to do so. Some one may say it is the lack of application, or, perhaps, of perseverance; but this is nothing else than laziness or a distaste for work, which amounts to the same thing, and which in itself is a very grievous fault. But whence arises this distaste for work? It cannot arise from a moderate indulgence in social affairs; for these are but passing pleasures, and the student, after engaging in them returns to his studies with even more energy than before. They are no sooner over than they are forgotten, and the relaxation from work is

a decided benefit. It may be, however, the result of over-indulgence in these social pleasures, which for all of us is a source of danger, but which for the student is a positive evil. For, when once he has commenced this over-indulgence, he is no longer contented with meeting his friends in an occasional re-union, but pleasure for him, becomes a passion; all his thoughts are centred on it, he will amuse himself at any price; he will waste his time and money to attain his end. Study becomes irksome to him, and if he do not neglect his work entirely, he at least takes little interest in it.

It may be objected that we would have the student withdraw from all social affairs. No; as we have said above, a moderate amount of enjoyment in this respect is not out of place, but as with other lawful pleasures, so with this, we must beware of excess which in all cases is a sin; it is to this excess we refer, for, it leads to a neglect of duties and a waste of time and money and this would not be, if the student had a true idea of his moral responsibilities. And even if over-indulgence in social pleasure were the only evil, the case would not be so deplorable, there would yet be hope. But, it often happens that the distaste has been caused by some more serious moral disease. Perhaps the student has sunk into grosser vices, into sensual and forbidden pleasures; if so those interested in his education may indeed give up all hope for his future career, unless he change his ways. True, he may not have the opportunity to indulge his passions to any great extent, but if the tendency to do so be unchecked, as it is in the thoughtless, immoral young man, then the mind, ever occupied with subjects which from their very nature preclude the study of sensible and serious matters, can have no appetite for intellectual exercises. Nor does the evil diminish with time; quite the contrary. As dyspepsia gradually renders the stomach weaker and causes it to crave for unnatural food, so, immorality by degrees diseases the mind and causes it to desire nothing except the low and vile—things foreign to the very nature of our intellectual faculties which have been given to us



for the contemplation of the true and beautiful.

What, then, is the cure for this dread disease which almost immediately unfits the most talented for study, and which in many cases may even affect the body, and ruin the career of those who gave the fairest promises? There is but one remedy, and that is the practice of christian principles, without which there can be no true morality. We may preach morality for morality's sake, but experience shows that individuals have very little regard for such preaching. They say it is all very well in the theory, and perhaps in practice, but that, as regards themselves, they do not feel bound to follow it. This is human nature, the erring ones are scarcely to be blamed; it is their education which is at fault. The student should, from his earliest school-days, be surrounded by a healthy moral atmosphere. He should be taught that morality is not only to be

sought for its own sake, but that he is bound by his duties to God and man to live a pure and upright life. If the young man be made to feel that he is in conscience bound to do this, he will not so easily fall into evil ways. This is the reason why the Church has always advocated the teaching of religion in the schools. And in this she appears to be wise even as regards this earth, for she thus shields the mind from being perverted and corrupted by the influence of immorality and preserves it for the nobler and higher aspirations to which it is ever tending. Let him, then, who would become an educated man, remember that piety receives its reward on earth as well as in heaven; let him remember the words of John Bright, "There is no true greatness unless it be based on morality;" let him practice piety—manly piety—and ungifted as he may be, he must succeed in the end.

'93.



### GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,  
 Tumbling the temple down upon his toes,  
 Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine  
 That day by day untired holds up a rose.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *in his Collected Poems.*

## LILIUM CONVALLIUM.



QUEEN-LIKE it rose 'mid its richly rob'd sisters—  
 Rose thro' the lingering shadows of night—  
 High on its emerald throne in the valley,  
   Destin'd to reign ;  
 Lovingly turn'd towards the Eden of light,  
 Meekly it bow'd its unblemish'd corolla ;  
   Shook from its folds of white  
   Fragrance and dew drops bright  
   Into the plain.

Drowsy stars blink'd from their azure-drap'd chambers,  
 Flick'ring orbs pal'd in the dawn's ruddy ray,  
 Mischievous breezes abandoning slumber  
   : Frisk'd on the lawn ;  
 Night's shatter'd shadows crept softly away,  
 Youthful clouds blushing retir'd in confusion ;  
   Warblers' wild melodies,  
   Tim'd to the trembling trees,  
   Welcom'd the dawn.

Up burst the flaming god, brilliant, majestic,  
 Flooding the vale with his life-giving stream ;  
 Kindly regarded th' immaculate lily,  
   Bending in prayer ;  
 Down sped his first-born, his loveliest beam,  
 Buried its golden curls deep in the blossom,  
   Changing the flow'ring stem  
   Into a sparkling gem  
   Pricelessly rare.

Thus bloom'd the Terminal Off-shoot of Jesse,  
 Wet with the dew-drops that fell from on high,  
 Ere the Eternal Sun's brilliance illumin'd  
   Man's dark abode.  
 God's first-begotten Beam, piercing the sky,  
 Sought the inviolate bosom of Mary,  
   Whose fair virginity  
   Flush'd with divinity,  
   Peerlessly glow'd.

*BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.*

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

It was a praiseworthy, as well as a novel idea that the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto recently carried out by appointing an Author's Night and bringing together well-known writers of poetry and prose, to have them read selections from their own productions. As the work of residents of this country the literature thus placed prominently before public notice would not be without interest, even if its innate worth was scant. "An evening with Canadian Authors" is a catching title for an entertainment. The risk of collecting a number of rival poets in one room was perhaps overlooked by the promoters of the enterprise; but fortunately no bad results came from the foregathering of the proverbially jealous and irascible children of the lyre. The presence of a number of Canadian Sapphos may have had a restraining influence upon the male boards, or, it may be, our poets are more tolerant of rivals than are the singers of other lands. Be this as it may, the evening was passed in harmony and the large audience which the occasion called out dispersed well pleased; in all probability the more so as each individual was a living protest against the theory that there is indifference among our people for native literature.

In using the phrase native literature "I am following the reports of the newspapers. Personally I am of the opinion that whereas much writing has been done by Canadians, very little of it should be alluded to as distinctively Canadian literature. Many of the selections read at Toronto might have been written by an Englishman or an American, or an Australian. Literature has been defined as the verbal expression of man's affections as acted upon in his relations with the material world, society and his Creator. If this be so, local literature may be defined as the expression of man's affections as influenced by his surroundings, his company and his conceptions of things spiritual. Applying this test to the productions of Canadian writers we find few of them Canadian and racy of the soil. Those who speculate on a national literature for a country devoid of nationality and possessing no history which is not sectional, will discover they

are essaying the impossible task of molding bricks without straw.

The Toronto meeting was more remarkable for two letters of apology which it drew from our two poets, than for any incident on its programme. The frank speaking of Mr. Lampman and Mr. Frechette must have done much to bring the young politicians of the Liberal Club down from the clouds. Mr. Lampman is one of our youngest poets, and our best. His classical expression, the delicate beauty of his thoughts, and his great command of expressive language, hint that he will complete the trio of classically natural poets, whereof Keats and Wordsworth are already members. The opinion of such a writer on the prospects of a Canadian literature are worth having, more especially as they are plainly expressed. Mr. Lampman wrote:—

"I think your club deserves credit for originating such an idea and I am sure that there will be pleasure and benefit to all in it. Such a meeting of writers and readers may do some little thing toward increasing that national spirit and enthusiasm of country of which Canada, I believe, stands more in need than any other country on earth."

The note was brief and very much to the point. The closing sentence demands attention. If Canada stands most in need of national spirit and enthusiasm, why is it so? An intelligent answer to this question would do more to set Canadians in the way to producing national literature by revolutionizing their politics than all the readings which could be rendered by a million authors in a year of nights.

Mr. Louis Frechette is the poet laureate of the French Canadian people. As a poet he has long been before the public. His talents are recognized both in Quebec and in France. He has been crowned by the French Academy. His business is the production of literature upon literary subjects he is fully qualified to speak wisely. In the letter of regret which he sent to the Young Men's Liberal Club he takes a more hopeful view of Canadian Literature than Mr. Lampman feels called upon to do; but it must not be forgotten

that Mr. Frechette comes of a sanguine race and that he and his people are shars in all that is heroic in Canadian history. Mr. Frechette's notable letter is as follows :—

SIR,—You ask me to express to you in a few lines my opinion regarding the future of Canadian literature. Here it is :

“Canadian literature—it would be impossible for it to be otherwise—is still in its infancy. It is uttering its first infantile cries ; it is trying its first steps. But if it has not yet produced mature works, it is none the less definitely established. What is it to be ? To know what Canadian literature is to be it is enough to look around us to see what are its sources of inspiration, to study the environment in which it must be developed, the different influences which will inevitably control its progress and the principle elements which will constitute its essence and form. I find all this in our wonderful and heroic history, in our splendid natural equipment, in our numerous seats of learning—famous colleges, rich and learned universities—which grow amongst us in the sunlight of our free institutions. I find this especially in the fact that our Canadian literature draws its sustenance from the two most vigorous and fruitful sources of the genius which characterizes our century—the Anglo-Saxon school, the heir of the old Celtic bards and of the ancient Scandinavian poetry, and the French school, whose roots draw their sap from the Latin language which has ruled the world and brought forth so many literary master-pieces of every kind. Yes, our literature is still in the cradle, but it will grow fast, for it was born on a privileged soil, where all the fruits of civilization grow and ripen freely. It will be strong and vigorous, for it owes its life to the legitimate alliance of two illustrious lines of ancestors ; it bears on its escutcheon the arms of two sovereign families. In the literary as in the social order each of the nationalities sheltered by the Canadian flag is called to impress its special mark on the genius of our growing nation by impregnating it with the ideas which the respective mother countries represent in the world. This was the point of view occupied by Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne, when on two important occasions they earnestly proclaimed that far from it being to the interest of the

English authority to cause French language and literature to disappear from the Dominion, it ought, on the contrary, to favor their maintenance and diffusion.

It is not my place to discuss here what advantage or disadvantage there may be for the country to be peopled by two races, distinct as to language and faith, but we cannot close our eyes to a very evident fact, namely, that whether free or persecuted, never will one of these races allow itself to be absorbed by the other.

Now, since we are English or French, and since we shall always remain French and English, there is nothing left for us but to work together, and in my opinion it is better so. We shall combine the diverse geniuses of the two races ; we shall unite in our spirit, our glories and our ideals ; we shall bring into intimate union our masters Milton and Corneille, Swift and Rabelais, Thiers and Macaulay, Hume and Pascal, Balzac and Walter Scott, and above all the others, like two great twin stars shining more on us than on the rest of the world, Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, those two incomparable geniuses who shall be forever the glory of France and England. Thus, just as Canadian nationality will have the supreme honor of owing to two of the greatest people of modern times, so our literature will have the good fortune to owe its constitution to the resultant of the two greatest intellectual forces of the universe. Like our nationality, our literature will be the glorious daughter of the two noble races who to-day people Canada.”

If the young Liberals could but procure a few more such suggestive and useful letters on the subject of Canadian literature, they would be taking a long step towards preparing the way for the production of the real article.

Miss Agnes Repplier, the distinguished Catholic essayist, is about thirty years old, and belongs to one of the most ancient families of Philadelphia. Her dark eyes, hair and complexion, and her vivacious manners betray her French extraction. While somewhat retiring in her disposition, and studious in her habits, she is a brilliant conversationist, and is much appreciated when she goes into society.

*The Scots' Observer*, edited by William E. Henley, the poet, says : “*The Scarlet*

*Letter and The House of the Seven Gables* are the two master pieces of American fiction ; so strong that they atone for the infliction of the Bostonian novel on the weary world, even for *A Modern Instance* and *Silas Lapham*." Eulogy could no further go.

An old Mississippi river pilot says : " Mark Twain was the laziest white man I ever saw in a pilot-house." As Mark Twain has never refuted this explicit charge people are beginning to think it may be true.

It is a Protestant who wrote one of the best *Lives of Cardinal Newman*, Richard H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*. Mr. Hutton is only writer of high literary skill and a critic of keen insight and Catholic liberality, but a sincerely religious man capable of appreciating the intense devotional spirit of Newman. In the volume full notice is done both to the literary genius and theological expertness of Newman.

The autograph of Professor Huxley, attached to a letter containing this passage, is offered for sale in London : " I look upon autograph hunters as a progeny of Cain, and treat their letters accordingly ; heaven forgive you if you are only an unusually ingenuous specimen of the same race." This is the nearest attempt at a joke which can be recorded to the credit of Huxley.

Under the heading *Perpetuating the Line of Poets*, the Ottawa correspondent

of the *Toronto Globe* sends the following clever reference to a couple of births which occurred on Florence Street, in this city, a few days ago : " As the productions of our talented Ottawa poets are of general interest, it might be stated that Mr. Archibald Lampman and Mr. Wm. Wilfred Campbell have issued small pocket editions. Mr. Lampman's is a girl and Mr. Campbell is also the father of a new girl baby, notwithstanding that both young bards favour the sonnet. Both live on a street named after Dante's birth-place, one next door to the other, and both strangers arrived this month within five days of each other. As musical compositions they are said to excel in power everything ever written by these sons of Parnassus.

The taste for books is proverbially variable ; some remarkable features of the demand for books are illustrated in the new issue of *Book Prices*. The demand for and in consequence the value of the first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Lever and other modern novelists of the front rank, show no signs of abatement, while the superlatively beautiful editions of books printed by the great master printers of the world—the Elzevirs, the Aldines, the Estiennes—exhibit a downward tendency. It is a mistake frequently made to suppose that because a book is rare it is also valuable. Many rare books of which only a few copies are believed to exist are, from a commercial point of view, only so much lumber. A book must be in demand to be valuable.





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## CARDINAL MANNING.

Throughout the English-speaking world, throughout the Catholic world, throughout the civilized world, has gone the sorrowful message: "Cardinal Manning is dead." Alike by peasant and noble is his loss mourned; and, now that he has passed away, those who differed from him in religion have spoken the kindly word which, during his life-time, too many of them refused to speak, while those who always admired him have sought new ways of sounding his praises. But Cardinal Manning had little regard for the opinion of the world. A man of strong convictions and naturally of a religious turn of mind,

"He cared not for the outer voice  
 That deals out praise or blame."

It is well he was a man of strong convictions and despised the censure of the world, otherwise he might have been a nominal Archbishop at Canterbury instead of a real one at Westminster; it is well he had a strong religious tendency in his nature, otherwise he might have been a Huxley or a Spencer instead of a champion of Christianity; it is well he sought not human honor, otherwise he would have forgotten the poor man and the laborer who, in their trials, required his strong helping hand, and at the same time gave him the opportunity of performing that work of charity in which he delighted, and which, we trust, has won for him the crown of glory.

That he was the acknowledged champion of the workingmen in England is attested by the fact that since his death, nearly all the labor unions in that country have passed formal resolutions of their grief. This speaks volumes for the noble, unprejudiced nature of those English laborers, who, regardless of class or creed, have thought fit to utter sentiments of grief at the death of this one man. And the occurrence is all the more striking when this man chanced to be a churchman, and a Catholic at that; for it is well known that *English workingmen have very little faith in dispensers of the gospel who, they are wont to say, live on the bounty of others.* Not thus, however, did they look on Cardinal Manning: in the veteran prelate who was wont to address them in their halls and even, in the open air, they saw not the English Cardinal, but the venerable old man who had given his unstinted and unwearying services to all good works and noble enterprises in behalf of mankind.

But, strange as it may seem to find a great English churchman dealing with the social problems of the day, stranger still is it to find one who, from his lofty position, did not forget to cast a glance of compassion at the poor and destitute of

the slums of that great city, London. As he passed through its narrow, smoky lanes, his heart ever went out to those poor unfortunates who so seldom receive a word of encouragement from the great outside world, that they at length began to look upon and love the humble Cardinal as one who bore a message of peace from another world. These missions of mercy frequently led him through the most destitute parts of the great metropolis—parts where the very air seemed heavy with crime. But he was not repelled at the sight of misery. As the hermits of old were wont to leave their homes in the desert to minister to the wants of the poor, so had the Cardinal left his quiet home to bear words of comfort to the sin-laden inhabitants of the great city. Surely such a noble work alone should entitle the doer to a foremost place among the missionaries of the Christian era, and first among those of his own day.

But not among the poor and the laborers was the Cardinal always engaged. He had qualities which made him honored and sought after among the more learned classes; for he was thoroughly educated, and, moreover, was well versed in the ways of the world, mixing in society with such distinguished men as Huxley, Tyndall, and other prominent personages. On these occasions he was wont to defend his views in such a friendly, unbigoted way that if his associates were not persuaded to follow him, and find peace as he had done, they at least were willing to think more kindly of a church which could afford room for ideas so progressive, which could satisfy the aspirations of an intellect so great. Thus, through his mingling with the great men of his age, he was instrumental in removing, to a great extent, the old barriers of prejudice and in placing Catholicism in England on a standing such as we might hardly have expected it to reach in centuries.

But now this peace-maker, this friend

of the poor man, this champion of the laborer's cause has passed away, and leaves his Church and countrymen to mourn his loss. Few have left behind them a reputation so unblemished, few have ended a life in which there was so little to regret, so much to console. Well may we say, "A good life lived, a good fight fought."

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#### MATHEMATICS.

Fifty years ago the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, was the only institution on the Continent which gave a prominent place in its curriculum to mathematics. The good standing in that branch required of graduates in our leading colleges to-day, is known to all. Have we now too much mathematics? Emphatically no. University senates are, if anything, conservative; leading educators would have left higher algebra and solid geometry in their old important place, and would never have introduced analytic geometry, calculus and mathematical astronomy, had they not been convinced of the necessity for the change. They have, for the most part, rightly judged that it is from the time-honoured classic studies that are to be acquired facility and elegance in communicating ideas, and that from the same source are to be received or strengthened the sound principles which beget rectitude of thought and deed. They have not, however, overlooked the fact that in our practical age, not only the engineer and the scientist, but the legislator, the lawyer, the journalist, any man looked up to by his fellows, will, at times, be called upon to discuss, perhaps even to plan or decide upon some of the thousands of questions, from the laying of a tram-way to the building of an Eiffel Tower, which can be satisfactorily understood and wrought out only by mathematical formulas.

There is no need to dilate here on the excellent mental training secured by the

study of mathematics. That is one of the few points upon which the educators of all ages have been in accord. Many, and too true, are the complaints of failure to obtain from mathematics either the material or mental advantages referred to. The cause of failure is obvious. The unsuccessful ones generally have never learned, or seem to forget, that of all studies mathematics is that which requires most individual effort. That there is no royal road here, instructors unanimously agree. In almost every other branch the old time recitation and text-book have given place to lectures and general reading, but no professor's explanations can make the student master of mathematical formulas; the learner must not only *hear* and *read* the demonstration, but patiently *study* and *reason* it out himself. Now here is the student exempted from working out a number of abstract and practical problems under each formula, but when the formula and its demonstration are only memorized—as frequently happens—and not thoroughly understood, the time spent on the exercise is wasted, however perfect the paper brought in may appear, and whatever credit it may receive; the application of the formula to each problem must be clearly seen, else the student works not intelligently, but servilely. It is far easier, after a little effort, to reason and understand than to memorize and work mechanically. The satisfaction immediately following the real mastery of a mathematical principle is of the keenest kind, and the student who really gets a knowledge of a branch of mathematics, never fails to feel that he has secured advantages beyond his aspirations.

Is it desirable for everyone who takes a college course to study such branches as analytic geometry and calculus? We think it is. True, only for him who takes a course in which the scientific element predominates, will these become instru-

ments powerful enough to conquer about all the difficulties of curves and mechanical problems. But the elements of these branches will throw a flood of light on much that is treated in plane geometry and elementary algebra, are essentially required for the perfect understanding of some of the most frequently employed theorems of higher algebra, and will furnish a simple solution of many practical problems which the student otherwise judges impossible. The man who does not master these elements has not a good general education, for he is not only a stranger to one of the sublimest realms of human thought, but is ignorant of the processes by which all extended operations in the exact sciences are carried forward. For he knows nothing of the instruments most familiarly used by the engineer, the astronomer and the machinist, in fact, is ignorant of the characteristic mathematical processes of his day. Difficulty is oftenest found in these subjects from a preconceived notion of their abstruseness, they do not in reality lie beyond the reach of a common mind. The average student can easily master them, provided he have a fair knowledge of general geometry and of the manipulation of equations.

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#### LABORATORY WORK.

One of the most praiseworthy features of our modern university curriculum is the great amount of practical work required, especially in the study of natural sciences. Every educational establishment in the land has its chemical laboratory and its physical cabinet and upon the excellence of the work done in these will depend, in no small degree, the status of these institutions as centres of learning. Such a state of affairs is the natural outgrowth of the times. The nineteenth century is essentially practical and none but practical men can fulfil its require-



ments. It has been frequently asserted by self-made men that college training is too theoretical, and is more calculated to produce idle dreamers than vigorous workers, ready to grapple with the intricate problems of life and bring them to a safe and speedy solution. Though the history of human progress clearly disproves this, the fact that for many ages the knowledge imparted in the universities was but too seldom reduced to a concrete form has given a colour of truth to this statement. Such an objection, however, will not hold against the universities of to-day.

The facts upon which science is based are placed beyond all doubt by direct observation or experiment, and any tendency in the student to airy abstractions is checked by requiring him personally to perform this practical work. Then, when he does begin to study the various theories, he has a sure standard of fact by which to judge of their merit and he is taught to reject any of them which clash with the practical knowledge he has acquired.

And not only is his science thus rendered more thorough, but in the process of acquiring the facts, his powers of observation are highly developed. Experiments have been finely called "questions put to nature," and that the correct answer be received, they must be put in proper form, and every detail must be carefully noticed and taken into consideration in the ultimate conclusion. The external senses are, therefore, constantly called into active play whilst a discriminating judgment is essential to success. The student, then, after such a training, goes forth into life ready to observe every minute fact, to judge of its importance and to add the influence he draws from it to his fund of experience, and is likewise well able to grasp complicated questions, since he is accustomed to view numerous details under general heads and to estimate their relative influence upon the final solution.

### UNIZ Y.

This is the secret to success. This is the one thing, above all others, which we cannot afford to despise. Greece and Rome in the palmy days of old prove it, and to-day it is the watch word of the first nations of the earth. Internal dissensions weaken and dissolve, unbind the ties of kind and country and expose to external encroachments. Hearts should beat in unison, filled with the same hope of success, the same fear of failure. Minds should contemplate the same vital questions, reason in the same manner, and draw parallel conclusions. The general good requires it, the preservation of empire demands it. Individual rights must give way before the common good, and "fiat justitia" be the impelling force. Obedience to laws, respect to superiors, gratitude to benefactors, kindness to inferiors and a manly honest bearing towards all, should mark our path through life. But what is true of nations is likewise true of individuals. From the student, the future "exemplar," this is especially required. But what do we see? Apply the rule, and disunion becomes evident. Class wars against class, freshmen are the marked victims of sophomores, and both are held in contempt by the grave senior, who would scorn to stoop to the level of *Greek roots* and *verbal translations*. They are separated by a gulf, wide, deep and rocky, the work of two or three years of negligent application. What a consolation to beginners to know that this immense abyss can be bridged, and over it the honest builder may ever after walk in safety. Let the learned senior, who gazes with mingled feelings of pride and scorn on the clamoring crowds beneath him, but retrace his steps from the *transcendentals* of philosophy to the simple declensions of the Latin grammar, from the differentiation of calculus to the plain triangle of geo-

metry, from the study of electricity as a diagnostic and therapeutic agent to numbering the bones of the human frame, and if he finds the road o'er which he once travelled, still smooth and easy, then with reason may he boast of his attainments, but never should he affect to despise the honest efforts of the aspiring youth. Nor are these contentions, disorders and disaffections confined to any particular class of students, whether of arts, law or medicine, but judging from our exchanges and reports otherwise received, we are forced to conclude that whilst the abominable practice of hazing is gradually dying out disunion among students is in nowise impeded. This should not be so. Nurtured by the same mother, with similar food, and under almost similar circumstances, students should be as members of the same family, advising, encouraging or reproving, according as occasion or necessity demands. Want of charity, either towards teachers or one another is our great fault. We judge hastily, we censure severely and often untimely. We are always right, others always wrong. Even professors clothed with the sanctity of authority, and fortified by years of experience and deep study, must stand or fall according to our whims or prejudices. Divided ourselves, we cannot endure unity among others, and so we go on spreading discord and hatred where peace and harmony should prevail. But is this not a real danger? Can the institution which tolerates such things hope for success? We fancy not. A noble emulation is indeed commendable, but contempt, open bickerings and lasting hatred form no part of emulation. Unity then should be our watch-word. Without it the past will be forgotten, the present dull and unprofitable and the future a dismal blank. Our hopes, to be realized, require it, our success, to be permanent, demands it, and our happiness, to be true, rests upon its attainment.

### EXCHANGES.

The *Sequoia*, a bi-weekly journal regularly furnishes us with a literary feast. Its pages are replete with well digested criticisms, interesting historical sketches and occasional bits of poetry of no mean order. "Mind or Muscle?" is dealt with in a clever manner by A. G. Newcomer. The author contends that the body requires development just as well as does the intellect. He rightly maintains, however, that physical must ever be subservient to mental culture.

The *Bates Student* prepossesses us in its favor by the neatness of its outward appearance. It contains a quantity of instructive editorials on a variety of subjects of special interest to students. "The Three Crowns," is a praiseworthy piece of poetry characterized by animation and originality. The author of "Winter" paints the pleasures of that season in such glowing colors that one cannot but rejoice at having his abode in a land decked with snow for six months in the year. An appreciation of "James Russell Lowell" does full justice to the subject. Order and neatness characterize the journal in its every department.

The last number of the *Colby Echo* contains several articles of more than ordinary interest. It one of its editorials it says: "There is one feature of college life which deserves the sharpest kind of criticism. That is the influence of societies in class and college politics. The state of affairs is simply infamous." It then goes on to describe how different societies are formed and how students who have pledged themselves to support a party, break their promises without any scruple whatever. In our midst no such societies exist. We agree with the *Echo*, however, in its denunciation of organizations in which truth and uprightness are treated so lightly. "Skeptic Collegians" is a remarkably well written article. Its author does not hesitate to say that many a student imbibes, during his college course, atheistical principles, and loses his faith in a Supreme Being. Alas this is too true! The causes of the evil are pointed out in a masterly manner. The article however is not complete, as it suggests no practical remedy.

The *Earlhamite* lies before us dressed in its bright, orderly garb. "Young Man, keep your College record Clean," is an article which every student should read. After having pointed out what should be avoided by the student and how his conduct should be regulated, the author closes his article in these terms: "As a young man you have but one record to make and but one time in which to make it. The golden opportunity is now. Don't let it slip." We agree with the old student who uses such pointed arguments in favor of having the college library open on Sunday afternoon. "The Legend of the Lake" is a lively bit of poetry.

The January number of the *Polytechnic* is to hand. It contains, as usual, much useful information, especially on scientific subjects. We like the general tone of this paper, though, in our opinion, it is not furnished with all the departments which should be found in the ideal college journal. "Manganese: Its Uses and Principal Ore Deposits," is an exhaustive and highly instructive article. What is better, it is written in such a way that it pleases as well as teaches. In an editorial concerning a Mid-winter Re-union, which is to take place in February, the following words are addressed to the Alumni: "Don't say to yourself that you will wait until the next re-union; go to this one now and to the other also; it is a duty you owe to your Alma Mater to keep alive the good feeling and interest among the Alumni; and where can it be better done than at the re-unions?" These are our sentiments. Every graduate should keep in mind throughout the whole of his life the obligations he owes to the institution in which he has made his course of studies, and he should do all in his power for the progress and welfare of his Alma Mater.

It is with pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the two first numbers of the *Month*. It comes to us from the borders of the far Pacific. Though this journal dates its birth no further back than the beginning of the present year, yet its literary merit surpasses that of many of our exchanges which have already existed for a long period of time. Everything in connection with the *Month* is arranged in a clear, orderly manner. We feel certain

this review has a bright and glorious future before it. In the February number is a well-written editorial on the late Cardinal Manning. In a few, short, pointed sentences, the great prelate's whole character is summed up. "Art Treasures in British Columbia," is a vivid and fascinating description of the picturesque scenery of that country. The *Month* will be a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

The Queen's College *Journal* has become a weekly. Though not as pretentious as some of the weeklies from across the border, much conscientious labor must be performed by the editors to execute so creditably the task to which they have set themselves. The last number contains a reprint of Tennyson's poem on the death of the Duke of Clarence. We think the judgment of the English critics is correct when they say the production is unworthy of the poet Laureate.

The Mount St. Joseph *Collegian* is a new competition for favor in the field of college journalism. The second issue of the first volume lies before us and if we are to believe that the old adage "the child is father of the man" holds true of college papers also, then the *Collegian* can well hope to take no mean rank amongst its fellow journals.

The Centre College *Cento* is a new comer and as the Owl glances sagely at it when making its initial bow, he is much pleased with its quaint garb. They are great foot-ballers at Centre College, and a cut of their champion team forms a neat frontispiece to the January number.

The *Carolinian* for January has an interesting article on "Southern Literature; Its resources and its Mission." The writer admits that the South can boast of no literature of worth produced in the past, but holds that the physical features of the country, the intellectual power of the people and the stirring events of Southern history, all offered a guarantee that the want will be soon supplied. It would be strange indeed if the land which gave to the world such a sweet singer as Fr. Ryan should not soon have a literature that would compare with the best. The author of "English Prose Fiction" is either nor

well versed in history or has allowed prejudice to blind his judgment, when he asserts that the ancient church to gain a hold upon barbarians, encouraged "blind belief and superstition." The fact that most of the great universities of the world were founded by her is sufficient to give the lie to this statement. To say also that the elevation of women and the spirit of chivalry that it produced were due to the influence of the Gothic peoples may be very romantic, but it is not history. This elevation is one of the noblest triumphs of Christianity, for it has been, we believe, an hitherto unquestioned fact that wherever paganism prevailed woman was the degraded slave of her stronger brother man.

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#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

*Jubilee of the Oblates.*—The proceedings of the recent celebration in Montreal in honor of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate on the completion of their first half-century's missionary labor in Canada, have been published in a very handsome memorial volume by the firm C. O. Beauchemin & Sons. The preliminary arrangements, such as organization of committees, issuance of invitations and preparation of programme, were in the hands of a number of the most prominent citizens of Montreal, and the great success of the celebration is due in a large measure to the enthusiastic efforts of these gentlemen. The ceremonies began on the 7th December and continued for three days. On the first day there was an address to the Provincial of Canada, Rev. Father Lefebvre, O.M.I., and replies by Archbishop Taché and the Provincial, followed by a grand procession. Solemn Pontifical Mass began the exercises of the second day, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Guihot, S.S. An address was read to Archbishop Fabre to which he feelingly replied. In the evening a banquet was held in St. Peter's Hall at which many of the most eminent ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries of Canada sat down. Amongst the after-dinner speakers were Hon. Messrs. Chapleau, Mercier, Tassé, Robidoux, Loranger, McShane, Faillon, and others. On the following day the jubilee celebration was brought to a fitting close by a solemn requiem service for the

dead members of the Order. The press comments on the entire proceedings were lengthy and extremely favourable, such papers as *L'Electeur* and the *Montreal Star* giving special prominence to portraits of the leading Oblates, and a history of their life-work in this country.

*Ecclesiastical Canada.*—Cadioux and Derome have issued their annual guide for the use of priests and people in Catholic Canada. This little book contains a vast amount of information and should be of great service to those who are in any way connected with ecclesiastical affairs. Besides some useful facts on the Universal Church, there are minute details on every Diocese, Apostolic Vicariate or Prefecture, and Religious Community of men or women in all Canada. Scarcely anything can be asked regarding the present position of the church in this country to which the answer cannot be found in this little volume. We can give it the heartiest commendation.

*MacMillan's Progressive German Course*, by G. Eugene Fasnacht.—The first year course in this series is a primer of the German language beginning with the alphabet and dwelling on the more important elementary principles of German grammar. Those who have wrestled with the difficulties of the irregular verbs in German will be interested in learning that the different conjugations are so arranged in this text book as to offer the least possible trouble to the beginner. The book well deserves its title of progressive, and should be an invaluable aid to any one studying German without a teacher. A copious double vocabulary greatly enhances the value of this first year course.

*Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.*—Though the current number of the *Missionary Record* is but the first of Vol. II., we are pleased to note the following "present monthly issue 5,000." Such progress is indeed encouraging and the *Record* deserves all its success. The number to hand is extremely interesting to us on this side of the Atlantic. It contains a well-written and sympathetic memoir of Father Robert Cooke, O.M.I., one of the first Irish Oblates, while "The Oblates in Canada,"

"Another School Question," referring to the North-West Territories, and "Fifty Years of Manitoba," makes us feel that we are right at home when we pick up the *Missionary Record*. Rosa Mulholland contributes the first part of a charming two chapter story, and the "Home and Foreign Notes" give a fair idea of the Oblates' labors in the missionary fields of the world. It is our hope that the *Record* may continue to extend its influence among an ever-increasing circle of readers.

*Dominion Illustrated Monthly*.—At last! For years we have been wishing for a popular Canadian literary magazine to which we might point without blushing for shame at the intellectual poverty or disgraceful sloth of our countrymen. In appearance and contents the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* meets the requirements. However, that does not forbid criticism. Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts opens up the initial number of the magazine with "The Raid from Beauséjour"—letting in more light to further obscure that everlasting Acadian question. Prof. Roberts makes the Acadians a simple lot of people gulled into opposing the English by a scheming French priest, Abbé Le Loutre. On the other hand the English are filled with love for the Acadians. Take a few sentences from the remarks of an English officer to Pierre, a young Acadian. "Certainly, you shall have your oxen. We don't take anything that doesn't belong to us. . . . We are the true friends of all Acadians. . . . We wish to do you good, to win your love. It is that wicked Le Loutre who is your enemy. Do you not know that your beloved France is at the back of all this misery? . . . My heart bleeds for your unhappy people." How child-like and bland! But the Professor is not serious. He is merely enjoying the romancer's license. He knows that the English forces in Acadia were precisely what they were in the American colonies—what they are in Ireland and in India—rapacious, tyrannical, unjust intruders. "Rugby Football in Canada" is well written and splendidly illustrated. "Le Chant des Voyageurs," by Arthur Weir, is worthy to be compared with Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" and Sangster's "The Rapid." The remaining articles are of high literary value. There is a

biographical sketch and full page portrait of the late Prince Albert Victor. In this connection we miss any reference to the death of Cardinal Manning, who did more to elevate human kind and is more worthy of lasting remembrance than all the Princes Royal in the wide world.

*School and College*.—As its name indicates, this magazine is devoted to the interests of secondary and higher education and appeared for the first time with the birth of the new year. Pres. Andrews, of Brown University, contributes a thoughtful paper, "Some of the next steps forward in education." In general his points are well taken and the carrying out of a system of education on his lines would be a decided step forward. But the difficulties are almost insuperable. "When should the study of Philosophy begin?" is a plea for "the commencing of philosophical studies when the faculty of self-determination begins to assert itself." The departments, "News from Abroad" and "Letters to the Editor" are one of the most important and interesting features of this magazine.

*Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*. The January issue of this publication is de luxe. "The Adoration of the Magi" is an artistic frontispiece and is creditably supplemented by the other engravings "The Saints of Youth" and "He grew in Wisdom." The literary matter is enriched by contributions from Eliza Allen Starr, Mary Catherine Crowley and Rev. John Talbot Smith.

*McMaster University Monthly*. We have two numbers of this monthly on our table. It is one of the finest of our exchanges—in appearance. Its excellence ends there. "French Evangelization" describes how error is giving way to truth in the Province of Quebec, how light is succeeding darkness, how the harvest is getting white, etc., and ends pathetically—"Think of this prayerfully and may the Lord send some of you 'over to help us.'" Certainly. Take Dalton McCarthy, Dr. Wild and Jumbo Campbell. That trio ought to suit and they don't seem to have much to do amongst us at present. Then there is another article telling us that Rev. Jno. McLaurin and his wife have gone to India to engage in missionary labor. We hope John took Marshal's "Christian

Missions" along with him. It would afford him and Mrs. McLaurin interesting reading and would prepare them for the failure which is inevitably theirs. By the way, John was born in Osgoode—County Glengarry, so the writer tells us; County Carleton you mean, friend. The history in the Monthly is like unto its geography—fallible. A. H. Newman, D.D., LL. D., Professor of History and Historical Theology, has an article on the Thirty Years War. Here are his views on the Jesuits: "Of what account were political treaties, of what moment were the peace and prosperity of civil governments, of what value were human life and prosperity in comparison with "the greater glory of God?" Did a civil ruler seem to stand in the way of the promotion of "the greater glory of God?" What more strictly in accord with the principles of the Church than that he should be removed by the assassin's knife or pistol, or by poisoning? etc. etc. All that I have said about the Society I could readily substantiate from their own published writings." Professor you can't do anything of the kind and you know you can't, and moreover you knew that what you were writing could not be proved. It is more than probable that never in your life have you seen even the outside of a Jesuit publication dealing with the questions you discuss. We challenge you to cite the passages from Jesuit authors supporting your views and to prove that "their immoral principles were no mere theories, but were carried out in practice." If you have not the books, name the authors and we shall send you authentic copies of their works.

*Westward to the Far East* is the name of a neatly and tastefully fashioned little guide book, published by the General Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the convenience of those who are making, or who intend to make, the new and fashionable trip across the American Continent, and on to Japan and China. The dress of the book is pretty and distinctly Japanese, and the matter within is written by one who evidently is familiar with the places mentioned, and the customs and observances described and who writes with a kindly appreciation of the people and pleasures of Japan, as well as with an artist's love for the beautiful in nature.

The book contains all that information concerning the daily wants of a traveller which tourists find so useful, as well as a vocabulary in English and Japanese of the principal words and phrases in use when shopping, sight-seeing, etc. The guide can be procured gratuitously on application to any of the agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

*Public Ledger Almanac.*—Mr. George W. Childs has the rare power of making everything to which he puts his hand a marked success. Perhaps no newspaper in America so thoroughly meets the necessities of what a good paper should be as the *Public Ledger*. It has all the qualities that tend to make the press a power for good, and none of the features that lay American journalism open to bitter reproach as an influence for evil. The twenty-third annual issue of the Almanac is worthy of the *Ledger* and its publisher. A more carefully arranged, more instructive or more interesting little book has not often come under our notice. The amount of information comprised within its seventy odd pages is astonishing. Best of all are the words of Mr. Childs himself on "Success in life." There are, says Mr. Child, just three rounds to the ladder of success—Industry, Temperance and Frugality. This is Mr. Childs' message to youth. Of course in our view, it is not complete, but as far as it goes it is perfect.

*Ave Maria.*—True to their promise the publishers of the *Ave Maria* begin the New Year with an enlargement both in the body of the magazine and in the literary supplement. They intend moreover to make very good better by further improvements in the near future. While every article in the present number is of great interest and high literary merit, the most worthy of notice is Charles Warren Stoddard's "Traces of Travel." There is an ease and grace in every sentence that Mr. Stoddard composes which place him easily amongst the first essayists in the English language. Then his deep sympathy with his subject, his delicate use of the purest humor, his keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and his eminent ability to picture them graphically in words, and above all the poetic vein that runs throughout his writings, had in the present case congenial matter to act upon, since

his subject is "The Green Isle." Mr. Stoddard agrees with Thackray regarding the beauty of the city of Dublin. "I have seen Dublin town in shine and rain and I joyfully repeat—a handsomer town is not within the range of summer possibilities. . . . It is a fine city and a handsome one too. It is wide-awake, prosperous, rather clean, and very cheerful in fair weather. . . . I was assured by a Fellow of Trinity that the best English in the world is spoken in Dublin, and the brogue that rolled from his tongue at that moment you could have buttered your bread with, and it was sweeter than honey in the honeycomb." The reminiscences of Dublin celebrities and celebrated places are delightful. Cork comes in for much praise and sympathetic consideration. But it is the picturesque surroundings of Killarney that most move Mr. Stoddard's poetic soul. "Forgive me," he says, "I sleep with the melodies under my pillow these nights. Perhaps I do like Killarney better than I at first thought I did; but I am sure that I would love it were it not so solemn. Oh, Ireland is the saddest, the most tearful, the sweetest, and the loneliest land on the face of the waters." The close of his description reaches the sublime in depth of feeling and fervor of expression. "But, for the unbounded good-humor of her children, Ireland would indeed be a sorrowful spot. As it is I am bound to believe that there is not another people on the face of the globe with enough of the milk of human kindness, and the love of God and country, to endure what this people has endured, patiently yet proudly, through ages of misrule. Another race would have been absorbed or exterminated long ago. Their beautiful faith is at once their consolation and their glory—that faith which, born in the Irish breast, has crossed the seas, and brought blessings to many lands, causing the desert to bloom and the wilderness to blossom as the lily. A common cause, a common sorrow, a common undying hope have preserved the people of Ireland, and will preserve them even unto the end." Mr. Stoddard will next describe his travels in "Bonnie Scotland."

CARMEN JUBILARE: The Niagara Index,  
Niagara University, N. Y.

This beautiful jubilee hymn is a delicate and graceful compliment from the pen of

Rev. Jos. Parodi-Alizeri, C. M. to the Very. Rev. P. Kananagh, C.M., President of Niagara University, who recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the holy priesthood. The poem had been previously published in 1881, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of Niagara University; it is now republished with a lengthy dedication and some changes—*copiosiori modulo, et, ni fallor, aliquantulum elegantiori*," as the author says. The dedication is written in elegant Latin, sprightly and interesting throughout and at times humorous in that charming manner possible to the Latin language only. With amusing *naïvete* the Reverend author tells us that the poetic instinct is no stranger to his breast: *Aetatis vere suavissimo cum adhuc eram italus, Musis non parum indulsi Ausoniae et Latinae*," but "*civis Americanus evadens, Musis valedicere debui. Vix enim decet Vincentii a Paulo alumnum esse poetam; pauperes non evangelizantur Musarum leporibus*." However, the prosy ways of America have not killed the poetic inspiration within him, and it is humility which prompts him to write:

*Quinam animi lusur, quae me dementia cepit,  
Ut vellem citharam tan, ere pulveream?"*

The idea of the hymn is really beautiful. On the 25th anniversary of the foundation of Niagara University, the assembled students request Our Lady of Angels, after whom the institution is named, to descend from heaven and impart the Jubilee Benediction. She comes, accompanied by the angelic court, Vincent of Paul, and the dead members of the congregation of the mission. Following the model of his great fellow-countryman, Father Parodi-Alizeri also brings from Purgatory "*Confratres aliqui, leviter maculati*" and from Hell "*angeli apostatici qui in via moti Athenarum combusserunt, A. D. 1864*." Asmodeus, the fiercest of the devilish crowd, crushed by Mary's heel, "*Virgineos mordere pedes conatur, et Hevae Nemo potest mordax ferre novae injuriam*." Then follow the Virgin's blessing and various admonitions to the ecclesiastical and lay students. We read the whole poem eagerly and with delight; the movement is light and lively, the versification excellent. Father Parodi-Alizeri's hand has lost none of its youthful cunning in the management of Latin verses.

Our best wishes are with Niagara University and its able and devoted Rector. We heartily join in the spirit of the lines from the jubilee blessing :

*" Sed siluere omnes, intentique ora tenebant  
Cum Regina istud brotuit eloquium :  
Esto perpetua, alma mihi gratissima sedes."*

#### SHAKSPEARE'S LESSER BRETHREN.

A most interesting and instructive lecture was delivered by J. F. Waters, M.A., in St. James' Hall, Ottawa, on the evening of Feb. 2nd, the subject being, "Shakspeare's lesser brethren." Mr. Waters' lectures are always most interesting and original, but it is the opinion of all that this was by far his best effort.

#### SOCIETIES.

St. Thomas Academy seems to be the only society amongst us which was unaffected by the allurements of vacation or the ravages of La Grippe. Since its organization last September the discussions have been regularly held, and have undoubtedly been productive of much good. The fact that four of the seniors, after a severe examination, obtained the degree of B. Ph. last Christmas, may be directly traced to the influence of the Academy.

Last term the juniors were but spectators of the proceedings, but since Christmas they have taken their own share in the discussions, and have proven themselves good debaters. On January 15th, Denis Murphy, B. Ph., defended the thesis:—"In rebus creatis, praeter substantias, dantur accidentia physica, entia scilicet imperfectiora, quae sunt in substantia et ab ipsa distinguuntur." Chas. Gaudet, B. Ph., opposed him and produced some good objections. The question before the Academy on January 29th was the very foundation of all philosophy. M. Trudeau, '93, and Fred. Owens, '93, respectively defended and opposed the thesis, which was: "Omnes et singulae facultates cognoscendi, quae in nobis a natura insunt, per se non errant circa suum proprium objectum; unde, si seruentur conditiones requisitae ad earum exercitium legitimum, sunt media certitudinis infallibilis obtinendae." On February 5, A. White, '93,

and F. McDougal, '93, disputed the thesis: "Dubitatio universalis, qualem illam finigunt Sceptici, est metaphysicè, physicè, et moraliter impossibilis." Dr. McArdle, O.M.I., the assistant director, was able to assume his duties at the last meeting, after his long illness, thus giving the director, Dr. Nilles, O.M.I., an opportunity to rest. The remarks of these gentlemen at the close of each discussion have tended to so greatly facilitate the use of Latin that now it is the only language used at the meetings.

#### SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

Less fortunate than the St. Thomas Academy, the Senior Debating Society had to meet many obstacles before its successful organization could be effected. Usually it opens in November, at the close of the football season, but this year on account of the Christmas vacation and the consequent nearness of the examinations, no time could be devoted to it. Immediately after the holidays, some of the energetic ones began to agitate the question with marked results. Rev. Fr. Nolin O.M.I. at once consented to again assume the directorship, an office whose duties he has ably and conscientiously fulfilled since the first organization of the society. However he exacted, and with reason, the fulfilment of one condition, namely, that the attendance at the debates should improve. Last year the debaters were of a higher standard than ever before, but at times the attendance was ridiculously small. Of course, this does not detract much from the excellence of the discussions, but it necessarily damps the enthusiasm of the speakers. Though the membership of the society is limited, there is no reason why the attendance should not improve, for the assemblage of the majority would ensure a good audience. However, thanks to the influence of the director and the enthusiasm of a few leading members, this year promises to be an unqualified success. Nearly all those eligible to membership have already joined, giving us a comparatively large society, and there is little fear of the attendance diminishing while the debates are as excellent as the last three. The material of the society seems better than ever, the majority being easy and fluent speakers. Some of the new members



also give promise of more than ordinary ability.

At the first meeting the following committee was chosen to assist the director: Jno. McNally '92, H. J. Canning '93, L. Kehoe '94, and T. Rigney '95. At the first debate the following week, P. Cullen '93 and J. Murphy '94 opposed J. P. Collins '92 and A. Burke '94, on the subject: "Resolved, that the form of government of England is superior to that of the United States." The society decided by a majority of one vote in favor of Messrs Collins and Burke. Though it was the first appearance of three of the debaters, the discussion proved most interesting. The society is to be congratulated on the acquisition of these valuable members. At the next meeting the subject was the principle maintained by the great Edmund Burke in his "Speech to the Electors of Bristol," and read as follows: "Resolved, that an elected representative in a constitutional government, should rather follow the dictates of his own conscience than blindly obey the mandates of his constituents." F. McDougal '93 and M. Powers '94 upheld the affirmative, and were opposed by D. Murphy '92 and J. McDougal '94, who were adjudged the vote. The affirmative was undoubtedly the stronger side, but though most ably defended, especially by Mr. McDougal, lost much of its effect on account of the arguments being read, instead of being actually delivered.

Another of the meetings consisted of the following five-minutes impromptu speeches. "Was Cardinal Manning too liberal in his views?" by H. J. Canning '93. "Greek and Latin must be maintained as the essentials of a classical course," by D. Murphy '92. "Is confederation destined to last?" by P. Cullen '93. "Are theatres and novels essentially bad?" by F. McDougal '93. "Are strikes justifiable?" by J. P. Collins '92. "Which are the greatest banè to society,—lawyers or doctors?" by L. Kehoe '94. "Canada cannot prosper without Sir John A. McDonald," by W. Kavanagh '93. "The beauties of a Canadian winter," by A. White, '93. "Nature rather than art should direct the elocutionist," by H. Doyle '95, and a humorous debate on "The dog leads a happier life than the cat," affirmative J. Dean '92; negative, J. Murphy '94.

The Junior Debating Society has also reorganized with the following officers:

*Director*,—Rev. F. McArdle, O. M. I.

*President*,—W. Leonard.

*Secretary*,—F. Quinn.

*Committee*.— { Jno. O'Brien,  
                  { J. McGarry,  
                  { T. Clancy,  
                  { J. Cushing.

The officers of the French Debating Society are:

*Director*,—Rev. Fr. Antoine, O. M. I.

*President*,—A. Charron '92.

*Vice-Pres.*—C. Gaudet '92.

*Secretary*.—J. Vincent '94.

*Committee*.— { L. Raymond '93,  
                  { A. Rochon '95,  
                  { T. Barrette.

Lack of space forces us to withhold accounts of the meetings of these societies until our next issue.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

During the past few weeks the hockey players have taken advantage of the favorable weather and treated the students to several splendid exhibitions of this popular game. On February 6th, the Second Juniors crossed sticks with a team from the city and defeated them by a score of three straights. The teams were composed of the following:

COLLEGE.		CITY.	
Fortin.....	goal.....	Jones.	
Kearns.....	point.....	McDonald.	
Cunningham..	cover point....	Robinson.	
Tessier.		Marks.	
Lamoureux. }	forwards	White.	
Allard. }		White.	
Belair. }		Cavanagh.	

The game was ably contested throughout and was witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators. In the first half one goal was scored by Allard, in the second the other two by Allard and Lamoureux. Among the best players were McDonald for the City; and for the College, Kearns and Allard. The match was a much closer one than the score would indicate, and the College flags were frequently saved by Fortin's quick and vigilant play.

The rink had no sooner been cleaned after the foregoing match than the Eagles

and Victorias were seen emerging from the recreation-hall armed and ready for the fray. After a hard-fought battle, during which players, sticks and skates were frequently mixed in one inextricable mass, the Eagles won by a score of seven to four. In the evening the players were treated to a *recherche* repast by their admirers and friends. At the termination of the festivities Lord John had to betake himself to the infirmary, a victim of a severe attack of indigestion, the result of over-feeding. A few hours of balmy sleep, however, soon restored him to his former self.

By far the best game of hockey seen on the rink this season was played on the 1st inst. between the first team and Pat. Murphy's Emeralds. The first match from beginning to end was characterized by fast and brilliant play and showed to great advantage the pluck and coolness of some of the members of the senior team. J. Coderre acted as referee and in response to his signal the teams took the following positions:—

COLLEGE.		EMERALDS.
Copping.....	goal.	Greenfield.
Brophy.....	point	Nolan
Paradis.....	cover point.	Wall.
Weir.		Rosenthal.
Allard.	} forwards	Wesswick.
Lamoureux.		Murphy.
McCabe.		Powell.

When the puck was set in motion both teams went in with a vim, and the rubber glided swiftly from one end of the rink to the other; until after about eight minutes' play a pretty shot by Murphy gave the first game to the Emeralds. Play being resumed, for a short time the visitors seemed to have the best of it and in five minutes Wesswick scored another goal. The college team then seemed to get warmed up and turned the tables on the Emeralds by scoring three games in quick succession. The last one, however, was not allowed. The first goal for the college was made by McCabe, the second by Brophy. No further score was made by either side during the remainder of the first half. In the second half but one goal was scored and that by the Emeralds. The score stood, at the end, three to two. The game of the day was undoubtedly played by Brophy and had he been supported, in the second half, as he should, the tide

of victory would certainly have been turned the other way. Allard and Copping also deserve mention for some pretty valuable assistance rendered during the game. For the Emeralds Murphy and Wesswick did excellent work and showed themselves to be players worthy of an older team.

One of the most noticeable features of the game was the way in which King John, the terror of the small yard, distinguished himself. He seemed to have had a narrow escape from death, for fear was written on every line of his face, and he scarcely ventured within reach of the puck during the second half. It was clear that John was not at home. He has plenty of courage when he is throwing Benie up against the boards, so hard as to keep him in the infirmary for two or three days; but when a boy not much bigger than Benie, a boy from outside, a boy who does not know the reputation of the T. S. Y. ventures to do the same to John, then John collapses. The junior editor intends keeping his eye on John for the future, and therefore his majesty the T. S. Y. had better mend his ways.

The Lawrence poet, who offered to furnish us with a series of poems on some of the most noted incidents of the American war, was, we regret to say, unable on account of ill-health, to supply us with his contribution for this month. He promises to be on hand for our next issue.

Owing to the accident which befell captain McKee the tug-of-war team did not take part in the international contest held recently in the city. The rest of the team, Caron, Mercier and Lambert after a serious hard training, were in excellent condition.

A few days ago a communication was received, signed Slimmer and Toughy, soliciting our influence for their appointment to the position of Pumpers of the new organ. Upon looking over our own list of subscribers, we failed to discover the above mentioned names. While not denying that our influence with the master of the choir is considerable, we would request the applicants, who are strangers to us, to present themselves at our office on the next conge afternoon. We might also mention *en passant*, that our stock of cigarette tobacco, so kindly donated by our admirers during the Christmas vacation, is well nigh exhausted.

The junior recreation-hall was, a few days ago, the scene of the wildest excitement when it was reported that the member for Kingston "had turned up missing." Many were the theories given for his sudden and mysterious disappearance. A few supposed that he had been abducted by some evil-disposed persons in the hope of a reward, others thought he had wandered from the last snow-shoe tramp and lost his way. Searching parties were organized and were about to start out in search of him when Joe's appearance in the refectory, in response to the dinner-bell, restored tranquillity once more.

"Aimie's" many friends learn with deep regret (?) his intention to sever his connection with them. He has, we understand, secured a lucrative position with Mr. Scott, "you know he live on the Lake St. John" and will start for his new home in a few days.

The lovers of snow-shoeing have not failed to take advantage of the many opportunities offered them for indulging in that invigorating exercise.

Every conge afternoon members may be seen bedecked with tuque and sash starting out for a tramp. After taking in a circuit of seven or eight miles they return slightly fatigued, but with sharpened appetites for supper.

The rank in class for the month of January was as follows:—

- |                      |   |                     |
|----------------------|---|---------------------|
| <i>First Grade.</i>  | { | 1. Wilfred Paradis. |
|                      | { | 2. H. Leclerc.      |
|                      | { | 3. H. P. Ryan.      |
| <i>Second Grade.</i> | { | 1. Peter O'Connor.  |
|                      | { | 2. Hector Valin.    |
|                      | { | 3. John Harpin.     |
| <i>Third Grade.</i>  | { | 1. H. Brophy.       |
|                      | { | 2. E. Corkery.      |
|                      | { | 3. J. Goodall.      |
| <i>Fourth Grade.</i> | { | 1. T. Coulombe.     |
|                      | { | 2. J. Cushing.      |
|                      | { | 3. J. McCabe.       |

ATHLETICS.

HOCKEY.

*Electrics 4.—Varsity 0.*

Our hockey players did not measure sticks with any outside aggregation until Saturday, February

13th, when they met the Electrics and suffered a defeat of four goals to nil. The rink was in very poor condition, as it had not been flooded since the recent heavy snow-storms, and it was almost impossible to clean it properly. The hockey sticks used by the Varsity players were surely never intended for actual use or if they were, it would have brought grief to the heart of the manufacturer and tears to his eyes, had he been present to see them snap in twain every time they came in contact with the sticks of the Electrics. But it must not be supposed that the defeat was due entirely to the poor condition of the ice or to the inferior hockey sticks. The players themselves might have been in better condition. There was an utter lack of system in the play. The forwards played an individual game from start to finish. They were often together or on the one side of the rink and there were few attempts at passing. Surely if any team ought to know the advantage of team play, that team is Varsity. Football should have taught them that lesson. And no doubt it has, too, for in practices the Varsity players do considerable passing, but they seemed to have forgotten all about it in the match with the Electrics. The defence men did their work better than the forwards. Rigney at cover point played the best game of the team. Of the victorious Electrics, E. Murphy at cover point and R. Murphy and O'Neil and Goodwin among the forwards, worked well. Throughout the match the pace was by no means slow, but the hockey might easily have been of a higher standard. There might have been less rough play and more of the science of the game and there would have been nothing lost by the exchange.

Mr. O. W. Clarke acted as referee and the goal judges were J. O'Connell and E. E. Clarke. Following are the players as they lined up:

ELECTRICS.		VARSITY.	
Shea.....	goal.....	O'Reilly.	
Nolan.....	point.....	White.	
E. Murphy.....	cover point.....	Rigney.	
O'Neil		Kehoe.	
P. Murphy	} forwards	Dean.	
J. Murphy		Collins.	
Goodwin		McDougal.	

Ten minutes after the face, the puck was brought back of the Varsity goal and O'Neil swiped it in through from behind. It struck a College man's stick or skate and went through the flags, thus giving the Electrics their first goal. Varsity made a few attempts at scoring after this, but their shooting was very inaccurate. Before half time the Electrics made several shots at the College flags, and O'Reilly made some nice stops. Finally, P. Murphy succeeded in scoring. Elec-

trics 2, Varsity 0. In the beginning of the second half the play was even for some time and then the Electrics made a charge on the Varsity goal, but the attack resulted in a scramble directly in front of the flags, and finally a Varsity player averted the danger by sending the puck down the ice. Shortly after this J. Murphy carried the puck up to the side of the goal and scored by a nice shot from a very sharp angle. Electrics 3, Varsity 0. Winning the face Varsity made a rush but it was of too short duration to be effective. From this to the call of time Varsity could not succeed in breaking the goose egg and the Electrics made matters worse by adding one more goal to their score, thus winning the match by 4 goals to 0. The Electrics have asked for a return match on Dey's rink. With a little more practice in team play and by each man keeping to his own side of the rink, there is no doubt that in the next match a repetition of Saturday's score would be almost an impossibility.

\* \*

92 vs. 93.

To have seen the Embryo Aristotelians on the ice chasing the lively puck and falling over each other's hockey sticks would have induced the closest of students to throw aside his books and string on the steel gliders. Tired of dry logic and subtle metaphysics, weary of Ganot and his multifarious laws, the men of '92 and '93 resolved to try conclusions in this king of winter sports. It was not to be expected that seven first-classes men could be had out of each class, but on both sides there were brilliant stars and stars that were not brilliant, so that taken all in all the teams were very evenly matched. In the first half '93 scored three goals to their seniors' one, but in the second half the latter scored two and made matters even. The '93 men made a big mistake in their style of play. They held back to defend their goal and the consequence was that all the '93 men were points or corner points, and all the '92 men were forwards. The juniors were content with driving the puck from immediate proximity to their goals and made no attempts at assuming the aggressive; the seniors meantime continuing their attack, it was only a matter of time when they would score. In fact, it was only the good play of Proderick in goal and of White at point that prevented them from having done so sooner. An extra twenty minutes was played, but the score remained unchanged and with each side three goals the match ended in a draw, a conclusion in favor of which there is one point, viz., that one side can always crowd as loud as the other. The teams were '92,

Goal, Charron; Point, Troy; Cover, McNally; Forwards, Collins, Gaudet, Dean and McMillan. '93, Goal, Proderick; Point, White; Cover, Jacques; Forwards, Clark, Meagher, Raymond and Plamondon; Referee, E. O'Reilly.

'92 and '93 vs. '94 and '95.

Combining their forces '92 and '93 played '94 and '95, and defeated the latter team by a score of 4 goals to 3. The game was fast and exciting from start to finish, and good hockey was played. Towards the end of the second half the game was a defence one for the juniors and seniors. The sophs and freshies swarmed around their opponents' goal and attempted to even the score, and several times they came very nearly doing it, but the '92 and '93 men were bunched too closely in front of the flags to allow the puck to go through. When time was called the score was 4 goals to 3 in favor of '92 and '93. The following were the contestants:--

'92 and '93, Goal, Proderick; Point, White; Cover, Troy; Forwards, Collins, Clark, Dean, Gaudet. '94 and '95, Goal, Bedard; Point, Paradis; Cover, Kehoe; Forwards, Leveque T. Rigney, J. McDougal, Capbert. Referee, E. Reilly.

The next classes to cross hockey sticks were the first, second and third forms. The third played a combination from the first and second forms, and defeated them by 1 goal to 0. The strength of the first and second forms was chiefly in their defence, consisting of Copping and Rigney and big "Ted" Reynolds, but were somewhat weak in their forward division. The third was a more evenly balanced team and the ever reliable "Joachim" was between their flags. The classes were represented as follows:

1st. and 2nd.—Goal, Copping; point, Reynolds; cover, Rigney; forwards, Regis, Trainer, Belcourt, Fleming.

3rd. Form.—Goal, E. O'Reilly; point, McCrea; cover, Brunelle; forwards, Leonard, Griffin, O'Brien, Quinn.

\* \*

The snowshoe club has a large membership roll just at present, and the members seem to be ardent lovers of the sport as the tramps are more frequent this year than for some years past. The big tramp will be to Aylmer, some nine miles distant. Over twenty members of the club have signified their intention of attempting to cover the eighteen miles. In the next issue we hope to be able to give a full account of what will no doubt be a most enjoyable outing.

## ULULATUS!

Certainly not!

A SHOCKING STORY.—The account of an electrocution.

A CONSTANT GAME OF "BLUFF."—Phen's sojourn in the infirmary.

Instead of "The Wonderful One-hoss Shay" which "Our Willie" proposed giving us, he has sent us "The One-eyed Snow-house," the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes naturally suggesting by the "Pick Method," the idea of house.

In the corner it stands with its back to the fence,—  
The Juniors' "Castle of Indolence,"  
Its broad breast bared to the flut'ring breeze  
How its gaping mouth laughs at the shivering trees!

Its massive white head towering high,  
Like Babel's turrets, would cleave the sky;  
Its single window, like Cyclops' eye,  
Marks a Ulysses skating by  
As the bald eagle that seeking rest,  
Circles above its feathery nest,  
Betimes 'twould say, with a knowing wink,  
To the hockey giants on the rink;  
"With patent spring rockers "bright and blue,"  
"With a stick from the cedars that Lebanon  
grew,  
"With six months' steady practice too,  
"I think I could play with the best of you!"  
'Twas built of the smoothest blocks of ice,  
Wrought by a Crusoe's "strange device,"  
Of whose secret workings, we little know,"  
Save the fact that it wasted much water and snow.  
Boys turned horses and tugged away  
At a funnily fashioned Lapland sleigh,  
Spending the wholesome half-conge  
Carrying water as if 'twere play,  
Till in the west the sinking sun  
Smiled on the toilers' troubles done,  
And there stands the structure, cold and gray,  
Stout as it stood on that half-conge,

Where it bids fair to stand and stay  
Long after Hockey Rink melts away.  
Doubtless it's good for the Ides of May,—  
Logic is logic—that's what I say—  
And lest one should think that every line  
In this epic of epics might not be mine,  
I deem it a prudent plan to sign  
My name at the bottom—Willie.

N.B.—Open to the 1st and 2nd grades.

Undefined, undefinable, never yet seen,  
Unknown to be until it has been,  
Manifesting itself in its doleful effects—  
Reducing the rugged to physical wrecks,  
Ten volumes of verses the genius may claim  
Who'll send us this undefined animal's name.

RIVAL PUBLISHERS.—Editor N. O. Good, of the "Farmer's Reliance," "Wind is sellin' kinder dear now, eh?"

Caller.—"Wind? why, how's that?"

Editor N. G.—"Well, that fellow who runs that one-horse sheet further down the street has got to pay three cents an ounce for mailing matter."

THE AGE OF DIVORCE.—"I wish you many happy returns of the day," as the Chicago woman said to her lady friend on the morning of her marriage.

AFTER THE CONVERSAZIONE.—Sawduff—"What was the opening feature of the evening, old man?"

De Long—"The mouth."

We hear with pleasure that the music professor declares himself highly gratified with the progress made by the senior base-bawlers.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS NOTICE.—The President of the University Store desires us to contradict the slanderous report that his concern is in financial difficulties. The stress occasioned by the failure of his recent attempted "corner" in matches has been wholly tided over by the opportune aid of the Bank of England.

The following printed letter was intercepted on its way to Bobcaygeon :—

DEAR FATHER,—I am dead broke, hoping this will not find you in the same condition.

I remain your aff. son,

MICK.

FROM THE GREEK.

Alcibiades :—“ Can’st tell, good Fagan, why this theory  
Scientists call “ motion perpetual”  
So much resembles him they call the  
the tramp ?”

Fagan :—“ Hold now a trice ; I’ll tell thee presently.—  
Ha ! now methinks I have it. ’Tis because  
It moves, nor ever ceases, am I right ?”

Alcibiades :—“ Nay, nay, my friend, not quite.  
Though of a truth,  
In that respect it doth resemble him,  
But it appears to me they’re nearer kin  
In this,—that neither of them e’er will  
work !”

“ Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” Witness the classic deportment of the quondam belligerent seniors.

We are not yet done with the year 1755.  
“ And so the Acadians it is a small place in Mexico.”

TO CALCULUS.

Oh, my Calculus, I hate thee,  
I detest thy very name ;  
Though I know thee to be useful,  
I abhor thee just the same,  
And I hate the man that brought thee  
To the notice of his kind ;

For he must have been a demon  
Thus to make a fellow grind  
Through the long hours of the evening,  
Through the gloomy hours of night,  
Till the dawning in the eastern sky  
Proclaims the coming light ;  
Thus to rack his brain o’er problems  
As thy every student has,  
For the dull and dismal music  
Of thy thronging formulas.

Oh, thy variables and constants,  
Thy exponents and thy powers,  
Drag along their haggard figures  
On the skirts of crawling hours ;  
And in the mighty multitude  
That follow in their wake,  
The most hideous mathematics  
; Their positions duly take.  
Horrid differentiations  
Are the chief among the host ;  
Oh ! such vile abominations  
Nothing out of Hell can boast.  
But what tears my very soul out  
Worse than aught of Algebra’s,  
Is the harsh and grating music  
Of thy trooping formulas.

Oh, the rattling of the restless bones  
Of war’s unburied slain,  
Telling o’er again their story,  
On some ancient battle-plain ;  
Or the fabled dance of skeletons  
At midnight on their tombs,  
While Death’s fearful self above the scene  
In ashy grinness looms ;  
Or the cracking of disjointed limbs  
On some old-fashioned rack,  
Accompanied by shrieks and groans  
At every separate crack ;  
Oh, these are music sweet as are  
The songs of Caracas  
To the dry and dismal rattle  
Of advancing formulas.