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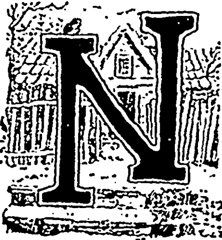
HYMN FOR MAY.



OW, in the joyous month of May,
When trees 'gin feather all their spray
Of leafy green, and, after snow,
From bud to bloom the flowers outblow,
My heart, awake
With these, full fain
Would freshly take
A summer strain,
Clear-caught perchance at happy rote
From music of the wild bird's throat :
And with all glad, untrammelled things
Which own a voice to sing their glee,
Waft heavenward up, on love's swift wings,
Mother of Love, a hymn to thee.

Be calm, my heart! Thou art too quick
With happy throbs. Too fast and thick,
A fluttering crowd of young devotions
Starts up with thought-bewildering motions.
For in my breast
Is life untethered :
As in the nest,
When, newly feathered,
With young life thrilling, swift and keen,
To every plumelet fresh and sheen,
The twittering brood who seek to sing,
But stammer o'er the parent note,
Shake eager out the downy wing,
And yearn on summer airs to float.

Nay, have your will, ye wayward throng!
I may not rule this rush of song.
O Mary Mother, at thy name
My soul bursts kindling into flame.
I would not set,
For this free measure,
A bound to fret
Its flooding pleasure,
But let it fill its native course,
Unruled of path, unchecked of force,
A torrent stream that sweeps away
All landmarks set to fence the heart.
What matter? In the wild bird's lay,
Who lists for sequences of art?

Lily of heaven, all hail to thee,
Joy of the holy Trinity!
Hail, Flower as truly God-bedight
As is the lily clothed with light.
Hail, Rose of heaven,
Whose quickening breath
Is God! Hail, heaven
Of Life to death!
The millioned flowers that now break sod
Do liken us the grace of God,
Winning to heavenly life and light,
In thee, its full, unstinted way,
Thou Garden of God's heart delight,
O'erteeming sweets to every ray.

O, well to thee we dedicate
This opening of the summer state,
When earth, renewed through every vein,
Blossoms to beauteous life again.
So, in the finer
World unseen,
A spring diviner
Clothed with green,

Of lovely promise, man's sere hope,
And bade to new-born gladness ope
Our winter-worn humanity,
  Piercing with life sin's frosty sod,
When heaven first lightened forth in thee,
  Thou very spring-tide smile of God.

Hark! over earth I hear them move,—
The music-sandalled feet of Love,
Still treading time to every beat
Of God's wide heart, with echo sweet.
      The grass that grows,
        The bird that sings,
      The breeze that blows,
        The woods, the springs,
The deep-toned rivers, opening flowers,—
Those rhythm-beats of the sun and showers
At sweet accordance,—all have caught
  The key-note of the lovely time;
And every heart-string of my thought
  Resounds it in some spirit-rhyme.

O Mary Mother! O Queen of May!
O Spring from heaven! O Dawn of Day!
O heart-outbreathing of God's own breath!
O sweet Word-Echo of all Love saith!
      O all-completeness
        Of God's creation!
      O full of sweetness!
        O constellation
Of all God's graces! O beauteous Wonder,
Whom heavens on heavens veil faces under!
To silence swooning before thy throne,
  No more I hymn thee with lips defiled.
Yet, Mary Mother, thy name alone
  Plead for me ever—I am thy child.

FRANK WATERS.

ROME IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

NEVER was Rome more emphatically the centre of the world than it is to-day—not Rome, the capital of what geographers through professional courtesy, diplomats through political necessity, and the *profanum vulgus* through vincible ignorance style United Italy—but Rome of the Popes—Saint Peter's and the Vatican that small portion of the Eternal City still comparatively undesecrated by the despoiling hordes of the sacrilegious usurper, and whence the August Prisoner—a Light in Heaven—the King of Christendom—illumines the path and rules the hearts of more than two hundred millions of love-bound subjects. All the splendour of the Imperial Cæsars' undisputed sway pales into insignificance beside the beneficent rule and peaceful glory of this Prisoner-King who inspires such devotion and summons such state as no mere earthly monarch was ever able to command. The mock-royalty of the counterfeit King who holds his Robber-Court in the Quirinal, forms the dark background of the picture, and makes thoughtful foreigners wonder aloud how long the common sense and decency of Europe will tolerate this bogus, bankrupt kingdom that exists on the alms of Catholic pilgrims to its host of beggars and the bribes of Protestant sight-seers to its army of officials.

Heaven only knows—or hell, rather—by what bye paths and crooked ways Humbert's father came to the crown, but history has the clear record that the chief plotters in the dark scheme were cut off in the very blossom of their sin and sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads, "unhonsell'd, unanointed, unaneall'd" The curse is on them still, for Humbert's full-grown son, he who is to perpetuate the dynasty and place the reigning house on an immovable foundation, receives little but contempt from his future subjects, and vainly seeks a consort in all the courts of Europe. The national, well-nigh universal, feeling with regard to him may be fittingly expressed in the sarcastic question :

> "What's this
> That rises like the issue of a King,
> And bears upon his baby brow the round
> And top of sov'reignty?"

But the Holy Father—the real King, in justice and in the hearts of his people—has more loving subjects. So when the thirteenth Leo and two hundred and fifty-eighth Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth approached his fiftieth year in the Episcopacy, the Catholic World—his Empire—judged the event worthy of some universal expression of reverence, attachment and filial respect. The strength and extent of this sentiment soon became apparent. From every clime and from all classes came princely presents, the richest that nature's treasure-house could afford or the art of man produce. From every nation and in all tongues, messages of congratulation and consolation, the most lofty and the most tender that human eloquence could utter or filial love suggest. But precious above all and most highly prized were those eager crowds of devout pilgrims who, leaving home and country, braved the dangers and fatigue of a long journey, that they might lay the homage of their hearts at the feet of the successor of the Prince of the Apostles.

It is a mistake to suppose that the celebration of the Jubilee was restricted to the actual date of the anniversary and the few following days—or even to the Jubilee Month. With the New Year began the numerous manifestations of joy and tributes of fealty to the illustrious Pontiff, and they will scarcely end within the twelvemonth. Still the 19th of February was the great day, the pivot on which everything turned. On that day His Holiness was to celebrate the Jubilee Mass in St. Peter's. The ceremony was marked for nine o'clock ; four hours earlier thousands of patient pilgrims had already

begun their weary watching for the opening of the doors of the great Basilica. An hour before the Mass there were probably eighty thousand people within the edifice and as many more struggling without. Saint Peter's, with its centuries of historic religious pageants, has perhaps never equalled the majestic grandeur of the scene that greeted the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff as he entered from the Vatican Palace. One hundred thousand eager, uplifted, expectant faces were turned towards him and spoke out their silent message of love and veneration, and then from one hundred thousand throats burst forth such a cheer of welcome—deep, loud, long and hearty—as those who did not hear it can in nowise imagine. What an answer was this spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic homage to the living, what a comment on the dead demagogues, the sad outcome of our age, who, in their furious, virulent, blind hatred of all that is Catholic, thought—for that was their object—that the subversion of the temporal power meant the immediate weakening and ultimate destruction of the spiritual. There was scarce an individual in that vast throng but would have joyfully died for that feeble old man—the cynosure of all eyes—and every one of them was the delegated representative of thousands. If the heart of the venerable Leo could have been moved by feelings of selfish vanity or worldly pride, here indeed was an occasion to try him; but there was not a trace of the human in his deep, visible, touching emotion. Even the veriest scoffer must have been impressed by the almost divine majesty and the more than human weakness of the Sovereign Pontiff as, borne in the Sedia by a number of Roman nobles, he passed up between the ranks of his magnificent Swiss Guard and blessed the cheering, praying, weeping multitude that pressed on every side. The simple low Mass took almost an hour—it was said by a saint—and accompanied by the pure incense of devout prayer must have been an agreeable offering before the throne of Him whom the Catholic World was supremely honoring in the person of His Vicar. After Mass the entrance scene was renewed, if possible with more enthusiasm, though now with an evident tinge of sorrow. For in that immense congregation there were thousands who were about to look their last on the form and features of him who to them represented the union of everything that is high and noble and holy on the earth. They were of many nations, had come to comfort him in the evening of his life, and were about to bid him a final farewell. There was a desperate agony in that parting cheer, like that of children—helpless for the moment—who saw an idolized Father-King deprived of his rights, restricted in his liberty, a prisoner in his royal city; but there was an undying purpose in it, too—the resolve of men—the claim of suffering justice—and faith and hope and certainty. The trembling Pontiff turned to give a last blessing, the door leading into the Vatican Palace opened and closed quietly, and like as a great silence and darkness—momentary only—fell upon all present. Then what but an instant before was a unified whole, swayed by a single thought and speaking a single, though wordless language, broke into an infinity of crowds, a Babel of tongues; the spell was broken, the principle of cohesive unity no longer active on the mass. But deep down in the heart of every individual worked the living influence of that glorious day—to be a precious remembrance and a powerful incentive for the remainder of his life. Some there were who had it revived and strengthened by the inspired words of wisdom of the Father in the audiences of the following days; but the vast majority left for their homes, happy in the thought of that last cheer, that last look, that last benediction.

Let there be no doubt as to the cause of Rome's preeminence. It is not the well-preserved Pantheon nor the stupendous ruins of the Coliseum, nor the Capitol, nor the old Roman Forum. Neither is it the Catacombs, or Saint Peter's, or Saint John of Lateran. With all their grandeur, they are but the little ant-like devices of man—clay, marble and mortar—and, though the world now tends to a deification of matter, the spiritual principle can command universal respect and enjoy universal love. Rome is the Eternal City, the centre of Catholicism; therein lies the secret of its greatness. What makes it more frequented than others, more beautiful than Paris and more influential

than London is not its historic memories nor its unrivalled supremacy in the fine arts, nor its puny importance as capital of a state in the Triple Alliance, but its being the home of the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and Bishop of the Universal Church. It is a healthy and a hopeful sign as well as a signal triumph for Catholicity that its aged Chief—poor, feeble, shorn of his temporal royalty—could inspire such fervent devotion and heroic sacrifice as the people of all nations testified in his regard. For his sake and to honor what he represents, a numerous pilgrimage came from the country of Garcia Moreno in far distant South America; France, Spain, Portugal and his own Italy, mindful of their past glories as zealous Catholic powers gave evidence of a speedy return to the true principle of their greatness; England and Scotland never assembled so distinguished and representative a body of Catholics since that awful apostasy of three centuries ago; Austro-Hungary, true to its traditions, contributed thousands in money and faithful hearts; Alsace-Lorraine and Catholic Germany are still marshalling their peaceful battalions. But most imposing of all the pilgrimages to the Eternal City—not so much in number as in deep piety and splendid organization—were those from dear old Ireland and from Poland, Ireland's worthy sister in suffering and oppression for justice sake, as well as in heroic devotion to the See of St. Peter and unfaltering constancy in the faith of Christ.

Such was the world-wide demonstration on the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth—outward expression of the heartfelt prayer, "May the Lord preserve him and prolong his life and make him blessed on earth and deliver him not to the will of his enemies"—outward expression, too, of triumphant faith in a gracious hearing and a favorable answer.

M. F. FALLON, '89.

ROME, April 20, '93.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom
spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe
their words in pain.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE MAPLE TREE.

CANADIANS must feel interest in the maple tree. Its emblematic leaf arouses the pride and the aspirations of the Canadian patriot's heart, and the Canadian — if any such there be— whose lethargic nature is not awakened by such patriotic sentiments, is interested in the maple at least inasmuch as it is the source of a very delectable food product. We are indebted for much of what we are to say in the present paper to the historian, Benjamin Sulte, who on this subject, wrote an extremely interesting article, characterized by deep and patient research. The article we refer to appeared in the issue dated June 4th, 1892, of *Le Monde Illustre*, a French journal of Montreal.

China and India, it seems, were the countries in which sugar was first known. Later on it found its way into Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. To Alexander the Great is awarded the honour of having introduced it into Greece, whence it passed on westwards to Sicily and Rome. About the year 1420, Portugal procured some samples of sugar, and from that country some of it was obtained by the inhabitants of the Canary Islands. These islands and Madeira made known to all Europe the existence of sugar. It was not, however, commonly used by the Europeans until a couple of centuries later. In 1506 the Spaniards brought sugar-cane from Saint Domingo Island, where it grew without being cultivated. We see, then, that sugar-cane grows in many countries, and was widely known before the discovery of America. The fruitful maple tree, on the other hand, is to be found chiefly in America, and belongs especially to Canada.

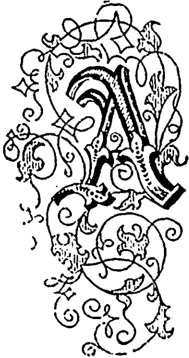
Mr. Benjamin Sulte, despite his lengthy researches, finds it impossible to ascertain the exact time at which the maple sugar industry originated. No mention at all is made of maple sugar in the "Relations des Jesuites," which are the chief historical records of the country from 1632 to 1673. In 1663 M. Pierre Boucher wrote a little book entitled "Histoire Naturelle de la Nouvelle-France." Speaking of the maple he says in substance: "There is a species of tree called the maple, which grows quite large and high; its wood is very beautiful. However, we use it only to burn or to make tool handles, a purpose for which it is well suited on account of its being extremely soft and strong. When these maples are notched in the spring there flows from the notch a quantity of water which is sweeter and more agreeable to drink than water mixed with sugar." M. Pierre Boucher's object in writing his work was to make known to his readers Canada's natural resources. And since he makes no mention of the manufacture of maple sugar or maple syrup, we are justified in concluding that the maple sugar industry originated subsequent to the year 1663. Mr. Sulte assures us that no further mention is made of the maple tree in Canada's historical documents until the year 1683, when the Baron de La Houtan wrote as follows: "The maple resembles the wild cherry tree in height and thickness; there is, however, this difference between them: the bark of the former is brown and its wood is reddish. The Canadian maples are not at all like those of Europe. The former contain a peculiar kind of sap which is more pleasant to the taste than any lemonade or cherry water, and which is the healthiest drink in the world. To get this liquid, an incision about two inches in depth and ten or twelve inches in length is made, slanting into the wood. At the base of this incision the sap flows into a sort of spout, which empties into a trough at the end of which a vessel is placed for receiving the liquid. Each tree can yield only five or six bottles of sap per day, and each Canadian *habitant* can collect twenty barrels of it morning and evening, if he wishes to tap all the trees on his farm. The incision made does the tree no harm. Out of this sap is made sugar and syrup which is indeed precious, inasmuch as it is the best of all remedies for strengthening the lungs. Few people

have sufficient patience to make this syrup. As ordinary and easily-obtained blessings are never valued at their true worth, so in Canada only the children tap the maple trees. In addition I might say that the maples of northern districts have more sap than those in southern parts." Mr. Sulte says that in the last sentence quoted the writer refers to the fact that the sap of the maple tree of France is bitter to the taste. The same authority states it as his opinion that the maple sugar industry was not practically entered upon before the year 1694, when the people's attention was directed to it by Michel Sarrazin, a native of Paris, who sailed for New France in 1685 and died at Quebec in 1730. In the volumes of L'Academie Royal des Sciences, Michel Sarrazin thus speaks of the maple tree: "There are in North America four kinds of maples which I have sent to the Royal Garden * * the fourth, acer canadense saccharifcrum is a tree which grows to a height of from sixty to eighty feet, its sap which ascends from the first days of April until the middle of May is quite sweet, a fact which is known to the savages and to the French inhabitants. An opening is made in the tree and from this the sap flows into vessels. After it has been vaporized about the twentieth part of its weight remains which is the real sugar, fit for preserving purposes, etc. One of these trees having a circumference of three or four feet will yield during one season, if no loss is incurred, sixty or eighty pounds of sugar. If one wishes he may obtain a greater quantity but it is quite evident that by so doing he weakens the tree and hastens its decay. In order that this sap may be sweet certain singular conditions are required which one would never think of. They are the following: 1st. It is necessary that at the time the sap is drawn the foot of the tree be covered with snow and if there is no snow there some must be brought. 2nd. This snow must be melted by the sun and not by a mild atmosphere. 3rd. There must be frost the night before the sap flows. This kind of manipulation which nature makes use of in producing maple sugar strikingly resembles some chemical operations in which results, that are apparently contradictory to the causes in virtue of which they are brought about are obtained, and in which causes apparently almost identical produce altogether different effects. The sap is no longer fit for sugar half an hour or at most an hour after the snow which covers the foot of the tree has commenced to melt. After this length of time the melted snow enters the ducts of the maple and its influence there is quickly felt." It is also said that in order to have sap in large quantities from a maple it should be tapped near its base. A northwest wind and a dry, still atmosphere is favorable to the flow of sap.

Mr. Sulte, who, in consequence of his profound studies on the subject, knows whereof he speaks, declares that it is only on the American continent that maple sugar manufacturing can be carried on successfully from a commercial standpoint. To prove that the industry is now in a thriving condition suffice it to say that the yield in this country in 1892 was 70,000,000 lbs., and this year it is said the yield will be over 75,000,000 lbs, which means about $7,500,000 in money. The moral of these few remarks is: Burn coal, or wood if you prefer it, but by all means spare our national tree—the maple.

ERABLE, '94.

"*THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.*"



FRIEND of mine once remarked to me that one of the most charming novels he had ever read was one written by Rosa Mulholland, entitled the "Wild Birds of Killeevy," and at the same time advised me to read it. I did so, and must say that I was agreeably surprised, for, contrary to expectations, I found not a "good goody" tale, but a well developed plot, not a pure love story, but an instructive novel, couched in elegant English, and above all, interspersed with many paragraphs some of which give us much valuable information about English, Irish, German, and Italian modes of thought, while others lead us through the grand old middle-age churches, the art-galleries of the Continent. Indeed, Rosa Mulholland seems to excel in imparting valuable information by means of the characters whom she introduces to her readers. This is particularly so in the "Wild Birds of Killeevy" where she introduces to us in turn, the Irish poet, the English scholar, the German musician, the Italian painter, and does it all so cleverly that we are forced to conclude that her extensive knowledge is not gained from books alone, but much more from personal observation and experience.

A good test of the true worth of a novel is the fact that it will bear reading a second time, and I believe this can be said of the one under consideration. But if any one expect, to find in it a pure love story, he will be disappointed. It is not a pure love story, but rather a story of pure love. The scene opens on Killeevy mountain on the west coast of Ireland, just at the birth of Fanchea or "Little Fan." Around Franchea and Kevin a peasant boy, the interest of the story centres. As we see these two at the beginning of their life they are typically Irish in all they say and in all they do. Kevin is described as an awkward, bookish boy, in his early "teens," who loved the beautiful and the good wherever they were found, and who never failed to find these in all the works of nature; but being obliged to labor on his father's lot, he had little opportunity of improving himself. "Little Fan" who has not yet reached the age of seven, is represented as the type of Irish child-beauty: "The eyes changing their expression every moment, the broad innocent forehead, the slight, dark, mobile curves of the brows, and even the slender nose and rounded chin, all at once or in turn emphasized the meaning that crossed her young face." Add to this that at a very early age she displayed rare musical abilities and you have a fair idea of the two "wild birds of Killeevy" whom the reader is asked to follow through their joys and sorrows in this little book of one hundred and sixty pages. It is not however my intention to follow closely the thread of the story, but rather to quote some of the polished and instructive paragraphs which the writer incidentally introduces. Therefore I shall give but a short account of the story proper.

We see Fan and Kevin now in their innocence, and enjoying all that happiness of which the country child has so large a share. Soon however, we shall see them called upon to undergo cruel distress and sorrow. For famine raged at this time in Ireland and sweeping over the land, carried fearful death to every Irish hovel on Killeevy mountain. So well does our author describe its dread approach that I cannot do better than to quote her words: "A wet season, a black blight on the golden hearted blossoms of the potato field, a scourge of fever brooding over the cabins; here is a sad sequence only too familiar on an Irish mountain-side. . . . The potato-plants hung out their little grey flags with promise of plenty for the peasant's simple meal; but a mysterious breath passed over them one night, and shrivelled and scorched them to the root. Then came the fever creeping like a hideous ghoul up the mountain-side, and

sitting at every darkened hearth in turn." This is no picture originating in the mind of the novelist. Well does she say "sitting at every darkened hearth," for famine in Ireland meant fever, and fever, death—death to all alike except the rich,—death to men whose bravery and generosity of heart the historian has never chronicled, the poet never sung: death to true women of such purity and innocence as no other nation ever produced. Among the peasants whose lips the dread famine sealed, were the parents of little Fan, who is left by them to the care of Kevin. At the age of ten years she had received some little education at the hands of Kevin and Father Ulick who, by the way, is an excellent character. She is described at this period as "exuberant with life and joy in every movement, unconscious grace in every attitude," and having a voice of such ravishing tenderness and sweetness, that she was the admired of the whole neighborhood. But the happiness of her childhood soon came to an unhappy termination. A band of gipsies passing through Killeevy, and tempted by the profits which they saw might be made by the child's voice, succeeded in kidnapping her. We next find her in England, where she was forced to figure as a dancing-girl. But here let us stop to comment, for, perhaps no description in the whole book is more touchingly drawn than this of Fan's forced appearance on the gipsy stage. The picture of the innocent, sorrowful child compelled to smile while she sings the song she hates, the look of imploring pity which she casts on the audience, the astonishment and interest with which her hearers regard her, all is wonderfully well shown—not directly, it is true, but by some unaccountable means the reader is led to feel the sadness of the situation. When all her gipsy songs have been sung, in answer to a request from the audience for more, she considered for a moment, and turning her young face towards Killeevy, "there rose suddenly from her lips a sacred strain, curiously in contrast with her former songs, sweet, solemn, and thrilling, a hymn that alternated between triumph and supplication. It was the hymn of the Virgin "Triumphant," sung in every cabin on Killeevy mountain; the words were in Irish, and incomprehensible to her listeners."

But to return to the story. As little Fan is under the guardianship of Kevin, he naturally endeavours to find some trace of her, but fails to be equal to the cunning of the gipsies. Fan, however makes her escape meanwhile, and reaching London, is adopted by a kind Italian lady who having a taste for painting, teaches this as well as other accomplishments to Fan, and a new life opens for the child. Meanwhile Kevin also reaches London and finds employment in a book-store, where he takes advantage of the abundance of poetry and other reading matter at his disposal, never, however giving up his search for Fan. This he carried on by frequenting the London theatres where he believed the gipsies would turn the child's wonderful voice to the best advantage. But all was in vain. The search is not unfruitful to the reader however, for the author takes advantageof it to make some excellent comments on actors and acting. Speaking of "Hamlet," she tellsus that on reading it, the harshness of the half-crazed prince troubled Kevin, until after repeated reading and re-reading he made up his mind that there were thoughts and words untold by the text. Then she goes on to point out that at Kevin's time the drama had been revived in all its grandeur. He "witnessed the genius that, reading between the lines of the great master's writing, had drawn forth the entire soul of the meaning and placed it before the world. The strutting, speech-making Hamlet was no more, and in his place was a noble and sensitive human being, a high and delicate mind broken by horror, isolated from its kind by contact with the supernatural, crazed by the wickedness of the living, and the vengeance required by the dead." Such is Rosa Mulholland's ideal Shakespearian actor, and such, no doubt, have been a few of the great actors whom she has seen. The remainder of this long paragraph is equally scholarly and instructive, so much so, that I am of the opinion that the fair author has more fully grasped the idea of what a good actor should be than have many of those who treat us to lengthy essays on the same subject.

The drama was the beginning of a second life for Kevin. He left the theatre, we are told in a whirl of extraordinary excitement. "A new world—the world of

art had opened before his astonished eyes. Poetry had taken flesh and blood; life and color had been transfused into abstract thought." But there were still more advantages in store for him. Shortly after this he became the intimate friend of a gentleman named Honeywood, a person of means and education. In their many talks on literature and poetry, several good things are said. For instance when Kevin asks Honeywood if he intends to be severe on the poets of the present day, he answers, "On many of them, especially the wordy weak and deliberately obscure, and those who put the sense in place of the sound." And again he says, "Do not fall in love with your own voice and sing for the pleasure of hearing it. Continue your studies and become a severe critic of your own work." Thus Kevin imbibed high ideas from his master and it is not surprising that when the "simple happy past gathered around him with its olden sweetness, and became present once more" he, wrote a book of poems which the critics praised, and which finding its way to Fan in after years, bore to her the first news that Kevin was still in the land of the living.

Let us now pass over six years and also from England to Germany and Italy, whither Kevin had gone with Honeywood in search of Fan, for her letter written from London and addressed, "Killeevy Mountain" had never reached its destination, and the English lord whose patronage Fan had been fortunate enough to receive, had resolved that she should not return to her friends until she had received a thorough education. And here is the author's Christian advice as to what woman's education should be:—"I would beg you to keep her noble and simple as she is. Let no petty conceit creep into her feminine brain; amuse her with no trashy novels and romances; let her know nothing but of the higher, purer literature; cultivate her heart to thrill only to the real, the most genuine and unaffected sorrows of life, to the purest and holiest affections." But let us follow Kevin and Honeywood, for with them we may learn many of the valuable lessons which the author so skilfully interweaves with the story. For instance, here is her description and appreciation of a woman without religion. The words are put into the mouth of Honeywood speaking of his cousin:—"Her father was a German dreamer, and made this, his only, motherless child, his companion and pupil. . . . . I need not tell you that religion had no part in her education. To your Catholic mind the idea of a woman without religion is repulsive, and yet my cousin is just such a one as, in other circumstances would gladly have sheltered her gentle head under the mantle of your bountiful Church. . . . . She has an extraordinary tenderness for dumb animals, and will hate you forever if you tell her you believe they will have no share in immortal life. Her sympathies with human nature even in its lowest forms, are intense, and yet she is too dreamy to be very helpful. A poor peasant woman with a pair of ready hands and not two ideas in her head, would do more good to her fellow-creatures than my cousin Ida with all her vague speculations and her convictions that she is born to sacrifice herself for the general use of creation."

It may not be generally known that this pleasing novelist writes poetry, but such is the case, and whatever may be its merit, she evidently feels the power of good poetry, for speaking of this, she writes:—"When we lift our eyes from the book, the landscape is more lovely for the subtleties of meaning that the poet has discovered in it, the tender conceits with which he has colored it; and the charming face is more lovely to us when we have heard of the goodnesses that lurk behind it. What nature gives to us we are grateful for and delight in, but what nature gives to the poet he returns to her and to us a hundred-fold." And here again in a few words she makes Fan to sum up the scope of Irish poetry It was "knit up with music, exile, pain, despair, hope, peace, order, and harmony, and to it belonged her future and her past."

It is in descriptions, however, that our author chiefly excels. Of course all lady-writers are much given to description, but there is frequently a sameness about their efforts, which at once shows the weakness of the author and puts the patience of the reader to the severest test. But there is none of this sameness about the description in the "Wild Birds of Killeevy" The author has evidently seen what she describes and

thus she is not unnatural or commonplace in her description. See this very vivid picture of the Rhine:—"'The Rhine like a white snake in the dizzy distance below, bored a passage for itself as if through the recesses of a cloven world: and there, imitating its indomitable energy,' and washed by its spray, the pines planted their roots, and rising towards the light, clothed many a terrible gap and fissure with the long, sweeping draperies of their dark-green, purple-mist laden boughs. Looking down into this narrow, almost bottomless hollow, one is overwhelmed with awe at the grandeur that nature has piled within its depths and up its sides, the luxuriance of vegitation, and magnificence of color enriching its gloom; looking up, one grows giddy with joy at the glory that wraps the spires and crowns of mountain, crag, and pine."

And this paragraph is eclipsed, if not in language, at least in interest, by two others, one of the church of San Zeno in Verona, and the other of the forsaken Carthusian monastery at Certosa. From her picture of San Zeno we have an idea of the solemn grandness of the old European churches. Speaking of the company of saints whose images people the walls of this church, she writes:—"Gathered from all the ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and scaled the heights of eternity. Cecilia with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among the roses, the great Christopher stemming the torrent--who shall call the roll of the beautiful army! . . . . Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Stately Barbara with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lovers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall."

The other passage is a description of the Certosa, one of the many monasteries which the Italian government has stolen from its lawful owners, leaving only two or three monks as caretakers of the building. Thus she writes of it:—"On either side of the quadrangle were the bake-houses and the brew-houses of the monks, the apartments where were lodged the poor travellers who knocked at their gate, and the doors whence they distributed the food which the hungry came to claim. Such busy scenes are in the past. Silence now reigns in these deserted buildings; the sound of labour no longer disturbs the air: the hum of voices, the melody of the bells are hushed; and this magnificent centre of prayer, charity, and toil, stands mute like a great heart that has ceased to beat. The men who risked their lives and toiled without counting the cost to put whole meadows where the poisonous swamp had been, are driven from the home that sheltered them and their poor. The Certosa in all the dream like beauty and splendor of its spires, towers, galleries, and cupola, stands there for no purpose but to astonish the traveller, like a pile of jewels forsaken and forgotten in the desert."

And now I have left Kevin and Fan far behind, but speaking of the Certosa, I may say for the satisfaction of the reader, that it was in this grand old monastery the lovers met after a separation of many years. To describe this meeting would be beyond the scope of this article, for the cleverness with which it is brought about can be fully appreciated only by reading the whole book. Suffice it to say that this latter part is the "old, old story" told in a new, new way.

In conclusion I may say that if any one wish to read a *judicious* Catholic novel, he will find what he wishes in the "Wild Birds of Killeevy." It is not only instructive reading, but it serves to cheer a lonesome hour, and affords legitimate relaxation from the wearying hurry of this nineteenth century.

HUGH J. CANNING, '93.

ORIGIN OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE piano has, in our days, become so popular an instrument that a few words on its origin and history may be of interest. All musicians are not supposed to be well informed on the origin of music, but it would be desirable that every musician should know something about the origin of his favorite instrument, and the alterations it has undergone. Pianists are met with who do not know how a piano is made, and when they are asked to explain how this instrument differs from other keyedstringed instruments which have preceded it, their answer, if they venture to give any, will very often be far from satisfactory. Even good professors are often found who think it useless to call the attention of their pupils to questions which do not pertain to musical teaching proper. All the methods which are put into the hands of pupils are likewise silent as regards the history and progress of this modern instrument. These facts have suggested the present article, the object of which will be to expose in a few words the origin of the piano, the different modifications undergone by it, and to sum up as clearly as possible, the notions on this point which should be familiar to every pianist.

The keyed stringed instruments which have gradually developed into our modern piano-forte, date from the last half of the fourteenth century. A key-board of balanced keys was then adapted to the monochord which thus became a complex of monchords under the name of clavichord, from the Latin, *clavis* key, and *chorda* string, an appellation which makes known the nature of the instrument and which the modern piano should have kept. In shape the clavichord was a square box and the mechanical part of it most simple. It consisted of brass or wooden shanks fixed at the extremities of the keys and so adapted as to strike the strings under which they were placed. Thus the shanks served the same purpose as the hammers which were invented later on. As the shanks adhered to the strings as long as the fingers rested on the keys, they prevented the strings from vibrating freely besides very often producing a false intonation. Another fact worthy of notice is that the strings of the clavichord were all of the same length and tuned in unison in groups of two or three. Moreover, the same string was used to give a note and its sharp, the shanks striking the string in different places and causing it to vibrate according to the length which each allowed it. Hence the necessity of straight and crooked keys in order to reach the proper striking place. Although the mechanism of this instrument was very elementary, and the intonation obtained by the mathematical division of the strings defective, it offered the advantage of occupying very little space and of being easily carried from one place to another.

To remedy the want of sonorousness, which was one of the chief defects of the clavichord, a new action was invented about the year 1500, and applied to two instruments differing from each other only in shape: the virginal, the box of which was square like that of the clavichord, and the spinetta, which took the form of an irregular pentagon. The action of these instruments was more complicated. The strings were immediately acted upon by quills which projected from the upper end of short wooden uprights, known as jacks, and which carried dampers to check the vibrations of the strings. The quills rising as the keys were touched caused the strings to vibrate as they passed them. Springs were also used to give energy to the twang and to govern the return of the quills. It is evident from this that the nature of the virginal and the spinetta was quite different from that of the clavichord, for in the former the strings were plucked by quills, instead of being struck as in the latter. When or where this system was first adopted is not definitely known, but according to the best founded opinion, it appears to have taken its rise in Italy. The following passage found in an Italian work treating of the organ, seems to confirm

this opinion: "The spinetta was thus named from the inventor, who was one Maestro Giovanni Spinetti, a Venetian; and I have seen one of those instruments within which was this inscription: "Joannes Spinetus Venetus fecit, A.D. 1503." In any case it is commonly admitted that both instruments were to be found in the different countries of Europe at this time; and writers on the subject tell us, that no lady could boast of a thorough education without knowing how to play the virginal or the spinetta.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the harpsichord began to stand as a rival of the clavichord and of the other keyed stringed instruments above mentioned. As the object proposed in this article is merely to explain how the clavichord and the instruments, derived from it, have developed into the piano, details on the structure of the harpsichord must be omitted. Suffice it to say that the harpsichord had, from the beginning, two strings tuned in unison for each note, while the virginal and the spinetta at first had but one. About the end of the sixteenth century, Hans Ruckers, of Antwerp, built harpsichords with a double keyboard, and by adding to the two strings tuned in unison, a third string, finer and shorter than the others and which sounded an octave higher, he obtained a variety of tone unknown till then. Moreover, by means of stops, only one or two of the strings could be made to vibrate. This celebrated builder also made use of brass strings for the lower notes while the higher strings were steel; this process was adopted by piano-builders and remained in use for a long time. The improvements achieved by Ruckers and his sons in the construction of the harpsichord were rapidly spread through Europe, and had the effect of inciting distinguished musicians to devise still greater improvements. In the year 1620, Rigoli, of Florence, exhibited a vertical harpsichord, which was an improvement on the vertical clavichord invented a hundred years before. To this instrument may be attributed, as far as shape is concerned, the origin of our modern uprights; with this difference that in the harpsichord, the strings being placed above the key-board, they were plucked by quills at their lower end, while in the upright piano, hammers strike the upper end of the strings. For over a century and a half, the harpsichord was the favorite parlor instrument throughout Europe.

In 1716, Marius, a Parisian builder of harpsichords, presented to the "Académie des Sciences" a harpsichord in which he had introduced hammers; but the real inventor of this new action was the famous Bartholomeo Christofori, who built the first "Cimbalo a Martellini" in Florence, in 1711. Christofori did away with the quills and substituted for them wooden hammers headed with leather; he also applied to his new invention the principle of escapement or controlled rebound of the hammer, which was brought to such perfection by the genius of Erard. He may therefore be justly called the inventor of the piano. It is said that Schroeter added to this such an arrangement as would allow the performer to play loud or soft, "piano e forte"; hence the name of piano-forte by which the instrument is known; a ridiculous appellation which could be applied to almost any instrument.

The inventions of Marius, Christofori and Schroeter, were a tribute to the past, a return to the mechanical system of the clavichord. Was it the harpsichord or was it the piano-forte which was going to prevail? As we all know, the question is now settled; but the struggle between the two instruments remained uncertain for a long time and was marked by all kinds of ingenious inventions. Many renowned makers tried to increase the sonorousness or to modify the tone of the harpsichord, even at the risk of depriving this instrument of the characteristic which distinguished it, namely: a pure and clear sound. In order to obtain different variations of tone or *nuances*, several stops were introduced. They tried by these mechanical means to imitate the harp, the mandolin or other instruments. When the tone produced offered no analogy with that of any other known instrument, they would give new names to the stops, such as: *Jeu Céleste*, *Jeu Angélique*. Some of those stops are yet to be found in old pianos. While certain makers tried to modify the tone of the harpsichord, others turned their attention towards perfecting the key-board which they extended to five and even to

six octaves. Shobert, a renowned composer of the eighteenth century, devised a pedal harpsichord. Silbermann, of Strasburg, built some of those instruments with two octaves of large strings placed over the ordinary sounding-board and which were made to vibrate by means of pedals.

This brief enumeration of the improvements made in the harpsichord during the last century, will be sufficient to show that the instrument had reached a high degree of perfection. Therefore we should not be astonished when we read in one of Voltaire's letters written in 1774, that a piano-forte "Is a tinsmith's instrument compared to a harpsichord" It is true that the piano-forte, which in spite of the many improvements made in the harpsichord, was d stined to survive it, was then only in its infancy; and though Christofori had invented it in 1711, it was not before 1740 that it began to be commonly used. It was only in that year that Silbermann produced his first pianos, and though they were adopted by Haydn, Gluck and other composers of the time, they were still very imperfect.

It would be impossible in an article like this, to record the several improvements that have been made in the different parts of the piano-forte, since the beginning of this century. Space permits but a few notions on the English and French actions, introduced respectively by Backers and Erard, and adopted as the basis of the many varieties of grand piano actions used in America. The English action adopted by Broadway, Stodart and others, was based on Christofori's perfected mechanism, with the addition of a button and a spring so placed as to control the sweep of the jack and regulate its return. But with this system, as no note could be repeated without releasing the key, it often happened, in quick movements, that certain notes were not heard. To remedy this, the English builders introduced a repetition adapted from the French mechanism. The repetition action is due to the genius of Sébastien Erard, of Paris, who invented it in 1822. In all the actions used until then, as soon as the escapement had produced its effect, the hammer would fall, and to cause it to rise again the performer had to release the key and strike it anew. Thanks to the double escapement devised by Erard, the pianist could now give the sound the intensity he wished, and repeat the notes without having to remove his fingers from the keys. The fall of the hammer, after it has struck the string, is proportionate to the degree of depression at which the key is maintained, so that the note can be repeated at any fraction of an entire stroke.

If we now compare our modern pianos with the instruments described above, we see that in the latter are to be found all the essentials of a piano forte. Though quite elementary in the clavichord, they were less so in the virginal and in the spinetta, and it must be acknowledged that the harpsichord-builders, especially those of the latter part of the eighteenth century, did much towards perfecting the piano, for piano-makers availed themselves of many improvements which had been introduced with the harpsichord. The uprights which were thought by many to be of recent invention, are, on the contrary, very old; they are but an imitation of the vertical harpsicord built in the year 1620 and which the vertical clavichord had preceded by more than a hundred years. From the beginning of this century, piano-building has been continually improving, so much so that if Christofori could hear one of our concert Grands, he would certainly not recognize the instrument of which he was the inventor.

It was not till the year 1822 that piano-building took any importance in America, when Chickering, the founder of the famous firm bearing his name, established himself in Boston. Nowadays, America has nothing to envy Europe in this line; improvements have been made here, especially as regards framing, which most of the European builders have been prompt in imitating. Statistics prove that more hands are employed in piano-building in the United States than in any other country in the world, and if the most eminent artists of to-day are to be credited, we may safely say that American pianos are by no means inferior to European instruments.

L. H. GERVAIS, O.M.I., '85.

"I AM WHO AM."

OLL on, ye countless spheres,
Uncheck'd your pace:
And who shall count the years
Ye've roll'd thro' space?

Man's blithesome birth ye saw—
His dire mistake,
When he ignored the Law
Ye fear'd to break.

Perchance, ye too beheld
Confirm'd in bliss
The few, and them that swell'd
The dark abyss.

But there is One whose rise
Not even ye,
Neither created eyes,
Were giv'n to see.

No records boast His age,
Nor mark the year;
The world's historic page
Is silent here.

"I am who am" defines
Th' Immutable,
Leaving this Mine of mines
Inscrutable.

May 1st, 1893. C. C. DELANEY, '93.

STRIKES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

THE labor question is undeniably the great social problem of the present age, and as the nineteenth century is drawing to a close, this gigantic problem is looming up in all its most formidable aspects.

On the introduction of strikes as now carried on appeared a new phase of the labor question. A strike is the simultaneous cessation from work by a class of workmen in order to obtain better conditions from their employers. These two dominant classes, namely, wage-payers and wage-earners, are the leading exponents of the prevailing industrial system. The first insist that their rights to personal protection and to the accumulation of wealth be rendered inviolable ; the second that their rights as men to a comfortable existence and just recompense for their labor be not denied them That their respective claims are just and reasonable no one will deny, for all concede that every man should enjoy the fruits of his labor. But, that either should seek to obtain their rights by methods now employed often carries with it great evil.

In man's early struggles for wealth and position, industrial conflicts were comparatively few, although not altogether unknown. In modern times these conflicts have assumed characteristics entirely new, both as to extent and frequent occurrence. France, Germany, England, Australia, and America, have each experienced an industrial revolution. The last decade especially has witnessed an unusual number of strikes. At the present day the murmuring complaints of the millions are heard throughout the land. From every quarter comes the wail of discontent. Strikes have become practically universal.

Social conflicts are a consequence of free competition, and when we consider how keen competition is at the present day, we should not wonder at their frequent occurrence. Under the sway of free competition, capitalists are often induced to secure the cheapest labor regardless of the rights of their workmen. The selfish desire of speedily becoming wealthy has, no doubt, often led capitalists to oppress their workmen. One of the greatest evils of the present system is that trusts and monopolies enrich the capitalist, while they often crush and enslave the workmen, through whom the riches come. Yet, although public opinion usually favors workmen, it is not to be concluded that capitalists are always in the wrong. Workmen, urged on by their real or supposed unsatisfactory condition, have naturally been led to unite for common protection ; hence it is that at the present day the labor union is arrayed in bitter conflict against the amalgamations of capitalists. Capital, on the one side, holds the power, because it holds the wealth and is well represented in the councils of the State. Labor, on the other side, though becoming powerful, is still dependent, and comprises the struggling multitude, most of whom are poor, and always easily incited to revolt whenever an opportunity of improving their condition presents itself.

This fierce struggle between capital and labor should not continue. The dangers caused by it in the past, give a fair idea of what awaits us in the future unless some practicable remedy be soon applied. Pope Leo XIII in his famous encyclical on the condition of labor points out the real cause of the trouble in these remarkable words :—"The great mistake that is made in the matter now under consideration, is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. So irrational and so false is this view; that the exact contrary is the truth. Just as the symmetry of the human body is the result of the disposition of the members of the body, so in a State it is ordained by nature that these two classes should exist in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, fit into one another, so as to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good

order; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage."

Strikes are, undoubtedly, a powerful means in the hands of workmen of enforcing their demands and protecting their rights, but they often prove detrimental to the best interests of not only employers, but also of the employed, and of the country in general. A strike may or may not be lawful, according to the circumstances of the case. A strike is lawful when it will probably obtain a benefit for the employees which their employer unjustly refuses, and which cannot be obtained by less vigorous means. But no matter how just claims may be, they should never be enforced by violence.

A strike is unlawful when it occasions public disorder, inflicts injury on innocent parties, or when it is undertaken without sufficient cause. When workmen have recourse to a strike, it is generally because they consider their wages insufficient, the hours of labor too long, or the work too hard for the number employed. Of late years the chief point of contention between employers and employed, is the employment of non-union workmen, often, if not always, a questionable pretext.

The federation of labor, and the contrafederation of capitalists constitutes a very important feature in the present epoch.

Labor unions have become so powerful by uniting, that they endeavor to demolish the power of all monopolists. They boycott in order to compel employers to yield to the demands of employees. They are united in one organization, which centralizes in one or two officers authority to control the whole body of workmen, who agree to quit work when the order is given.

In the case of railroads, etc., it seeks to control such numbers and classes of employees that the business will be paralyzed by a strike. The greater the embarrassment of the road and the injury to the public, the more fully the object of the union is attained. This is the method often employed at the present day. It is undoubtedly wrong, for it is nothing less than conspiracy.

Such a policy is very destructive to the rights of employers, and as long as it is allowed to continue, it will never tend to bring about a peaceful settlement of disputes. This does not mean that workmen should be denied the right to unite for common protection.

Organized labor is undoubtedly a boon to workmen, but it must not be allowed to exceed the limits of justice and to employ every means, whether foul or fair, to enforce demands upon capitalists.

The same evil exists also in combines of capitalists, and the same restrictions should be imposed upon such combines as are placed upon labor unions. If the bitter animosity that exists between those two powerful organizations would cease, strikes would be of rare occurrence.

Wise legislation and mutual co-operation can do much to bring about this desired end. On account of the innumerable evils that necessarily result from strikes, some more peaceful and satisfactory means should be employed to settle disputes.

A strike should be made the last resort, for it is an appeal to brute force rather than to intellect.

The best authorities on labor do not favor strikes. It would be absurd to claim that a lawful strike carried on without any excess, should be either condemned or repressed, if it be the only means left to oppressed workmen of obtaining redress of grievances. But, would it not be equally absurd to say that civilization is making rapid progress, if no better means than strikes can be found to settle disputes?

There have been many remedies proposed to effect a harmonious agreement between employers and their employees. But it seems indeed very difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy that will appear ideal and perfect to both parties. Both contend for a principle involving what they conceive to be their inviolable rights. They should remember however that they have not only their respective rights but also their correlative duties. If a better understanding of these mutual rights and duties prevailed there would be less animosity and fewer conflicts between capital and labor.

It is easy enough to solve the question in theory, but to practically apply a remedy is more difficult, for it is not an easy task to unite the respective interests of the contending parties. The best remedy of course for industrial conflicts is to prevent their occurrence, by removing all causes that give

rise to them. The present social condition is such that it would be preposterous to expect such a result. Disputes will arise, so the next best thing to do, after having removed, as far as possible, causes of conflicts, is to procure means whereby all disputes that do arise may be amicably settled without having recourse to strikes.

This remedy is one which every government should provide. From the very reason of existence of a government it has a right and duty to promote the common good and to preserve peace and order, consequently it is within the power of the government to legislate in order to remove to as great an extent as possible all cause for disturbance and to provide satisfactory means of settling disputes which threaten danger to the public good. To the State the interests of all are equal. The rights of all classes must be recognized and protected. Workmen as well as capitalists must be protected from spoliation. The State is certainly right in encouraging and protecting capitalists, in order to promote the prosperity of the country, but it must at the same time protect and promote the interests of workmen. Amalgamations of capitalists as well as labor unions should be kept within the bounds of justice. By wise legislation concerning both, many of the causes which foment disputes and give rise to strikes can be removed.

In regard to the means to be taken for the amicable settlement of all disputes that may arise, those which have been received with most favor are arbitration and conciliation. Friendly conferences are the best methods for a fair and satisfactory settlement of disputes, for, when conciliation is successful, both parties come to a voluntary agreement without any opinion being pronounced on the merits of the case or any instructions given, as is done when a case is submitted to arbitration. By conciliation, many disputes which threatened to develop into destructive conflicts, have been settled. But when it fails, as it often does at the present day, on account of the bitter animosity existing between the contending parties, then the only palapable resort seems to be arbitration.

Arbitration is of two kinds, voluntary and compulsory. Voluntary arbitration is certainly the better of the two, but, like conciliation, it may often fail to effect a settlement, for, unless men are imbued with christian principles of justice, they may refuse to agree to arbitration just when it is necessary. Since, therefore, conciliation and voluntary arbitration do not perfectly ensure public peace and order, the law should provide a plan of compulsory arbitration as a last resort to settle all difficulties which otherwise would lead to strikes.

The State must provide for the peaceful settlement of disputes. Justice to itself and to the parties concerned demands it. Experience is a good teacher, and judging from past strikes it seems absurd to deny the necessity of compulsory arbitration, which is simply the application, in settling industrial controversies, of the same essential principle which is employed throughout the civilized world for the settlement of other difficulties.

It cannot be denied that there are strong objections to a State Board of Arbitration but such will be found against all remedies which demand concessions from both parties. Moreover, the difficulties to which a plan of compulsory arbitration would give rise are indeed trifling when compared to those involved in the present system which keeps capital and labor in either open conflict or armed truce. Should not these lesser evils be endured in order that the greater ones may be averted? There are many qualities in compulsory arbitration which commend its adoption. A Board of Arbitration once established and clothed with the authority of the State would stand before the public always ready to settle difficulties. It is necessary for the public good and will afford powerful protection against injuries too often inflicted upon innocent persons by those selfish mortals who ignore all others rights and openly proclaim that pernicious maxim "every man for himself." Moreover, it will undoubtedly tend to increase the number of friendly conferences and will induce many to settle disputes by private agreement.

This Board should be a representative one and should be organized in such a way as first to try to affect a settlement of disputes by means of conciliation and if that fail, then, by arbitration. This could be done by having a permanent Board consisting of a Chairman appointed by the

government and an equal number of representatives selected by the employers and employees. When a dispute would arise, which private agreement would fail to settle, representatives selected by the contending parties would form with the permanent Board a Board of Conciliation. If complete agreement could not be reached, then the points of dispute remaining unsettled could be adjusted by the permanent part of the Board.

The establishment of such a Board would undoubtedly prove very beneficial to all concerned, and would be a powerful means of preventing strikes. It should not be necessary for both parties to agree to call upon the Board to interfere. The will of one party should be sufficient to set the Board in action. If one party be willing to accept a settlement by arbitration, the quarrel should not be allowed to continue. Moreover, the State has a right to call upon all who are protected by the law to conform to its provisions for settling disputes which may prove dangerous to the public peace.

In the majority of cases the decision given by such a Board will settle disputes without the repugnant element of compulsion. Public opinion, which counts for a good deal in such matters, always favors acquiescing in such a decision after a fair hearing. Moreover, the absence of external compulsion in such a Board would not prevent contending parties from putting compulsion on themselves by agreeing before arbitration to abide by the decision of the Board.

The feeling in favor of a State Board of Arbitration is daily becoming more general. Both sides agree in the condemnation of strikes; both favor conciliation, and recommend arbitration. Workmen, by their united votes, are able to exercise great influence at the polls, and are becoming well represented in every government. As a result of this, in every country the government takes a lively interest in the labor question.

As an indication of the favor with which the plan explained above is received, it may be mentioned that a resolution in favor of a State Board of Arbitration was rejected by only a small majority in the British House of Commons last session. In France arbitration has been successfully carried out under various forms. In Belgium, with the object of averting strikes, a law establishing "Councils of Industry and Labor" has recently come into force. In Australia, a joint committee of capitalists and employers recommended the establishment of a Board of Arbitration by the government of New South Wales. In America also the movement is gaining favor among all classes.

In seeking to remedy this great evil, as well as the many others which pervade society at the present day, the powerful influence of Christianity must not be ignored. In teaching all men their duties to one another, Religion is the most powerful of all in drawing all classes together. If employers as well as employed practised this teaching of the Saviour of men: "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them," there would be no occasion for strikes, the present animosity would cease, and class would be no longer hostile to class, but all members of society would dwell in harmony. If the industrial millennium ever comes it will be when employers and employed practise those Christian principles which ensure justice and charity to all.

I. A. French, '93.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

WITH the advent of spring comes the resurrection of lacrosse, and the relegation of hockey and other winter sports to the potential state, until the beautiful season of flowers and fruits is once more over and frigid winter resumes his relentless sway. Again, can the lacrosse enthusiast, casting off the wraps by which he was hampered during the past four months, give free vent to his pent up knowledge of this glorious game of ours. It is his turn now, the hockeyist is a thing of the past

Of course everybody knows what our national game of lacrosse consists in, at least they have a general knowledge of the game, but the writer ventures to assert that comparatively few have much historical knowledge of it, and that fewer still realize the fact that the game, as now played, and which engrosses so much of the popular attention during the long out-door season is barely thirty-three years old.

Lacrosse or "bagataway" as it was originally called was indulged in by the Indians of America probably for centuries; that is the cruder features of the game were used as a kind of a training school in which the young braves inured themselves to stand fatigue and hardship and thus fortify themselves for the greater and more serious "game" of the war-path. With them it was a brutal desplay of fortitude and physical strength, entirely lacking the scientific attributes which to-day characterize it; a game in which endurance and bull-dog tenacitv were the main requisites. The crosse among the aborigines consisted of a stick of tough, light wood, at the end of which was fixed a netted bag of gut of circular shape set on a kind of hoop.

The ball was caught and carried by this netted sack. The original ball was about the size of a tennis ball, and was generally made of deerskin stuffed with hair and sewed with sinews. Sometimes a heavy wooden pine knot was substituted. The lacrosse grounds consisted of a long stretch of prairie ranging from 500 yards to over a mile in length; at each end was placed an upright stake eight feet high and two inches in diameter. When the ball was brought past this stake by any member of the party not defending that end, the game was counted in favour of the former, although on grand occasions and among some tribes it was held necessary for the ball to strike this post before being counted. The umpires were generally chosen from among the medicine men of the tribe, and their verdict in the cases of goals won seems to have been final and indisputable.

Unlike the modern game the time and the number of players were not limited. Contests in which all the youths of a tribe participated sometimes lasted for several days, whilst the squaws stood by reviling the faint-hearted, encouraging the brave, and even, it is said, using physical means such as only feminine minds could devise to stir up the slow ones to action. But presto! and all is changed, the old cumbrous crosse has given way to a light graceful netted stick, a hollow sponge ball has been substituted for the crude pine knot. The rolling prairie has now become a velvety sward of carefully rolled sod.

The erstwhile paint and feathers, with which the dusky sons of the forest hideously adorned themselves, have been dispensed with. Only one point of resemblance remains, and that is in the airy character of the dress. The Indians usually wore a pair of moccasins and a necklace; the whites wear a little more, in fact their wearing apparel is almost as extensive as that of an average bather.

The admiring audience of squaws has given way to crowds of enthusiastic girls such as this "Canada of ours" can alone produce, who weekly occupy places on the bleaching boards, and with a discrimination worthy of lacrosse experts applaud the telling plays of the game. Rome in her palmy days called for "*panem et circenses.*"

Canada must now have its lacrosse game every Saturday. Lacrosse shows a steady progress and its present scientific state compared to the primitive way in which the aborigines played it, is a striking example of the influence of civilization on the once barbaric game of lacrosse.

Probably the most stirring incident of the history of lacrosse was the use to which it was put in the memorable attempt of Pontiac, the Ottawa Chief, to recapture Canada from the British and restore it to the French.

The cunning savage in order to capture Fort Machilimacinac, had resort to a strategem worthy of his crafty nature. Pretending that he and his savages desired to play a game of lacrosse for the amusement of the British garrison they were admitted within the fortifications. The Indians wore blankets, the word was given for the game to commence. The blankets were thrown off, the crosses discarded and an army of braves stood armed to the teeth. The surprise was complete and the fort fell an easy victim to the Indian strategy.

Having thus given a short sketch of the game as played by the red-skins, we will now treat of it as played at present. To commence with, to Montreal belongs the honor of being the first home of lacrosse and to Montreal men are we indebted for its present state.

The nearness of the Indian reserve of Caughnawaga gave the Metropolitans ample opportunity to study the game. They did so and under the able supervision of Doctor Beers, who may justly be styled the "Father of lacrosse," the game was rapidly modified and became first of the games of Canada. The energy displayed by Dr. Beers and his confréres is commendable, for it must not be supposed that the difficulties they met with were slight. Public prejudice, the erstwhile roughness, the want of enclosed grounds, all tended to dissuade tis promoters from making lacrosse a success, but like all good things its intrinsic merit soon told, and it was not long before the much desired wish of Dr. Beers was realized. The Caughnawaga and St. Regis Indians were at first employed to teach the game, and soon the Montreal, Shamrock and Toronto Clubs came into existence.

To Montreal then, the most typical Canadian city, belongs the honor of having first exploited the game which we Canadians are proud to call national. The most expert and skilful exponents of the stick in those early days were the atheletic sons of the Emerald Isle, and for fourteen years the famous Shamrock Lacrosse Club held the championship of Canada against all comers. This club was composed mainly of iron-workers, who, after a hard day's work were not afraid to supple their powerful muscles by a practice of lacrosse, and to them in a great measure is due the great success that lacrosse has attained. In the future success of our national game the names of Hoobin, McKeon, Farmer, McGuire, Prior and Cregan shall stand out in bold relief as the men to whom belong honor of making the crude Indian game the most scientific of all national sports.

Previous to 1885 but few clubs were formed throughout the country, and the rules governing the game were marked by an absence of much legislation. In that year, hower, the steady growth of the sport in popular favour, justified its promoters in forming themselves into one association throughout Canada for the better furtherance of its interests. A schedule of games to be played was accordingly drawn up and five clubs were ranked as first-class, and eligible to try for championship honours. Montreal was represented by two, Toronto by two, and the Factory Town of Cornwall by one.

Since then the game has made rapid strides and the two associations in Canada at present, the National and the Canadian, an offshoot of the former, now number hundreds of clubs.

The game is spreading with lightning rapidity, and soon in place of the game being limited to Montreal, Cornwall and the eastern towns, it is possible that our fellow Canucks from the Pacific slope, perhaps even our American friends from across the border may have the audacity to put in their claims for the coveted title of the champions of the world.

The game has lately been introduced into England, Australia and New Zealand, and wherever played has speedily won its way to popular favour and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to look

forward to the time when lacrosse in place of being limited to the extensive boundaries of Canada shall be as cosmopolitan as football.

Lacrosse is still an amateur game, or at least is called so. Whether amateurism or professionalism is better is not within our scope to decide. The public evidently think that amateurism is the preferable thing, and opinion has it that Canada is hardly wealthy enough to indulge in the luxury of openly professional lacrosse. However, if we might be permitted to remark it, the quibbling as to who are really amateurs and who professionals in the existing order of things, seems to us absurd and an open but moderate professionalism would, we think, tend to advance the game, by removing a sham, and doing away with a lot of useless and baneful legislation.

The game requires two clubs of twelve men each to play. The positions of a team may be generically divided into "home" and defence players so arranged in a game that the home players of one side "cover" the defence players of the other, the goal-tender, however, on either side being without a cover proper.

It is essentially a game of man to man and the ball travels with such rapidity that each man of the team has to be always on the "qui vive."

The best teams to-day are those that rely on what is called "team" play, that is, where all the players have a concerted mode of action which tends to unify the game. To this end players must have confidence in one another; they must never try to be brilliant individually, or indulge in what is called "grand stand" play.

For the "home" player the principal requisites are skill in handling the stick, and swiftness of foot. His play should be characterized by plenty of dash and vim, and it is at the "home" end of the field especially that the above noted "team" play should be practised.

For defence men strength, coolness and courage seem to be the principal requisites. A defence man must be a sure catcher and a strong thrower, and the excellence of such a player may be said to be in direct ratio to his ability to check an opponent and the quickness with which he can get rid of the ball, and place it out of danger to his own goals.

Great interest is now evinced in the scheduled games for the championship, and it is not uncommon to see in Ottawa audiences of 4,000 and 5,000 people who patiently occupy places on the bleaching boards for several hours on broiling afternoons during the progress of a game. I say several hours, because, unfortunately, and it the most serious drawback to the game at present, teams seem possessed of the spirit of procrastination. They never come on the field on time, and even then they waste a few minutes before starting to play. I do not think anyone knows why this is so. I am sure the spectators never find out. Besides this, there is always considerable time taken between each game, when the players repair to the dressing-rooms, and the patient spectators watch the ubiquitious small boy performing sundry antics on the sward. Moreover, slight accidents occur at all hard-fought games, which tend more or less to prolong them.

There is a certain class of people in every lacrosse town who religiously attend every game; they follow their own teams to other towns to witness the scheduled games, they talk lacrosse from May to November, and sometimes longer. This specimen of the "genus homo" species "bore" is called a lacrosse crank, and blooms forth in rank luxuriance in all Canadian cities. He knows all the crack players of the country by reputation, and when it is his unspeakable privilege to meet new players of note and add them to the list of his acquaintances, his rapture knows no bounds. He knows exactly what his favorite team can do, he can tell about every game of note played for several years and knows exactly why they were won and lost. He can predict future successes and failures with an exactness only equalled by the forecasts of our local astronomers in matters meteorological. He always knows more about the personnel and positions of the teams that are to play than the committee or field captain.

When visting other towns he flaunts his colors boldly, shouts himself hoarse, varying his musical practice on that most melodious of instruments, a tin horn. He

even sometimes wages a couple of dollars, and if lucky enough to win, comes home and confidentially informs his friends of the "pile" he captured on that last game.

Still it must not be for a moment supposed for a moment that the lacrosse crank is of no use. Far from me be such a thought. He can create enthusiasm, he can loudly proclaim his views--he has views, this man and wildly applauds the telling plays at a game, and it must be borne well in mind that applause is as essential to a good lacrosse player as to an actor.

He can encourage the game by talking about it, for, although he is a bore, his mulish perseverance in airing his hobby is calculated to advertise lacrosse.

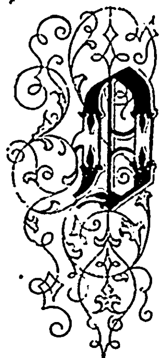
In concluding such a short article on our national game, I cannot wish anything better than a continuance of the spirit that has made lacrosse what it is. Lacrosse, it must be borne in mind, more than any other game, develops every muscle in the body. Besides this, it trains the eye to a remarkable extent, it develops good nature, good temper, and tends to make those that play it modern imitators of the Greeks of old, athletic, light-footed, graceful, and combining that air of sprightliness and ease of motion of which the Helenists were so proud.

FRANK McDOUGAL, '93.

There's joy hid 'neath every sorrow,
There's sorrow enshrouding each joy,
And only the long last to-morrow
Brings pleasure without and alloy.
Then weep not o'er shadows of sorrow,
Like night clouds they soon pass away,
And show by the sun of to-morrow,
New joys that are born for a day.

—ANON.

TWO GREAT SONS OF BRITAIN.



DURING the past year two able articles have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Miss Agnes Lambert, which cannot fail to do much to repair the injustice done to two noble characters at the hands of English historians. The first of these articles is entitled, "The Private life of Sir Thomas More," the second, "The Real Thomas Becket." In both there is shown deep research and a thorough acquaintance with the history of our time. It has long been a matter for surprise that the merit of these two eminent Englishmen has been so slowly recognized by their fellow-countrymen. It has been said that the predisposition to believe a thing, often counts for more than the evidence brought forth in disproving it, and this seems to be the only reason why justice has been so long delayed. Too often history has been perverted from its true end, the relation of truth, and is made to correspond to that definition of it, as given by Mr. Froude when he said that history "is only a child's box of letters from which you have but to select such facts as suit you, leave alone those that do not, and let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it."

The documents upon which Miss Lambert bases her view of the character of Becket are the "Roll Series" and Tennyson's "Becket." The latter she says, "is the Laureate's noblest work, and closes a prolonged struggle between prejudice and historic truth, and will reinstate in the affections of the English people the memory of one of England's greatest men after centuries of alienation caused by an act of royal tyranny which for pettiness and malice cannot be matched in history." The former are a series of historical documents compiled at the expense of the English government for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of this great man.

The story of Thomas Becket fills more than half the reign of Henry II. Tradition tells us that Gilbert Becket was imprisoned in Palestine, that he was set free by a Saracen girl who loved him, and that feeling wretched after his escape, she followed him to England. After much difficulty she arrived in London where she found her lover. They were married and Thomas Becket was their son. From his early youth he was intended for the church. In boyhood he was a pupil of Robert Prior of Merton. He afterwards pursued his studies in the schools of London and in the University of Paris. At the age of twenty-five he entered the household of Theobald, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, and while here he obtained leave of the Primate to go to Bologna for the study of canon law. Soon after his ordination he was made Archdeacon of Canterbury. On the recommendation of Theobald, the King appointed him Chancellor and tutor to his son.

At the death of Theobald, 1162, Becket was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest dignity of the Church in England. He immediately resigned the office of Chancellor and adopted a very humble and frugal style of living. From this period dates the trouble between Becket and the King. Becket was an Englishman by birth and in sentiment, and, moreover, was the first Saxon to obtain the primacy since the Norman invasion. He naturally, therefore, in his defence of the rights of the church against the encroachments of the royal power, won for himself, among the people, a high degree of popularity. Henry, desirous of assuming complete power over the Bishops, drew up a document known as the Constitution of Clarendon, which embodied the following provisions: That Bishops and Abbots, should be chosen before the royal officers in the King's chapel with the King's consent No excommunication was to be issued without the royal approval. No Bishop might leave the realm without the king's permission. The King's court was to

decide all cases brought before the courts of the church. Becket, at first stoutly, opposed this flagrant violation of what were, at that time, universally conceded to be the inviolable rights of the church. At length, with great reluctance, he was obliged to yield, but later on he repented of this act, and received the Pope's absolution. This incensed the King against him, and Henry summoned the Archbishop before him on a charge of mismanagement of the public revenue, while occupying the position of Chancellor. Knowing the object of the King, he fled to France, where he remained six years, at the expiration of which time a reconciliation was effected, and he returned to England.

He brought with him letters of excommunication against those who had favored the King's design. Henry, who was in France at the time, expressed a desire to be rid of the Archbishop. Whereupon four knights crossed over and murdered Becket on the steps of the altar in Canterbury Cathedral. The murder of the Archbishop, as depicted by Mr. Froude, was most cruel and brutal. "Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride arose at the indignity of an arrest. 'Touch me not, thou abominable wretch,' he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp, 'Off, thou pander, thou!' Fitzurse and Le Breton grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracey's back. He grappled with Tracey and flung him to the ground, and there stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracey, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back against the wall. The sword with its remaining force wounded the Archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clashed, he bent his neck for the death stroke, saying in a low voice, 'I am prepared to die for Christ and his church.' These were his last words. Tracey again struck him. He fell forward on his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone." When the murder of the Archbishop became known the greatest excitement prevailed. Henry becoming alarmed, wrote to the Pope disclaiming all intentional connection with the affair. His remains were laid at rest in Canterbury Cathedral, where they remained until dragged forth by Henry VIII who, having commanded a "quo warranto" information to be filed by the Attorney-general against Thomas sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered them to be publicly burned.

The life of Sir Thomas, now Blessed Thomas More, as presented by Miss Lambert, was no less a glorious and an eventful one. Her information regarding the life of this saintly statesman is drawn from Father Bridgett's "Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More." He was born in the year 1478. His early days were spent in the household of Cardinal Moreton, who saw from the first in his young servant unmistakable signs of future greatness, In 1492 when he was fourteen years of age, the Cardinal placed him in the University of Oxford where he spent nearly two years. We are told by Erasmus that his intentions, at first, were to become a priest or religious. But his ardent nature made him mistrustful of himself; and, after debating the question for two years he abandoned the idea, and in 1504 at the age of twenty-five he entered parliament. Although he considered himself as not called to embrace the life of a religious we learn from his biographers that this did not prevent him from leading a religious life. For, "the brilliant law lecturer at Funnival's inn, the one genius of which Britain could then boast, the ornament of a society that counted Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly and Erasmus among its members, was as regular in the practice of his sacramental confession, as the handsome, all-powerful Lord Chancellor was faithful in simple, abstemious living and persevering in his habit of wearing a rough hair shirt, under the magnificent insignia of his office, amidst all the glare and glitter of the most luxurious court of Europe whose splendor could not be outshone even on the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

On the deposition of Cardinal Wolsey, More was appointed Lord Chancellor. While he had all the abilities necessary to fill successfully this exalted position, his whole desire was to be at home with his family, where the King was wont frequently to come to "make merry with him." But the whole-souled, high-principled Chancellor was not long destined to enjoy the friendship of one whose character presented such a striking contrast to his own. Little by little the visits of the King became less frequent and at length ceased altogether. Finally he was stripped of his honours and was summoned before the King on the charge of denying the King's supremacy. He was committed to the tower where quietly and uncomplainingly, he whiled away the slowly dragging hours of his imprisonment. During his incarceration he was visited several times by his favorite daughter Margaret who expressed wonder why he could not take the oath with the saving clause, "as far as it would stand with the law of God." Once, when Margaret took a letter to him from Lady Arlington requesting him to reconsider his decision with regard to the oath, he said to her, "What mistress Eve! hath my daughter Arlington played the serpent with you, and with a letter set you at work to come and tempt your father again, and for the favour you bear him, labour to make him swear against his conscience?" But immediately relenting he said, "Daughter Margaret we two have talked of this thing more than twice or thrice, and I have told you that if it were possible to do the thing that might content the King's grace and God not affended, no man had taken this oath more gladly than I would do." At length after fifteen months of patient suffering on the fifteenth of July 1535, he was "led out as a criminal from prison, in sordid dress and gown, old not by the lapse of years, but by the squalor and sufferings of his dungeon . . . . . . his head made white by long imprisonment . . . . . his weak and broken body leaning on a staff, and even scarcely able to stand, and dragged along the way that led to the place of trial or rather certain condemnation." On July 6th he was brought to the block. His death resembled his life fearless and peaceful. Just before the fatal blow had fallen, he moved aside his beard remarking in a low voice, "It is a pity to cut that, it has not committed treason?

The lives of these two remarkable Englishmen are similar inasmuch as they were men of remarkable abilities and occupied the highest position in the gift of their sovereign Their honours came to them unsought. They were thrust upon them. They were both martyrs to a great principle. In one we behold the fearless and uncompromising defender of the Church's rights; in the other the calm and patient sufferer who preferred to sacrifice the highest worldly honours rather than disobey the dictates of his conscience.

In the contribution of these two articles to the current literature of our day Miss Lambert has performed no little service in the cause of historic truth, inasmuch as she has, in a few words, placed the most reliable testimony concerning the lives of two of England's noblest sons before that portion of the reading public which has neither the time nor the patience to review extensive biographies.

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.

THE OLD GRAVE-DIGGER.

YES sir, I've been at grave-digging now nigh on to fifty years. I was young, strong, and straight when I first took to it, and now as you see, I am old, and bent, and wrinkled, and the strength pretty nigh gone out of these old arms of mine. A rather doleful occupation, did you say, sir? Well, p'r'aps it is a bit dispiriting at times, but it's grown to be second nature with me, and I am attached to it. Why, bless you, sir, it's taken the place of wife and child to me. You see I had been at it about five years when I fell in love. But when I asked her to have me she said I must give up grave-digging, for she would never live up here among the graves. I went home that night to think it over. I sat down by my window which looks out over the graveyard. It was a moonlight night, and the tombstones gleamed so white and beautiful, my heart went out to it, and I felt I could'nt leave it. So the next day I told Mary we had best part, and so we did. She was a pretty, and a winsome lass, and she was fond of me, but she would'nt live up here among the graves. So it ended, and Mary married some one else; but, poor lass, she came here after all, for hardly a year after her marriage I dug her grave there under that maple, and they laid her in it with her little baby on her breast. I never loved any other woman, and soon I stopped thinking at all about a wife or little children.

"Now, there is my brother, John, who has just come from the West with a nice little fortune, and he says I am too old to work and wants me to come and live with him in comfort for the rest of my life, but bless you sir, I could'nt be contented away from this old cemetery, and so long as this old arm of mine can lift a spade, I'll stop here, and I don't want to live any longer after that. Old Death seems somehow to have forgotten me. I suppose it's because he is not used to looking for his victims here, but out in the great busy world, or p'r'aps he don't care about those who don't fear him and are ready and willing to go. But when one has lived face to face with death as I have for fifty years, one ceases to fear him, and learns to set but little store by earthly things. For when I throw the dirt on a rich man's velvet coffin and watch those he has left behind turn away, without a tear, and hurry off to claim his riches, I think to myself what good was his wealth to him since he has left it all behind him and lies there in his velvet coffin unwept, unmourned.

"Once when I was a good many years younger, I went to a theatre where a great actress was playing. And when she came on the stage there was a great applause, and showers of flowers were thrown at her feet. She was young and very beautiful, and a great future was prophesied for her. 'Twas hardly a month from that night that I dug a grave for her (you can see it from here, sir, that one with the beautiful white cross at the head;) right in the height of her beauty and fame she had been cut off. Her's was a big funeral, sir; fashionable men and dainty women, who shuddered when the first shovelful of dirt was thrown on the coffin, came to see her laid away. And when I saw the pallor on so many of those men's faces I knew she had had much love also. When they had all gone I went and stood by that new made grave; it was covered from head to foot with lovely, costly flowers like the ones I had seen thrown at her feet hardly a month before, and said to myself, "This is the end."

"After that I used often see those men who had loved her beside the grave. There was one in whom I felt especially interested. He was quite young—not over twenty-two—but his boyish face was so white, so filled with agony, as he knelt with his fair, uncovered head resting against the marble cross. He always brought a wreath of violets, which he placed above her heart. My heart went out to him, he looked so young, so miserable. One day we met face to face at the

grave, and p'r'aps 'twas the pity in my eyes that made him do it, for he paused and laid his hand on my shoulder. "I loved her better than my life," he said. "She used to laugh at me and call me a boy when I told her so, but perhaps she knows now."

As time went on the dead woman's lovers ceased gradually to come to her grave. I was not surprised, for the dead are so soon forgot, but I did feel sorry and disappointed when the young man came no more for I had not thought that he would so soon forget. I used to wonder if a new love had come into his life to blot out the memory and misery of the old, and I used to picture him in my thoughts with the light of happiness and love in his boyish blue eyes again, and a fair girlish bride by his side.

"One cold, snowy afternoon, about six years later, just before sunset, I saw a man standing beside her grave. It was such an unusual thing that I looked at him curiously. I did not remember ever having seen him there before. He was bent and haggard, his uncovered head very grey, a long scar across his brow and one sleeve hanging empty at his side A soldier come back from the war; home to die, for death's mark was on him. I went on my way, but later I had occasion to go in that direction, and I paused in the twilight beside the grave. Something dark lay on the white snow which covered the mound. I stooped and picked it up, it was a bunch of violets. No need to wonder any more who the stranger was, I knew then I watched for his coming after that, but in vain. But I understood when, almost before the violet wreath had faded, I lowered into the grave a coffin wrapped in a flag.

"You see that part over there, sir, with the boards at the foot and the head of the graves? That's where the poor are buried, and those that lie there are better off than the ones they leave behind them. There is a poor fellow who works in the factory beyond, and lives in a tumble-down little house near our gate there. He's very poor and has a large family. The eldest was a girl of eleven, and every day she used to carry her father's dinner to him, taking a short cut through here. She was a pretty blue-eyed, golden-haired little thing and had a sweet smile for me as she went by. Ah, sir, one summer morning I dug her little grave over there. It had been a very hot summer, and the children of the poor had sickness and died by scores I chose the prettiest corner I could find over there for her last resting place. Ah, sir, I have seen many faces of sorrow, but I have never seen before or since any to equal the white despair of that poor father's. The mother cried and sobbed aloud, but he stood dumb and still, only when I lowered the little pine coffin into the grave I saw him shudder from head to foot. It was soon over, for the poor have no time for grief; the mother went sobbing back to her work, and the father, with bowed head and slow step, went off to his. That evening at his usual time he did not come by, and I could guess where he was. I went over to the child's grave and there he lay across it and was murmuring: "Maudie, Maudie, father's little sunbeam; father knows his darling is in Heaven, where there is no suffering, no poverty, nor pain and father's glad that she is happy and safe; but, O Maudie, Maudie, father wants you so." I crept away then, and I am not ashamed to say it, the tears were falling down my cheeks. Every evening, in summer or winter, sunshine, snow, or rain, he never fails to stop beside that little grave.

"The very day after we buried little Maudie, I dug that grave over there with the beautiful white angel at the head of it. It was for a little girl, the only child of a very rich man. I couldn't help thinking, as I lowered the small white velvet coffin, with its load of lovely flowers into the grave, of that other little pine coffin I had put away the day before. There was no mother to weep over the little grave, only the father—a haughty looking man, who stood with folded arms and white, set face.

"Well, sir, I'll bid you good evening; the dusk is beginning to fall, and there are not many that care to linger here after dark. I shall always be glad to see you when ever you feel like having a talk with the old grave-digger."—*Selected.*

CANOE SONG.

HILE the pinions of night, like the wings of a condor,
Are outspread 'neath the cope of the shadowed sky,
The broad river flows calm in its crystalline splendor,
And the soft breeze is hushed to a brief breathless sigh.
Man and maid, let us sail with lithe paddles and song,
Our canoe can outstrip the bird-flight of an arrow,
The gay hours will fly fast while we scurry along
By all trouble left free and forgotten by sorrow.

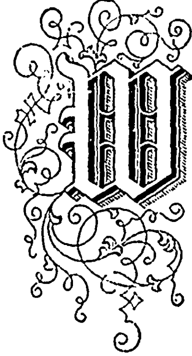
Now the far away sounds—for the night so clear is—
Blandly melt on the ear, like some favorite rhymes,
And the muffled bass roar of the rapid near is
Made less harsh by the clang of loud turreted chimes:
Then right glad, while the rent clouds are lessening o'er us,
Our strong voices full blended give volume and tune
To the heartening words of a rollicking chorus,
A most royal salute for the rise of the moon!

Oh! our paddles ply brisk, and each sportive endeavor
Wins the generous praise of the lips which we love,
Till we merrily long to float on and forever
With the pale waves beneath and the bright stars above.
But a-ho! how the froth-crested billows bind us
Wide around in rough glee where the mad rapids leap,
A wild dash—a sheer dip—next moment shall find us
Skimming safe o'er the surge on the breast of the deep.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

HYPNOTISM.

(Continued from our February Number).



WHEN hearing learned professors of medicine speak of the nervous centres as being dissociated, paralyzed or exalted through suggestion, many people might be led to believe this to be the genuine explanation of hypnotism. But that the case is quite different, we shall attempt to prove in the present article.

In order to explain why the hypnotized person is debarred from thinking and willing, while he still performs the functions of organic life, the suggestionists teach that, through suggestion, his nervous centres are dissociated and the lower ones, left to themselves, especially the reflex centres, are more easily ruled over by an external agency.

Modern physiologists, after most careful studies, teach that there are, in the human body, networks of ill-defined shape and nature wherein certain bundles of nerves meet together. Some fibres of those bundles are centrifugal and bring their influence to the muscular cells either of the skin or of an internal point; others are centripetal and bring back the impressions, changes and excitements experienced in their extremities, Thus, they say, nervous motions are carried on with wonderful harmony.

To those nervous centres different seats are assigned, according to their importance. First among them are those in the grey coating of the brain which are used for the high functions of the mind, will and conscience. Others are found in the circumvolutions of the brain and united with the former through very small nerves so as to regulate their activity, while a third class of them with vegetative functions, are scattered in different parts of the body.

In a healthy body, vital energy is equally distributed in the higher, intermediate and lower centres; but as soon as a disorder occurs, the nervous fluid refused to one centre flows over into the others and increases their strength and activity.

As all know, every nerve communicates with the brain and thus every nervous centre is united with it. But there are, according to some anatomists and physiologists, actions and motions independent of cerebral activity which are called *reflex* and whose organs are named reflex *centres*. Thus, for instance, a beheaded frog still moves its leg to scratch its side burned with a drop of acid.

In hypnosis, Bernheim says, great and continuous reflex action is due to reflex centres, independent of the higher centres. How does this happen? Suggestion produces sleep and along with it the paralysis of the higher nervous centres and increases the activity of the others, as a slow and continuous excitement of the sensitive nerves was remarked by Haidenhain of Breslaw to suspend the activity of the cells of the cerebral coating.

Now, what truth is there in this theory, and firstly, are there higher nervous centres ruling over the lower?

Aristotle, St. Thomas, all the ancient philosophers had agreed in locating in the brain the workings of the intellective and sensitive faculties, and modern writers have only gone one step farther when, owing to more precise anatomical observations, they have succeeded in determining in what part of the brain certain vital functions are performed. But we must not, like Doctor Gall, rely too much upon these so-called discoveries. Professor Edinger, a lecturer on the "anatomy of the nervous centres," at Frankfort, loyally admits that "Like all those who gave themselves to the hard question of the anatomy of the nervous centres, he is persuaded that *few facts are really known and conclusively proved* and there is not in anatomy a ground so movable as this." He adds: "The science of the functions of the cerebral coating is only in its infancy." We know

but imperfectly the structure of the medullary cord, and yet it is the seat of many nervous centres which communicate with the periphery of the body and the centres of the brain, and therefore while thankful to God for the many and useful discoveries made in our century, we should not dogmatize on the existence, nature and functions of the nervous centres.

Still less should any scientist speak positively of the reflex centres, which, owing to their functions, would be better named *reflecting* centres, and whose seat is said to be in the spinal cord.

Most modern doctors admit indeed and exaggerate the existence and efficacy of reflex centres. Thus Dr. Hammond holds that "the intellectual faculties are at work not only in the brain but also in the spine." Others attribute to the spine a part of the sensitive power proper to the encephalos; lastly, others consider their action as an elementary form of what is fully done in the nervous centres of the brain. We do not see in these opinions, Hammond's excepted, anything opposed to truth or reason. But with Duroval and others, we do not find in anatomical observations, any conclusive proof of the existence of these reflex nervous centres.

Beasts, they say, although deprived of a part of their brain or even beheaded, still perform instinctive operations, and man himself does many things independently of his will,—True it is that a pigeon and a goose, fly, after having lost either a part or the whole of their brain. The more imperfect the life is, the less the living body resents partial mutilations. Thus, a hydra, which is a most simple polypus, can bear, like a plant, all kinds of mutilations without dying, and the same is proportionately true of the lower animals. But is this due to reflex nervous centres? Although we have no objection to either the name or the thing itself, we think that the explanation given by the ancients and according to which the vital actions mentioned above would be due to the motion imparted before death, is more simple, more reasonable and consequently more scientific.

As to man, mechanical but no autonomous actions have ever been noticed in a corpse; it is therefore useless to account by reflex centres for reflex actions that do not exist.

Neither reason, nor experience proves the existence of reflex centres, acting outside of the brain. Let us now come to the question at issue: whether or not the nervous centres can be dissociated. Even if we supposed reflex centres to exist in man, we will prove that hypnotism is not to be accounted for by this theory.

According to the experience of Heidenhain and the teaching of Bernheim, suggestion has for effect to depress and paralyze the intellective and ruling centres and, on the contrary, to exalt the secondary and reflex. But is this a physiological fact? Is this well-grounded experience? We unhesitatingly answer no. If Heidenhain meant that *by feeble and long continued excitements*, sleep is brought about during which reason is stifled and the nerves of vegetative and sensitive life alone are at work, he simply stated what prehistorical nurses themselves knew, since they used those means to lull children asleep. But if he meant that the higher centres of the grey coating of the brain are rendered incapable of any autonomous and spontaneous action, while the lower and reflex centres, freed from the check of reason and influenced by external suggestion, become more and more lively, he has imposed upon us a solemn fiction against which anatomy, experience and common sense protest.

Is it probable that the sound of a lullaby or a feeble noise or the sight of a bright object will act upon cerebral cells with such discernment that they will cause some centres to fall asleep and others to become more lively, when those cells are intricately united, when the nervous centres are so intermingled as to discountenance all anatomical researches? Is it not a well known fact that, if the nervous sensitive centres can act independently of the mental faculties, the latter cannot act unless the senses are moved? How could they be separated in their activity?

Moreover, all modern anatomists agree with Ludwig Edinger in acknowledging that all the nervous centres, wherever they are found, are united with the higher centres of the grey coating and form but one whole with them.

Now, grounded upon those physical and anatomical data, we ask, in the name of common sense, how suggestion could dis-

sociate nervous centres so closely bound together by nature? Bernheim says that suggestion is a moral means, an idea introduced into the brain through the ear: but upon what subject does this idea act? Upon secondary reflex nervous centres? No, because they are cells neither intelligent nor conscious, which cannot be moved by an idea nor independently of the cerebral centres. Does it act upon the cortical centres necessary that minister to the intelligence? No, because these centres, once asleep, are depressed and, according to the suggestionists, paralyzed. What can therefore suggestion have recourse to? When does it obtain the dissociation of the nervous centres? Neither when the hypnotized person is in a wakeful state nor when he is asleep. Therefore this dissociation is impossible and is a mere hypothesis invented by hypnologists for the sake of their cause.

To sum up in a few words what we have said: we accept the names of superior, intellective and volitive, nervous centres, but we thereby mean organs necessary for spiritual operations, but not thinking by themselves; we admit of their existence, provided that the system of localisation be not carried to excess; we do not object to reflex centres in beasts, as a hypothesis, nor in man, if thereby special centres related to and dependent on cerebral centres are meant. But we have proved the dissociation of these nervous centres to be contrary both to anatomy and common sense.

In a future article, we shall examine to what extent suggestion may account for the power acquired and exercised by hypnotizers over hypnotized persons, and close the analysis of the new theory of suggestion.

J. J.

Think and endure, and from an inner world
In your own bosom—where the outward foils;
So shall you nearer be the spiritual
Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

—BYRON.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

....Sundry jottings
Stray leaves, fragments, blurs, and blottings.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

(*Continued from the March issue.*)

It is quite unnecessary to state that the "Address" failed to win Catholic emancipation. It would be wrong, withal, to suppose that Shelley did not possess considerable political foresight. His hopes have been pronounced ridiculous, and they have won for him both in his lifetime and after his untimely death an amount of mockery. Flouts and gibes are the common reward of the social reformer. The intellectual pioneer is much like the primitive settler who has ever to be on the watch for the horde of savages whose favorite prey is a new idea. But notwithstanding the ridicule and the mockery we must not forget that Catholic emancipation has taken place, that reform has been brought about, and that Irish Home Rule, which would be the logical result of the changes advocated in the "Address" is on the eve of fruition. Disappointed in his efforts to ameliorate the pitiful condition of the Catholic Irish of that time, Shelley left Dublin to wander about in England for a short season, and finally temporarily to settle in a cottage at Nantgwillt, near Rhayader, in North Wales. Thence he and his wife and her sister made brief excursions to Crom Elan, to Chepstow, and, in June, to Lynmouth. In September Shelley and his family went to reside at a beautiful residence called Tannyrallt, near Tremadoc, in Carnarvonshire. Interesting himself deeply in Mr. Madock's great plan for reclaiming a portion of the land from the sea, he made a sudden journey to London in connection with the scheme, and there met William Godwin face to face, thus turning an important leaf in his life. Godwin and Shelley were delighted with one another, we are told. Shelley was also delighted with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the only daughter of William Godwin by his unfortunate wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. Both father and daughter were forthwith put through the process of deification to which all the men and women—but the women especially—who for the moment appealed io the poet's fancy were subjected. To mention all the idols before which Shelley hinged his knee from time to time would swell this already too lengthy sketch beyond the bounds of reason. He was always setting up somebody on a high pedestal. He was always painting somebody in most resplendent colors. He was always adoring somebody or something with all the blind devotion which a South Sea savage pays to a fetich. Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin differed from the other idols that found a place in Shelley's enthusiastic heart in only that the affection he conceived for her was a degree more real and much more lasting than that which he had wasted on the others. Mary Godwin does not enter just yet to play her part with Shelley on the stage of life, but we must hasten on to the period when her influence in a great measure swayed his career. Before leaving London, Shelley met Hogg who happened to be in the city. Hogg asked forgiveness for the great wrong he had done the poet, had his request granted, and the two old friends were soon once more completely reconciled.

By the end of November, 1812, the Shelleys and Miss Westbrook found themselves again in Wales. The ensuing winter was occupied by husband and wife in deep and extensive studies; she striving to obtain a knowledge of the Latin classics, and he finding subject for continuous thought and speculation in the works of such ancients as Plato, Lucretius, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, and such moderns as Spinoza and Kant. The season was extraordinary for its severity and the poor of the locality suffered from cold and hunger. We may be sure that the scenes he witnessed touched the heart of Shelley and opened his hands with alms Medwin relates how he had "often heard Mr. Madock dilate on Shelley's numerous

acts of benevolence, his relieving the distress of the poor, visiting them in their humble abodes, and supplying them with food and raiment and fuel during the winter." Much may be forgiven him who has a kind heart.

The stay at Tannyrallt was abruptly terminated by an accident of a most tragic nature. One stormy night Shelley heard a strange noise. He sprang out of bed, seized his pistols, and descending the stairs, found that the house had been entered by a burglar. He fired and was fired upon, and immediately the intruder escaped. The whole Shelleyan household was, of course, in a state of agonized alarm. But after two hours had elapsed, the ladies retired to their bedrooms, leaving Shelley and his Irish manservant, Dan Healy, down stairs on guard. Then, a second attack was made. Shots were again interchanged, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Just as the assailant was overcoming Shelley, Healy, who had been sent to ascertain the hour, rushed into the room and the murderous villain instantly vanished. Such is the whole story in brief. Grave doubts have been cast upon many of the details, and some, laying stress upon the visionary tendencies of Shelley go so far as to consider the whole affair to have been an hallucination. We have no space to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of this matter, nor, indeed, is discussion necessary. It must be recorded, however, that throughout his whole after life Shelley believed and stated that his assailant was not a house-robber but an assassin. For the rest, the attack led the Shelleys to leave Tannyrallt and fly to London, where, after drifting for some time they settled down in apartments close to Piccadilly.

Ever since he had left school, and, perhaps, before his departure therefrom, Shelley had experienced the promptings of the poet. It was during his stay at Nantgwillt, however, that he is supposed to have learned that he possessed the sacred gift. While there great dreams had passed through his mind. At intervals afterwards he had felt himself moved by a power which at first he could not understand. A voice whispered in his ear and bid him put pen to paper and indite the strain with which the lyre of his soul was thrilled. Now that he was settled in London he listened to the song of the Siren. People thought him eccentric but he was only in the throes of poetic labor. The spring had barely warmed towards summer when Mr. Hookham, the publisher, received from Shelley a manuscript, the title of which was *Queen Mab*. In June the poet became the father of a daughter, who was christened Ianthe, possibly, as several biographers of Shelley, suggest, possibly after the violet-eyed lady of *Queen Mab*, though, poor child, it was destined to bring, not happiness, but grief to its parents. Shelley, not yet of age by the way, dearly loved the infant. Harriet, the young mother, who up to this had borne herself as a good helpmate, found in her little daughter a cause for woe, a woe that congealed the feelings and turned the heart into stone. Nearly all of the poet's many biographers wax mysterious when they approach this part of his life. Many of them become quite incomprehensible, so great are the clouds of words in which they wrap the painful incident which we are about to relate. Some censure Shelley with savage ardor, and, we believe, they are acting justly. Others blame Harriet Shelley for all the trouble that ensued to herself and her husband, and after carefully reviewing the mass of evidence, we are forced to conclude that they are not entirely wrong. As a matter of fact, there was blame on the side of the husband and blame on the part of the wife. In every nine hundred and ninety-nine matrimonial wrangles both parties to the disagreement are equally to blame. This is our humble opinion, an opinion which, however, it may be well candidly to state is founded almost entirely on observation and owes little to experience. But as the authorities differ so broadly among themselves. and as we have not sufficient space to amuse our readers by quoting the one against the other, we must perforce content ourselves by quoting from William Sharp, who, surprising to say of one so gallant, does not hesitate to place the lion's share of the blame on the weak shoulders of the woman. Says Mr. Sharp: "In the first beauty of motherhood Harriet seemed more closely drawn to Shelley than ever. It was not long, however, before he noticed with pain and sorrow—what was evident to Hogg and others as well as to himself—

that his young wife betrayed a strange and growing insensibility to her child and even to him: that she lost her interest in those matters of the heart and mind which to him were so far above all mundane circumstances: and that she was no longer the Harriet whom he had known and loved. Maternity seems to have been the spell which resolved the angel into the commonplace woman. Alas, poor Harriet! insensible you may have been, even commonplace, but if wood will mate with fire there can be but one result. To be ideally loved by a man like Shelley is to court sorrow and disaster. We are mortals, and to be loved otherwise than with human imperfection is calamitous misfortune." All this may be true in a certain restricted sense. Nay, we may safely allow that much of it is just as well as wise. But that it falls short of even scantily covering the case, we are quite certain if for no other reason than that it takes no account of Mary Godwin, and of the extreme emotion which she had caused in Shelley. We do not intend doing the man injustice but we are anxious to do the woman justice.

We do not propose to follow step by step the development of the want of sympathy and other alienating influence, which for the next year and more served to separate Shelley and his wife. He married Harriet Westbrook without love. This one unfortunate fact led to the whole direful calamity. Joseph Shipsey states the case briefly and well in the biographical sketch wherewith he prefaces his selections from the poet. "Harriet Grove, out of sympathy for Shelley's sufferings, had at one time thought herself sufficient in love to have been justified in becoming his wife. Shelley, in a similar way, out of pity for certain troubles of Harriet Westbrook, had been induced to become her husband." Their union was, therefore, a marriage of pity. Both of the contracting parties were pagans, and what should have been an indissoluble sacrament was to them nothing more than a civil contract to be ruthlessly broken so soon as it became irksome. The rest must be related briefly. We first find the cooling down of his affection, then came discord, next separation, followed by suicide on the part of the cruelly deserted and woefully wronged wife. Long before the muddy waters of the Serpentine had smothered the young life of Harriet Westbrook, Shelley had once more encountered Mary Godwin, had fallen in love, and departed with her to the Continent.

As we have more than once intimated Shelley possessed rare and noble qualities. He was merciful, charitable and a lover of humanity. But in spite of his numerous virtues his conduct to his wife must meet with the unqualified condemnation of all who do not desire to deal exclusively in indiscriminate approval of his whole life. Mr. Skipsey, in the article already mentioned, tells us that although in this case, as in so many others, the weaker, that is the woman, went to the wall, the cause of her ruin did not go unscathed. "An avenging Nemesis followed the young poet's footsteps to the end," he says, "and the furies of regret, remorse, and shame threw their raven shadows o'er his life, and his soul—at least so long as it remained tagged to his frail body—his soul from out that shadow was lifted nevermore!" Justice compels us to make due allowance for Shelley's youth, for his lack of Christian training, and for his changeable emotions as a poet, but after the demands of justice have been amply fulfilled, we still feel gratified to think that even in this world he was made taste of the bitter fruits of sin and crime.

Shelley and Mary Godwin left London on the morning of the 28th July, 1814. They journeyed to Paris, and thence with little delay to Switzerland, by way of the Jura. Mary Godwin is described as having been "fair to look upon rather than lovely, of an intellectual type; of a calm and apparently passionless exterior, she had an ardent nature." Her education was of the sort which a philospher like Godwin might be supposed to impart. It would have done honor to a Roman matron before Christ was born. In other words, her intellectual powers were developed in a pagan atmosphere, and the only tenets she knew were those of the pagans. Her total want of dogmatic belief made her spirit and that of Shelley kindred. It was under her care that the mighty genius of the bard found a free, high and triumphant expression. During his connection with poor Harriet Westbrook he had pro-

duced his first extended effort in verse, the *Queen Mab*, but after his elopement with Mary Godwin every succeeding year had its immortal product. First of that glorious progeny came *Alastor*, 1816; then the *Revolt of Islam*, 1817: then the *Rosalind and Helen*, and *Julian and Maddalo*, both in 1818; then *The Cenci*, 1819; the *Witch of Atlas* and the *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820; the *Epipsychidion*, the *Adonais*, and the *Hellas*, all in 1821; and he was engaged on other works when death came to him so suddenly. Besides the great poems named, he, during the same wonderful period, poured forth a flood of lyrics and lesser pieces which in themselves had won for him a rank only second to the highest in literature. While at Brunnen, where Shelley lived while in Switzerland, he wrote the last of his prose romances, *The Assassins*, a work which showed a great improvement on the "Shockers" which preceded it from the same prolific pen. One may search in vain through the whole annals of literature for a greater amount of deathless work executed within a lesser number of years.

Early in January of 1815, the prospects of Shelley were improved owing to the death of his grandfather, Sir Bysshe. By an arrangement with his father, now Sir Timothy, he was placed in possession of a yearly income of £1,000. Between him and his wife the most perfect affection subsisted, and if we omit the shadow which the past must have cast upon him, and a nephritic complaint which caused him an amount of suffering and anxiety, his life was as happy as it could be on earth. Indeed, he enjoyed no small amount of felicity during his subsequent wanderings in the few years which were left to him. His ailment at times served to remind him of his mortality, and the authorities are as one in asserting that he bore his sufferings with commendable fortitude. It would give us much pleasure to follow Shelley in his journey into Italy, to witness his intercourse with Byron, but our want of time demands an immediate foreclosure of this hasty and inadequate sketch.

We have already presented the reader with a description given of Shelley as he appeared while at school, let us now set beside it a companion picture of the poet as he appeared a short time before his death, drawn by Captain Trelawney, who visited the poet at Pisa while he was residing with the Williamses. "Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face that it could be the Poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment. Was it possible this mild-looking beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world? I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his "sizings." Yet this effeminate young man was no other than the redoubtable terror who was excommunicated by the Church, who was chased out of her realm by virtuous England, who was discarded by his own family, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of the Satanic school. It was another case of the bright keen steel in the mean and unsightly scabbard."

Very shortly after Trelawney's meeting with the poet, the latter, on the 8th day of July, 1822, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Williams, and a boy, entered a small, unsteady schooner-like craft and set sail for Leghorn. The sky was then bright, but it soon underwent a change. An intense sultry furnace glow, William Sharp tells us, had replaced the flood of sunlight, and the thunder brooded among the jagged clouds which gathered above the horizon. The tempest continued to lower. The sea was like lead, and was covered with scum. The wind grew in violence and a few prelusive rain drops fell upon the sluggish waves. Then the tempest burst in all its fury. It was brief in duration, less than twenty minutes, but fierce in its violence, and when it was over Percy Bysshe Shelley was sleeping in a watery grave. Before Shelley had left home for this unfortunate voyage, he was engaged upon the composition of a poem which, fragmentary as it is, ranks among his loftiest achievements. Had *The Triumph of Life* been finished, it would

have ranked only second to *Prometheus Unbound.* The poem breaks off just where the poet left it before he went forth to test the stony mercy of the waters of Spezzia. The last verse he committed to paper ran as follows:

"Then what is life? I cried,"

a sentence of profound and most pathetic significance when we remember, as Mr. Symonds says, that "the questioner was now about to seek its answer in the halls of death." In reviewing his many faults great allowance must be made for his youth, for he was only twenty-nine years of age when drowned, and it is well also to remember that he was a born genius, a bright particular star of intellect which we poor sojourners in the valley of the commonplace may gaze at and admire but cannot comprehend and should not question or condemn, but rather leave all to Him whose breath it was animated the frail clay of the great poet at whose career we have had but brief and hasty glances through those insufficient paragraphs.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like the perfumed Paris, turn and fly.

—Longfellow.

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LE FRANCAIS.

Up to twenty years ago, an educated man was supposed to know, or at least, to have spent a number of years on Latin and Greek classical authors; of the natural sciences, as well as of mathematics and modern languages—luxuries reserved for the few—he had very vague ideas, if any, and often even regarded them with contempt. But the sound, practical common sense of the second half of the nineteenth century, the universal tendency towards money-making knowledge, the wonderful development of natural sciences, and daily intercourse with people of different language and nationality, have struck down the aged fetiches of liberal education, or rather, have placed beside them natural sciences and modern languages—a fact which can be ascertained by a glance at the calendars of almost all colleges and universities for the last two decades. Nearly everywhere, an option is offered, for graduation in arts, between classics, mathematics, natural sciences, and modern languages.

In the calendars of universities whose official language is English, only French and German are, with very few exceptions, meant by the general term, "modern languages," and of these, French is more generally studied in Europe, and perhaps on our own continent.

The French language is taught in all the schools of Germany, and in the academies and colleges of the British Empire. Russians have won, in Paris, the well-merited reputation of perfect French speakers; an educated Italian can always converse fluently in French; so that in Europe, it is not Gladstones or Beaconsfields alone, but thousands and and thousands of foreigners, who pride themselves on their French, and on knowing most intimately the riches of that beautiful language.

On our continent, French is read, understood and spoken by the best educated people. To know French is a certificate of refined education.

In Canada, where it is the mother-tongue of more than a million and a half of people, the French language, beyond all doubt, enlarges the sphere of usefulness and influence of the professional man. That this has ever been the conviction of many of our leading men, is proved by the pains they have taken to acquire a knowledge of French, or the regret they have expressed at not possessing that know-

ledge. As an instance; the patriot McGee asserted again and again that he would give anything to be able to speak French. Suppose that the Hon. Wilfred Laurier spoke but one language, would he occupy the position he holds to-day? Would he be more than half the man he is? His may be, in some respects, an exceptional case, but still, what new avenues to success the knowledge of two languages would open to many men in parliament in the liberal professions and in the ministry! What racial prejudices the knowledge of the two languages by our public men would be the means of rooting out! What a power it would be in promoting tolerance and breadth of views!

The above facts are not adduced to impart information. They have perhaps been observed long ago by every intelligent student. Our object is to obtain an answer to a question. Why do so many students in Ottawa University take little interest in the study of French? Why are we often satisfied with an elementary knowledge of that language when opportunities, unsurpassed in Canada, are offered us for a thorough course in French?

These questions, it is said, have been discussed by the Faculty of Arts, and rumor has it that contemplated changes will make French an important subject in future pass exams. If this prove true, the Faculty will be only keeping abreast of the times. The authorities of McGill, for example, announce their intention of making certain lectures delivered in French obligatory for all law students.

A course elevated exclusively by Faculty legislation may prove distasteful. Cannot students themselves do something towards an improvement? Toronto University prides herself on a successful *Modern Language Association*. The undergraduates who have made it successful, understand our times and our Canada. Would Ottawa students not act wisely in following this example, by forming an association having for its object the promotion of a more thorough study of modern languages—of French especially—for acquiring which, most excellent means are within our reach?

A POPULAR FALLACY.

There exists among certain Catholics a most deplorable and erroneous impression which has nevertheless taken deep root. We refer to the unfounded belief that Catholic literature is confined to theological treatises and religious tracts, fit reading for those engaged in the active ministry of the Church, but wholly unsuited to the taste of the vast majority of the people. If this error were rife only among our separated brethern, we might be able to formulate some excuse for their ignorance of our literature, but when we are confronted with the stern reality that the same fell spirit exists in the minds of Catholics we must not and cannot attribute it to religious prejudice. We must buckle on our armor, meet the enemy as becomes men who have full confidence in the justice of their cause, and endeavour to expel the hideous demom of ignorance which Catholics so unwittingly harbour in their minds. Now what is the cause of this sad state of affairs? We think that for many of us one cause is the evil influence which the more or less Protestant education received in the public schools, exerts upon the minds of our Catholic youth who attend them. In the text-books used in these schools, we speak from experience, there is scarcely ever a single reference to a Catholic author, seldom do we find a quotation from a Catholic writer. The natural consequence is that our young Catholics reading these books from which Catholic selections have been carefully excluded, grow up to manhood imbued with the idea that Catholics are illiterate, that there is no such a thing as a Catholic

literature. If you tell them that as Catholics they are heirs to the grandest of all literature they will smile incredulously they consider a Catholic writer as an anomaly,—a "rara avis" in the boundless range of literature. This false idea implanted in the minds of our Catholic youth brings in its train another regrettable consequence. It is the tendency which exists among many Catholics to recommend no Catholic book until it has been praised by Protestant writers; it seems as though those Catholics do not consider themselves capable of judging the merits of any literary production, but must await the decision of non-catholic critics. We fail to see the logic in the stand taken by them; we ourselves would no more consent to abide the decision of Protestant writers upon our literary efforts, than we would bow to the judgment passed upon the Catholic teaching, by the synod of the Presbyterians. We Catholics need not depend upon the criticism of non-catholics for we can point to a period of almost fifteen hundred years, during which all literature was Catholic, and we can proudly refer to the fact that the most learned scientists of our times, as: Secchi, Perry, Pasteur, and St. George Mivart and the most distinguished writers as:—Newman, Brownson, Faber, Manning, O'Reilly, and Crawford are all Catholics.

A CULTURED LAITY.

In the face of the appalling indifference, with which too many of our young men, regard the advantage of a sound Catholic education, the recent utterances of the Head of the English Church, are, to say the least, very timely. Replying to an address on his return from Rome, Cardinal Vaughan spoke as follows:—"Unless a Catholic has gone through a thorough course of logic and of mental and moral Christian philosophy, he is a man without weapons and armour in the intellectual conflict which rages around him." The address was tendered by the clergy and laity of his flock, but the Cardinal's words, as quoted, had a special application, which he took care to make abundantly clear. "When I speak of the necessity of a course of Catholic philosophy," continues the learned Prelate, "do not suppose that it is of the clergy that I am speaking. I am now thinking of the laity. The Catholic laity ought to be as salt to society, and as light shining in dark places. They ought to be more than a match for the false theories and destructive criticism, which are current in the society they mix with. To say that learning, philosophy and wisdom are to be confined to the clergy is to assign to the laity a position which is positively humbling. It is a theory which must at all times be disastrous to Christian society"

Hundreds of the young Catholics of our own rising generation, doubtless find themselves at the present moment, without the indispensable weapons and armour above referred to—a few, perhaps, because they neglected to provide themselves with them when they were offered, but the majority, because the opportunity never came within their reach. Among these hundreds, it is safe to say, are many of the most naturally gifted of our race, many whose powers of mind are vastly superior to those of others, adorned with all that careful culture could supply, but the existing condition of affairs concealed these hidden gems, at least until development in the ordinary manner, was placed beyond the range of possibility. They are now in the midst of the fight, the intellectual conflict rages thick and fast about them, but, in the words of the eminent English Cardinal, "they are like men without weapons and without armour." The question naturally arises, what are they to

do? Our University courses, in the excellence of which we take an honest pride, are closed to them. To be candid, they are too old. A course of metaphysics, and literary and historical criticism, through the medium of private lectures, suggests itself. An excellent plan no doubt, but one that is fraught with so many difficulties, that we seriously doubt its soundness. Our professors, for instance, are already over burdened; a certain number of pupils would be requisite, to warrant a professor, should he be found, in undertaking such extra labor, and lastly the courage and will power—not always found—to persevere in returning from the busy world to the rank of a student. But we have shown the dark side of the picture. There remain two other channels, both of which are well calculated to repair, in a measure at least, the damage caused by early negligence or lack of opportunity. The first of these is the Catholic Association, in which is fostered a love for study, research, and consequent improvement, made possible by the aid of a well and carefully selected library. This should be supplemented at seasonable intervals by lectures on philosophy, literature, or history, thus supplying material for friendly discussion and opening up new vistas of knowledge into which the members will afterwards be able to penetrate alone and unaided. The second channel, and a still more promising one, is a Catholic Summer School. Its efficacy is now called into question by none, and though we are not yet ripe for a Canadian Summer School, we trust that very soon it will be a potent factor in the elevation and enlightenment of our people, and a new bond of union between the clergy and the flock. With these means at our disposal a new order of things will soon set in, when the Church will be strong through the zeal, energy, and enthusiasm of her ministers and strong also through the faith and devotedness of her children, for whom her defence will always be a willing and an easy task.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Ottawa University men who visit the World's Fair will find all the past volumes of the OWL in the Catholic Branch of the Literary Department, and current numbers in the Canadian Section of the Newspaper Pavilion. We hope that this is not the only reminder of Alma Mater in store for them.

Our exchanges show that the graduates and undergraduates of numbers of colleges have considered the advantage of knowing just where to find fellow-alumni and fellow-students who may be at the Fair, and have insured that advantage by agreeing to leave their names and addresses at a given place. Were Ottawa men to take no steps in such a direction we would think it somewhat regrettable; it would mean the neglect of an opportunity of bringing together long-parted friends, of having different generations of students form an acquaintance, and the loss perhaps of many other advantages which readily suggest themselves.

The ad. of Mr. H. M. Frey in this issue, we think suggests a plan. Mr. Frey was at one time a member of the corridor and graduated B.L. in '85. After leaving College he turned his attention to commercial pursuits, and it will afford the many friends he made in College and in the City of Ottawa much pleasure to learn that he has met with considerable success. His enterprise in drawing Ottawa University students' attention to a venture of his during the World's Fair, will, we hope, be appreciated by many of those who visit Chicago this year. We are certain that those who patronize him will find pleasant quarters and a most agreeable entertainer,

unless Mr. Frey has vastly changed since we knew him. Why should not those who reside elsewhere, while in the City of the Lake, send their addresses to Mr. Frey? On request he has kindly expressed his willingness to keep a list of Ottawa men.

We fancy that a goodly number of those who are yet undecided, or who even feel sure that they will not go, will visit the Fair after the craze for going begins. The instruction, to say nothing of the pleasure, to be derived from such a visit will repay the outlay.

OBITUARY.

We have received the sad news of the death, on Monday, 8th inst., of Rev. Paul Rougier, Parish Priest of Renfrew, Ont., a respected and devoted alumnus of Ottawa University. Rev. Father Rougier was one of the pioneer missionaries of the Ottawa Valley. He was born in Drome, France, November the 24th, 1836, and after coming to Canada entered upon a course of studies in the College of Ottawa, then the College of Bytown, where he graduated in 1861. On September the 8th of the same year he entered the seminary to prepare for his sacred calling to the Holy Priesthood; and on June 18th, 1865, he was ordained priest. His future home was to be in Renfrew County, where priests were few and labors great. During the last twenty-seven years the parish of Renfrew and the mission of Springtown have been under his care. The heartfelt grief caused by his death attests the love and respect in which he was held by all who knew him. His personal qualities were such as to endear him to all with whom he came in contact, whether they were Catholics or Protestants. He was a faithful pastor, a hard worker and a kind friend to all. He was humble and reserved and by firm perseverance surmounted every obstacle that beset his way. The poor always found in him a most faithful friend and the afflicted a kind consoler. He took a keen interest in the welfare of all. During his pastorate he erected a spacious church, one of the finest in the diocese, which, together with the excellent schools he established, remains as a monument of his zeal and devotedness. He took a particular interest in the training of youth, being an ardent advocate of Catholic education, and it is chiefly due to his efforts that the Catholics of Renfrew to-day enjoy the advantages of having a Convent and a Separate School under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the Christian Brothers. His memory will be long revered by all for whom he has done so much.

Father Rougier was one of the most esteemed and popular priests in the diocese of Pontiac. By his death Bishop Lorrain loses a faithful priest, the parishioners of Renfrew and Springtown a beloved and devoted pastor and his Alma Mater a respected and faithful son.

His body lay in state in the Church until Wednesday morning, when the funeral service took place. A very large concourse assembled to pay their last sad tribute of respect to this good man who has gone to his reward. The clergy of the neighboring parishes attended in numbers. Rt. Rev. N. Z. Lorrain sang the Solemn Mass of requiem, after which the body was committed to its last resting place in the sanctuary of the Church so long the scene of his labors.

Requiescat in Pace.

ORDINATIONS.

On April 23rd His Grace Archbishop Duhamel conferred sacerdotal orders on Rev. A. Forget, and Subdeaconship on Mr. F. X. Brunette. Father Forget graduated from Joliette College in 1888, since which time he has been pursuing his theological studies in Ottawa Seminary. Mr. Brunette is a graduate of Ottawa University, Master of Ceremonies to His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, and a theological student of the first rank. On the following Sunday Mr. A. Pelletier was raised to the order of deaconship. After finishing his classical course in St. Thérèse College, Mr. Pelletier devoted two years to the study of philosophy under the able direction of the Sulpician Fathers, Montreal, and has since been studying theology in Ottawa.

On May 3rd, Rev. F. Georget, O.M.I., and Rev. T. Murphy, O.M.I., were admitted to the orders of priesthood and deaconship respectively. After a course in classics and philosophy at N. D. de Sion Lorraine, Father Georget entered the Oblate novitiate at Houthem, Holland, and at the expiration of the usual time of probation came to Ottawa, where he began his theological studies. For the past two years he has been a member of the University Staff, and the numerous friends he has made here as well as elsewhere will be glad to learn of his elevation to the priesthood.

To all our young Levites the OWL extends the warmest congratulations, and wishes them continued success in their noble work. Father Georget said his first Mass in the University chapel May 4th, during which the choir, of which Father Georget has been director for the past year, testified their esteem for so worthy a leader, by singing some beautiful hymns specially prepared for the occasion.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS IN McGILL.

We are too apt to undervalue the advantages placed within our reach by our Alma Mater. We know her faults all too well but often lose sight of her merits. It is only after students have gone forth from this institution that they fully realize the worth of the mental training system here in vogue. Our ex-fellow students now in McGill will bear us out in this assertion. In the recent examinations passed at that university, three students, who were with us last year, Mr. T. Tetreau, A. Trudeau, and P. Brunelle, carried off honors in the primary medical examination. Mr. C. Gaudet and J. Landry successfully passed the primary in law, and Mr. A. Robert graduated C.E. We congratulate our old companions one and all, but especially Mr. Robert. He made the first two years of his engineering course here and his untiring perseverance won for him the admiration and esteem of professors and classmates. That he may ever meet with the success to which his sterling worth gives him a just claim is our sincerest hope.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the Anglo-Irish province were largely instrumental in organizing and conducting the English Scotch and Irish pilgrimages to Rome. Very Rev. Father Gaughren, O.M.I., Provincial, represented His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, and Rev. Father Newman, O.M.I., the Bishop of Liverpool, on the management committee of the English-Scotch pilgrimage. The Irish pilgrimage was entirely organized and directed by the Oblate Fathers of Dublin. His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, requested the Oblates to take charge of it, and its splendid organization, and marked success proved the wisdom of the selection. Fathers Nicoll and Brady, well-known to Ottawa University students, were prominent among the organizers.

Speaking in London, of the Pope's jubilee, Cardinal Vaughan said to a representative of the *Catholic Times:* "The English pilgrimage was a great success. It must have been the largest body of pilgrims that ever went at one time from England to Rome, even before the Reformation. It made a great impression in Rome. So did the Irish pilgrimage. In one respect, perhaps, the Irish made a greater impression than the English, for the military instinct of the Irish race enabled the leaders of the Irish pilgrims to get them to march about the city from point to point. One would meet them in the streets, marching in fours, in good order, with their banners flying, and the Romans were greatly struck with the sight. The pilgrimages were capitally organized."

Thomas O'Hagan, head master of the Waterdown High School, has been appointed one of the examiners of those writing for non-professional teacher's certificates. We also learn that Mr. O'Hagan is issuing another book of poems.

We learn from the report of the inspector of Public Schools in the County of Frontenac that the average salary of male teachers in that county is $288 a year. The complaint has been often made that young men use the teaching profession only as a stepping-stone to something higher. But if this be the average salary, surely such a complaint must soon

cease, for the profession is evidently no longer useful even as a stepping-stone. However, we do not sympathize with the teachers. If they receive low salaries it is their own fault. They continually violate, at least in part, one of the most important precepts laid down in the Normal and Model Schools, "Never underbid or undermine a fellow-teacher," and now they are but reaping the fruits of their action.

Professor David Swing, a well-known Protestant divine of Chicago, says of Pope Leo XIII: " Minds of all religious beliefs cannot but look this day with admiration upon the form of this venerable man as he stands exalted by office, by literature, by kindness, by piety, and then by the pathos of eighty-three years.

Mamie Dickens, a daughter of Charles Dickens, writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* under the heading, " My Father as I Recall Him," gives the following description of Rochester, as the last effort of the famous novelist: " Brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, or rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time, penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."

From a paper on composition, read at the teachers' convention held in Walkerton, Ont., by the School Sisters de Notre Dame, we quote the following: "Frequent practice in composition-writing is of the utmost importance. Some teachers are of the opinion that practice in writing, even without correction, will work wonders. What, then, may be said of the good resulting from frequent practice, accompanied by careful reading and criticism." It is gratifyiug to know that the sisters are making an effort to teach composition practically. So far, this subject has been almost entirely ignored, at least in our Ontario public schools, or if any attention is given to it, little or no progress is made. The reason of this is not far to seek. The teachers themselves often have only a theoretical knowledge of their language, and their first aim is to impart such a knowledge to their pupils. Consequently the whole time allotted to composition is devoted to correcting false syntax, changing compound sentences to complex sentences, and other similar exercises, while no time is given to practical work. Teachers should learn once for all that the only way of becoming good writers is to write. The sisters of Notre Dame seem to have recognized this fact and are acting accordingly.

Lillian Bridgart, in Kate Field's Washington, speaking of letter-writing, says: Few people know what a delight and an education correspondence may become. The reason is that few people know how to "answer letters." The chief cause of this condition of things is carelessness. A person receives a letter and is either too busy to read it when answering, or too lazy to take the trouble. If these slipshod letter-writers could see the effect of their careless answers, they would rarely drop a letter in the box. A careless answer to a friendly letter is not only rude but unkind —sometimes positively cruel.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE—With each succeeding number Donahoe's has rapidly risen, since it passed under the direction of the Donahoe Magazine Co., a few months ago. Its sudden and growing popularity, under the new management, and its own superior worth have already established two facts; the one the real existence of its special field for labor, and the other, a ready facility in the carrying on of its work. The number for May is before us. It opens with "Through the World's Fair in an hour," by Commissioner E. C. Hovey. It well deserves perusal, as besides ease and elegance of words, it is the most instructive statement we have seen on this somewhat trite topic. "The Sisters in the Civil War," by Charles S. O'Neill, paints in terms of well-merited praise, the deeds of heroism and self-sacrificing devotedness of these noble women during the trying years of the war. One of the author's remarks, while not surprising is nevertheless a crushing proof

of the world's cold charity. In substance it is to the effect that while the general details of the war were carefully recorded, one seeks almost in vain for any recognition of the great work of the Sisters. Such is generally the case—the deep silence that overshadows their peaceful lives, places its seal upon their deeds also, but it makes their conquest all the more extensive. "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," by John F. Finerty, bespeaks for its author a thorough acquaintance with the details of Ireland's struggle for liberty, while the "Catholic in Politics" is replete with wisdom for the guidance of those of us who join in the management of our country's affairs. The list of contributors for the present year includes the names of many of the best known Catholic writers of our day, and whilst its present high standard of excellence is maintained, Donahoe's Magazine should be welcomed into every Catholic home.

REVUE THOMISTE, Questions du temps présent, Paris, P. Lethielleuæ, 10 rue Cassette.—It affords us much pleasure to chronicle the birth of this new philosophical review, issued by the Dominican Fathers of the University of Friburg, Switzerland, and to notice that, like Minerva, it has come armed *cap-à-pié* from the brain of its originators. With its motto: *vetera novis augere*, its comprehensive programme and its able staff of writers, it cannot fail to succeed and to achieve a great deal of good in the philosophical and scientific world. Up to the present the faithful followers of Saint Thomas have been waiting for reliable comments on his teachings, as they bear on modern questions, and for the traditional interpretation of his writings in the light of our modern progress, as faithfully preserved in the Dominican school! This is what the *Revue Thomiste* promises. The first number convinces us that it will keep its promises. We could not in the place allotted to us in these columns give any fair idea of its contents. Suffice it to point out to our readers as worth a careful perusal the following articles: The true Thomist, by the Rev. Father Cocannier; Evolution and St. Thomas' principles, by the Rev. Father Gardeil; Contemporary Socialism, by the Rev. Father Maumus.

The OWL respectfully tenders to the *Revue Thomiste* its most sincere wishes for long life and great success.

ZOUAVIANA, par Mr. G. Drolet.—We have read with deep interest this book, written by a former pontificial zouave, and calculated both to revive among his fellow-soldiers and to create among our Canadian youth the devotedness of which he was himself an example to the holy and undying cause of the Pope. Military stories are always attractive, but they are much more so when, as in the present book, they are told in a lively and elegant style, and interspersed with most graphic descriptions of men and things.

Besides these stories, the book contains several valuable essays bearing on education, politics and society. We are not ready to endorse all the views of the writer; but we may safely say that many of them exhibit a deep study of our institutions and deserve to be pondered by serious readers. Very few more interesting and instructive books have been published in Canada within the last decade.

SONGS AND SONNETS and OTHER POEMS, by Maurice Francis Egan, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.—Whether John Ruskin was correct or not, when, after much recollection, he concluded that poetry is "The suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotion," need not be discussed here, but it is certain that this volume contains very many stanzas in strict keeping with the definition, The book is divided into four parts: Songs and Hymns; Narrative Poems; Sonnets, and the inevitable "Other Poems." Under the general heading of Songs and Hymns, we find such tuneful lyrics as "The Old Violin," "Like a Lilac." "The Shamrock," "Apple Blossoms," "At Easter Time," and several others almost equally notable for their rustic simplicity and heart-probing directness. In "Frankness" we find Mr. Egan in a most playful mood, and so the numbers are creamy with humour. "He Made Us Free," is a devotional ode of which the great poet De Vere himself might feel proud. Among the Narrative Poems, six in number, are "The Friar's Ruby," an interesting tale related with rare power, and "Dona Inez,"

a pretty Spanish story with a wholesome moral deftly hidden away between the smooth lines. First among the Sonnets stands "Perpetual Youth," and we think the poem is worthy of the foremost place accorded to it. But the already famous sonnet "Of Flowers," which serves as a prelude to the rosary of sonnets entitled "Legends of the Flowers," is, we venture to believe, the sweetest thing in this, or any book of poems printed in America. Should the innumerable host of sonnets which have been composed in English during our time be all forgotten except eight or ten, we are firmly of the opinion that "Of Flowers" would be among the small number destined to survive. Indeed, Mr. Egan deserves to be given the title of Poet of Flowers. "The Annunciation" and "The String of the Rosary" are as finished in execution as they are exquisite in design. The delightful work closes with a somewhat lengthy poem in heroic couplets, called The ' Priest's Week," wherein the daily duties and adventures of an over-worked and under-paid rural clergyman are told with the realism of Crabbe, relieved by the soft touch of Cowper, and enlivened with an innocent humour which frequently reminds the reader of Oliver Goldsmith at his best. Few can close this book without fervently hoping that its gifted author may live to favor the reading public with many more similar offsprings of his brilliant imagination and cultured intellect.

The typography of this work is as faultless as the thoughts which it enshrines and perpetuates, while the binding is in every sense a "a thing of beauty." In short, the publication is one which should find a place in every select library and more than one place on the premium lists of every Christian school throughout the English-speaking world.

EXCHANGES.

The April issue of the *St. John's University Record* contains three or four instructive and neatly written articles. Articles on religious topics, at least those which appear in many of our exchanges, are generally a meaningless combination of a few stray facts, a fair quota of bigotry and a great abundance of nonsense pure and simple. Verily one of the crying evils of the day is the imposition under the guise of religion exercised upon the reading and listening public by egotistical know-nothings. Hence one appreciates all the more a well-written article on a religious topic when he finds such. "Civilization and the Church" in the *Record* cannot but be interesting and profitable to its readers. It is instructive, concise, simple, and in it rash assertions, bigotry and cant find no place. "The Author of Nature" is also well written. The editorials in the *Record* are short, spicy and appropriate. In one we read: "The fortunes of the future are uncertain, but in the great machinery of the universe every man corresponds to some detail in the mechanism. That any one should be purely ornamental lay not in the designs of Providence. To work along without an apprehension of the purpose of study, is to struggle ahead in the dark. The stimulus is wanting. Time and energies are wasted. It pays to think of the future in time and to dispose everything toward the attainment of a real object in life. First determine what you are going to do and then prepare to do it well."

The *S. U. I. Quill* has a meagre literary department, yet what little there is therein contained is not without its merit. Listen to the following remarks which in our humble opinion might well be applied, not merely to the western but even to the greater portion of this busy continent. "National progress, measured by heaps of dollars and cents, and attended by a sort of a grave, harsh and relentless energy, bound to push its way, right or wrong, to the desired goal, is said to be the most distinguishing characteristic of the otherwise heterogeneous character of the west." Undoubtedly there is such a thing as becoming too "practical," and too utilitarian

The *University of the South Magazine* sends forth, as its May issue, a memorial number in honour of the recently deceased Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith. An engraving of Edmund Kirby Smith and an interesting account of his life are features worthy of mention. "The Cost of an Education"

contains a quantity of information well worth having. The article deals with the ways and means of those students of Harvard who are dependent in part or wholly on their earnings and on scholarships for their support. We are informed that the budget of necessary expenses in Cambridge for such students varies from a little over three hundred to a little over five hundred dollars. "The Harvard student rents as a rule an unfurnished room. In this those of slender means are aided by the local branch of the Christian Association and probably more efficiently by the official Committee on Reception of Students, which publishes at the opening of each year a list of rooms to be let in private houses, describing the rooms and stating the rent. At one time the furnishing of rooms at Harvard was a very serious tax on slender resources. Now there is a Loan Furniture Association which has accumulated from departing students a stock sufficient to meet the demands of nearly fifty men at an annual charge of $5.00, including china. For the purpose of diminishing the cost of board in 1887 sixty of these students of small means organized the Foxcroft Club, which increased in numbers until it now counts over 200. This club charged an initiation fee sufficient to cover the proportionate cost of the plant and then sold a quite varied bill of fare to members at cost à la carte. Here members say they can board themselves, for as little as $2.00 a week. The bill of fare is as follows: Tea, coffee, or cocoa are entered at three cents; bread, butter and cheese, one cent each; beefsteak and roast meats ten cents; vegetables, two or three cents; soup, four cents, and so on. The list is quite a long one. The ways in which these students earn money are various. Thus, one fellow made up a total of $450: Out of tutoring $267.50, an advertising scheme $106, type-writing $32, publishing placards $10, waiting on table $16, odd jobs and removing sheep's brains from their skulls for the professor of psychology. Undergraduate tutors, by the way, get from $1 to $2 an hour and older men often $3."

The Brunonian is a regular visitor to our sanctum. Its prose contents are fairly good and its verse corner ever does justice to the fame it has acquired.

Wanted—A polite answer to a polite question, put in our second last issue, to the impolite ex-man of the *Niagara Index*. Meaningless talk, sneers and abuse, need not apply.

The *Princeton Tiger* is regular in its visits and is welcome inasmuch as its jokes and caricatures are generally of no mean order.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the largest audiences ever seen in the Academic Hall greeted the second presentation of "Pizzaro," on April 24th, the occasion of the Patronal Feast of the Very Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., D. D., Rector of the University. The Drama was listened to by all with marked attention, and the different gentlemen taking part in it are to be congratulated on their success. We sincerely hope that our Reverend Rector may live to see many more Patronal Feasts, and that the occasions will be commemorated with entertainments as excellent as this one.

SOCIETIES.

On Wednesday evening, April 19th, the regular monthly meeting of the Scientific Society took place. Mr. Alex. Kehoe gave a clear and lucid explanation of the human ear and its appendages. Mr. F. McDougall followed with a very able exposition of the principal mouth and wind instruments, and dwelt at considerable length upon the general nature of sound. Mr. M. Powers deserves special praise for the masterly manner in which he treated his subject, which embraced the various instruments used to strengthen sound, echoes, and Kœnig's apparatus for the analysis of sound. Mr. Jas. Murphy, in his usual forcible style, explained the various functions of the vocal organs. His explanations were greatly enhanced by the use of stereopticon views.

This has certainly been a most successful year for the various societies of the

University, and those who have put their shoulders to the wheel and given generous aid to the various societies have reason to feel proud of their achievements, and leave to their successors a record which they may well emulate. The Scientific Society has just closed one of the most successful and entertaining sessions that it has ever held. This year it combined practical experiments with the ordinary essays written on the more interesting questions of science, and the most sanguine upholder of the new departure cannot fail to be gratified with the results obtained. It is our earnest hope that the directors of the Society during '94 will continue the good work. The Senior Debating Society of the English-speaking students was well attended throughout the whole season, and the result was as everyone predicted; its members are fast becoming collected, thoughtful, fluent speakers, who not only possess a varied knowledge, but are also able to give expression to their lore in graceful English. Its discussions embraced science, literature, and politics. The Junior Society vied with their University-brothers in the excellence of their debates and will send up to the senior-society next year its quota of good speakers. The French Debating Society is, as it ever was, a good training school for those who wish to attain a laudable degree of perfection in the oratorical art. The Reading Room Committee is to be congratulated on the excellence of the reading matter which it has furnished itsmembers during the the present scholastic year. The tables were decked with the leading papers and magazines of Canada and the United States, and we know of no other institution in the College which is more worthy of the unqualified support of every student, for here he can while away the weary hours of a dreary congé afternoon in winter and keep in touch with the events of the great world in which he will soon have to fight the stern battle of life.

The Society of Philosophical discussion under the able directorship of the Rev. Dr. McArdle has made marked progress during the present year. In these discussions the student acquires the art of presenting his arguments in the most logicalmannerand of repellingtheattacks of his adversary and learns to express his ideas in Latin.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association has changed the time of its annual meeting. Heretofore, the annual meeting was held on the 3rd Monday in September, but henceforth, it will be held on Easter Monday. The change is advantageous in two respects. First, there is no necessity of delaying for two weeks after the opening of college, to appoint permanent officers. Instead of so waiting, the officers will be appointed in the spring, and the experience they will gain by being in office the balance of the year, will enable them to set to work in a business-like manner, on the opening of College in September. The second advantage, is the solution of the question with regard to the new comers voting for officers in September. In former years the new members joining the Association in September, exercised the right of franchise, often without knowing for whom they were voting, but under the new order of affairs, new members will have all year to become acquainted with their fellow members, before being called upon to vote on any of them. Then again, men in their final year often shunned offices, fearing that they would interfere with preparation for examination in the spring time. This objection to accepting office is now removed. As it was after Easter that it was definitely decided to change the date of the annual meeting, an election was held on Monday April 24th.

At that meeting the following were elected to hold office until Easter Monday 1894: President, Jos. McDougal '94; 1st Vice President, A. Bedard '94; 2nd Vice President, Thos. Clancy '96; Treasurer, Jas. Murphy '94; Recording Secretary, Ed. Fleming '96; Corresponding Secretary, L. J. Kehoe '94; Committee, E. O'Reilly '96, J. Leveque '95, W. Lee '96.

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Base-balls, ball-tossers, masks, catchers' pads, gloves and wagon-tongue bats hold supreme sway in the campus those days.

T. E. McCusker '95, has been appointed manager of the team, and to assist him he will have the co-operation of the following committee: O W. Clark. '93, Thos. Clancy '96, and J. Bonner '96. The players will be captained on the field

by J. Bonner. Despite the inclemency of the weather, Manager McCusker has had his men out to practice on every holiday afternoon, and it is expected that the nine will do better than it did last year.

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The class of Chemistry has a ball nine of its own, with T. Tetreau as manager and T. E. McCusker as captain. The "Chemists," as they are styled, have issued an open challenge to any other nine in College, and while awaiting an acceptance of the same, practice steadily and declare their ability to analyze the most complicate curve that ever crossed a home plate.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The baseball season was formally opened by the Juniors on Wednesday, April 26th, when a match was played between the Externs and Boarders. The new material which promised so much last autumn has, so far, more than sustained its reputation, and the members of the Junior First team will, no doubt, acquit themselves creditably during the present season.

The players were as follows:

Boarders.—D. Kearns, catcher; H. Glasmacher, pitcher; G. Martel, short-stop; C. Hayes, first-base; R. Belanger, second-base; J O'Neil, third-base; A. Rocque, right-field; J. Mortelle, left-field; G. Delaney, centre-field.

Externs.—R. Beaulieu, catcher; E. Larue, pitcher; P. Garneau, short-stop; A Laframboise, first-base; A. Campeau, second-base; G. Larose, third-base; J. McMahon, right-field; H. Leclerc, left-field; L. Rouleau, centre-field.

Mr. F. Smith performed the duties of umpire.

Time did not permit of any more than eight innings being played. During the course of the game four white-washes were sustained. Of these three were received by the Externs in the first, fifth and sixth innings. As is indicated by the score, which was thirty-one to sixteen in favour of the Boarders, the playing was somewhat loose. However, a few practices more will remove this weakness. Among the most noticeable players for the Boarders were, Hayes at first-base and D. Kearns behind the bat. J. Mortelle at left-field and H. Glasmacher as pitcher also did very effective work. The excellent batting of G. Delaney was a much admired feature of the game. For the Externs, the honours were divided among R. Beaulieu, E. Larue and A. Campeau, in pitching, catching and base-running respectively.

On Saturday, April 24th, the Juniors played a match with the Senior Third team, but were defeated by a score of fourteen to five. Some of the Juniors think that if Texas had "waked up" they would not have lost the game.

The Junior hand-ball alley is being pretty freely patronized at present. Rocque, Guilbert and Fortin are among those who are most proficient in this popular game.

"Jimmy's" many friends will be pleased to hear that he has entirely recovered from his recent slight indisposition. He was pronounced cured a few days ago, and accordingly received his discharge from the infirmary table.

At the monthly meeting of the Junior Athletic Association on Wednesday, April 26th, the following resolution, moved by T. Finnegan and seconded by C. Phaneuf was carried unanimously;

Be it resolved that this Association in session on this 26th day of April, 1893, tender its most sincere thanks to Captains Physics and McGuire for the very active part these gentlemen took in the bringing about of the speedy removal of the hockey rink into the city sewer;

And be it further resolved that copies of this resolution be posted up on the Junior hand-ball alley and on the bulletin board at the small study hall, and that a copy be sent to the Junior Editor of the Owl for publication in his valued department.

The Assistant Junior Editor wishes to announce to all whom it may concern that the proposed meeting between Pittsburg Peter and Physics has been indefinitely postponed.

In the number of "Odes to Spring" dropped into our contribution box during the week ending May 13th, there is an

increase of ten over that of the same period last year. Owing to protracted ill-health our Poet-in-Chief has been obliged to lay them over. He thinks that our readers "will like them better next year."

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

First Grade	1. John Tobin. 2. R. Devlin. 3. G. McCabe.
Second Grade	1. J. Dempsey. 2. L. Pelletier. 3. F. Stringer.
Third Grade B	1. E. Donegan. 2. P. Champagne. 3. R. Belanger.
Third Grade A	1. D. Kearns. 2. J. Mortelle, D. McGale 3. J. McCosham.
Fourth Grade	1. A. Belanger. 2. J. Burgess. 3. R. Gosselin.

FLORES.

Mr. A. Taillon of Sorel, who was a student in the good old days, and who delivered the French address on the occasion of the unveiling of Rev. Dr. Tabaret's statue has been appointed manager of of the Ottawa branch of La Banque Nationale.

Mr. H. Panet, who after leaving college made a course at the Royal Military College, Kingston, is now employed on the engineering staff of the C. P. R., with headquarters at Smith's Falls, Ont.

Mr. A. Morel who was for a time in the C. E. course here, has left for South Dakota, to tempt the god of fortune in the West.

Mr. Jules Philion, ex-'93, has entered upon the study of law in the office of O'Gara, McTavish and Gemmel in this city.

Mr. Joseph Coté, another quondam member of the Science class, has been selected as a member of the surveying party to carry on govermental work in Alaska, and has left for that district.

A COLLEGE IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow ;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry,
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are Profs. paid for ?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are students made for ?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in ; crunch it in,
Quench their foolish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and ripling brook ;
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the students that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it it in, slam it in—
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow ;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell you,
How the teacher crammed it,
Rammed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, carressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

Anon in The Lantern.

ULULATUS.

Mets ta roche, Baptiste !

The recent influx of Fourth Grade students into the large study hall caused quite a flutter in commercial matters. That dandy from Cataraqui has already bought ten more shares in the establishment and comports himself accordingly. "Berty" dear, stays right with him, though

This fine spring weather has induced "Bob" to enter the yard without his blanket and at "Duck-on-the-Rock" he stands unrivalled as a *keen and* crafty player.

We are pleased to learn of the Actor's B. B. nine being organized, but if they want to *make ennay* success we'd advise them to put Tony in the box.

Comments on their familiarity pass by unheeded now, and it is about time they were used to them. It is announced that their honeymoon trip will be enjoyed next month on the P. P. J. Ry. and Richmond stage. This may serve as a *caution* to some one.

Slightly "ostemaneous" these warm days, eh, Joe?

Perhaps "the party" has forgotten enough about football to set up three or four men in the business, yet since that game the other day "Hardy" thinks that he should still know how to keep his man on side.

"Bini" in Latin means two.—No misnomer, eh?

The Advocate of Agricultural Extension introduced a motion to exclude *Fish* from the Oyster Stew.

During the late spell of wet weather Mick was with good cause often heard to repeat that old-timer: "It's a terror how the weather keeps."

The lacrosse team is on the road to rapid development this spring. With "Baldy" as point, "Roork" as cover, and the old reliable Ned between the flags the defence will be an impregnable one and especially so when that "sweater" is laid aside.

The official scorer seemed to be rather at a loss in calling out the names of the visiting team at the last baseball match. We would suggest that he be given a dictionary of French nomenclature when our boys play the Hull team again.

The latest echo from the campus:

D———, D———, ever so jolly,
Always laughing, chuck full of glee,
Happy, happy, as happy can be,
D———, Dick and The Joker.

Since the Junior Department's "lamp of light *went out*, its *mortal* remains have lost their peculiarly *striking bel air*.