

J. J. McHally
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VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED BY MR. DENIS MURPHY, B.A., L Ph., AT COMMENCEMENT, JUNE
22nd, 1892.

Rev. Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa and Fellow-students :



THE clock of our college life is striking twelve to-night, and as we, the members of the class of '92, sit here listening to it tolling out the old and chiming in the new day of our existence, varying fancies speed through our minds and conflicting emotions arise in our breasts. Hark! the last stroke has fallen on the still evening air; our college career is over. The old sense of longing, faint at first but waxing stronger as we neared the goal, is felt no longer now. In its place has come a sense of joy—yes, of exultation, that we have stood true to our colors through the long, long years of battle and are here to-night to wear the laurel crown of victory. Seven years ago on a bright September morning 34 merry-hearted lads gathered in one of the lecture halls of Ottawa University. They were those who were to constitute the class of '92. Of those 34 who that morning began to climb the ladder of college life five only are here to scale its topmost rung. Of the rest a few there are that sleep the sleep that knows no waking; the great majority grew weary of the struggle, went forth into the wide world leaving us to battle alone. We, too, had our days of dark despondency as we saw comrade after comrade drop out of the race; when the goal seemed to recede as we advanced and when there came a half-formed dread that our strength too must fail ere we had crossed its magic line. But bright-eyed Hope

whispered words of sweet encouragement and stern-faced Duty producing a scroll before our eyes pointed in silence to the legend, "No cross; no crown." You see the crown this evening, but be sure the cross has not been wanting. We may be pardoned, then, I think, a thrill of satisfaction at the consciousness that our first great battle in life has been fought and won.

And now the future stretches before us its long vistas festooned with ill-defined but glorious possibilities. The dawn of our new life has broken most auspiciously. Will its noon-tide be as unclouded and will its sunset glow cast a mellow light over aspirations realized and success achieved? Classmates, God grant it may be so, but let us ever bear in mind that the best laid plans of men gang aft a-glee, so that if our fair sky becomes o'ercast by the clouds of disappointed hopes we may learn to look beyond the gloom to the bright land of eternity.

One joy at least the future holds in store for us that must be ours. To-morrow morning we turn our faces homeward. "Home! home! home! home is like heaven!" Long years have elapsed since some of us have gazed upon the place where first we saw the light and since any one of us has sojourned there for a considerable length of time, but its memory is as green and its associations are as dear to-night as they were on that day when we crossed our natal thresholds to come away to college and cast a last fond look on those dear faces and those cher-

ished scenes which it might well have been our fate never to look upon again. There is no room for any such fear now. Already the joy of anticipated return has more than half compensated for the many heartaches of over-long exile. Here in this hall to-night, out beyond in the great Province of Ontario and the neighboring one of Quebec, far across the border in the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts, still farther to the east in the pleasant valleys of Prince Edward Island and thousands of miles to the westward amid the rolling hills of British Columbia hearts are beating faster than is their wont to-night and faces are lighted up with an unaccustomed joy for dear ones here, and there are thinking of us and of the hour when the vacant chair at the old fireside will once more be filled by our loved presence. Yes, the day for which they and we have longed so eagerly and for such a length of time has come at last, and to them is due the credit that it is a day of joy. Through the long years of our absence their faith in us has never faltered, their love never for a moment grown cold. From early morn till eventide they have toiled willingly, yes gladly, that no obstacle which they could remove might bar our way to success. God bless our aged parents to-night. May there be no trace of sorrow in their cup of joy this evening and may heaven above repay for us the debt of gratitude we owe them, for it alone can furnish a recompense worthy of their self-sacrifice. One quivering cloud only within our breasts sends forth a note of sadness to-night—a note so low, yet so deep that it thrills through the very centre of our beings and sets our inmost soul vibrating in unison with its mournful music. We are here to say farewell—farewell to the old college, farewell to our venerable superiors, farewell to our college companions. Parting words are always sad. They are doubly so when they mean the tearing asunder forever of bonds of love which have been stoutly knit through long years of mutual association and friendship. Such words must be spoken now, though when the heart feels strongly words seem but clanging chains that fetter the true expression of its sentiments.

Rev. Faculty of the University, we who came to you in the days of early youth and whom you have kindly reared to

strength and manhood, must leave you now. You have laid the foundations of our career broad and deep; the hour has come when we must put our hand to the superstructure and build on alone. But whether the edifice prove a thing of beauty or a misshapen pile, your work has been well and nobly done. We value for the first time, perhaps, your self-sacrificing aid now that we are about to lose it forever. The men who habitually burned the midnight oil that we might reap the benefit, are men whose equal in sterling friendship we shall never meet again. Our parting from you will leave a void in our lives that will long be felt. When troubles rain thick and fast upon us we shall miss your fatherly counsel; when keen disappointment comes to us we shall hearken in vain for your kindly words of encouragement, and when sorrow wraps her sable pall about us we shall think sadly of the by-gone days when you were by our side to comfort and support us in our trials and we shall know that the poet spoke all too truly when he said that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering former joys." Mayhap your efforts in our behalf have been but too little appreciated in the past. In the old life that is gone forever—the life in which you were professors and we students—if we have done aught that has caused you sorrow or displeasure, know that we would undo it all to-night. In after years if there be little in our memory to call to your faces the smile of glad approval, let there be nothing to bring into them the look of grave reproach for our past, be assured that however hardened our hearts may become through the rude shocks of the world, there shall always be one warm nook in them for Ottawa University and for our old college professors. Rev. Faculty of the University, the class of '92 bids you a last farewell. Long may the old college live and prosper, and may each and every member of its venerable faculty be long spared to guide its destiny.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa: We who have spent so many years in your city, do not wish to leave it without saying a parting word to you. Though our personal intercourse has been but slight, we have been brought in contact with you on many public occasions in which we, or at least our college, had a prominent part to play. At such times we have learned to know you and to esteem you as our well-

wishers. In all the athletic contests of the students you have proven our loyal supporters, our steadfast friends. You have given your encouragement as freely to our intellectual development. At all our literary and dramatic entertainments you have filled our hall to overflowing, that we might gather new courage from your presence to press forward on the thorny path to knowledge. That you are here this evening in such goodly numbers is a final proof of the kindly interest you take in us as students. Whenever we have met you in your homes, we have found you unstinted in your kindness and lavish in your hospitality. Coming to your city entire strangers, many of us without a friend within hundreds of miles of us, we found here warm hearts whose cordial welcome made us feel that we were not entirely alone, and cheerful faces whose sunny kindliness made them resemble to our eyes, those other faces we had left behind us at home. Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa, our connection with you is another of the links of the old life which must be broken to-night. We bid you, one and all, farewell. May prosperity shed its cheering rays on you and your fair city, and when the hour of your own great parting comes, may sweet religion be there to soften its bitterness and to light your path beyond the tomb.

Fellow students: We turn to you last because the parting words are hardest to speak to you and we wish to put off the sad moment while we may. For years we have trudged on together, shoulder to shoulder, brothers in weal and woe, the parting hour has come at last. In by gone days we have longed for it, but now that it is here we would fain roll back the tide of time, that the old sweet college companionship might last a little longer. But alas! it is gone forever. Forever? No—surely not—that were too cruel a thought. Though parted we shall be comrades still. When continents and seas stretch their weary lengths between us, and when we know that our old college companions are once more engaged in one of their giant contests, we shall in spirit hear again the old, ringing Varsity cheer—aye and join in it—and we shall again feel our hearts beat madly and our pulses leap wildly to see the old garnet and grey surge on once more to glorious victory.]

Long may the old college colors float from topmost top of the flagstaff of fame and may the challenge-cup, which was carried off by legislation, and not in open honorable battle, be soon brought in triumph back to its time-honored place within the halls of Ottawa University. Fellow-students, we shall not be here to share your future triumphs. In a few hours more we shall grasp for the last time the hands which have been so often extended to us in kindly friendship, and we shall look our last on the faces which for seven long years have saddened at our sorrows and brightened at our joys. May it be given to us at some time in the not very remote future, to see those same faces light up with the old smile of kindly recognition and to mark on them the same open-hearted frankness, and the same friendship that so often cheered our hours of gloom in the old days at college. Alas, we have but too good reason to know how vain that wish is. Our hearts are still enveloped in the thick gloom of the sorrow that settled down upon them so suddenly but one short week ago when we learned that one of the kindest, one of the gentlest, one of the best beloved amongst us, who had left us but a few minutes—it seemed but a few seconds—before in the full strength of youth, in the promise of a glorious manhood, was sleeping his last long sleep beneath the chill darkling waters of the Rideau river. What one of us will ever forget that long night of agonizing searching, during which the envious waters refused to give up our beloved dead, and what heart amongst us is not still aching with the pang of anguish that shot through it, when we heard that our loved one was at last lying cold and stark in the home of his grief-crazed parents; yes he is in his cold narrow bed to-night whom but *one short week* ago we thought to have amongst us to rejoice with us this evening. And ere we meet again how many another of us shall have gone to his last long home!

Fellow-students, the class of '92 bids you a last long lingering farewell, to meet again if not in the dear old college walls, nor yet in the wide world beyond, let us hope in those brighther realms above where our lost companion waits to meet us, and where we shall ne'er again be forced to speak that saddest of words,—farewell.

EXCAVATING THE HEATHEN.

By the Very Revd. Æneas McDonell Dawson V.G., LL.D., &c.



THE expression, "excavating the heathen," although now out of use, was much in vogue in the days of that eloquent preacher, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers of Edinburgh. This worthy, together with his confrères, laboured earnestly to convert the people of dark Africa. For this work he relied on that moral dynamite which is the great power of persuasion, and which the good doctor possessed in no ordinary degree. With him and his work originated the expression, "excavating the heathen," which we cannot look upon as inappropriate when we consider that his object was to raise up from the depths of heathen ignorance to the higher level of philosophical christianity the benighted children of the dark land.

With the expression has passed away, it would appear, the mode of excavating. We shall presently see. A certain person, called Tucker, claiming to be a Bishop, and recognized as such by a portion of his nation, came from Africa to England in the time of the late ministry. His object was to collect funds and an army for bestowing Christianity on heathen Africa. In this he was successful; and moreover, was received at Hatfield House, the residence of the Prime Minister, and at the British foreign office, thus shewing that he enjoyed the countenance of British authority in his most extraordinary undertaking. Thus backed and comforted, he set out for Africa with his well-equipped and highly disciplined army of fifteen thousand men, hoping to achieve by cannon and bayonets that he could not accomplish either by diplomacy or eloquence.

Before entering on his great work of *excavating heathens* by coercive measures, the Bishop must perform the preliminary operation of sweeping away an impediment which he conceived to be formidable, and which really was so. This was nothing else than a Catholic Mission which had been for sometime established in the

Uganda, and was very successful. But how was this Mission an impediment? In this way, that by moral suasion and the attractive example of good life, it rendered ridiculous the magnificent military preparations of the warlike Bishop. To military power the removal of this impediment was of easy accomplishment. The soldiers of the fighting prelate attacked the Mission, and having put to the sword three hundred of its members, converts and others, completely destroyed it. The newspapers of the day give the details of this atrocious massacre.

A trading company, called the "British East Africa Co." were accomplices in the deed of horror. Nor can the English people be acquitted of blame. When the Bishop, who was in league with the said company, went to England he was received as a new champion of the Protestant cause, supplied with funds to the extent of £13,000 (thirteen thousand pounds sterling), and an army of 15,000 men. The purpose of the African Bishop was well known to the English authorities. It was freely discussed at Hatfield House and the foreign office. The *necessity* of combatting the influence of the Catholics in Uganda and the Nyanza region was acknowledged; and the military Prelate's idea of using force found favour with public men who could not but be considered as representing the powers of the time. An English periodical "The Eastern and Western Review," informs us that one of the hearers of these unholy discussions was so angry and disgusted with the language and spirit of the Bishop that he came to the editor and related the whole story. There can be no doubt therefore, that the iniquitous proceedings which followed were premeditated and prearranged with the full occurrence of the power which at the time prevailed in England. Such being the case, it remained only to find a pretext for attacking the Catholic Mission. It was easily found; rifles were distributed to the English *converts*, and a military force under the command of two British officers, Captains Lugard & Williams, attacked and destroy-

ed the Mission. Men, women and children were mercilessly slain, the spiritual chief of the Mission, who was a Bishop, together with two or three of the Brethren, alone escaping. By a telegram from Zanzibar to the Paris "Temps," it appears that there was a second onslaught. "The Protestant Wagandas," it says, "have again attacked the Catholics and burned their houses. Captain Williams himself burned the house of the great Catholic Chief, Cyprien Kavata. Captains Lugard and Williams told the Fathers that they meant war and took the responsibility of it before Europe."

The "Missions Catholiques" of Lyons published several letters from the Victoria Nyanza regions which corroborate what the Bishop, Mgr. Hirth had already stated. The Bishop reports that he had a conversation with Captain Williams after the fight at Lese and was told that the Captain would treat with Mwanga, the fugitive King of Uganda, on the very onerous conditions: "That he would declare himself *English*, that is, Protestant; that he should have none but pagans about his person; that he should hoist the flag of the British mercantile company; and that no mission station should be established without the previous assent of the British East Africa Company." "These conditions," the Lyons paper remarks, "opposed as they are, to justice, to conscience and to freedom, convict the agents of Bishop Tucker. They are the conditions which he had premeditated. Unless Europe interferes Catholicism will be stamped out by the Protestant weapons of force and *law*."

A united press cablegram from London of date July 25th, throws additional light on this melancholy subject. "Letters have been received from the Missionary ASHE, in Uganda, which give more light on the conflict there between Protestants and Catholics. They corroborate the worst reports concerning the slaughter during Captain Lugard's conflict with the Roman Catholics. "Lugard's forces," the Missionary says, "killed several hundred men, women and children during the attack upon the island where King Mwanga and

the Catholics had taken shelter." MR. ASHE's letters shew that whatever the provocation, the British forces proceeded with unpardonable recklessness, as to the loss of life which they might cause.

Shall such things pass unwhipped of justice? Queen Victoria does not easily forgive comparatively slight offences on the part of the officers of her army. What will she say to the atrocities of Lugard and Williams?

In concluding this paper, already too long, we would ask: Is it according to the mind of the Church of England that her Bishops should act as Bishop Tucker has done? Is it pleasing to Our Gracious Queen and her advisers that British soldiers should be employed in cutting down defenceless Africans with their wives and families? Is it a rational way of spreading Christianity to send an armed force to crush Missions long established and that have been successful? Is it according to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, or any articles of religion, to make converts at the point of the bayonet? Is it according to sound statesmanship, prudence or policy that a British Government should countenance such proceedings as have recently disgraced the British name in Uganda? Is it desirable or not that a British Ministry which has had no part in such things, either by word or act, should institute an official investigation with a view to bring the offenders to justice?

It was not to be expected that the late British Ministry should have sought to punish the murderers of Uganda. The reports shew that they but too much favored the schemes and preparations which led to such scenes of blood. But we must think otherwise as regards the British statesmen now in power. They are a selection of able and large-minded men, haters of wrong and sticklers for right. Their action in so grave a matter will be anxiously looked for.

Will France be silent, so many of her children wronged and slain? The Republic claims to have *sentiment* for its guide. Let us see what this nobility of mind will do.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.



Precious Blood ! O rosy rain from heaven !
 O quenching of the thirst of desert years !
 O melting of the fiery thunder-levin
 Of God's stern anger in His heart's warm tears !
 Should not Thy month, in whatsoe'er it wears
 Of crimson livery, remind us of
 Thine own quick hue, flushing that Heart with tears
 Such blooms and dawns diving of rosy love ?

Are not red roses like Thee. quickened through
 With fragrance, as with Godhead Thou art so ?
 And rosy dawns, are they not like Thee, too,
 Flushing a heaven-heart with their living glow ?
 Ah had our souls but eyes to see withal,
 Nature doth glass her God alike in great and small.

FRANK WATERS.



MR. GLADSTONE'S COLLEGE DAYS.



THE Grand Old Man was born in Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809. The house in which he first saw the light of day is still standing, but, owing to the progress and great extension of the city, it has undergone remarkable changes. When the child was but nine years old, his father, Mr. John Gladstone, sought another residence more in accordance with his high and independent position. Early charmed with the quick intelligence of his son, Mr. John Gladstone loved to discuss with him the interesting questions of the day, and tried to impress upon his young mind the necessity of serious thought and reflection, and the utility of arranging his ideas and opinions according to some standard order before expressing them.

Mr. John Gladstone, being too much taken up with the obligations of his calling to discharge the duties of teacher, and convinced that contact with other natures different from his own, would materially help to form the boy to the different characters of men, sent him to Eton at the age of twelve years. He was then, according to the celebrated mineralogist, Sir Roderick Murchison, the prettiest little boy that had ever entered.

Eton, though reputed one of the best classical colleges, was then and is still, notwithstanding the various attacks made upon it, as well as the different reforms it has undergone, a school which, on account of certain peculiarities in its mode of teaching, of its interior regulations, its discipline, &c., brings back to our minds, the idea of the colleges of the middle ages. But, let the description given by Sir Francis Doyle, a condisciple of Mr. Gladstone, suffice "I cannot say," he writes, "that Eton was a good school in a technical point of view; a student could not but learn some Greek and Latin poetry, but for any other kind of study there was no such certainty. The *Pounders* wrote a good deal of Latin verse, taking a certain quantity from Homer and Virgil to help to refine, more or less, their own productions. The result of this system was our

complete liberty, physical liberty for those who preferred it, intellectual for the others. There was a Debating Society held in the house of a Miss Hatton. A good many of the more intelligent students from the different classes, who should have otherwise remained unknown, attended this society. Whigs and Tories formed themselves into bands and disputed with one another on historical or literary subjects as they walked along together; sometimes their debate turned on Shakespeare, Milton or one of the ancient dramatists, and so faithfully did we keep to our work in the society, that I imagine we made more progress outside the school than we did within.

Were it not for the Debating Society, I should have known neither Gladstone, nor my dear friend, Arthur Hallam, nor Lord Elgin, nor Lord Milton, nor Canning, nor a good many others."

Mr. Gladstone, with his store of natural talents, was in his element in that society, whose spirit was essentially politic. As soon as admitted he took the first rank among the debaters, brought a great number of new members with him and gave to the debates an interest and animation which they never had before. So overpowering was his passion for speaking, that the old society was considered insufficient. He then formed a second more in accordance with his tastes, and gave it the name *Weg*, to correspond with the three principal letters of his name,—William Ewart Gladstone. For more than sixty years the *Weg* society has continued to flourish and to be, as it were, the nursery of eloquence that can with difficulty be surpassed. But the society, though formed to his own model, was not sufficient for the display of his abilities, it was necessary to find another means to give full vent to his overflowing mind. He became first director of *The Miscellanies of Eton*, and this publication enjoyed, under his able and energetic direction, at least one year of brilliant existence. The numbers collected form two volumes, certain chapters of which can still be read with pleasure. The first of these volumes contains thirteen, the second seventeen articles by Mr. Gladstone. Naturally

enough, classical erudition prevails in his papers: the sentences are just what would be expected, long, full of meaning, full of parentheses, often elegant, sometimes diffuse. No subject seemed too elevated or too profound for his ability. He was able to master all. Introductions, conclusions, historical essays, leading articles, classical translations, humorous poems, every class, in a word, seemed to be quite within his grasp. Hear what Sir Francis Doyle's father, a man of more than ordinary ability and of superior education and experience, says of Mr. Gladstone's writings. "It is not," said he to his son, "that I find his articles better than yours or those of Mr. Hallam, but the strength of character which he has manifested in managing every sentence, and the ability, aptitude and force which he has so clearly shown to exist in his own person, convince me that a young man of such dispositions cannot fail to distinguish himself one day."

It is well to remember the remark of Sir Francis Doyle's father on the combination of affability and firmness of young Mr. Gladstone, for it was the first manifestation of that love of power which became the distinguishing characteristic of his political life. He had always the perfect consciousness of his own superiority, yet this feeling did not interfere with his spirit of affability nor cause him to look upon the mediocrity of others with a proud or uncharitable bearing. Naturally Christian and humane, he avoided everything that would cause the least pain even to his inferiors, though at Eton this was not the rule, for there that abominable system, that real state of slavery called *Fagging* existed.

Fagging consisted in this, that the students of the two highest classes had the right to command, while those of the other classes were obliged to obey. Every senior had his own fag or slave—often two at a time. Happy they who could find a good master! There was no allowance nor consideration made for family influence or nobility. Nothing was regarded but seniority and physical strength. Thus a beggar's son—were it possible to find such there—could have his boots cleaned, his clothes brushed, his room kept in order and his messages executed by the son of a Duke. There was no chance of getting

out of it. It was a rule in the college which physical force, often the most barbarous, failed not to see observed. How often must it have happened that the poor fag, either from inexperience, want of strength, or some other indisposition, had sufficient reason to refuse to comply with the requests of his too often savage master. Still no disobedience was permitted; the master himself had once to obey and now was the time to have satisfaction, in some way or other, for the tyranny that was formerly practised upon himself. There is nobody but understands how terribly injurious the effects of such a system must have been—the implicit (at least) approval of the grossest indecencies, of malice, of hatred, of contention, of treatment the most cruel and barbarous, and that too, without intermission, for as soon as one master left another took his place, and a child who has had to suffer without complaining learns little by little how to make others suffer when his turn comes to command.

Lucky in this as well as in everything else, Mr. Gladstone had not to pass through the fagging system—not that he had no master—but that his master proved a friend instead of a tyrant, for his master was his eldest brother, Robertson. "I never met," said he, "either Nero or Caligula, though there were some of that stamp in the college." When he became master he treated his fags as he had been treated. He gave them so little to do, and managed to leave them so much to themselves, that they were able to attend to their studies with greater application and ease; but he did not forget them afterwards, for, when he became Minister, he offered to one a high situation in the magistracy, and the other said of him: "He was not hard to please and I had good times with him. I don't remember to have rendered him any service except that of preparing the table for his breakfast and tea, and of delivering some messages for him."

Mr. Gladstone's fag described him at that epoch as "A young man of good appearance, a little delicate, with a pale face, brown hair, which was always in good order, little given to violent exercise (never known to run), having a taste for cricket and hockey." Others describe him as robust and active but always ready to sacrifice his own taste for that of his

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friend, Hallam, who preferred long walks through the fields, or in Windsor Park, with one or two others, among whom was numbered Sir Francis Doyle. Here in the open air these earnest students renewed the exercises of the Debating Society. They discussed, too, their favourite poets, ancient and modern. Amongst the latter, for Mr. Gladstone, Sir Walter Scott held the first rank, Byron came next.

To speak candidly, great credit is due to Mr. Gladstone for following so steadfastly the right path, for he got little or no assistance from anyone. From his arrival at Eton he had for director, the most peculiar of men, Rev. Hartopp Knapp, D.D., very well educated, but whose ruling passion was the theatre. When an interesting play was put on in London, the doctor would go there accompanied by one of his friends, enjoy the play to perfection and return just in time to be too late for class. Many other things have been imputed to him which, on the whole, would not greatly tend to promote the esteem due to a man of his calling, nor help much to edify the good Christian young man entrusted to his care. Suffice it to say that his conduct was not always the most exemplary. Mr. Gladstone, then, was really left to his own resources, and it is no little praise to say of him, that situated as he was, exposed as he was to every danger, to the numerous examples of sloth, of useless waste of time and money, of gross misconduct, of a complete forgetfulness of both religious and moral training, which daily came before him, he showed himself superior to every evil influence.

Another proof of his close application is that the mere sight of his desk astonished every one that saw it. It was completely filled with manuscripts of every kind, showing clearly—better than words could—that time for him was everything, that he gained time by never losing it, that he tried each day to add something new to his store of knowledge, that obstacles were not to be overcome but by courage and perseverance, both of which characterized his daily life.

He was truly a great worker. Even during vacation, whether under the paternal roof or on a visit with some of his friends, he never neglected to give a set number of hours every day to study. At home especially he gave himself heart and

soul to his work, and there too he was listened to with attention by all who composed the happy family circle. The other members usually seemed to have but one mind and that was his. They approved of almost everything he did and said, as if he had been something more than ordinary.

One day he and his sister Mary disagreed about the place in which to hang a picture. The old Scotch servant who had been in the family for years, having brought a ladder to the room where the picture was to be exposed, remained silent during the discussion. Miss Mary would not yield and her brother left the room, without, however, adopting her opinion. The old man then put up the picture according to the directions of the young lady, and when he had finished he put a nail in the opposite wall where William wished to see it suspended. Miss Mary asked his reasons for doing so. "Ah! miss," said he, "that nail will be required to hang up the picture to-day or to-morrow when you shall have given up your own idea and adopted that of Mr. William." In general his opinion was considered right by every member of the family, for his power of convincing was so marvellous, that the others could see no reasons strong enough to refute those brought forward by him, and the father, who admired a faint effort as well as a weighty argument, never failed to encourage him with "Hear, hear; well said; well done Willy!"

During his whole term at Eton he continued to study with the greatest care and application. He met with difficulties—trying difficulties too, no doubt, but they were encountered by a hero who knew not what it was to be overcome or conquered. When he came to Oxford he consecrated his whole time to study. He led a monotonous and dreary life there for some time in the beginning, contenting himself with his daily "constitutional walk," the only recreation or distraction he seemed to care for. Oxford like Eton had its Debating Society. After being a member one year, William Ewart Gladstone, became president of the Debating Society, an honor held in high esteem by the students. The day came when Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, had in his cabinet *seven* ex-presidents, of that Debat-

ing Society. "It is impossible," says the *Oxford Magazine* of 1834, "to find an institution that has been more useful to encourage a taste for study and reading, than a Debating Society. Whether the students were studying for the church or for any other profession of a political nature, the Debating Societies served as schools of oratorical art both for the one and the other."

Mr. Gladstone was admired and praised by everyone who heard him speak. He put his whole soul into his debates, went right forward without ever deviating to one side or the other, attacking the arguments opposed with all his energy just as they came before him, often showing how vague they were and void of foundation, and all that with the greatest affability and good humour, unless when interrupted. And in this he has not changed, for he cannot bear, even now, the least interruption. In a word, his time at Oxford was spent much the same as it had been at Eton—in the most serious study—with this exception, that the companions with whom he associated at Oxford, drew

him more and more to a constant and careful practice of religion. He was exemplary at all times, but more so then than he had ever been before; and even now, with all his noble qualities, with all his great honours and distinctions, the name of *good christian*, is, I dare say, that which is dearest to his heart.

To sum up then, in a few words, what were the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's college days, we should say that a thorough knowledge of the obligations which the fact of his being at college imposed upon him, combined with a real and sensible appreciation of the opportunity given him to acquire that learning and science which were necessary for his future life, were rarely absent from his mind. He was at college and for what purpose? To study. This seems to have always been before his mind; he never forgot that, in spite of his great natural abilities, there was only one way to reach the goal he had in view, and that way was earnest and persevering study. Would that more tried to imitate him!

J. M. McRORY, O.M.I.



It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE COWARD'S PUNISHMENT.



THE Rocky Mountains can vie with any European range as far as beauty, magnificence, grandeur and variety of picturesque views are concerned. The violently rushing waters of impetuous torrents, peaks piercing the clouds, numbers of softly singing streams, dark ravines and deep canons, labyrinthine series of gorges, bold elevations of rocks of late ages whose fantastic forms lend an air of weirdness and mystery to the scene, extended forests and arid plateaus--such are the characteristics of this part of the great Cordilleran system.

Somewhat over half a century ago, in the very heart of this wild land, the events here narrated, occurred. At that time the powerful Hudson-Bay company aimed at establishing forts in all parts of the country in order to monopolize the *fur-trade*. This may account for the use of muskets and other arms of European fabric among the Indians. The contact of these people with civilised men had had its influence upon them; however, so little were they changed, that many old cruel customs were still practised. In many places the light of the Gospel had not yet reached their minds and softened their hearts; hence it was that though striving to imitate the Whites, they kept intact many traditions of their fathers; for what could raise them to the level of civilized peoples, but that all-conquering force of the only true religion?

These mountaineers depended wholly on hunting for their existence. Their huts were set up at the foot of some hills, and at regular intervals the men set out for the chase, the bear being the most desirable game. They set out, two by two. This peculiar mode of hunting was a law amongst them; and what follows will show how a hunter who lacked generosity toward his companion nearly paid with his life the neglect of his duties as fellow-huntsman.

It was in a small tribe of Crees dwelling on the south bank of the Peace river. The hunting season having opened, the little

village was deserted, save for the presence of the women and children. Two companions, the one grown old but still alert, the other middle-aged and strong, armed with their muskets and hunting-knives, carrying their food and ammunition on their backs, climb the steep hills and peaks in search of a bear's spoor. The experience of the older made him leader. Soon having found what they were so anxiously looking for, they encamped in the thickest part of a forest, watching in the turns and windings of the trail, the coming of the expected game.

One day, after hours of long and eager expectation, of patient, close watch, they hear a noise. Is the bear near? It is their hope, their wish. Yes! a grisly is slowly pacing down the hill, unaware of the presence of two hostile human beings concealed behind the trees a hundred yards below. The two friends gleefully look at each other and carefully direct their course towards him, closely following one another, for their position is dangerous.

A certain solidarity, a kind of mutual responsibility unites them. They had not sworn to fight for one another; to sacrifice, if needs be, one's life to save that of the other; to not, as long as there is hope of success, give up the struggle and surrender; no, that is understood, and that tacit understanding is sacred. This compact was sanctified by custom and such traditions are kept high in the respect and esteem of all, just as a belief or a law.

But all of a sudden a low, hoarse growl is heard and the bear faces the hunters. He had seen them; there he was, his eyes blazing with fury; he stood on his hind legs and seemed to call his fows to an unavoidable struggle.

The older of the two sprang forward to take up the quadruped's challenge. Cool and self-possessed, he instantly shoulders his gun and fires upon the approaching beast. The animal wounded and infuriated, runs forward to seize the brave old hunter, who hastily throws his musket aside to arm himself with his long sharp hunting-knife, thus placing all his hope of overcoming the brute in the skilful manipu-

lation of this only arm. The bear hugged his adversary, and held him with his claws deeply thrust in the Indian's side. But the hunter fought bravely and from the cuts made in the animal's body issued streams of blood. The grisly was losing strength, and his weakening hold gave evidence of his coming defeat. Exhausted, furious at his enemy's superiority, he made a last effort to crush him, but in vain; he fell back taking in his huge claws a ghastly piece of flesh from the man's left side, and on the right, tearing his clothing to shreds but leaving the flesh unhurt, save for a few slight scratches.

The struggle was at length over—the bear lay dead. The Indian, astonished at the good fortune he had met with, experienced such satisfaction that he was unconscious, for a while, of his fatigues, of his dangerous wounds; and had even forgotten his comrade who, seeing the danger to which his companion was exposed, had concluded that so uneven a struggle with a powerful and voracious animal, could have but a fatal termination, and so abandoned his old friend, finding only courage enough to run away and hide himself in a safe retreat.

He had been there but a short time when his wondering eyes beheld coming towards him the old hunter, bleeding and stumbling. His first impulse was to run to him whom he had so cowardly forsaken. But how could he? Shame and remorse held him back.

The wounded Indian has had strength enough to creep to his comrade's hiding-place. He stops; and without a word he loads his gun; and suddenly shouldering it, he points it at his unfaithful companion, placing the muzzle close to his breast.

"After the brute, the coward!" he cries. "Though 'tis no fault of yours, our eyes meet again. Ah! poor Indian brother! the bad spirit has breathed cowardice into your soul! If trees and stones could speak they would raise their voices to curse your conduct. A bad companion you were to me; a low spirited coward you have been; give me your last word and prepare to die, for this evening's shadow shall pass over your dead body."

The other, trembling, falls on his knees, begging with tears in his eyes, for mercy.

To his supplications the old man only answers:

"I cannot spare you. Did you risk your life to save mine? Yet we started together; we chased the animal together. We were to fight it together, be both successful or both die. But no! when a single effort on your part could have delivered me from my difficult and dangerous position, you dastardly ran away to hide yourself and left me alone to contend single-handed with a fierce and powerful foe.

"I say, brother Indian, had my strength abandoned me, had I been overcome in the fight, I swear before the Great Manitou above, you were responsible. I am on the defensive: the arm with which you attempted my life was your cowardice. I have no ear for your psayers, no heart to pity you. Brother, your last word! for the old hunter must rest in his hut to-night; but before his foot crosses its threshold he must have closed your eyes and given your body to the Earth."

But the guilty one was yet on his knees, kissing the wounded hunter's blood-stained shoes. In the presence of death, he felt more than ever, deep affection for those who belonged to him and the thought of leaving this world without having time to go to his hut and bid adieu to his children and their mother, without seeing the chief of the tribe and of having no loving hands around to place upon his grave the necessaries for the great journey to the unknown world, made him implore pardon with burning tears, and in a voice choking with despair.

"Oh! pardon! pardon! The old hunter may not forget my conduct, but he must forgive his brother. For Wainehnah expects me to-night; for my sons are waiting their father, and a heavy cloud of sadness would forever hang over those innocents if death should come and snatch me away. Oh, look! brother hunter, the sun is going down, and our huts are still vacant. Say, listen to the Good Spirit whispering mercy and pardon for your guilty brother."

"I say I have no ear for, your prayers, no heart to pity you. Did my brother think of all this when he left his fellow-huntsman alone in the woods? Would his cowardice spare my family? My sons and their mother also would have wept bitter tears at the sorrowful news of my fate. . . . but, your Wainehnah the old

hunter has seen ; kindness in her heart and tenderness on her face he noticed ; your sons, he has known since they were babes, for them his heart is moved. . . .”

“ Oh ! hope rises in your brother's soul ! Oh ! for them forgive !”

“ For them ?” slowly repeated the old man, and a softer light came into his fierce dark eyes. “ For them . . . very well.”

And beckoning his friend, he removed his clothes and pointed to the deep wound which the claws of the bear had made in his side.

“ You see ? Well, my brother will tear his clothes as mine are torn, for he is to suffer the punishment of retaliation.”

And the old Indian hunter, yielding himself to his desire of revenge, cuts, with his knife yet stained with the bear's blood, an awful slice of flesh from the side of his companion.

In spite of horrible sufferings, the poor man felt he could not object. Was he not sacrificing a part to enjoy the whole ? The unwritten law of the tribe told him he should be happy to be thus treated when death could have counted him its victim. . . .

Such an event could not but be rapidly known to all, and as there had been bloodshed an investigation naturally ensued.

The accusation and defence were entrusted to men of the tribe, the chiefs of which acted as judges. The evidence bearing upon the case was discussed and

after careful deliberation the old hunter was acquitted.

The coward was virtually convicted of guilt in leaving his friend exposed to a dreadful death when it was his duty to do his utmost to help and save him. The old hunter did not in fact act over-severely. When he could in a minute have done away with his companion it was rather generosity on his part to spare his life ; Was is not the act of a magnanimous soul, in that circumstance, to impose only the punishment of retaliation for a wound which the other's cowardice had caused ?

Thus reasoned the judges.

It is true that such means of avenging one's wrongs is cruel and barbarous. Christian civilisation cannot allow an injured man to cut the flesh of a fellow-being to the quick for mere requital, for vengeance, for pleasure. But if we consider the nature of the primitive law of revenge, its frequent use by such advanced peoples as the Romans and the Greeks and among all peoples whom the wave of religious civilisation had not yet reached, we may understand the verdict of the judges acquitting a man who seemed to have a somewhat Draconian idea of human life and who did himself justice, in this savage manner, for the injury done him through the cowardice of one who by the holy dictates of custom should have been faithful to him to the last.

ALBERT CHEVRIER, '94.

Thro' nature's walk your curious way you take,
Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,
Her Spring's first cheerful green, her Autumn's last,
Borne on the breeze, or dying in the blast ;
You climb the mountain's everlasting wall,
You linger where the thunder-waters fall ;
You love to wander by old ocean's side,
And hold communion with its silver tide.

—*Sprague's Curiosity.*

TENT LIFE IN SEPTEMBER.

HERE'S no existence underneath the stars—
 Or for that matter, underneath the sun,
 Since some folk think a better life's in Mars—
 Akin in freedom, health and genial fun
 To that of tent life ! Dull convention bars
 Our actions, heart and body, when all's done,
 But with this taste of liberty, one yearns
 To set the whole world free—like Robert Burns.

Each month—provided you have camped since May—
 Is sweeter than the rest. Fair June was queen,
 And lovely past expression ; but a day
 In warmer July, spent beneath the green
 And fragrant shade of elms, quite won its way
 To favorite affections ; then the mien
 Of August made you think her the prime member
 Of Summer months—until you met September.

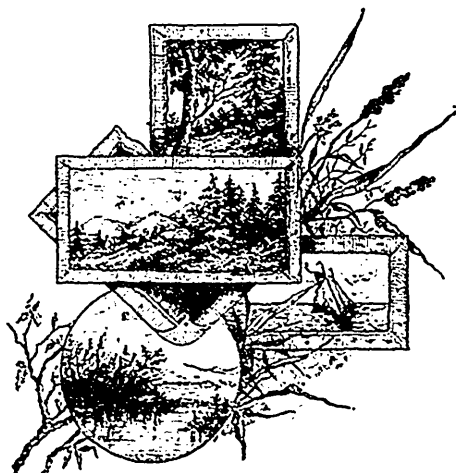
A night of stars ; a fresh'ning breeze that blows
 Your ensign from its mast, until its flapping
 Sounds like the warring of hobgoblin foes,
 Or some weird spirit's too persistent rapping.
 You have a predilection sweet to doze ;
 The hour is late, and overyone is napping
 About the blazing log, but apathetic
 To leave its genial heat and glow magnetic.

But you must go to bed ; for willy nilly,
 The bed won't come to you ; and then, to-morrow
 You may have ague, for the night is chilly,
 If you sit out much longer, to your sorrow.
 And then, to stay out later would be silly,
 Because next morning you would want to borrow
 From next night's store of sleep ; and thus you'd miss
 September's morn—dear Summer's farewell kiss.

A stretch of water, where the small waves quiver
And glisten in the sunshine, greets your eyes
When first you step outside with a slight shiver.
You think a plunge would be quite healthy, wise
And so on, but you somehow dread the river
On this fresh morning; till some comrade cries
A challenge. You accept; and somewhat later
Feel strong enough to tramp round the equator.

Then breakfast 'neath the latticework of trees
Whose foliage still is green. And as you eat,
You find that earth with stomach quite agrees;
And whether air than coffee is more sweet
You care not. Everything your keen eye sees
Is as God made it—matchless and complete.
And when you're satisfied—with some misgiving—
You feel the day will well be worth the living.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



ASIATIC CHOLERA.



ME are threatened with cholera. This destroyer of mankind has already committed innumerable and heartrending deprivations in the old world, and in its onward march the opposing hand of man has proved of very little avail. Shall this terrible plague invade our shores, is a question which must be of unusual interest to the inhabitants of America if they stop to reflect upon the sad reality of the past. The danger is imminent, and consequently a short dissertation on the nature, history, causation and symptomatology of this disease, together with some few suggestions regarding the precautionary and hygienic measures in preventing or limiting the outbreak of cholera, may not prove altogether inopportune.

Cholera is an epidemic contagious disease due to a specific micro-organism, and is characterized by a severe and copious discharge of watery fluid from the alimentary canal, suppression of urine and other secretions, cramps, shrinking of the tissues, and extreme prostration. The attacks are usually very severe and rapidly fatal.

Asiatic cholera has been known in India from time immemorial. Its presence there is almost continuous, but at irregular intervals it seems capable of breaking loose from its fetters, and assuming the nature of widespread epidemics. Its permanent abode is in the delta of the Ganges, where the disease is endemic, but it periodically oversteps the bounds of its native home, and invades a wider range of Indian territory.

As early as 400 years B.C. Hippocrates made remarks about cholera which scarcely allow us to doubt of the conveyance of this Asiatic affection to Greece in that early period. Aretus of Cappadocia, A. D. 50, gave a correct and rather elaborate description of cholera, making special reference to the suppression of urine, spasms, loss of voice and coldness of the body, which we know to be very characteristic elements of its symptomatology.

Many other writers and scientists have since then made repeated allusions to this terrible pestilence and its ravages, and have demonstrated very conclusively that they possessed a tolerably correct knowledge of its pathology and proper treatment.

The first Indian outbreak of cholera which specially interests us, is that which originated near the Ganges in 1817. In a very short time the cholera ravaged nearly the whole of Hindostan, and during the succeeding twelve years, it visited Asia in its entirety. In 1829 it commenced its progress through Tartary and Persia into Europe, and in that very season reached Orenburgh. At this juncture it became temporarily arrested, but before one year had elapsed it started out anew and still continued to travel slowly towards the west, and in the spring of 1831 it appeared in European Russia, and in the autumn of the same year it invaded Hamburg, Berlin and Vienna. During that season England was visited, Sunderland being the point of introduction, and the disease remained epidemic in that country for more than twelve months.

Having thus reached the north-western angle of Europe, the epidemic, always in search of new fields of conquest, was not to be daunted by the vast expanse of water which seemed to afford a safe and sure protection to the American continent, but it divided into two invading armies one of which was carried across the Atlantic in ten or twelve Irish emigrant ships and appeared in Quebec city in the spring of 1832.

From this locality as a focus it diffused itself with irresistible fury all over the continent, and so deadly and disastrous was its work, that it struck terror into the hearts of the most audacious and most daring citizens. In the first instance the epidemic followed the line of traffic along the St. Lawrence, and from thence across the lakes to Detroit, where it met the United States troops going to the Black Hawk war. It committed sad havoc in their ranks and left them in a most deplorable condition. Chicago was the next place visited, and all the national posts and forts in the

extreme west were successively taken by storm. The pestilence was carried down the Mississippi to New Orleans in October, 1832, where it carried off over 6,000 inhabitants out of a population of 55,000. The epidemic was particularly severe in the Lower Province of the British Dominions where thousands of our bravest and most loyal compatriots succumbed to the destructive contagion. The other army advanced southwards and attacked in turn France, Spain and Italy, and penetrated as far as the northern coast of Africa. The disease did not finally leave Europe until the year 1837.

Next came the great epidemic of 1841, which commenced in lower Bengal, from which it advanced towards the North-West provinces and after travelling through western Asia, eventually reached Astrakhan in southern Russia in July, 1847, and from there it was carried to Constantinople and Odessa and up the Danube to Germany, whence it traced its steps to Holland and England. About the close of the year 1848, some German emigrants conveyed the germ from Havre to New Orleans and once again it was propagated throughout the whole northern continent. In this year all the border cities such as New York, Philadelphia and other centres were affected. Canada was the object of a visit in 1849. The last epidemic appeared in Canada in 1854. Such is in a few words a brief account of some of the incursions of the much dreaded Cholera-Asiatica.

The present outbreak does not offer any new feature, but appears to follow very closely in the footsteps of its predecessors. Originating in the low and swampy districts along the Ganges it has gradually wended its way towards the west, and despite the very strenuous efforts put forth to check its onward progress, it still continues to advance with triumphant defiance and menaces to carry on a baneful struggle into our very midst.

Although the question of the direct and the exciting causation of cholera has given rise to manifold discussions and most searching investigations and experiments during the last fifty years, it was only in 1884 that Professor Koch, the celebrated German medical scientist, who while searching up the etiology of this disease in India, discovered the true choleraic contagion, and

thus gave to the medical world a clear insight into its real pathological nature.

More recent researches by Koch and many other medical experts, have abundantly confirmed his first deductions. Prior to this discovery, the veritable cause of cholera was largely shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery, due in great part to the horror which it occasioned, the slowness yet certainty of its progressive march, its sudden and capricious outbreaks, and its equally freakish subsidence and then total disappearance. Many believed that the epidemic was due to some atmospheric or telluric condition, or as Bristoe justly puts it, to some "*epidemic constitution*," which diffused itself from country to country when local circumstances as regards heat, climate and peculiarities of the soil proved favorable to its development and dissemination.

But in what did the "*epidemic constitution*" depend, was a question which the medical profession failed to explain satisfactorily. Then there arose another objection. Could this theory explain the fact that cholera affected a large number within a short time, and yet there was little evidence of its impartability by direct contagion? Because it had been constantly observed that nurses or medical attendants seldom contracted the disease from patients under their charge, and, further, that the introduction of cholera subjects into general hospitals in no way resulted in the communication of the disease to other patients. Moreover, cholera epidemics always followed the line of traffic and commerce, which proved beyond a doubt that human intercourse and not winds was the source of its propagation. The invasion of different countries had invariably been the result of importation of the disease through human agency. Consequently the epidemic constitution theory was not tenable.

Fortunately for the benefit of humanity the medical profession strove hard to ascertain the real etiological factor connected with its production and their efforts did not fail to bear fruit. Dr. Snow, an eminent London physician, was the first to shrewdly suspect that the exciting cause of Asiatic cholera was an organized contagium which was contained in the cholera evacuations, and that the diffusion of the

contagion was due to the ingestion of minute quantities of these excretions into the alimentary canal through the medium of food, but particularly of contaminated water. Koch's discovery entirely confirmed the accuracy of his prevision. Further experimental inquiries conducted by Professor Thiersch and by Dr. Sanderson in this country, fully substantiated Koch's conclusions. And again many experiments performed on mice elicited the fact that cholera excreta possessed very little intensity of action when perfectly fresh, but that their violence gradually intensified up to the third day with subsequent diminution during the fourth and fifth days, and the complete disappearance of all specific properties after that date. As a consequence these facts brought out the following conclusions:—

(a.) That the specific poison of cholera is contained in the stools from the alimentary tract. (b.) That it only acquires its virulent infectious properties in the course of a few days—and that these soon become nil. (c.) That the virus acts upon the mucous membrane of the bowels, the mouth being the point of entrance, and that while direct contamination of culinary utensils, food or fingers, or from unclean and saturated clothing are oftentimes instrumental in its conveyance to the mouth, that larger outbreaks are directly generated by the infection of drinking water from various sources, such as cesspools, filthy drains, or from articles of food made unwholesome by insects, or from immediate contact.

What then are the real pathogenic properties and the true character of the choleraic specific poison? All researches in this respect have fully established the fact that there are constantly present in the small intestines of cholera patients during the incipient and active stages of the disease peculiar curved bacilli, which are never found in the body under any other conditions and which have been proved to cause the affection.

These micro-organisms have received the name of *Coma Bacilli* from the S shape the individual members present. They are short, being about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m-m in length, and they vary considerably in appearance. During their growth the single bacilli display a strong inclination to cling together by their ends, thus forming *spirills*

of considerable extent, hence the name *Spirilli Cholerae Asiaticæ* as they are oft-times designated. These little bodies are motile, the motions being screw-like in nature. They multiply with exceeding rapidity under certain circumstances, and in the process of their growth in the intestinal canal, they are capable of yielding a poisonous potomaine to the action of which we may attribute all symptoms and local lesions, in fact the systematic effects appear to be in the nature of a septic intoxication.

We must admit that one phase of the normal active existence of these *Coma Bacilli* is passed externally to the body, and very close observation has proved definitely that these micro-organisms are able to retain their vitality for a considerable period in water or on moist substances. While in the body they are found only at the seat of lesion in the bowels, and in the stools. Their presence has never been discovered in the blood, nor in any of the organs. We have not sufficient evidence that they form spores. The period of their life internally is short, and degenerative forms are common. They grow well in nearly all artificial culture media; the most favorable temperature for their development being about 30 degrees cent. At about 16 degrees C their proliferative acidity ceases, although a temperature as low as 10 degrees C will not kill them. *Coma Bacilli* are very susceptible to acidity, which is very inimical to their augmentation. Drying completely destroys them in a few hours; heat at a degree of 60 C deprives them of life in half an hour; while a half per cent. solution of carbolic acid puts an end to their existence in a few minutes. In nature the saprophytes overgrow and annihilate them.

From what we have just written concerning the life, history and peculiarities of the *Cholera Bacillus*, what might be considered axillary causes which would aid to maintain and to spread the contagion? The following are a few which I can logically bring to the notice of the reader.

- 1st. A moderately elevated temperature.
- 2nd. A certain amount of moisture.
- 3rd. A stagnant atmosphere.
- 4th. Water and air contaminated with decomposing organic material.

5th. The late summer and autumn, because during these seasons the condition of the soil is more advantageous to the preservation of bacilli, and again at this time of the year the insects which might transport the germ are most abundant. Another strong argument in favor of the seasonal influence is that at this period derangements of the digestive tract are more prevalent, and dietetic indiscretions are more liable to occur.

6th. Any condition which affects the health of the individual and reduces the resisting powers of the system, such as:—*(a)* Great fatigue—*(b)* Immoderate use of alcohol—*(c)* General debility—*(d)* Unwholesome food, impure and polluted water, or anything which induces catarrh of the alimentary tract, as well as unhealthy acid gastric secretions.

7th. Recent arrival in the infected district.

So much for the history and causation of the Cholera Asiatica, and before proceeding to discuss the prophylactic and medicinal treatment in connection with the subject of this short essay, perhaps a few words on the symptomatology of the disease would not be out of place.

Cholera manifests itself under two forms, the mild and severe, determined by the intensity of the symptoms, but between these extremes we find all degrees of illness. An attack of ordinary severity presents four distinct stages. The stage of Incubation, which may last from a few minutes to several days, constitutes the first element in its contraction. Next comes the stage of Invasion, during which the patient experiences and discloses symptoms as follows: Looseness of the bowels, feeling of depression, loss of appetite, weakness and languor. These are succeeded by diarrhoea, colicky pains, cramps, copious stools of rice water consistency (2 or 3 quarts being passed in a couple of hours), vomiting of rice-water fluid, urgent thirst, feeling of faintness, restlessness and great anxiety, finally a weak and rapid pulse. These symptoms slowly or rapidly lead into the *Algedo* stage or that of collapse, whose duration varies from 2 to 24 hours. At this juncture the victim first displays a well-marked oppression and suffers from extreme thirst, this is accompanied by a rapid fall in the body temperature, and he soon becomes cold and almost

pulseless and is blue and asphyxiated looking. When fully established, his vomiting and diarrhoea almost cease, and he lies ghastly and livid like a corpse, his eyes are opened and pupils dilated, but he still retains his senses. During this period the muscular power is extremely enfeebled. It sometimes happens that cholera may come on without muscular cramps, diarrhoea and vomiting, and this is characteristic of a formidable attack in which the victim is suddenly struck down and dies in the course of one or two hours.

In those patients who survive the last mentioned period, a gradual change of symptoms supervenes and the febrile stage sets in. This reaction rarely occurs in the Indian cholera, but is peculiar to European and American epidemics. Its duration and severity are largely determined by the intensity of the *Algedo* stage. Generally, it comes on about 12 hours after the invasion. The first indication of the supervention of this period is a slight improvement in the patient's condition. His breathing becomes less rapid and more natural; his pulse more perceptible; the lividity of the surface slowly disappears; he shows signs of decreasing restlessness; his temperature rises; and he usually falls into a comfortable sleep. The skin now turns moist and hot, urine begins to be secreted, and the stools assume a brownish color. If no serious complications arise, the sick individual makes a rapid recovery, but unluckily this reactionary stage is replete with secondary dangers. Sometimes grave pulmonary disturbances carry the patient off. At other times he sinks under the continuance of intestinal flux or symptoms resembling inflammation of the bowels. Lastly, cerebral disorders, as convulsions and coma, on failure of the heart the result of his primary condition, or proceeding from his typhoid state may cut short his earthly existence.

The mortality of Asiatic cholera is great, the average death rate being placed at 50 per cent. It is less fatal towards the close of an epidemic than at its commencement, and is more disastrous to the very young and to the very old.

In the face of so many grave and well-founded apprehensions, in the presence of such a menacing calamity, what means are we to devise, and what sanitary rules are we to conform to in order to shield

ourselves against the common danger, and to be able to withstand the onslaught of the army of germs? The value of strict hygienic precautions in intercepting or checking the outbreaks of cholera, has never been demonstrated to better advantage than in the history of English epidemics, the perusal of which has afforded me much valuable information which I intend submitting to your consideration.

As I attempted to explain at the beginning of this paper, the cholera germs are disseminated by means of human intercourse and not through the medium of atmospheric conditions, such as the winds. Accordingly, the first step to be taken in any country as a matter of protection is to establish well equipped quarantine stations under the direct control of competent medical officers who in the performance of their duties can rely on the able assistance of well disciplined and intelligent subordinates. In all cases, the strictest hygienic details regarding the disinfection and fumigation of every suspected object must be carried out to the letter. The next point to be attended to is the drinking water. In a large number of cases, as I mentioned before, the choleraic poison is conveyed through the agency of foul drinking water, and necessarily therefore by means of food or beverages, to which such water has been added. Therefore keep the water pure, well filtered and carefully guarded from faecal contamination. This object is to be attained, by having the drinking water originally unadulterated, conveyed in close and clean pipes. Water sources must be zealously guarded. Severe punishment should be promptly inflicted upon any party or parties who in any manner render foul the tributaries of a stream or of a river furnishing water to a community, as experience teaches, that cholera pollution of wells, fountains, pumps, small streams, etc., has proved to be the most productive source of severe local outbreaks. As a more stringent preventative, when the slightest doubts regarding the palatability and wholesomeness of the water are entertained, the latter should be boiled or filtered through charcoal, and all articles of solid food should never be eaten unless previously well cooked, and if possible while hot.

The next requirement is thorough civic

and domestic cleanliness which should be scrupulously observed, and in this connection special stress must be laid upon the necessity of providing public buildings and private residences with a perfect system (including water closets, house drains and street sewers) for the removal of excrementitious and refuse material, together with the proper disposal of sewage. Good and effective ventilation might here also be mentioned as a somewhat essential provision.

If, in spite of all these precautions, or if, from negligence of the proper preventative methods, the disease is already present, the immediate disinfection of the excreta and contaminated articles by chemical preparations is of paramount necessity. And of all the germicides and disinfectants which are available, I consider corrosive sublimate, carbolic acid, permanganate of potash and common salt as being the most efficacious. They constitute a formidable weapon, and if properly wielded are sure to carry on deadly work in the ranks of the foe. The stools of patients and ejected matters from the stomach should be disinfected instantly and entirely, the soiled clothes of the affected individuals should be put, before removal from the sick chamber or hospital ward, into a weak solution of carbolic acid, chloride of soda or the like. The sick-room should, as much as possible, be devoid of all fomites, such as ornamental furniture, carpets, curtains, etc. Saucers or shallow vessels containing such volatile and diffusible substances as iodine, chlorine and carbolic acid should be placed in different parts of the building or apartment.

Finally we come to the directions which constitute the predominating or rather guiding element in the strict individual hygiene. The avoidance of every excess and moderation in all things is always, but particularly in the face of our present danger, a golden rule, because a well nourished body and a vigorous constitution are safeguards against cholera. In fact, good general health confers relative immunity. Therefore, beware of too great fatigue, overwork or excitement of any kind; be regular in your habits; exercise moderately in the open air; retire to bed early at night, and enjoy the necessary amount of repose which the nature of your occupa-

tion demands ; strictly regulate your diet ; and abstain from anything which might produce digestive disorders, always remembering that the normal acid secretions of the stomach are antidotal to the action of the specific micro-organism. Unripe fruits and vegetables and raw victuals are dangerous, while fresh meat, well cooked, farinaceous substances and properly prepared liquid nourishment are beneficial. And by all means discard the use of alcohol in any form.

Before terminating this treatise I would like to make a passing reference to the medicinal treatment in case of an actual attack. Cholera is a self-limited disturbance, and therefore in its prodromal stage nothing can be administered to cut short the disease. If the attack be a mild one, place the patient in bed immediately, and at regular intervals give him weak stimulants, such as a little brandy and arrow-root to which should be added a few minims of laudanum. This mode of treatment appears to be very simple, still the most reliable authorities on the subject admit

that the more profusely drugs, stimulants and nutriment are piled into a patient, the more slim are his chances for recovery.

Should the attack, however, be of a more severe type, the following directions would be indicated. While the period of collapse lasts, keep the sick person in the horizontal position in a comfortable bed, allow cold or ice-cold water to relieve his insatiable drought, preserve his surface warm by applications of hot bottles, flannels, hot baths or by friction. Relieve the cramps by brisk rubbing, call in a physician without delay, and obey his orders implicitly.

As a conclusion, I will take the liberty to assert that if due regard be paid to the suggestions and directions which I have endeavored to impress upon your minds, there will be no reason for unnecessary alarm, in individual cases, and each may stand his ground and remain on the field of battle without fear and without danger.

J. L. CHABOT, M.D. '89.



To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutorted heart.

He who doth this in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

—James Russell Lowell.

AT TRACADIE.



N the northern coast of New Brunswick, in the County of Gloucester, is situated the small village of Tracadie. The country round, with its pretty woods, its swift streams and its sloping green shores, presents a most pleasing picture to the eye. Driving through the place on a summer evening one is charmed with the beauty of so varied a landscape, the pretty village with its fine church and its cosy cottages to our left, to our right the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence Gulf. While viewing the scene we are at first inclined to think that here happiness reigns supreme; but when we ask, "What is that low, antiquated-looking building near the shore?" the answer stirs up sad reflections, for that is the Lazaretto of Tracadie.

It is here those afflicted with that dread disease, leprosy, are induced to remain separated from the rest of the world. The building itself is a long wooden one two stories in height; at one end are the apartments of the lepers; at the other those of the sisters in charge; between the two is the small chapel where all hear mass. In front of the building, which is removed some distance from the road, is a broad open space that serves as the boundary between the lazaretto and the outside world; behind, as far as the gulf shore extends another plot of ground, part garden and part lawn, and it is here the lepers take their outing.

The fact that the inmates are for the most part from Tracadie or the surrounding country would lead one to enquire how the disease started in this section and how it spread.

At first little was definitely known as to the origin of the malady or its appearance at Tracadie. But of late it has become well established that the germ was brought from St. Malo in France where it had existed ever since the great epidemic in Europe.

To trace it back to its very birthplace we find that it sprang up centuries before the Christian era, in the valley of the Nile.

Thence it was carried to Judea by the Jews themselves, and to Persia and Arabia. It was also known to some extent in the other countries of the ancient world; for we find mention of it in the Greek and Latin writers of an early date. It still continues to be a plague in the East. In the middle ages, it was brought to Europe by the crusaders, and there became epidemic. It spread rapidly through every country on the continent, and gained such a strong foothold that not until the commencement of the 18th century did it begin to decline.

Attention, in Canada, was first attracted to it in 1828, when a woman named Ursule Landry died at Tracadie, of a very loathsome disease. Her face and hands had become swollen and her whole body was covered with ulcers; her limbs stiffened at the joints, and all feeling left the extremities. At this stage she suffered internal tortures so great as soon to bring about death. When her body was being carried to the grave, one of the men who bore the coffin received from its sharp edge, a cut on the shoulder into which penetrated some matter from the dead woman's ulcers. Shortly after signs of the disease were noticed on his body and he died of the same mysterious malady. The married sister of this woman was also stricken down; and through her offspring leprosy was propagated.

For many years the disease continued to spread, until the people, alarmed at its progress, petitioned the Provincial Government to take charge of the lepers. Their request was unheeded till 1844, when a lazaretto was built on a small island in the Miriamachi river. All those known to be afflicted with the disease were brought there and compelled to remain; but the management of the place was so bad, and the patients suffered so much from cold, hunger and want of proper medical care, that instead of being benefited, they were in a most pitiable condition. In 1849 the lazaretto was removed to a new, but comfortless building at Tracadie. Here their condition was not much better than at Sheldrake Island; for the funds, which were intended for the

lepers, were often misappropriated. Owing to the filth and destitution by which they were surrounded, their morality was at all times very low, but, occasionally, they became so desperate in their misery that they trampled on all the laws of God and man. At one time the building was burned down by a leper for no other reason than to destroy and as the season was then too far advanced to construct another building, the lepers were obliged to pass the following winter in a small place that had been used as a prison for insubordinates. Crowded together in this hovel, their sores never washed nor attended to, and without even a change of clothing, these poor creatures were reduced to a state of indescribable suffering. But this was not to last forever.

A change was effected in their condition, when in 1868 the Sisters of Mercy of Hotel Dieu, Montreal, were asked to take charge of the institution. The sister superior spoke of the sad state of the lepers to one hundred assembled nuns; and asked, at the same time, for eight volunteers to go to Tracadie. At once the whole hundred stepped forward and offered to give up their lives to care for these poor beings. When the chosen nuns, after being instructed by Dr. Hingston of Montreal, went to Tracadie, they set about improving everything. The patients were given better food and clothing; and they were obliged to attend to all the rules of hygiene; persuasion, instead of the former compulsion was now the only means used to keep them together; so that gradually their condition improved. It was not till 1880, however, when the lazaretto passed under the administration of the Dominion Government, that the sisters were enabled to effect any considerable change in the condition of the unfortunate lepers. Formerly the funds, were not intrusted to the sisters, and were often ill expended and misappropriated; but when the Federal authorities took charge of the institution, the sisters were given full control of the finances.

At present the annual grant to the lazaretto is \$3000; of this \$640 is the salary of the visiting physician, \$100 is given to the attending curé; and \$800 is appropriated for the support of the nuns, the remaining \$1460 is used in providing directly for the lepers themselves.

Although this amount is very small to clothe, shelter and feed twenty-four almost helpless persons, the good sisters by strict economy manage to provide fairly well for their charge. What they complain most of is the poor state of the building itself, which with little repairing has stood for more than forty years.

Still, in spite of these disadvantages, the lepers are better off both in body and soul, than they were some time ago. The good example and religious influence of the sisters does not fail to impress them; for they know that these ladies have given up home and freedom to take care of the afflicted. The effects of their religious surroundings are exemplified by the answer a poor leper, in the last stage of the disease, gave a visitor when asked if she would like to die: "No, said she, not if the Bon Dieu wishes that I should suffer longer."

What is most difficult in regard to them, is to induce them to enter the lazaretto; for it is hard indeed to leave home and family, to be shut up till death in a worse than prison. When they are persuaded to come in everything possible is done for their comfort and amusement. Those who are able may go boating and fishing on the Gulf; while others amuse themselves gardening on the reserve. In the lazaretto at present, is a man more intellectual in appearance than his companions; he plays fairly well on the violin; and often of a winter's evening the abler ones responsive to the music forget themselves in a merry dance.

During the day most of them are in some way employed. Amongst the men there are two or three carpenters who make sundry useful articles for which they receive a suitable recompense. In the women's ward there is more bustle and less dejection of spirits, for they seem to be better able to adapt themselves to circumstances. They sew, knit, weave and spin, and a few stronger than the others assist in the washing and nursing. There are some, however, in both wards in whom the disease has advanced so far that they are unable to do anything. Sitting by the stove in the men's ward is a young man the sight of whom is so revolting as to overcome even the strongest. His face, which is much swollen, is covered with large ulcers which

give forth offensive matter. His nose has dropped away, and his whole body is a mass of scales which are continually falling off and new ones forming in their place. He has lost all outward sensibility although he suffers great internal pain. Once while in his favorite place he smelt burning flesh, and on turning round to see what was the cause of it he perceived it was his own hand that was burning.

These strange facts would lead one to enquire into the nature of the malady, although there is nothing definitely known either as to its cause or its cure. It is supposed to be an incurable, constitutional disease, hereditary in its origin but breaking out directly, owing to certain accelerating conditions of diet and manner of living. It is a remarkable fact in its history that the place it seems to flourish most is by the sea-coast where the people live mostly on fish. The present geographical distribution of leper hospitals seems to favor this idea, for the lazaretto-houses in Norway, at Molokai, at Tracadie and at most other places are on the sea-shore.

There are two stages in the development of the disease: the tubercular and the anæsthetic. In the first the patient experiences unaccountable lassitude and aversion to action; his joints and limbs become stiff and sore, while blotches on the skin come and go. Then the infallible sign of leprosy is visible, the flesh between the index finger and the thumb becomes discolored and contracted. After a time permanent brown or blanched spots are seen on the skin, and over these nodules, and ulcers begin to form. From this period the disease gradually passes into the anæsthetic stage. The ulcers soon break and matter issues forth; the membranes of the throat and lungs enlarge, causing the voice to have a wheezing sound; the whole body becomes swollen and distorted, and all expression of features is lost. It is then the patients lose sensibility and power of motion. Pins may pierce their flesh and their fingers may drop off at the joints without their perceiving it; but at the same time they suffer from the most severe internal pains. Before death their sufferings

gradually lessen, and they pass quietly away.

It must be heart-rendering for their companions to watch those who are suffering in this way; for they know that the same is destined to be their lot. They are under no merciful hallucination, as some would have us believe; and they are fully conscious of the fact that they, as well as their companions, are really lepers. That this is the case may be inferred from the action of some, who, finding out by chance that they were lepers entered the lazaretto of their own accord. A young woodman, working in a shanty on the Miramachi, was one day felling timber when he noticed scales on his legs. Puzzled at this he began to think of how they came there; and after some reflection he was convinced that he was a leper. At once laying down his axe, resolved that none should be contaminated through him, he walked through the woods to the lazaretto and asked admission. He died a leper. Another instance is that of a young mother who left her only child to spend the rest of her life in the sadness and misery of the lazaretto.

Were it not for the attention and care which these poor creatures receive from the sisters, their life would be unbearable; for they have no other object than to pass the time away; and were they not taught to look beyond the tomb, how could they endure their sufferings without falling into despair? The good sisters ward off this fate as only they know how; and we may confidently affirm that the tribute of respect was fully deserved by three of the sisters who died at their post, when Dr. A. C. Smith, the inspecting physician said:

"While in life it was theirs to soothe the sufferings and comfort the sad hearts of those upon whom a mysterious providence had laid an afflicting hand; now it is theirs to sleep their last sleep by the lonely shore near to those for whom they died. Earth may erect no monument to such unselfish devotion, but across the ages comes a voice, "Inasmuch as you do it for the least of my little ones, you do it unto Me."

D. A. J. McDUGAL. '94.

IN MEMORIAM.

To ALFRED ROCHON. Drowned, June, 1892.



'EN when the dusky twilight is gliding soft away,
 And night waits at the portal for the fast receding day,
 Should she steal but a few moments from the golden god
 of light,
 We would feel a tinge of sorrow at this fracture of his right

But if, when radiant morning dominates the smiling world,
 Bathing nature all in sunshine, should her sable shroud be hurled
 Over all the brilliant landscape, blotting out its beauty rare,
 Our hearts would cry in anguish, and our souls sink in despair.

Thus it seemed, dear comrade, when thy life so promising and bright,
 Was cut off in its freshness, and its morning changed to night,
 Sad at any time the silent sweep of Death's relentless wing,
 But saddest in the rosy flush of life's fair opening.

Who'd have thought that saw thee beaming with the light of manhood's
 dawn,
 That ere its noontide flourished thy young life would be gone?
 But alas! the fairest rosebud is plucked before matured,
 And joys are ever snatched away of which we're most assured.

What gloom the news spread o'er us, 'hat the Rideau clasped thee
 To her bosom and inexorable, refused to set thee free.
 Each tiny wave that rippled in upon that fatal shore
 Seemed to whisper in derision,—“ He is ours forevermore !”

But we won thee from river's cold and envious embrace,
 Though we sought in vain the spirit in thy pallid, upturned face,
 And we mourned thee, Alfred, mourn thee still, shall mourn thee to the
 end,
 As noble student, comrade true, sincere and faithful friend.

We have lost thee, Alfred, only for at most a few short years,
 The span of even the longest lives that cross this “Vale of Tears,”
 And when our brief journey is over, out beyond the ruddy west
 Shall we meet again, dear comrade, in the “Islands of the Best.”

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

FATHER PROUT.



WHO has not heard the "Shandon Bells," and who that has heard it hath not felt the magic of "its bold notes free?" For more than half a century this beautiful song has been a favourite, and as long as there remains in the human breast a relish for genuine sentiment, the Bells of Shandon cannot fail to please. We have all owned the influence of "their magic spells" and have done silent homage to the genius that called them forth from their obscurity, but how few, we venture to assert, have thought it worth their while to peep behind the veil of a literary cognomen, and to come face to face with the gifted author. Yet "Father Prout" is the best representative the century has produced of that remarkable class of writers which includes names so justly celebrated as those of Goldsmith, Steele and Edgar Allan Poe. But Father Prout has more than his Bohemianism to recommend him. This humble pastor of Watergrass Hill, County Cork, Ireland, possessed a wonderful vein of sarcastic drollery that lights up the pages of his "Reliques," and was withal such a master of the classic tongues, both ancient and modern, as to entitle him to the extreme reverence of every dull plodder through the 'Æneid,' or the 'Ars Poetica.' In fact his attainments in classic lore and the admirable use he makes of them should endear him to the heart of the college student or graduate, and I know of no book so variously equipped for wearing away at once pleasantly and profitably the afternoons of a student's holidays, as the *Reliques of Father Prout*. There he will find the keenest sallies of wit, outbreaks of humour, droll anecdotes, puns in many languages, scathing sarcasm, extensive and accurate erudition, yet nothing to offend the most fastidious, no foolish sneer at what is justly revered in Christian Society.

Father Prout, as most of the readers of the OWL are no doubt aware, was the "nom de plume" assumed by the Rev. Francis Mahony, who first saw the light

in the County Cork, Ireland, in the early part of the century. The father's youth was passed near the classic shores of the Lee, and within hail of Cork's celebrated castle of Blarney. Near this home of his youth rose on the ruins of old Shandon Castle the modest church of Shandon, the spire of which enclosed the now famous Shandon bells. Cork is much indebted to Father Prout. His own fame has shed lustre on his native county and he has immortalized the church and belfry, whose sweet bells flung round his cradle their magic spells: more still the world-famous Blarney Castle owes a great part of its celebrity to Mahony's racy poem "The Groves of Blarney." The charming groves redolent with the odour of flowers that spring spontaneously from the generous soil, the massive walls of the castle itself, proof against every assault, till shattered by the guns of the doughty Cromwell, the cave where daylight never enters, the lake well stocked with fishes, the shady gravel walks, the statues of heathen gods and nymphs disposed about, all are duly celebrated. But the real glory of the castle is the talismanic stone far up in an angle of the tower, difficult to reach, but endowed with powers well able to recompense the daring climber. Its virtues are best rehearsed in the felicitous words of the poet:

There's a stone there that whoever kisses,
 Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent,
 'Tis he can clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of Parliament;
 A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
 An out-and-outer to be let alone,
 Don't hope to hinder him or bewilder him,
 For sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone.

The poem is a worthy tribute to this noted castle and its magic stone. It moreover exhibits in a happy manner the wonderful familiarity of the author with the ancient tongues of Greece and Rome as well as those of modern Italy and France. For beside the English version, of which I have just quoted the last stanza, is given the father's rendition of "The Groves of Blarney" in Greek, Latin, French and Italian, and the reader, if he has a taste for antiquity, can regale himself with the

spirited verses of *Blarneau Nemus*, or *Η Ύψι Βλαρνευσι*, while the lover of the modern tongues can choose between *The Groves of Blarney*, *Le Bois de Blarnay* and *I Boschi di Blarnea*.

It was in the colleges of the fathers of the Society of Jesus, Father Mahony acquired this thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, and became familiar with the languages and literatures of France and Italy. From early youth to manhood he remained under the care of these able instructors, remarked for his arduous and success in the study of history and literature, for his brilliant powers as a conversationalist, and no less for his testy humour that made him as obnoxious to an opponent as he was formidable in argument. From living so many years with the Jesuits, and because of the facilities this learned body afforded him of indulging his favourite pursuits, he became attached to the order, and entered its novitiate with the intention of casting his lot in life with the devoted sons of Loyola. But he never became a priest of the order. His superiors soon made the discovery that he had no call to the sacred ministry. His tastes were literary, and his secret yearnings toward the life he afterwards led, but while yet in preparation for the life of a Jesuit, he had either not discovered the true bent of his own inclinations, or with habitual obstinacy was unwilling to be guided aright. At any rate he rejected the wise counsel of his advisers, and persisted in endeavouring to enter the Jesuit Order. Baffled in this by the judicious determination of his superiors, he sought and obtained ordination as a secular priest, but scarcely had he taken the irrevocable step when he discovered the fatal error into which his obstinate nature had led him. He now knew that his Jesuit friends had been right in refusing the admission he had sought, and he found himself in the dangerous situation of an intruder in the Sanctuary. He soon voluntarily resigned all the sacred functions of a priest, and never resumed them during nearly forty years of life that still remained to him. Some of these years were passed amidst surroundings and with companions far from congenial to the sacred calling he had embraced, but he never lost the faith he had been nurtured in. When he ceased to minister at the altar he lived by his pen,

residing mostly in London, but sometimes also in Rome and Paris. In the last named city, when upwards of three score years had flown by for him, he died, penitent and resigned, after he had received, at the hands of an old college friend, the full rites of the Church.

The literary legacy of Father Prout is mainly comprised in his *Reliques*, which consist of a series of essays contributed to Fraser's Magazine, a monthly publication of note, that flourished in London for some time during the thirties. It was yet in its infancy when the father joined its staff of contributors, and gave it a leap into popular favour by the originality and humour of his excellent *Apology for Lent*. The aged but scholarly and active pastor of the obscure parish of Watergrasshill in County Cork, Ireland, soon became familiar to the readers of Fraser's, and the posthumous productions, brought forth from the spacious "chest," to which the modesty of their author had consigned them, formed the chief attraction of this periodical. Their wit amused, while their apt classical quotations and allusions, the wide range of information so deftly applied, their boldness and originality of thought and expression astonished and delighted the public. The *Apology for Lent* was followed by "A Plea for Pilgrimages" and "Father Prout's Carousal" in the same vein. The *Plea for Pilgrimages* is an able defense, half serious, half jocose, of this custom of the middle ages, and contains a notable tribute to the genius and work of "the Ariosto of the North," Sir Walter Scott, who is justly extolled as much for good and true service in the cause of mankind as for the 'blandishment of his narrative and the witchery of his style'. The *Carousal* exhibits at its best the wit and learning of the supposititious parish priest of Watergrasshill who entertains his guests in a manner which might seem most unclerical to rigid moralists of to-day. He scorned not to "wreath the bowl with flowers of soul" and with Horace he might exclaim "junde coenam produximus illam."

In *The Carousal* too he first employs a trick he afterwards used to annoy some of the poets of the day. He turned his masterly acquaintance with Greek, Latin and French to account by "upsetting," as he termed it, the original of some

English writer into verse in these languages in order to accuse the author of plagiarism. Moore suffered most in this way, a whole paper being devoted to the detection of the supposed "Rogueries of Tom Moore." The Melodies are upset into Lantini, Greek or French, and their authorship ascribed to some obscure melodist whose labours Moore had availed himself of without acknowledgement. Scattered throughout the "Reliques" are similar *originals* of English songs and poems. Burns is convicted of having purloined from the Latin his song "Green Grow the Rashers O!" while Wolfe's celebrated "Burial of Sir John Moore" is discovered to be but a very literal translation of a French elegy, written by a soldier of his troop, in honour of the celebrated Colonel de Beaumanoir, who fell in the defence of Pondicherry and was hastily interred in the north bastion of the fortress. Even the old Romans, the bane of the lives of many generations of school-boys, have not been sacred from the pilfering hands of modern versifiers. As is well known to every tyro in classic lore, Horace was the possessor of a rural seat which he proudly called his Sabine Farm. It was while enjoying its quiet pleasures he complacently wrote for a love-lorn swain the Sabine Farmer's Serenade beginning, *Erat turbida nox hora secunda mane, Quando proruit vox carmen in hoci inane.* This plaintive ditty has been literally translated and figured for a time as the "latest song." Ovid has likewise been placed under contribution. His lamentation entitled "*Ad Mollissimam puellam e getica Caruarum familia Ovidius Naso lamentatur*" has been given to the modern trade under the euphonious title of Molly Carew. The opening words are no doubt familiar to classic students: *Heu! heu! me taedet, me piget O! Cor Mihi riget O, ut flos subrigido!*

Father Prout wisely no doubt showed his love for the classic tongues by playing with them. But it would be doing the farther an injustice to give too much prominence to this characteristic of his Reliques. In fact the wonder we are sure to experience at his skill in foreign tongues and the display of erudition, is apt to divert our attention from the excellence of many of his original poems, and of the English translations from French and Latin originals. I do not include the

translations from the Italian, of which there are many, but for the most part inferior. Besides the Shandon Bells, known to everyone, his best original verses are the Vigil of Don Ignacio Loyola, The Red Breast of Aquitaine, The Mistletoe a type of the Heaven-born, and The Legend of Arethusa. The Vigil, and The Mistletoe breathe the loftiest religious feeling. Father Prout knew the Jesuits and had a heart capable of appreciating the heroism of their great founder. When he wrote, therefore, of his sacrifice of himself for the glory of his Creator we are made to feel the greatness of soul that prompted the deed.

More than half the papers in the Reliques are devoted to translations, interspersed with valuable criticisms and historical and biographical notes. The series include the "Songs of France," "Songs of Italy" and "Songs of Horace." In the Songs of France we have English versions of the best songs of Beranger, Lamartine and Victor Hugo. The "Political Economy of the Gypsies" and "The Song of the Cossack" from the original of Beranger have the fire and dash of Byron, and are not unworthy of their subject. The "Address to the Vanguard of the French," "Consolation" from Lamartine, and "The Dog of the Three Days" are spirited poems, and as far as one can judge from an imperfect acquaintance with the language of the original, are at least of equal merit. With the Songs of Horace the task of translating is far more difficult, yet even here Father Prout has been often very felicitous in clothing the famous Roman lyrics in English dress. The best are perhaps his rendering of the ode beginning "*Vides ut alta stet nive Candidum,*" and of the joyous outburst of Horace's triumphal address, "*Ad Sodales,*" which begins "*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus.*"

The ease and vigor of the prose is not the least noteworthy feature of the Reliques. The light nature of most of these productions, designed chiefly for the amusement of the reader, precluded from the loftier flights of eloquence. But we are not without evidence that the intellect of Father Prout could with ease attain a higher plane, and, through the medium of prose as of poetry, reach the finer and more exalted feelings of our nature. The

greater portion of the sympathetic article on Dean Swift's madness, and some passages from the essay on "Literature and the Jesuits" display ability to treat with consummate power graver topics than usually engaged his pen. His humour, however, was rather light and satirical than grave. But when aroused by injustice or fraud he wielded a trenchant pen in defense of the wronged, and amid the lighter touches of his work are many sayings deserving to be remembered. As an instance, here is one, which our philosophers might do well to test: "The dust of the schools is sometimes diamond dust, and fancy is often mixed up with metaphysics." Often, also, we come upon sentences containing such a happy mixture of truth and humor as when he says, in reference to the motives which influenced the Teutonic and Slavonic races, that "they joined in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more."

As to the religious and social bearing of Father Prout's work little but good can be said. He is unjust in individual cases, as a very strong minded, self-opinionated man always is, but where the toiling masses were concerned he is an earnest and vigorous pleader for justice. No sycophant either to the great or the lowly, he despised demagogues so much that he sometimes mistook true friends of the people for blatant self-seekers, because their situation made it necessary for them to win the hearts of the masses by arts disdained by patriots of the Coriolanus type. He was conservative in his notions, liked a strong but generous government, and despised alike the *Sans-culottes* of the Revolution and the drivelling tyrants of Bourbonism.

Religion is always treated with becoming reverence in the pages of the *Reliques*. No dark shadow of unbelief ever crossed the father's mind. He speaks with just scorn of the Atheism of the eighteenth century. Throughout his

life he preserved his admiration for the Jesuits and his gratitude for the care they had taken of his early years. To them he applies the noble exordium of the most eloquent of Romans when pleading for the friend and instructor of his youth, "Si quid est in me ingenii, iudices (et sentio quam sit exiguum), si quae exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi suo jure, debet repetere." Robertson, the historian of Charles V., brings against the Jesuits the accusation that their body never produced a "single philosopher." They could ask no better reply than Father Prout's. He twits the historian with having stolen his charge from the encyclopedist D'alembert, whose notion of a philosopher was of one who had emancipated himself from all moral ties, and held in contempt all existing institutions. "But," he continues, "if to possess an unrivalled knowledge of human nature—if to ken with intuitive glance all the secrets of men's hearts—if to control the passions—if to gain ascendancy by sheer intellect over mankind—if to civilize the savage, be characteristics of genuine philosophy and mental greatness, then the Jesuits have a claim to the title of philosophers."

This can give but an imperfect notion of the merits of Father Prout's literary work. It is but a tithe of what you, reader, would have to say had you revelled in the pages of the *Reliques* during odd hours of the holidays. Be not hasty then in condemning the author because this imperfect sketch has given you no very high opinion of his excellence. I owe him a debt of gratitude for many pleasant hours, and would fain discharge it by this unworthy tribute. I would not, however, have you content with what one who has perused them has to say of the "*Reliques of Father Prout*," but would urge you, if you have not hitherto done so, to procure a copy and "go and do likewise."

P. CULLEN, '93.

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

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY.



HE Rosary in its present form owes its origin to Saint Dominic.

This great Saint was born in the year 1170, at a small village called Calarnego, in the Diocese of Osma, Old Castile, Spain.

His father and mother were Felix de Gusman and Jane of Azo, pious Christians, who owned the house where Dominic first saw the light. St. Dominic died at Bologna (in Italy), August 6th, 1221, aged 51.

At the commencement of the 13th century he set out on a journey to Denmark with the Bishop of Osma, and in passing through Languedoc became a witness of the frightful progress of the heretical doctrines of the Albigensis, but it was at Toulouse the thought came to him to create an order consecrated to preach in defence of the Church, an idea that never left him afterwards; and which he accomplished later on by founding the order of Friar Preachers in 1215.

St. Dominic preached against the Albigenses but he saw with pain that his zeal met with little success.

Grieved at his failure, he implored the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, who, one day, when he was praying with great fervour, revealed to him the manner of using the Rosary, and told him that by preaching this form of prayer, which contains 150 'Aves,' a marvelous success would attend his work. Dominic obeyed these instructions and in his preachings strove to set forth all the spiritual and temporal advantages which can be derived from the recitation of the Rosary, and in a few years he converted more than a hundred thousand heretics.

It was to the special protection of the Blessed Virgin and to the prayers of the confraternities established in her honour, that the Pope Pius V. attributed the celebrated victory obtained by the Christians over the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto, the infidels lost more than 30,000

men and nearly two hundred vessels. This remarkable event so renowned in the annals of the Christian world took place in the year 1571, October 7th.

In order to perpetuate the remembrance of this signal favour, Pius V. added the invocation, "Help of Christians pray for us," to the litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and two years later Gregory XIII. instituted the festival of the Holy Rosary, which is celebrated the first Sunday in October. Several Popes have approved of this feast, known under the name of the feast of the Holy Rosary, and Clement XIII. made the office universal.

In 1460, Blessed Alain de la Roche, after several apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Dominic, in obedience to their orders restored the confraternity or congregation of the Rosary, and travelled for fifteen years through France, England and the northern countries of Europe to make this pious association known, and he succeeded so well that more than a hundred thousand persons entered it and engaged themselves to recite the Rosary.

This devotion was approved by several Popes who enriched it with indulgences. Many of these confraternities had particular rules; those of Chapelle Montligeon were conceived in terms nearly identical with those of the confraternity of Mary, which we have already mentioned. Men were not admitted, but the conditions required in order to be enrolled into the society, the duration of services and honours due to the sisters are the same. The persons who desire to enter must have made their first communion. The annual subscription of each member was 1s. 6d., and the money was employed for the ornamentation of Our Lady's Altar. The member who presided regulated the accounts of the confraternity. The Sisters were obliged to assist at all offices on the day of the festival, and each one carried a wax taper. A service was celebrated the day after the feast for the deceased members, and a Mass of the Holy Rosary was

said once a month. With these exceptions this confraternity was similar to the other and often confounded with it. Yet, as this confraternity, although it bore the name of the Rosary, was not the regular one, M. l'Abbe Buquet, not wishing it to become obsolete, but rather to reform it, affiliated it to that of the Dominican Fathers in October, 1891. In doing this, M. l'Abbe Buquet made his parishioners and the associates of the oeuvre expiatoire share in the numerous spiritual favours that the confraternity of the Rosary offers to its adherents.

The indulgences are 2025 days at least for the Aves which is augmented if the chaplet is recited in common, three persons being present in church, before the altar of the Rosary, or if there is no such altar before another altar, and those who carry a chaplet upon their person in honour of the Blessed Virgin will gain every day *100 years and 100 quarantins* indulgence. And Pius IX. has granted *60 days* indulgence for every good work done by the members of the confraternity, and his Holiness Leo XIII. in the first years of his Pontificat revived the devotion to the Rosary by commanding all the Bishops in the Catholic world to pub-

licly recite this prayer in every Church of their Dioceses during the whole of the month of October, and by a decree dated August *5th 1888* he has made a new office of the Holy Rosary with a proper Mass obligatory for all the Church, and raised the festival which should be celebrated the 1st Sunday in October to the rite double of 2nd class with privilege.

To share in all the advantages of this Association, it is necessary to be inscribed upon the register of a confraternity canonically erected.

As there is one here we engage our correspondents to profit by the occasion and enrol themselves in this pious and benevolent confraternity.

M.S.L.

(To be continued.)

Note.—All inquiries respecting the P. O. O. *Internationale* made payable to Œuvre Expiatoire must be addressed and the Rev. Paul Buguet, Chapelle Montligeon, France, upon the *Post Office* there Subscriptions, *yearly, one halfpenny; in perpetuity, five shillings*, to have a share in the merits of over 4000 *Masses* per month. Summary of Indulgences free on application.



CONSCIENCE.

I care not for the outer voice
 That deals out praise or blame ;
 I could not with the world rejoice
 Nor bear its doom of shame—
 But when the voice within me speaks,
 The truth to me is known ;
 He sees himself who inward seeks—
 The riches are his own.

—O' Reilly.

FOUR HUNDRED MILES IN A CANOE.



ON the 15th of August of the year of Grace 1892 two Varsity students, the writer and a companion, left the Canal Basin in an open Rice Lake canoe of the very smallest proportions, with the ambitious project of paddling up through the Rideau Canal and lakes to Jones' Falls, down the Morton and Gannoque rivers with their superb chain of lakes to Gannoque, from thence down the mighty St. Lawrence to St. Anne's and back home again by our own grand Ottawa. Although we afterwards modified our course a little we succeeded in covering about four hundred miles in our canoe before returning home.

The morning of our departure was cold and misty; anything but ideal weather for canoeing. Our canoe was heavily weighted with an entire camping outfit and a goodly store of the necessaries of life. We had not proceeded more than fifteen miles and were enjoying our first meal in camp when a thunder-storm that had been brewing all day broke upon us and obliged us to place everything under cover. Five minutes sufficed to pitch our tent and lodge ourselves with all our belongings within the water-proof precincts of duck canvas. Our troubles were not over however for scarcely had the rain ceased, when a terrific wind-storm sprung up which sweeping down on our frail habitation obliged us to drive our tent-stakes more firmly into the bosom of mother earth. The storm having passed a council of two was held at which the question of moving on was mooted. After deliberating about five seconds it was unanimously decided that. "On boys, on!" must be the watch-word during the trip: accordingly down came the tent and away we went until we came to the head of Long Island, a distance of about twenty two miles from home, and there on a gently sloping pasture-land close by the banks of the river we spent our first night in camp. Were we comfortable? Well, the fact that within ten minutes after our heads had touched our pillows we were in the "Land of Nod" and *that* despite the

fact that a rubber sheet and blanket alone intervened between the ground and ourselves I think sufficiently attests the fact that we were.

After summing up the events of the day we came to the conclusion that to carry out the ambitious project, we had formed of placing twenty-five miles between each camping place, we must learn to be more steady in our frail craft, and that we must dispense with some of our more weighty provisions and cooking utensils, especially before attempting the passage of the Rideau Lakes.

As for our chances of breasting the waves of the St. Lawrence our hopes at this juncture were slight indeed, But to continue; 6 A.M. found us packed up and away. The day's programme remained very much the same for the rest of the trip.

At Smith's Falls a pleasant surprise greeted us in the shape of a meeting with some old College friends, with whom, after witnessing the many interesting sights of that bustling town, we spent a very pleasant evening. The rest here enabled us to dry our clothes and outfit, which had been wet since the first day out, and the next morning found us well prepared to give battle to the elements. A short paddle, the greater part of which was spent in threading our way through a sunken or "drowned" forest of stumps, and during which process we managed to "straddle" no less than three, to the eminent danger of ourselves and baggage, brought us to the first expansion of the far-famed chain of Rideau Lakes. This one, not honored with a name on our chart, we had been warned against particularly on account of the prevalence of squalls. The warning proved opportune, for we had not proceeded more than half the distance across, when a squall suddenly arose, which striking us on a broadside obliged us to make shore as best we could but not, however, before we had shipped considerable water.

The Rideau Lakes, as they are generally called, consist of five beautiful sheets of water connected with one another by short narrow channels. They are all well

dotted with islands which afford ideal places for camps and cottages, and the beauty of the scenery through this favoured but comparatively little known region, approaches very nearly that of the Thousand Islands. The waters of the lakes are remarkable for their clearness, the bottom at a depth of twenty feet being easily discernible. Although not as crowded with camps and cottages as the beauty of the place would seem to warrant, many of the islands are occupied. Mud Lake especially presents a beautiful appearance, as winding through its myriads of islets, cosy cottages and camps with their ever welcome camp-fires appear and disappear like a grand panorama.

One of the great difficulties besetting the unskilled canoeist through here consists in finding the outlets to the different lakes. Mud Lake in particular is most deceiving.

The channel or "elbow," as it is familiarly called, from its crooked appearance, is concealed by a small island from the view of the approaching canoeist and when found proves to be a narrow short passage hewn through the rock-bound sides of the lake and affording barely sufficient room for a good sized steamer to pass. Through this opening we went and in a few minutes the broad bosom of Sand Lake appears. Sand Lake is soon crossed and Jones' Falls comes next, and then the mouth of Morton River appears. Up the stream we go and the scenery soon approaches the sublime in savage grandeur. The shores consist of beetling rock towering above the fast flowing river, whilst islands with the stunted growth of trees peculiar to rocky lands, are scattered here and there on its broad surface. The precipitous sides, gradually decrease in height, however, until when the source in Beverly Lake is approached, the stream shrinks to the modest dimensions of a creek, meandering sluggishly through a sedgy wilderness. In hopes of making Lyndhurst before camping for the night, which, we were assured was but a few miles from Morton we confidently pushed out into Beverly Lake, notwithstanding that it was fast growing dark, and that the sky had a threatening appearance. We had not proceeded far into the gradually widening lake when the darkness and coming storm obliged us to seek shelter. We accordingly made for

shore on our left, but were confronted by such a formidable growth of tangled rushes, that landing on that side was an utter impossibility. After skirting the shore for some time with no better success, we decided to cross over and try the other side. Over we went, each moment adding to the darkness and dreariness of the surroundings, and on reaching it, to our utter dismay, the shore arose to such stern, forbidding rocky heights that we could not even get a foothold. A pretty situation forsooth, and one that took all the poetry out of canoeing at least for the time being. On we went, however, slowly following the line of shore and peering into the gloom for a landing place. For a half hour we crept along, when, just as the rain began to fall and low rumblings of thunder were heard in the distance, we came to a small, low, rocky stretch on the shore which afforded us barely room enough to land and pitch our tent. When at last we got under shelter we made some good resolutions for the future, about attempting to travel in the dark through strange waters, but unfortunately we did not always abide by them. The rest of the run through the superb scenery of the lakes and Gananoque river to Gananoque, with an occasional rapid to run, was made without further trouble.

The town of Gananoque was a revelation to us; situated in the most beautiful part of the famous Thousand Islands, it proved to be a pretty, compactly built little town, overflowing with summer visitors, and presenting a gay and holiday appearance. We had not been there long when we had the good fortune to meet an old college friend who bade us welcome to his natal town and invited us to remain over and accompany him and some friends on a trip next evening through the illuminated Canadian islands. Of course we accepted his kind invitation. The excursion was like a glimpse of fairy land. The different cottagers and campers seemed to vie with one another in the beautiful illumination of their islands, and the result was magnificent. The powerful electric search light of our vessel also added not a little to the general interest.

Leaving this town the broad St. Lawrence stretched before us with its mighty expansions and swift currents which, we were assured, our light canoe

could never ride with safety. As the swells were running pretty high on the morning of our departure from Gananoque and as our canoe was open and laden heavily, it is not surprising that after travelling about five miles we were obliged to put ashore in order to bail out the water that had washed over the gunwale. We were just a little discouraged, and we did wish we had taken other people's advice and decked our canoe. It was too late now however to remedy the evil so after dispensing with whatever part of our cargo was not absolutely necessary, we once more pushed on.

We gradually became accustomed to riding the swells, and soon leaving the channel we directed our course slowly through the Islands, and sheltered somewhat by them enjoyed the beauty of our surroundings to our heart's content. We passed many yachts and skiffs whose occupants were either fishing or sight-seeing, and after about ten miles of delightful scenery we once more struck the Canadian channel with its swift flowing current, and altogether ignorant of our danger we ran into the Canadian Narrows. The waters here boiled and surged to a remarkable degree.

The best I can say of this run was that it was sport, pure and simple, but I might also add that it was dangerous. At least so we were told by some fishermen who had seen us make the run.

After spending a couple of hours in the company of the genial and hospitable Rev. Dean Gauthier of Brockville, we paddled on and made Prescott by night. We were here again fortunate enough to meet some college friends, with whom, it is almost needless to remark, we spent a very pleasant evening. We reached the first canal early next morning and after paddling on its placid surface until the first plunge of the Galops rapids was passed, we drew our canoe over the embankment and took the rapids for the rest of the run. Down went our canoe like a steamboat, the shores disappearing behind us at the rate of eight miles an hour, and in very short order Cardinal and Iroquois were passed and the head of the Morrisburgh canal came in sight. This we locked through and made Morrisburgh early in the afternoon. We remained in town taking in the sights and

admiring its beauties until dusk, when forgetful of our former experience at Beverly lake, we imprudently pushed on. It was at this point that the most disagreeable episode of our trip took place. We had not proceeded far when it became pitch dark and a thunderstorm began to enliven proceedings in the distance, and we sincerely hoped it would remain in the distance. We made for shore, but had to proceed cautiously for fear of rocks. Imagine our dismay on reaching it to find landing impossible. In vain we pushed on, the sides became more precipitous, the storm approached, rain began to fall and blinding flashes of lightning lit up the black, forbidding banks. Turning back against such a current was of course out of the question, so on we went. The prospect was far from inviting, but we had no choice in the matter, and after travelling and reconnoitering for a quarter of an hour we landed and pitched our tent on a gravel beach about twenty feet long and eight feet wide. It was hardly an ideal camping spot but there was no alternative. Our troubles however were by no means over; after raining without cease until after midnight a wind-storm arose which beating down against our unprotected canvas loosened the tent-stakes in the gravel and down came our tent on top of us. The only thing to do was to raise it up again, fasten the stakes more firmly into the inconsistent gravel and then pile stones on them to keep them in position. Needless to remark we slept very little that night, and morning found us cold and unrefreshed and quite satisfied that our night spent in camp at Morrisburgh was the most miserable one ever experienced.

A few hours paddling brought us to Farren's Point where we intended to stop off to visit some friends, but before getting ashore at the point we enjoyed a somewhat exciting experience. We had run the rapids successfully and were putting into the the bay when we were caught in a whirlpool or eddy. Our canoe spun round twice and, dipping over on its side, took in some water. We narrowly escaped capsizing but with our usual good fortune made shore all right.

Although Farren's Point is not remarkable for architectural beauty it proved to be a most interesting place and it was

with great difficulty that, after two days, I succeeded in persuading my companion to leave the Point with its hospitable and charming people. Cornwall came next, where likewise we were most hospitably entertained, and then came the bugbear of our trip, the great Lake St. Francis, which we had been so often assured we would never succeed in crossing. "We came, we saw, we conquered," epitomizes our run across this grand lake, and Coteau Landing was reached in safety.

We pitched our tent for the night near the village and here next morning an incident occurred which illustrated the truth of the much used expression, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Whilst my companion went for milk to a neighbouring farm-house I betook myself to the river to have a swim, dressed somewhat after the fashion of a Zulu. I was just entering the water when I beheld an animal of the bovine species approaching along the shore. The said animal had a ring in his nose and a wicked look in his eye. He also had a playful way of pawing the earth and producing roaring sounds which spoke volumes. He apparently did not like my appearance, I certainly did not care about his. As he persisted in imposing his company upon me I concluded that "prudence was the best part of valour" and accordingly placed a wire fence between him and me. He there kept me prisoner until my companion returning with the milk procured my clothes for me. With the help of a volley of stones we managed to persuade him that his company was not at all desirable, so near our tent, and that he would look much more interesting at a distance. When we considered the company that had been so near us all night we formed ourselves into a mutual congratulation society on the fact that our sweet slumbers had not been disturbed by our ring-nosed friend who apparently bore such a strong antipathy to us, at least in a bathing-suit.

To avoid canalling any more we decided to make the run from Coteau to Montreal on a steamer, thus avoiding the Beauhar- nois Canal. We accordingly boarded the Steamer Algerian and enjoyed the run through the Coteau, Cedars and Lachine Rapids.

We enjoyed the trip immensely but in our humble opinion there is more sport

and more excitement in running the Galops Rapids in a canoe than there is the larger rapids in a steamer. Incessant rain combined with hospitable treatment and good company kept us at Lachine for two days.

We left Lachine on Saturday, Aug. 27th, and undertook the most difficult part of our trip, not only on account of the strong current against which we had to contend but especially because of the high wind prevailing, which, plowing up the waters of Lakes St. Louis and Two Mountains, rendered travelling both arduous and dangerous. Homeward we came, up the yellow waters of the majestic Ottawa, past St. Annes and Vaudreuil with their neat summer residences, up by Oka with its picturesque Trappist Monastery perched on the mountain side. Rigaud and Carillon with their pretty whitewashed cottages; then Grenville and the magnificent Long Sault Rapids; next Papineauville with its historic associations. Gradually the river became more familiar in appearance and the omnipresent sawlog and the all pervading sawdust brought forcibly to our mind the fact that Ottawa was not far in the distance. At last it looms up, the old familiar place which we are so proud to call "home," with its grand surroundings, its noble water falls, its magnificent bluffs and its massive piles of stately buildings. The foot of the locks is reached, the last portage, and the longest, made, and we are once more home, having paddled nearly four hundred miles on our trip. Before concluding this rambling account of what was for us a most enjoyable outing, we desire to thank most cordially the popular editor of the *Evening Journal*, to whose kindness we are indebted for the use of his charts which greatly facilitated our progress through the puzzling Rideau lakes. To our many hospitable friends along the route also we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for their many acts of kindness.

The conclusions we arrived at after our trip were that it is not only a most enjoyable one and one we can recommend to all canoeists, but also that, notwithstanding the fact that we were on several occasions taken for tramps, our canoe trip shall always remain one of the most pleasant reminiscences of our college days.

FRANK McDOUGAL, '93.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

.....Sundry jottings
Stray-leaves, fragments, blurs and blotings.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

It is interesting to speculate on what opinions "noble" John Dryden and "the Grand Khan of literature," Doctor Johnson, would hold concerning the modern school of literary critics and criticism, could we by some spiritual instrumentality, put ourselves in direct communication with those resplendent lights of other days. Whatever else it might be it would not be flattering. They of all men would scarcely approve of the principles and works of the Goethes, the Schlegels, Coleridges, Wordsworths, de Staels, Saint Beuves, Macaulays, Carlyles, Brownsons, Arnolds, Wilsons and Lowells of our own period. How could they? Under Dryden and Johnson literary criticism was neither a science nor an art, but a tyranny. Dryden sat in his chair of state at his favorite tavern and flayed alive one after one the unfortunate authors with whom he could not see eye for eye. When he spoke no small dog of letters dare bark. His will was law and his subjects kissed the hem of his garments in abject servility. It is the slavish subject that makes the despotic king. "You are like the highway man," said poor, exasperated Goldsmith on one occasion to Doctor Johnson, "when your pistol misses fire you club your victim with its stock." The criticism of those times was, indeed, sometimes penetrating and high-minded, but it was generally moulded on very narrow traditions and reared in an atmosphere rancorous with personal prejudices and mean, petty spite.

Dryden was wont to stretch his authors on a sort of Procrustean bed. If their limbs fitted the framework, well and good. On the other hand, if they fell short they were stretched out, and if found too long they were lopped off until a perfect fit was forced. Then, the luckless writers were roundly rated for having compelled their literary judges to resort to the Draconian code. Then also literary criticism confined itself almost exclusively to the forms of literature, as the choice of words, the rhythm of verse, the proportion of parts,

the order of development, the introduction, the argument and the peroration.

Within the memory of men now living, criticism underwent a complete change which was an entire improvement. It is no longer what it was to Dryden and Johnson, nor to their lesser successors in office. Now, while it does not neglect the forms, literary criticism concerns itself more with the matter. The worth of the thought, the nature of the sentiment, the appropriateness of the imagery and the personality of the writer are all carefully noted. This sort of philosophical criticism was borrowed from the Germans, but purified and beautified after transportation. At this moment, in civilized Europe and America, criticism itself has become a distinct and rapidly enlarging department of literature, and is justified in its claims by being also historical, philosophical and very nearly creative in itself. An exponent of the older criticism might be expected to look with as little admiration on the liberalizing tendencies of the new school, as one of the Roman despots would behold the free democracy of the American Republic.

So much learning and genius have devoted themselves to the production of criticism in those days that criticism has not only become a large branch of literature but it possesses unexcelled attractiveness. For this reason many confine themselves to reading masterly criticisms of works instead of the works themselves. Now, I hold the opinion that such people make a great mistake. I do not desire to detract from the worth and usefulness of judicial criticism properly used. But, to use the common illustration, if I desire to learn how to lay bricks, I shall meet with more success by carefully examining a building than by listening to what a third party has to tell me about the art. Criticism is useful as a guide, when it is reliable, but it should not be accepted as final. A reference to the work under discussion and a careful examination of its contents should precede or follow the

reading of the criticism. In no case should criticism be accepted without reservation. No two men think alike and no two men see exactly alike. Each student should aim to become his own critic, but he should have acquired a respectable stock of knowledge and experience before setting his mark and seal on works of literature. Although the present columns partake of the nature of a work of criticism after their sort—undoubtedly a humble and unpretending sort—the writer does not hesitate to repeat the opinion, which with him has become fixed, that criticism, even at its best, will not compensate for extensive reading. It is better to go to the fountain-head and drink of the spring itself. Instead of reading books about books read the books themselves. Make the great books your mental food. The best books in the world we may have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least we believe that we know them. This opinion is most erroneous. It has been well said that for once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton's grandmother or a book stuffed with curious facts about the house in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife. Those who place an undue value on the perusal of criticism may, I think, be fully disposed of in one sentence. Even the most "ignorantly read" among them must allow that the average man will learn more by reading Homer, Alschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott, Moore, Lever, Thackeray and Cooper than by reading the most elaborate judgments on those great typical masters. That much, surely, must be allowed, and more concession is not needed. Criticism may be used with benefit in connection with the works criticised, but otherwise it is always deprived of much of its value and frequently rendered quite worthless.

The Paris correspondent of *The Author* tells an amazing story of how Jules Verne came to be lame. A mad nephew much attached to him was anxious to see his

uncle made a member of the French Academy, and attributed the omission to the want of public attention. He, therefore, called upon him one morning and, after a hasty "Bon jour, mon oncle!" blazed away at him with a revolver. One of the bullets hit his leg and crippled him for life.

The following from *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Spread of English," is of unusual interest to persons like Canadians, who live in a land where the English and French tongue are battling for supremacy. The only foreign language learned by that most exclusive of all races, the Chinese, says the writer in *Macmillan's*, is a sort of corrupt English—pidgin, or business, English, as it is called. But missionaries have done not a little in China, and much elsewhere to spread our language, and there are few important nations in the world from which there are not some converts to Christianity who can speak it.

Yet, with all this, we have not hitherto mentioned the agency which has done, and will do, the most to make English the universal speech. This agency is, of course, colonization, and the agents are English speaking colonists.

In a hundred years the United States will have as many inhabitants as China, and it is not likely that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape will fall much short of half their total, especially if England be reckoned with them. Some have, indeed, been found to maintain that English will not be the language of the whole even of the United States, while others point to the vigorous vitality of the French spoken by the French Canadians, and the recrudescence of Welsh in the British Isles, as hints that languages die hard.

But it is impossible to suppose that such considerations can effect the main question. There are already signs that English is becoming the literary language of Europe. Professor Vambery, a Hungarian, published his autobiography first in an English dress; the Dutch author of the "Sin of Joost Aveling" wrote his novel "An Old Maid" in English, and the author of "The Crustacea of Norway," himself presumably a Norwegian, frankly owns in his advertisement that to obtain the largest possible circulation for his book,

it will be written in the English language.

If we are to believe all we hear the universality of the English language in no way depends upon inherent worth, or comparative value. A writer in the *Canadian Review*, for example, exerts himself to demonstrate that the French language is superior to the English. Without the remotest intention of hurting the most sensitive feelings of our French compatriots, I do not hesitate to state that I shall not accept such a preposition as true until France has produced a Milton and a Shakespear. Were I a Frenchman I might think otherwise. Both languages possess their individual advantages; French is the medium of expression of a bright and cultivated people, English is the language of a colonizing and commercial people. To make a comparison just it is obvious that the circumstances of the two peoples must carefully be taken into account. This task in itself is not easy. When it is done, it will perhaps be found that both languages are well suited to the needs of the people by whom they are used. Language, like climate, is greatly a matter of personal opinion, and its worth should be estimated by its aggregate, instead of by its parts.

Nor does French commend itself at all times even to such as are prejudiced in its favor. An able contributor to a late number of *Le New York-Canada* is grieved to state that the speech of his ancestors is giving way before English even in Canada, just as his ancestors themselves gave way—stubbornly it may be but nevertheless surely—to the hardy British. This candid writer says: "The second movement towards the adoption of English, is to be found in the midst of the Canadian homes. The children pick up a little of the English language everywhere, and the parents have not the energy to force the use of French under their roofs. These children grow up under the British idiom and there comes a day when they abandon completely their neglected idiom as they experience too great difficulties in speaking it. This phenomenon is to be seen even among our most devoted countrymen. English invades, absorbs and penetrates them through every pore, and the end is the natural adoption of an idiom which is not theirs." If Canada is ever to become a thoroughly united country her inhabitants

must speak only one language. Whether her ultimate speech is to be French or English matters little. The fittest survives in language as in all else. But when French-Canadians identify their language with the Catholic Religion, as Mr. Oscar Dunne and his school of writers are wont to do, they, in my opinion at least, fall into grave error. The Catholic religion is dependent upon no race and no language but rises above all races and all languages. The French-Canadian who thinks he would lose his religion with his mother-tongue should read the history of Ireland and hold his soul in peace.

Among all that has been spoken and written concerning the late lamented James Russell Lowell the following pithy little sentence from the brilliant pen of Miss Agnes Repplier is, to my mind, most remarkable for its insight and width: "Lowell taught us Americans for years the lesson we need most to learn—the beauty of fine workmanship, and the tempered strength that comes with the recognition of limits." It is no easy matter to give a just estimate of a weighty writer in a very few words, but Miss Repplier here, and often elsewhere in her writings, proves by splendid example that she is an adept in the rare art of compressed yet adequate expression.

That valuable compilation, *Donahoe's Magazine*, is authority for the pleasing statement that Professor Thomas O'Hagan, an alumnus of the University, and author of "A Gate of Flowers," a volume of promising verses, as well as a book of notable literary criticism, is bringing out a new volume of poems. The professor lately spent three weeks at Banff in the Canadian Rockies, and is now sojourning at the New Mackinaw, Mackinaw Island, in Michigan.

The much controverted question of Rudyard Kipling's age is definitely fixed by the statement that he was born in Bombay during Christmas week, 1865, and is, therefore, in his twenty-seventh year. In the natural course of events Mr Kipling has much of his life to live. By assiduity and care he may yet produce what he has hitherto missed—a masterpiece in prose or verse. His

prose is fresh—decidedly fresh—and not mellow, while his verse is prose, more or less measured, but quite innocent of rhythm and harmony.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eighty-third birthday August 29. May his years on earth be numerous, long and happy. Few writers have given us such a large amount of wholesome amusement and salutary instruction as the genial author of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and a host of poems full of beauty and bounding with natural life. Lord Tennyson also celebrated his eighty-third birthday on August 6. Surely August should be henceforth known as the month of the Muses.

The following extract from an editorial in the San Francisco *Chronicle* on the matter of dialect is full of good taste and common sense: "Is there never to be an end to the American dialect story? Can it be that the public demand is so eager for this kind of fiction that the publishers find it profitable to cater to it? We think not. The reading public soon tires of any fad, and the dialect story is one of the worst fads of recent years. When Miss Murfree produced her first tales of the Tennessee Mountaineers everyone admired them as a new departure that was fresh and interesting; but when volume after volume appeared with small variation in character people became weary. So, too, when Bret Harte's consummate literary art saves his readers from *ennui*, the same happy fate does not follow his numerous imitators, and about the worst infliction that the lovers of fiction suffer is the far-western story, written by people who have an idea that grotesque slang, exaggerated pictures of dust-covered plains and pure mountains, and impossible cowboys and Indians make up a Western romance. Joel Chancellor Harris and Thomas Nelson Page are about the only men who can reproduce the negro dialect as it is spoken, but unhappily a score of scribblers rush in where these masters fear to tread, and make one long to throttle them for their libels on Sambo. It may be literary heresy to declare that much of Cable's work is wearisome because of his desire to do justice to the French Creole dialect, but many victims

will echo this complaint and say; Hang the dialect which we are obliged to spell out labourously or to consult a glossary to get light on its meaning. Life is too short for such work!" All this is very true. Let our alleged Canadian dialect writers, with the honorable exception of Mr. McLaren, of Montreal, take timely warning.

William Dean Howells has invented and defined the term hen-minded. "Mrs. Northwick was one of those hen-minded women who are so common in all walks of life, and who are made up of only one aim at a time, and of manifold anxiety at all times," is how he introduces the word in his new novel, entitled *The Quality of Mercy*. We have all met Mrs. Northwick and her numerous sisters. Long life to their amusing tribe.

The fourth volume of the late Dr. Gilmary Shea's *History of the Church in the United States*, has just been issued from the press, and Mrs. Shea wishes to correct an erroneous impression that a fifth volume of this monumental work will appear, for although Dr. Shea was able to recite even the last chapter of the fourth volume he left no notes or manuscript for a fifth, and would not have written it for some years had he lived, as the date covered the last twenty-five years, and his well-known prudence forbade his writing it until, to use his own words, under the mellowing influence of time, events might be judged in a calmer mood and in juster proportions.

The following passage is one of the many good things to be found in *Jonathan and His Continent* by that keen, peripathetic philosopher, Mr. Max O'Rell: "Humor is an unassuming form of wit, by turns gay, naive, grim and pathetic, that you will never come across in a vain, affected person." The pestilential dude who buttonholes all his friends to tire them with stale and pointless stories, generally stupid slanders on members of weak nationalities, should copy out this definition in his very best school-boy hand and paste it where it will be most likely oftenest to meet his gaze—that is, of course, on his pocket mirror.

The venerable John Greenleaf Whittier, the New England poet, died at Hampton

Falls, where he had been the guest of old friends, his sojourn having been at the house of Miss Sarah A. Gove. The old Quaker "poet of freedom" was the last but one of the band of great singers among which the distinctive voices of Bryant and Longfellow were heard. Only one now remains of the noted band of soulful singers who have made the name of America beloved throughout civilization—the aged and honored Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston.

The poet who has just departed was born in the beautiful Merrimac Valley about five miles from the market town of Haverhill, Mass., December 17th, 1807. Both his parents were members of the Society of Friends, and it was mainly owing to this Quaker strain, as Fotheringham has shown, that his incessant intellectual passion and abiding Transcendentalism proceeded. His intuitions were almost opposed to those of the Puritan. The Puritans, says the learned author of "Poets of America," had two gods, Deus and Diabolus; the Quakers recognized the former alone, chiefly through his incarnation as the Prince of Peace. Like many other adherents of purely human and un-inspired religious systems, the Quakers did not hesitate to exercise the right of interfering with the code and practice of other people, after a fashion the more intolerant from a surrender of the right to establish their own by the rope and the sword. The Whittier stock was about as old as a stock can be in Young America where few people can boast that they knew their grandfather. We are told, too, by a most reliable authority that it was a good stock—a God-fearing, pure, patient, brave and laborious stock.

His early years were spent working on the farm, and, during the enforced leisure of the winter months, he turned an honest penny, by making shoes. Thus he grew up in an atmosphere of simple, sturdy democracy, self-reliant and inured to hard work and contented with frugal fare and humble shelter. A brief attendance at the neighboring district school gave him the opportunity to acquire the rudiments of a plain education. At the age of nineteen years, however, he entered the Haverhill Academy, but found it possible to remain only a portion of two years,

probably less than twelve months altogether. Indeed his school days were remarkably few. Fortunately education does not consist merely in going to school. Nature intended Whittier to be a poet. Now, no college (whisper it not in Gath) can make a poet. Poets are born and they themselves must learn how to deliver their poetry. Consequently it would be a waste of time to speculate on what Whittier might have become had he rounded a complete collegiate course. We must take facts as they offer, and the facts are his schooling was scanty while the nature and extent of his education may be determined with most justice from a survey of his literary works.

That cheery critic, Stedman says during this period young Whittier listened eagerly to the provincial traditions and legends, a genuine folk-lore, recounted by his elders at the quiet Quaker fireside. His home affections were marked, as the readers of his beautiful *Snow Bound* will surmise. The great tome of nature, full of beauty and marvel, and open to all, was his favorite study. He had access to few printed books. At home the Bible and Bunyan's grim "Pilgrim's Progress" were about the only works within his reach. Happy chance, however, put him in possession of the songs of Burns, and they influenced him so much that it was upon those immortal lyrics he formed his own crude, earlier verses. Subsequently, when he had shaped a style of his own, and his writings had acquired world-wide fame, the title in which he took the most pride, and to which he had undoubtedly the best right was that of "the Burns of New England."

Before long the poet which was born in him began to assert the desires of the singer, and like Pope and Shelley he dabbled in verse at an early age. It is to be presumed the literary youth's passion was blazing within his boyish breast—the passion to behold his name in all the glory of print. Anyhow, he sent the productions of his unformed muse to the local newspapers by which they were published. They even attracted some attention to their author. A piece of verse sent by the young farmer and shoemaker to the Newbury "Free Press" led William Lloyd Garrison, its editor, to look up his promising contributor and to encourage

him with praise and counsel.

Mainly on the strength of his powers as a writer of verse and his growing celebrity Whittier went to Boston where he took charge of the tariff newspaper, the "American Manufacturer." But commercial writing was little to his taste or external circumstances were adverse, if we may surmise from his brief retention of office; for, before his twenty-fifth year, we find him changing from one journalistic desk to another, now at Boston, then at Haverhill and again at Hartford, in Connecticut. Old time journalism had its vicissitudes, and, indeed, in many cases, it gave out little more than most discomfiting vicissitudes.

Thus far I have followed Whittier's path through life and dwelt upon the details. I did so because his early life was commendable. Now, however, he had arrived at the parting of the ways. Thenceforward his talents were to receive their reward. From his twenty-fifth year we may view the poet slowly but surely working his way up the slopes of success. Thenceforward, too, he was to act a great public part and to help shape the destinies of his beloved America. We have shown how the man spent the years of his obscurity, and as all the chief acts of his manhood are to be found in the history of his country, the inquiring reader must seek them there, for to make adequate selections from the public period of his career with a view of illustrating the varied beauty and strength of his busy and useful life, would require more space than this journal probably desires to surrender to this imperfect sketch of the New England poet.

In 1832 he returned to Haverhill to edit the "Haverhill Gazette" and to work upon the paternal farm. Thus situated he remained for four years. He was sent twice to represent his State in her legislature. His politics consisted of a desire to make the name of America synonymous with justice, honesty and all sorts of true greatness. But the times were pregnant with mighty events. He, to use the words of one of his biographers, received his call. Already the best men in America were beginning to view slavery in its true aspect, that is, as a horrible and detestable curse. The hour was rapidly approaching when the declaration of in-

dependence, setting forth that all men were created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, was to be made something more than a hollow mockery to the poor enslaved Black Man of the South.

In 1831, Garrison began the publication of "The Liberator." This newspaper voiced the fiery thoughts of its editor, and both were devoted to the cause of Abolition. As we have already seen, Whittier was under an obligation to Garrison and the two men were close friends. If the editorials written by Garrison for "The Liberator" were powerful the poems supplied by Whittier were no less powerful. When all the powers of the land were arrayed against it, and its future promised nothing but disaster, the poet deliberately consecrated his talents to the sacred cause of human freedom. From that time until after America had wiped out the black stain of slavery with the red blood of her sons and the crystal tears of her women, Whittier toiled with an art which was by turns homely or refined, rough or finished, to advance the interest of the cause he had espoused. "For twenty years," he tells us, for once conquering his modesty, "my name would have injured the circulation of the literary or political journals of the country." The Abolitionists were hated and detested by the many. Christianity was once represented by one obscure individual. Abolitionism began with one or two sympathisers and being a great idea its growth was slow. But its foundation principle did grow until in time it possessed the public mind of the North. The share which the poet took in the holy task of overwhelming slavery cannot be told here in detail. Suffice it, then, to say that his work was at once intermittent, manly and preemiently practical. This is the flower and glory of his life, and until the latest day, it should secure the admiration of those who believe in the brotherhood of man. It is not given to all who love their Creator and their fellow-men for His sake, to bear great sufferings in His service, and few should look for any great reward on account of the little sacrifices which the demands of an uneventful and humdrum day necessitate, but it is, surely, beneficial

to regard a life which overflows with keenest pain, when God's love is the only aid in the long battle, and God's approving smile the only gain.

From 1831 to 1861, when the great War of the Rebellion opened, Whittier by voice and pen fearlessly advocated the cause of anti-slavery. Let us place here a list of the poetical works which he produced prior to the latter date. The *Legends of New England*, his first published work, appeared in 1831; *Moll Pitcher*, a poem, in 1833; *Mogg Megone*, a poem, wherein he applied the literary methods of Scott and Coleridge to the Indian, in 1836; *Ballads*, in 1838; *Lays of my Home*, 1843; *The Voices of Freedom*, 1849; *Songs of Labor*, 1850; *The Panorama*, 1856, and *Home Ballads*, 1860. Of his prose works we need take no account in this article, because in his poetry alone the man is destined to live.

The terrible tragedy of the great War was carried on and scene of blood succeeded scene of blood till the world wearied of the carnage. Whittier, although a Quaker and a lover of peace, was at heart a soldier and a hero. War was necessary that evil might cease, and, therefore, his voice was for war. During the years that were taken up with the mighty struggle, that is to say from 1861 to 1866 inclusively, Whittier produced his rough but forcible poems, *In War Time*, (1863), and his ringing *National Lyrics*, in 1865. Among the leaders of opinion in this crisis, the Garrisons, the Phillips, the Loring, the Longfellow, the Lowell, the Stowe, the Howes and Holmes, there was none who did more to excite enthusiasm for battle than Whittier. At last the time had come when his genius was to be recognized by his countrymen. The very homeliness of many of his ballads and lyrics was not without its appeal to the plain citizen of the Republic; just as Dryden somewhere says of Theocritus, his Doric dialect and quaint, old-fashioned methods gave his productions an incomparable sweetness. Stedman tells a pleasant little anecdote, which illustrates the high position he now held in the estimation of his countrymen. Shortly after the close of the Civil War, one among a group of prominent men, when conversation on politics and finance began to lag, asked the question, Who is the best American poet? Horace Greeley,

who was one of the party, replied with the name of Whittier, and his judgment was instantly approved by all present. By the epithet "best" the gentlemen must have meant most thoroughly American. Indeed an English reviewer, writing shortly after, pronounces Whittier to be the most national of American writers, explaining that he is the most characteristic by his extraordinary fluency, narrow experience, and wide sympathy, terms which are only other words for the loquacity, provincialism and generosity of heart which have come to be recognized as real American attributes.

In 1836, when Whittier became one of the American Secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society, he removed to Philadelphia where he remained till 1840, when he returned to Massachusetts and settled at Amesbury, where he continued to reside till his death. In 1866 he published his *Snow-Bound*, a delightful winter idyl which is justly classed with such immortal poems of places as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns. *The Tent on the Beach* was published in 1867; *Among the Hills*, 1868; *Ballads of New England*, 1870; *Miriam and Child Life*, 1870; *The Pennsylvanian Pilgrims*, 1872; *Mable Martin*, 1876; *The Vision of Echard*, 1878; *Bay of Seven Islands*, 1883; *Poems of Nature*, 1885 and the fine poem *St. Gregory's Guest*, in 1886. Thus ends a formidable roll of literary works, not one of which is without its merit. The life led by Whittier subsequent to the War was quiet, inoffensive and industrious. He had won for himself by his sterling ability, his unassuming manliness and his modest behavior the respect and affection of all, and now that he has gone forth from this world, a whole nation weeps over his grave.

Were I asked to name Whittier's leading characteristics as a poet in three words, I should answer naturalness and sincerity. He had more substance than Poe, was more pliable than Bryant and less academic than Longfellow. Like Thomas Davis, of Ireland, he was the bard of a historic event, and, like Charles MacKay, of Scotland, and Gerald Massey of England, he was the poet of reform. The unstudied quality of his verse is quite perceptible in much that he has written. Much of it, too, is artistically faulty even

when the blemishes might have been removed by a little more care. But although some of his stanzas are absolutely crude they all heave and pant with feeling and life. Would I could say as much for our aspiring young Canadian bards! Deeply religious, at heart he lost

no opportunity to hymn the praise of God. Throughout his lengthy and singularly blameless career, he was always, in the words of his friend, Oliver Johnson, the widely sympathetic Prophet Bard of America, the poet of freedom, humanity and religion.



GENUINE GEMS.

Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
 Unmelted at the bottom lay,
 To shine again when, all drunk up,
 The bitterness should pass away.
 —*Moore.*

The safest principle through life,
 instead of reforming others, is the set
 about perfecting yourself.
 —*B. R. Haydon.*

Those high-built hopes that crush us
 by their fall. —*Campbell.*

A man must serve his time at every trade
 Save censure, critics all are ready made.
 —*Byron.*

Much tongue, and much judgment
 seldom go together : talking and thinking
 are two quite different faculties.
 —*L'Estrange.*

The greatest friend of truth is Time, her
 greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her con-
 stant companion is Humility. —*Colton.*

Oh Time ! thou beautifier of the dead—
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath
 bled—
 Time the corrector when our judgments
 err,
 The test of truth, love, sole philosopher.
 —*Byron.*

To be angry is to revenge the faults of
 others upon ourselves. —*Pope.*

A weak mind is like a microscope which
 magnifies trifling things, but cannot re-
 ceive great ones. —*Lord Chesterfield.*

What spectre can the charnel send,
 So dreadful as an injured friend.
 —*Scott.*

Tricks and treachery are the practices
 of fools that have not wit enough to be
 honest. —*Benjamin Franklin.*

In this world a man must be either a
 hammer or an anvil. —*Longfellow.*

Experience join'd to common sense
 To mortals is a providence. —*Green.*

It is not so much the being exempt from
 faults, as the having overcome them that
 is an advantage to us. —*Pope.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian
 spring ;
 For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
 And drinking sobers us again. —*Pope.*

Happiness is the natural flower of duty.
 —*Brooks.*

Be wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 —*Young.*

If you go through the world stooping a
 little, you will save yourself many a rough
 blow. —*Benjamin Franklin.*

The lamp of genius tho' by nature lit,
 If not protected, prun'd and fed with care
 Soon dies, or runs to waste in fitful glare.
 —*Charles Wilcox.*

Our time is like our money. When we
 change a guinea, the shillings escape as
 things of small account ; when we break
 a day by idleness in the morning, the rest
 of the hours lose their importance in our
 eyes. —*Scott.*

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more
 esteem'd
 But honerty, once pawn'd is ne'er redeem'd.
 —*Middleton.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
 Nothing's so hard, but search will find it
 out.
 —*Herrick.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.
 —*Byron.*

O breath of public praise,
 Short liv'd and vain ! oft gain'd without
 desert
 As often lost, unmerited ! —*Harvard.*

THE LATE DR. O'SULLIVAN.

It was with feelings of deepest sorrow that we received the sad news of Dr. O'Sullivan's death. This eminent Christian gentleman was carried off by a severe attack of typhoid fever at Penetang, Ont., on the 13th inst. His loss is indeed a serious one to the country, to Catholics especially. With good reason will his death be widely mourned throughout Canada. He has long since identified his name with the highest aims of his people. Among the excellent productions of his pen we find his work on "Government in Canada" used as a standard text-book in the schools of law.

The late Dr. O'Sullivan was born in Seymour, Northumberland Co., Ont., on Feb., 21st, 1848. He received his early education at the public school near his home and at St. Michael's College, Toronto. In 1868 he entered Toronto University and four years later received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from this institution. He then began the study of law with the firm of Blake, Kerr & Bethune. In his professional studies he won great distinction, carrying off the highest honors during each year of his course, and finally received from Chancellor Moss a most flattering mention. He was called to the bar in 1875, and he then settled down in the Queen City and soon gained an extensive practice. But with the multiplying of duties his abilities seemed to become greater than ever. Notwithstanding his extensive practice he found time to prepare some able contributions for the press on the literature of his profession and on religious topics. Some notable essays from his pen have appeared in the American Quarterly Review. He has on different occasions acted as counsel for the Separate Schools.

He has also been solicitor for the Catholic Corporations of Toronto, and for several others in Ontario, as well as for the greater number of religious communities of Toronto. He was too the Catholic representative in the Senate of Toronto University and on the Board of the General Hospital up to the time of his death.

Three years ago the late Mr. O'Sullivan was made a Queen's Counsel by the Dominion Government and a little later he received the degree of LL.D from Laval University. Last year Ottawa University conferred the same degree upon him, and in April last he was called upon to take a position in the newly organized Faculty of Law of this institution.

In 1880 Dr. O'Sullivan married Miss Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. W. H. Higgins, formerly a journalist in Whitby, Ont. The deceased gentleman now leaves his beloved wife and six children to mourn his loss. THE OWL extends to them its most sincere sympathy in their sad hour of bereavement.

A Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul the late Dr. O'Sullivan was sung in the University Chapel on the morning of the 21st inst. Sir John Thompson, Mr. O'Gara Q. C. and the other members of the Law Faculty assisted.

Speaking of the deceased a Toronto journal says; "Dr. O'Sullivan was one of the fixed stars in the literary firmament of the country. A man of ripe scholarship, temperate judgment and studious accuracy in discussion, his views always carried weight wherever delivered." He was a devout Christian, an upright citizen, an able and brilliant man and a kind and loving husband and father.

—*Requiescat in pace.*



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FROM THE PERCH.

In settling itself once more upon the Perch, the OWL experiences a feeling of keen regret at the absence of many firm friends. Rev. Dr. Nolin, O.M.I., the enthusiastic managing editor has left—for this year at least. Of his success, the OWL will simply say it is impossible to speak too highly; the two volumes which appeared under his direction, are to the present and will be to future boards of editors, models of taste and enterprise.

The OWL extends its honest claw to bid a last farewell to several ex-editors among this year's graduates from Divinity Hall. At the thought of this separation, the wise bird bows its head in sorrow, and protests that never shall it forget its debt of gratitude to those who have been kind friends from its birth.

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All whom they leave in their Alma Mater sincerely wish success to Rev. Fathers Foley, Phelan, MacDonald and Mr. M. F. Fallon in their new and elevated sphere of action. The OWL, peering into the darkness which veils the future, solemnly predicts that success shall be theirs, if, with their many other sterling qualities, they continue to display the energy of which they gave proof in occasionally contributing to the College paper, when every day for them counted long hours devoted to arduous ecclesiastical studies.

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Of last year's staff the names of Messrs. Denis Murphy, J. P. Collins, C. D. Gaudet and J. R. O'Connor figure on the list of B.A.'s for '92. For the first time in its history, the OWL sees none of its ex-editors return to College to reside in the East Wing. The bird of wisdom is deeply grieved at having had to say to these friends not *au revoir*, but *adieu*. It feels a pang at having sometimes made the boys work too hard; within its feathery breast, struggle for supremacy feelings of gratitude and the hope and confidence that the late editors will one day, and that soon, make their mark in the careers they have chosen. As from the Perch it looks down sadly upon the seats so recently vacated, it sighs: "Can they be as worthily filled?"

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Its old-time sapience, the OWL hopes, has guided it in its choice of a staff for '92-93. The new editors, on taking up their quills, pledged themselves to make Vol. VI.

worthy of a place beside preceding volumes. To redeem this promise the new board, acting under the inspiration of its sage mentor, has counted upon the generous aid of several old and prized contributors among alumni and students, and upon meriting a continuance of the sympathy and encouragement which the University Faculty has so freely accorded in the past. It is hoped too that a large number of new names will be added this year to the list of contributors. The earnest student must be convinced of the immense advantage he will gain, both as regards formation of style and development of mind, by occasionally writing for publication. Let no diffidence nor false pride prevent anyone from trying; choose your own subject, and your manuscript shall ever be welcomed and carefully examined. The wise old OWL loses none of its esteem for the young writer who does not succeed the first time.

The rather late opening of the University, and the fact that a number of editors and writers make their first bow to the reading public, will, it is hoped, satisfactorily explain the tardy appearance of the opening number this year. The OWL promises that in future it will be an early bird. And now, before closing these notes from the Perch, it is in order to beg leave to say to alumni and students that the OWL feels there are good reasons why every one of them should place his name upon its subscription list. It is only repeating what has been often said by none too friendly critics, when it asserts that a volume of nearly 600 pages, largely filled with carefully prepared essays on literary and scientific subjects, such as last year's numbers made, and such as it is hoped this year's numbers will make, is well worth the trifling sum of one dollar. An excellent college journal brings honor to the institution from which it comes, and thus

honor to those who have followed or are following a course of study therein. The college news given by the OWL cannot fail to be of interest to a large number of alumni, and is certainly read with pleasure by parents and friends of students to whom the paper is sent. All the students especially should support the OWL on principle, it is *their* paper; in so doing and having the numbers bound, every one will provide himself with the finest possible souvenir of his days in college.

READ THEM.

We present in this issue of the OWL two interesting and elegantly written articles which we think should commend themselves to all our readers by their excellent *a propos*. One from the able pen of the Very Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson, V.G. LL.D., etc., needs no recommendation, as anything emanating from this learned gentleman will be highly relished by the reading public, for he has by his sterling qualities and scholarly accomplishments won a national reputation as one of Canada's most powerful writers.

Though far be it from us to stir up racial enmity in our fair Dominion, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that such a state of affairs as the Rev. gentleman describes, should occur in this nineteenth century, despite all its boasted enlightenment. It is most surprising that an Anglican Bishop should so far forget the teachings of Calvary, as to assume the sword and buckler, in order to coerce the poor benighted heathens of Africa into becoming Protestants. No! this was not enough, he must first massacre the Catholics, that he might more effectively attain his end. We thought that proceedings of this kind were characteristic of barbaric ages. We were mistaken. Had a Catholic Bishop been

guilty of such a step what a furore would have been raised, this Bishop Tucker would have held up his hands in holy horror, pronounced the Pope the arch-enemy of mankind, and declared Catholics the opponents of liberty and freedom. That such an act should be countenanced, as it evidently was, by the late Prime Minister of England and those in high authority surpasses our comprehension. We have heard, in season and out of season, that wherever floated the English flag, there reigned peace, happiness, prosperity and religious toleration. Alas! this seems to be an idle vaunt, for it was English soldiers and English officers that perpetrated this dastardly outrage, by which a great number of Catholics were butchered, the Catholic King Miranga driven from his throne and a Mussulman established in his kingdom. The late English Government has not much reason to feel proud of its stand on this question, and were it not that this ministry has been relegated to the cool shades of Opposition, and that we place more trust in the fairness of the Gladstonian ministry, we would be led to conclude that the vaunted liberty and religious toleration beneath the Union Jack, was a delusion and a snare.

The other article to which we have reference is written by Dr. Chabot, a former student of Ottawa University and a graduate of McGill. To those of our readers who do not know Dr. John, we need only say that he has proven by his past record, that he is fully qualified to be considered an authority upon the subject he treats: for, after a brilliant course at Ottawa University he entered McGill, led his class whilst there, and graduated with honours. The medical students of McGill showed their high esteem for him, by selecting him to represent them at the banquet held by Queen's College last spring. We feel confident that a paper from this talented young gentleman upon a subject that is of

paramount importance to each and every one of our readers, will receive the recognition that it merits. The dreaded cholera epidemic, after introducing the angel of death into thousands of European homes, has already reached the shores of America. In the presence of this merciless enemy, our readers will derive much useful information from a careful perusal of the article headed "Asiatic Cholera."



REV. L. A. NOLIN, O.M.I., LL.D.

The retirement of Rev. Father Nolin from the professorial staff, is sincerely regretted by his students and a very large circle of friends in Ottawa. Over twenty years did the Rev. Father pass in the University, and in the discharge of the various important offices intrusted to him, he displayed uncommon abilities and an earnestness which richly deserved the success he ever attained.

We knew him best as professor of classics, and in that capacity we doubt that he was second to any professor in the land. We have come in contact with scores if not hundreds of those who have been his students, at one time or another, during the last quarter of a century, and one and all speak with satisfaction and pleasure of the hours passed in Father Nolin's class.

His command of English and French is simply perfect, and his acquaintance with the literature of both these languages difficult to surpass. These attainments and the enthusiasm he felt himself, and knew how to impart to others, for all he undertook, enabled him to gain for the Senior Debating Society, of which he was for many years director, the important place it holds in the consideration of Faculty and students. He had the direction of the OWL for the last two years,

and all who have read our paper, number after number during that time, will know Father Nolin's merit when we say that, to him has been largely due the OWL's success. Here, as well as in his lecture-room and the Debating Society, he has rendered services to the University of Ottawa, which entitle him to the genuine gratitude of every student who prides himself on the fair name of his Alma Mater.

Father Nolin ranks high as a pulpit-ordinator, and it is, we understand, to preaching missions that he will devote his time in future. He may rest assured that he will be long remembered by all whom he has left in Ottawa, and that our wishes for continued success attend him.

AIDE-TOI.

Help yourself, and heaven will help you, is a motto which every young man would do well to follow. He who allows himself to become the constant recipient of other men's charity, or is ever seeking help from without, need not expect to succeed. Success in life depends on ourselves, on our own honest and determined efforts. It is a common saying that he who begins with crutches will generally end with them. No one who has not encountered difficulties, endured hardships and surmounted obstacles, can consider himself as fitted for life's great battles. The history of the rich and poor of every age and every nation tells us, that the so-called "lucky ones" almost invariably began life under the most straitened circumstances, while their less fortunate brethren, who, beginning where their industrious fathers left off, have stopped hopeless and helpless where their fathers began.

Now there is no place where this spirit of independence and self-reliance is more constantly required than at school. It

not unfrequently occurs that too many hand in exercises in which copying, transcribing and mutilating have been relied upon to deceive the vigilance of the teacher. Assistance of this kind, like inherited wealth, is a title-deed to sloth. Students of this type had better remain at home, for they not only waste their own time and that of their teachers, but they squander their parents' hard-earned money and at the same time are actually rendering themselves unfit to perform aright the duties of any important station in life. Having plenty of spare time, for work is the last thing they think of, they are generally the source of the most trouble. They are to be found in every conceivable place, but where they should be. They most frequently complain of the treatment they receive. Everything with them is flat, stale and unprofitable. Their teachers are poor, their companions unsociable, their accommodation inadequate. Nothing they see is up to the standard, and still those delicately-strung, fault-finding, moral weaklings will not scruple to receive aid from without on every available opportunity. They might do this or that were they placed in different circumstances. They forget that every man is largely the architect of his own circumstances, and that "our strength is measured by our plastic power." Why do we see at the end of each scholastic year, such a difference in the mental acquirements of students of the same class? The reason is evident. They began the year on the same level, and under similar circumstances, but while the one stops to survey the steep ascent before him, to examine his means of scaling the height only to turn away from the horrible scene disappointed and crest-fallen, the other sees at a glance his situation and without stopping to consider each and every obstacle that may impede his upward progress, sets resolutely to work to master each difficulty in

turn. It is said that John C. Calhoun, while a student at Yale College, was ridiculed by his fellow-students for his constant application to study. "Why Sirs," said he, "I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in congress." And J. C. Calhoun did sit in congress, and with what honor and distinction he served his country is known to every student of American history. Let every student then, remembering the words of Calhoun, as well as those of Edmund Burke in his reply to the Duke of Bedford, "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator,"—form as early as possible the fixed resolution of doing his very best, and without any assistance from others, save those from whom he may rightly look for aid.



DOMINION TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Not the least important move made since our last issue in the way of education was the Dominion Teachers' Association held in Montreal last summer. To see Canada's 20,000 teachers represented at one meeting was to us a pleasing sight, and when we learned that religions and race were blotted out, that Protestant and Catholic, French and English were to interchange ideas on the great education problem, our interest was redoubled. It is indeed something new in the history of Canada to witness the superintendents of Ontario and Quebec willing to confer with each other on educational matters and yet something for which the true friends of education have often wished. Hitherto it seemed as though Ontario educationists thought the Quebec system unworthy of their serious consideration, while those from Quebec were so thoroughly wrapped up in their own schools that they did not

deign to even examine the Ontario system. As a matter of course both ignored the systems of the Maritime Provinces, which, in many respects, are superior to either. But now, if the utterances of Messrs. Ross and Ouimet are a sign of the feelings of the sister provinces, this condition of affairs seems in a fair way of becoming a thing of the past. However, little of practical value has yet been done, for although some beautiful things were said by these two gentlemen and by others, yet it appears to us that it is not enough that Ontario and Quebec have friendly discussions on these matters. Each should be willing and resolved to profit by the excellencies and defects of the other. For, that there is much to be admired in the education of both provinces is undeniable, but that both have gone to extremes is equally undeniable. In the Ontario schools arithmetic is undoubtedly made the standard for promotion. Some may deny this, claiming that all subjects are kept abreast; but while this may be true in a few cases, yet these are the exceptions. The general tendency is towards mathematics and the teacher has been educated to look on this branch with a feeling so akin to reverence that he believes it his duty to give almost half his time to it. And, no doubt, our schools turn out students who are well prepared to proceed by way of a collegiate institute or high school through the honor mathematics course in our universities. But what about English as taught in our schools? Experience has shown that the composition of pupils trying the entrance examination to our high schools is abominable, while their reading is simply not reading at all. This sad state of affairs is certainly not the fault of the pupils, nor yet of any one in particular. It is somewhat of a national failing and 'is due greatly to the fact that our teachers have unconsciously imbibed the idea that literary matters are studies of

secondary importance, and consequently they are less painstaking when teaching them. And not only are our public school teachers animated by this tendency towards mathematics, but the same spirit is found in our colleges and universities. The result is that the number of students following the honor mathematics course far exceeds that in the other honor courses. And not only is their number greater but it comprises our best material. Thus it is that while Ontario can boast of many good mathematicians, she has very few literary men and, we may say, no literature. But let us now turn to Quebec which we shall find has gone to the opposite extreme. In the elementary schools, reading and literature receive that attention which in Ontario is bestowed on arithmetic; and this latter subject in turn receives very little attention. The teachers look on it with indifference; very little is taught beyond the four elementary rules, and even these are not practically taught, but the operations are performed mechanically. In this respect the education of Quebec is more at fault than is that of Ontario with regard to literature. Throughout their colleges and universities the same tendency to neglect mathematics prevails. In fact a student may take a full university course in that province and know little of elementary mathematics to say nothing of the higher branches. Thus we see that the two provinces have gone to opposite extremes: One has sacrificed literature, the other mathematics; one is apparently of the opinion that literature—as well as philosophy—is a fit study for dreamers; the other seems to consider mathematics as a branch savoring of infidelity. And until both take a happy medium between these two extremes neither can hope to attain great results. Let Ontario learn that her literature needs encouragement; let Quebec learn that in this practical age a sound knowledge of

mathematics is indispensable. Let them place these two branches on an equal footing in the elementary schools, higher schools and colleges, as the maritime provinces have already done. This, it appears to us, is what Ontario may learn from Quebec, what Quebec may learn from Ontario. Let them learn this, and the result will be that both will have broader minded and more practical men.

OBITUARY.

Within the last few months the dread monster, death, has been busily at work, and no less than three former students of this institution have been ruthlessly carried off. The circumstances, too, were exceedingly trying as all were called away without that preparatory warning, which, to a certain extent, seems to make the sting of parting less poignant. Violent endings were the fate of all three and in their suddenness we are forcibly reminded of the stern reality of the scriptural text "Be ye always ready for at what hour ye know not the Son of Man will come."

God grant that the three young souls so unexpectedly snatched away, were in a state worthy to appear before the awful judgment seat of their Maker and that they have reached that better life where turmoils cease and happiness is all pervading.

ALFRED ROCHON '95.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we record the untimely death of Alfred Rochon, one of the most promising students of the University. It was indeed a night of horror for the students when they heard that death, the fell destroyer, had rudely snatched away one of their number. They could scarcely believe that the dark waters of the treacherous Rideau flowed silently on over the beloved form of him who a short few moments before was so full of life.

Alas! the report was only too true,

never more in this life would they behold poor Alfred Rochon, never more would the sweet accents of his voice fall upon their ears. His soul had winged its way to the judgment-seat of God. Alfred Rochon was a young man of more than ordinary ability and gave promise of one day becoming a leader among men. It was a heavy blow to his parents that their only son should be snatched away in the morning of life. The funeral, one of the largest ever witnessed in Hull, was ample proof of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by all. The professors and students of the University attended in a body and saw the remains of their pupil and companion laid in their final resting place.—*Requiescat in pace.*

HONORIUS SEDILOT '92.

Scarcely had we settled down to work after the summer holidays, when we were shocked by the calling away, under most painful circumstances, of another of our confères of last year.

Honorius Sedilot class of '92, came to his death at the Hotel Chambly fire in Montreal on Sunday night, Sept. the 11th. Our unfortunate friend was taken from the building when about suffocated by smoke; though every effort was made to revive him he died shortly after, not however before receiving a last absolution. Deceased was about to enter the Grand Seminary. He was very much attached to his teachers and Alma Mater, and was a member of the Conventum of French Canadian students organized here in 1890. During his two years' stay amongst us, he won the esteem and admiration of his fellow-students by his numerous manly qualities; he was especially looked up to by all as a model of gentlemanly deportment.

We wish to extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of our lamented fellow-student. We sincerely trust that the All-wise Providence which has seen fit to call him away, will also grant his aged parents the strength necessary to support them in this trying hour.—*Requiescat in pace.*

CHARLES HAMILTON '86.

The third victim was Mr. C. F. Hamil-

ton, of Sidney Mines, N. S., who graduated as B. A. in 1886. The dispatch which arrived announcing his death as the result of a railroad accident was a shock to those who knew him while here. As a student he won the esteem of comrades and the confidence of teachers. Of a retiring and amiable disposition he left behind him in college a name ever recalled with pleasure. After leaving Ottawa he attended the Dalhousie Law School and that cleverness which he evinced whilst amongst us stood him in good stead. He took a leading place as a student-at-law and before graduating, the degree of LL.B. was conferred upon him. He passed his final examination in September, 1890, and has since then been engaged in his profession with bright prospects before him. But the ways of God are not the ways of man. It was decreed that he should early quit this life and in obedience to the Divine summons he was snatched away when the future promised so much.—*May his soul rest in peace.*

THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, paid his annual official visit to the University on Monday, Sept. 26th. The day was of course observed as a holiday. In the morning High Mass was sung in the chapel. His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, who was in the city on a visit accepted the Chancellor's invitation to act as celebrant. His Grace's sermon in the chapel was a most lucid exposition of the Catholic doctrine regarding education, and a masterly presentation of the duties of educators and students. This number of the OWL was in the printer's hands some time before His Grace's visit, we regret that this prevents us from presenting his eloquent discourse to readers this month, we hope to be able to do so in our next issue.

At ten o'clock their Lordships were given a reception in the Academic Hall, by the students and faculty of the University. Addresses of welcome were read in English and French by J. P. Smith, '93, and L. Raymond, '93. In reply to the ad-

dresses His Grace spoke of the pleasure it always gave to him to visit his Alma Mater. He always, he said, looked back with pleasure to the days he had spent here as a student, under the protecting care of the late Dr. Tabaret, to whose memory he paid a glowing tribute. He was proud to-day to see the good work that was being done by the institution in the cause of Catholic education. He congratulated the faculty and professors on the efficiency of the work and on the goodly number of students attending the University, and in conclusion expressed the hope that each succeeding year would show an increase in the number of students and in the usefulness of the work that is being done.

His Lordship Bishop Lorrain then expressed the pleasure it was for him to be present and accept the invitation to sing High Mass, even though, as he explained, he was thereby obliged to postpone some intended business. He reminded the students of the opportunities they were enjoying of receiving a good education and likewise of the necessity there is to-day of having the same. When they would go out into the world it would be their duty to show that they had been trained in an institution whose system of education was equal to that of any other college or university. In the battle of life there was much hard work to be done, and now was the time, and persevering study the means to prepare and equip for it. At the conclusion of Bishop Lorrain's remarks, the Archbishop bestowed his blessing on all assembled. Following is a copy of the English address:—

To His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa and Chancellor of the University.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP.—It is with sentiments of the purest pleasure and gratitude that we are assembled here to-day, to extend to your Grace a hearty welcome on the occasion of your annual visit to your Alma Mater, and to thank you for the kindly and sincere interest you have always taken in our welfare, and whatever appertains to the progress and success of the institution.

In reviewing the records of Ottawa University from its infancy nearly half a century ago to the present proud moment

the reader cannot fail to note the names of two men standing forth prominently as the devoted and zealous guardians of the noble work. The one, the ever to be remembered Dr. Tabaret, founder of the University, whom the hand of death so early snatched from the scene of his life's labors, and the other, Your Grace, first in time and dignity among her numerous and honored children. He seeing the great necessity of such an institution in a province where Catholic education was sadly neglected, and foreseeing the grand work it was destined to accomplish, loved it with all the strength and tenderness of a fond parent, while you, my Lord Archbishop, beholding the same grave necessity in nowise diminished, but on the contrary, daily increasing, and knowing the nature and efficiency of the work performed within these hallowed precincts by our faithful and earnest professors, are justly proud of your Alma Mater.

It is but to add one more proof to those you have already given of your attachment to the University that you have come among us to-day, to invoke the blessings of heaven upon our studies and to cheer and encourage by your kindly words. We can heartily assure you that your efforts in the past to raise Ottawa University to the proud pre-eminence she now occupies, as well as the lively interest you take in our future success, are duly appreciated by all present. Last year you expressed the great pleasure it afforded you to see so large an increase in the number of students, but this year we are pleased to tell you that our numbers are far in advance of any former year. While Quebec and the neighboring Republic send hither more than their usual quota of industrious, intelligent young men, Ontario, hitherto rather backward, has doubled her number of aspirants for fame. And now, my Lord Archbishop, while again offering you our sincere thanks for honoring us with this visit, we at the same time join in expressing the hope that it may please God to spare you for many years to come, and that all your efforts, both for your extensive diocese and the institution you so dearly cherish, may be as prolific of good in the future as they have been in the past.

And to you also, Most Rev. Bishop Lorrain, do we extend a hearty welcome

to this University. Though you are not a son of our Alma Mater you have, nevertheless, always taken a deep interest in everything that pertains to the welfare of the institution, and it is our earnest wish that for years you may have the necessary health and strength to continue the good work you have so well begun and which, so far, you have so well carried on.

will be curate of the Sacred Heart Church this city. He will also retain his position of professor of history in the University. Father Phalen made both his classical and theological studies here, and was for several years a professor in the University, where he leaves a host of friends. We are pleased to learn that he has already been intrusted with the care of a parish, and we feel confident that in him the Catholics of Canso, N.S., will find an able, energetic and zealous priest.

ORDINATIONS.

In the Church of the Sacred Heart on Sunday, June 26th, Rev. T. W. Smith, O. M. I., Rev. W. J. Murphy, O. M. I. and Rev. A. Desjardins were raised to the priesthood by his Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

Father Smith has been connected with the University for many years, and has won golden opinions for himself both as a student and as professor of English. In addition to his duties as professor, he will this year be assistant prefect of discipline in the senior department, a position for which long experience has admirably fitted him. Father Murphy graduated at the University in '88, and has since been on the professorial staff as teacher of mathematics.

Sunday, July 3rd, Rev. A. Myrand was ordained priest at the Convent of the Precious Blood in this city. It is an interesting fact that what is now the Convent of the Precious Blood was the residence of the Rev. gentleman's parents at the time of his birth.

On the same day, at the Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont., Rev. D. R. MacDonald was ordained. He was a member of the class of '89, and will long be remembered as one of the founders of the O. U. A. A. as well as for the active part he took in all the college sports. Father MacDonald figured on the hockey, lacrosse and snowshoe clubs, and his name may be seen engraved on the Athletic Association's magnificent football trophy as one of the "Champions" for '88-89. He has been named curate at the Cathedral, Alexandria.

August 21st, at Ottawa, Rev. E. David, O. M. I., and at Antigonish, N. S., Rev. D. V. Phalen had conferred upon them the dignity of the priesthood. The former

THE CLASS OF 1892.

As our last number was issued before the commencement exercises took place, we were withheld from referring to the graduating class of '92. It were hardly fair to leave those graduates unnoticed, as that class played a most important part amongst us during the last few years.

Its members were more than ordinarily successful in their studies, were prominent in athletics, and THE OWL owes much of its late success to their efforts. Though they are no longer in our midst, still our interest in their welfare is not gone. We shall always hear of their success with pleasure, and shall hold ourselves ready to render them what little assistance may be in our power.

Most of these gentlemen were models of what students should be in the several fields which go to make up college life. They were ever willing to lend their aid to any project which had for object to benefit the institution or the members thereof. It will no doubt interest our readers to be informed as to what careers they will adopt in that larger life beyond the walls of their Alma Mater.

Mr. D. Murphy, the valedictorian who so ably filled the chair of chief-editor on last year's OWL staff, is to embrace the legal-profession with bright prospects. As confreres in that profession he will likely have Mr. C. D. Gaudet who made such an energetic captain of last year's football team, Mr. J. R. O'Connor, whose poetry possessed such charms for OWL readers, and Mr. Gerald Griffin, prominent in football circles. May their success be complete as exponents of the intricacies of the law.

As is usual with graduates of Ottawa University, the Séminary lays a large claim on their number, for we find that no less than seven of the class of '92 will league themselves under the banner of the cross. The aspirants for fame in this admirable sphere of disinterested labor are Messrs. T. J. Troy, J. Chisholm, A. Carriere, who will belong to the Ottawa Seminary; Mr. J. T. McNally will make his studies in Rome, Mr. D. McMillan is to study at Montreal, Messrs. J. Dean and J. P. Collins at Brighton, and Mr. J. H. Breheny at Troy. It is our ardent wish that they may faithfully perform the sacred duties which will devolve upon them and that they may bring credit on themselves and the seat of learning which was theirs.

In accordance with his well-known taste for scientific pursuits Mr. A. Charron has decided to make the study of chemistry a specialty, and has already joined the staff of Dr. Valade, Government analyst in this city. Mr. C. A. McCarthy will probably follow the course of medicine at McGill College.

To all of them we extend our heart-felt wish that their callings may be congenial and that they may obtain that prosperous success which merit and duty well done deserve.

EXCHANGES.

The OWL has just been awakened from his long sleep by the familiar sound of the College bell. He perches himself by the sanctum window, flaps his wings and after several successive blinks, spies the well laden table. He gives to his many friends thereon a hearty welcome, extends to them one and all a cordial invitation to call often, and expresses the hope that that spirit of good-will and mutual encouragement which has been the characteristic of the College journal in the past will not only continue to exist but if possible be increased during the coming year. "We all have the same end in view" he sagely says, "and we are all making use of the same means to attain that end, let us then be friends and help and encourage one another as much as possible." The

sage bird is not averse to criticism but maintains that the ex-man should criticise not in a harsh unfeeling manner but as a brother. "Every question has two sides consequently difference of opinion should not introduce feelings of enmity or bitterness amongst us." Addressing his brother journals throughout the land the OWL says, "May all success crown your noble efforts during the year '92-93."

The agriculturist's work is never done, even in the sultry month of August the Agricultural College of Michigan sends forth its highly interesting journal the *Speculum*. A scholarly "Criticism of the Coverly Papers" is one of its leading articles. The authors says: "Addison's aims in the Coverly Papers, and indeed in all his Spectator papers are of the highest moral excellence. If he had any ambition to become rich or famous, it must have been subordinated to his desire to elevate and purify society and social intercourse." Of Addison's style he says: "His style is one of the most attractive and restful, if we may so characterize it, of any in English literature. He may almost be said to have originated it. If we compare it to that of his predecessors, it is the thought of Bacon expressed with almost the simplicity of Bunyan."

A photo of the Bates College baseball team, champions of the Maine Intercollegiate League, makes an excellent frontispiece for the commencement number of the *Bates Student*. The *Student* also contains an instructive editorial on college life. For the benefit of those in our midst just beginning the classical course we cull the following: "College life has been called a weeding-out process; and so it is, or may be, in individual life. No other place or condition in life presents more critical opportunities for showing the stuff one is made of, and no where else are conditions more encouraging for the development of qualities that mean success."

It is with feelings of gladness we welcome *The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle* to our table. We hope to see it there often during the coming year. It keeps its readers well apace with the doings and progress of Catholicity throughout

the land, and its editorial column ever shows forth in a masterly manner the emptiness of those attacks and accusations made by bigots against the true Church and her members.

The July-August number of the *St. John's University Record* is before us. Several neatly executed engravings adorn its pages. It does one's heart good to read the interesting account of the Alumni banquet and the feeling orations delivered on that occasion. May the Alumni of every college be as true and loyal to their Alma Mater.

The *Stray-Shot* sent out a re-union number for June. We find the speeches delivered at the Alumni Dinner interesting and at times heart-stirring. Judging from the engraving before us the Gunnery baseball team must be composed of well developed athletes.

In the *King's College Record* Mr. De Mille touches, as he expresses it, upon "some of the benefits of a residential Collegiate course." His remarks on the subject are pointed and well reasoned. He maintains and in our opinion rightly that a student to get the full benefit of a classical training most needs reside within the walls of his Alma Mater. He writes "Community of interest implies community of thought and action and when a number of young men are thrown together at college, having the same ends in view and pursuing the same motives, breadth of mind is encouraged by the mingling and interchange of ideas of the different schools, and that *esprit de corps* and love of Alma Mater engendered, which is so essential to the true life of the student, and without which even the best institution soon becomes dull and apathetic.

Aubrey De Vere is a poet whose works are not perhaps as well known and appreciated as they should be. An article replete with information regarding him and his writings appears in the September number of the *St. Mary's Chimes*. It runs in the following strain: "It is not as a writer of national verses, nor as a poetical reformer, that Aubrey De Vere holds his place in literature. His highest claim

rests on his powers as a dramatist, and is supported by the degree of excellence attained in his masterly dramas, 'St. Thomas of Canterbury' and 'Alexander the Great,' the second of which is considered by many the finest work of the kind achieved in this age of literary progress, far outranking the poet-laureate's lauded attempts in this line. Classic throughout, it contains not an exceptionable line and is stamped throughout with the coin-mark of sterling genius."

Among the new arrivals in our sanctum we welcome the *Collegium*, a bright little paper published by the students of St. Dunstons College, P. E. I. Its original matter is well up to the standard. We commend especially the patriotic essay on Canada. It is well written and has the right ring about it. We would like to see some original poetry, however. Evidently there is no lack of the stuff of which poems are made. The very forcible description of a thunderstorm displays powers of imagination that should enable the writer to take high rank among the great poets of the future.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Tendres Choses.—Par le Dr. R. Chevrier.—Before entering upon the all-absorbing duties of his profession, Dr. R. Chevrier, already well-known in our literary societies, has offered to his family and friends a charming book of poetry with the very attractive title, put at the head of this notice. As the spring gives out its pure water, the tree its fruit and the flower its perfume, so his youthful soul has poured out on these unpretentious pages its lovely dreams and its dreamy love. Dr. Chevrier has not, as it happens to many inexperienced writers, attempted to rise to the summit of Parnassus and to take his flight among the clouds; he likes better to remain in the valley and to describe what he has himself seen and felt. Generally he does it in a pure, harmonious and graceful language which pleases the ear, as the sweet murmur of the breeze passing through the foliage of a tree. We are also happy to observe in many of the poems a

tru Christian spirit and in all of them, even in those which by the nature of the subjects they refer to are somewhat delicate, a deep moral sense. We hope that Dr. Chevrier will not entirely give up literary pursuits when engaged in his professional duties, but that at his leisure hours he will, either in prose or verse, enlarge the treasure of Canadian literature.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review.—At the very top in the scale of current Catholic literature on this continent, stands the *Catholic Quarterly Review*. The ablest and most scholarly writers of the day make up the list of regular contributors and with the editorial direction in the hands of the gifted archbishop of Philadelphia, nothing is wanting to make the *Review* all-powerful in its struggle against modern error. The last issue but one, opens with the Rev. A. F. Hewit's article intitled "The Catholic Idea in Prophecy." For a clear and concise exposition of Catholic doctrine and the grounds upon which it is based, nothing finer could be recommended than Father Hewit's able statement. Richard H. Clarke's "Christopher Columbus" which ran through three numbers is completed in the July issue. Disloyalty and jealousy have ever united in belittling the motives and the character of the world's greatest admiral, ever since that memorable Friday on which he set sail, but yet a purer motive never prompted any great undertaking nor did lofty resolve ever dwell in a nobler heart. On the first page of his historic journal Columbus tells us that he commenced his voyage

IN NOMINE DOMINI NOSTRI JESU CHRISTI,
With appalling difficulties, trials, dangers and disloyalties immediately before him, Columbus was even then the virtual discoverer of the new world. We hope soon to see the announcement of the appearance in book form of Mr. Clarke's able apology. "Early Christian Symbolism" by the Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Seton and "The Anglican Theory of Continuity" by Arthur F. Marshall, B.A. form the balance of what is best in the last two numbers. *The Catholic Quarterly*, embracing as it does, whatever is of interest to educated Catholics, whether philosophical, historical, scientific, literary or political should count its readers among Catholics, wherever English is spoken.

Current History: Detroit Mich.—The last number of *Current History*, covering the second quarter of 1892 is a wonderful example of what can be done to compress within the limits of a magazine, all that is essential in the vast amount of reading matter, that has appeared during the past three months, bearing upon the international, political, labor and other movements in the United States and elsewhere. A world's history is condensed without sacrificing comprehensiveness or clearness, and in such convenient shape that at a moment's notice anything important can be turned up. Extra value must be attached to *Current History* on account of its excellent illustrations. The last number contains portraits of Sir Charles Tupper, Archbishop Ireland. T. A. Froude, and President Harrison as frontispiece. The readers finds in this magazine a work done for him that he could do for himself, if at all, only at the cost of much labor and study.

The Month from the far western coast has already put in an appearance. "Onward and upward" seems to have commended itself as an appropriate motto for *The Month*. The general "get up" is excellent, and this issue offers two splendidly executed illustrations in addition to the regular number. The first is a portrait of the Right Rev. P. Durien, O.M.I., Bishop of New Westminster and the second is the crucifixion scene of the Passion play as represented recently by the Sechelt Indians. The work displays industry and enterprise altogether praiseworthy.

Godey's Magazine: 21 Park Row, New York.—"Keep your eye on Godey's" is the attractive announcement of the new Godey's Magazine for September. The publishers guarantee that the magazine will be filled with surprises and beauties from cover to cover. First in the table of contents comes John Habberton's complete novel "Honey and Gall" fully illustrated by Albert B. Wengall. A. H. Hardy's carefully written article on "Godey's, Past and Present" will interest many old friends. Among the choice verses is the latest poem written by the late Josephine Pollard. John Habberton reviews all the books and the whole forms such a rich literary treat, that to examine

a number of the new Godey's will be to desire it.

Our Animal Friends—A monthly journal published by the American Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York: An executive board of upwards of twenty-five members has control of "Our Animal Friends" and the general direction of the above mentioned society. The August number tells us that William Eckert, a blacksmith residing in Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, burned a pet dog with a bar of red-hot iron. The dog had frequently wandered about the smithy to the evident annoyance of Eckert. The cruel act was, however, brought to the notice of Inspector Clark and the latter commenced criminal proceedings against the offender. "The evidence was overwhelming: Eckert was found guilty and was sentenced by Judge Connelly to the King's County penitentiary for six months." What a travesty upon justice! A speedy trial and a heavy punishment and when we think that proceedings against assassins and fiends of the worst type are stayed by murderous delays until the dead victims are forgotten and false sympathy is stirred up for the living wretch; when we think that a premium is placed upon lynch law by wanton neglect in the speedy exercise of justice; when we actually see the increase of crime proportionate with the success of unscrupulous schemers in defeating the ends of justice, we are forced to question the sanity of men who speak not a word of condemnation and yet become thoroughly aroused at the singeing of a favorite "pug."

The Scientific American.—New York. \$3.00 a year. Weekly.—The *Scientific American* has something interesting for everybody. It is a weekly hand-book of practical information, comprising matters of art, science, mechanics, chemistry and manufactures, all drawn from reliable sources. As a monthly accompaniment of the *Scientific American*, we have the "Architects and Builders' Edition," a large and splendidly illustrated periodical, containing floor plans, perspective views and sheets of constructive details pertaining to modern architecture. Each number is illustrated with beautiful plates, showing desirable dwellings, public build-

ings and architectural work in great variety. To builders and all who contemplate building, this work is invaluable. Single copies 25 cents. By mail to Canada, Mexico or any part of the United States, \$2.50 a year.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.—The table of contents of the August and September numbers of the *Annals* is rich and varied. Marian White commences "Jimmie's Devotedness" in the August issue and completes it in the following one, and the Rev. J. M. Keily has "European Shrines of Our Lady." The September number is instructive in "Two Very Different Devotions to Mary." The Rev. A. Delaporte writes "St. Michael, Standard-bearer of the Sacred Heart," and the sketch of the favored heroine of Lourdes, Bernadette Soubirons, cannot fail to be of interest to every Catholic as yet unacquainted with her story.

ATHELETICS.

The Ontario Rugby Football Union met during the first week of September and arranged the following schedule for the championship matches for the coming season:—

On or before

Oct. 8th London at Petrolea	}	1
" 15th Petrolea at London		
" 8th Stratford at Hamilton	}	2
" 15th Hamilton at Stratford		
" 8th Toronto at Varsity	}	3
" 15th Varsity at Toronto		
" 8th Royal Military at Queens	}	4
" 15th Queens at Royal Military		
" 8th Osgoode Hall and Trinity byes	}	5
" 15th Osgoode Hall at Trinity		
Ottawa College a bye		6

SECOND ROUND.

On or before

Oct. 22 Winners of 1 and 2 at London if London wins 1, otherwise at Hamilton or Stratford.	}	7
Oct 22 Winners of 3 & 6 at Toronto.		
" 22 Trinity at Osgoode Hall.		9
" 22 Winners of 4 a bye.		10

THIRD ROUND.

On or before

Oct. 29. Winners of 9 and 10 at Kingston.

" 29. Winners of 7 and 8 at Ottawa, if Ottawa College wins 8, otherwise at Toronto.

Final to be arranged by the Executive.

From this schedule it will be seen that our players must practise hard if they intend to be in the race at all, to say nothing of being in it at the finish. On Oct. 22nd our team will have to travel to Toronto and play either Toronto City or Varsity, both of which teams will have played two championship matches before that date. The experience that is gained in two championship matches is considerable, and the team that is without that experience and that is pitted against a team, and a heretofore strong one at that, that will have such experience, is severely handicapped indeed. And just so severely will our team be handicapped when it goes to the Queen City on the 22nd of October.

* *

Thus, in the start out, the schedule is somewhat against us. We do not say this by way of complaint, for as one of the Executive put it, when the Ottawas requested not to be scheduled it was almost impossible to make any better arrangements. Still we must reckon on things not as they might be but as they are, and as they are our team must be in tip-top shape if they wish to vanquish the Queen City footballers on October 22nd, be they Toronto citizens or Toronto collegians. The result of that game will mean a great deal. If we lose, then as far as Ottawa Varsity is concerned the season ends on the self-same day on which it opened, if we win we stand a chance of being in the race. But in order to win much must, in the meantime, be done. The footballers, up to the time of writing, have not shown that enthusiasm and energy that is necessary to win a hard football match. There has not been a sufficient number at practices. Hard training must be entered upon, and that immediately. Tobacco in every form, but especially in that of the deadly cigarette must become a reminiscence of the past or an expectation of the future. As a reality of the present it

lessens our chances of victory, and anything that lessens our chances of victory must be done away with. Every man that takes part in the practice must strive to put himself in the best of condition. This is absolutely necessary, for fifteen men in poor condition cannot give any beneficial practice to men who are in anything like fair condition. There are a great many other things that might be made mention of, such as attention to the remarks of the manager, the fulfilment of all his orders, punctuality and faithfulness in practice, but these are all things that will be spoken of at meetings and will be more gone into in detail than our space permits of.

* *

From the foregoing some might be led to believe that THE OWL entertained but little hope of its favorite team coming out on top. We perhaps stand a fair chance of being termed faint-hearted or pessimistic. However, we have considered all things and have carefully looked the situation over and what dangers we now attempt to point out, are dangers that really exist, and are not exaggerated forms of the creations of our imagination. Foreseeing a hard row to hoe we think it as well to forewarn, for they that are forewarned are forearmed. It is just as well for our footballers to learn this now from friends as to find it out later on from foes. If we point out their weaknesses now it is in order that they may apply the proper remedies to overcome them ere they meet their opponents.

* *

But it is a poor physician that can only point out a weakness and is unable to prescribe a remedy. Gray pants, garnet jerseys, one football, much green-sward, much gymnasium, no tobacco, all taken in regular doses, constitute the best prescription that we know of to tone up the systems of our footballers, in order that they may be able to bear the brunt of football battle.

* *

The footballer who neglects to do his share of work takes a great responsibility upon himself. Ottawa College has a great reputation in the Ontario Union. Never has Ottawa College been defeated

in an Ontario Union match, and never is a mighty big word. If they meet defeat this year the players will be held responsible in a great degree, for there is much good material in the college. True, it is in somewhat crude form and needs development. But hard work, very hard work, and much of it, will bring about the state of development that is required to equal the feats of former Ottawa College footballers and to secure the engraving, once more, of the name of Ottawa College on the Ontario Rugby Football Union Challenge Cup.

* * *

On Wednesday, September 21st, was held the meeting for the re-organization of the Athletic Association. Only old members in good standing being allowed the right of franchise, the number present at that meeting, though a goodly one, could not by any means be taken as a criterion of this year's membership. The prospects are that the membership will be as large as ever. The result of the various elections was as follows :

President—H. J. Canning, '93.
1st Vice-President—T. Tetreau, '94.
2nd Vice-President—O. W. Clarke, '93.
Treasurer—A. A. Newman, '93.
Corresponding Sec'y—T. J. Riegnay, '95.
Recording Sec'y—L. J. Kehoe, '94.
Councillors { L. Raymond, '93.
 { P. Cullen, '93.

These together with the Rev. Father McArdle form the Executive of the Athletic Association and will have full control of its affairs. From the ability these gentlemen possess and the earnestness with which they have entered upon their duties we feel safe in predicting a successful year for the Athletic Association.

GENERAL NEWS.

Hon. G. W. Ross has sent out a circular to the teachers of Ontario, advising that the 12th October of this year be fitly celebrated in all the schools of the Province, in commemoration of the discovery of the American Continent. This is the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in this vast new world of ours, and as

patriotic citizens, proud of our country, we should enter heart and soul into the celebration.

Mr. T. Curran, ex '91 and a former member of the "Corridor," has obtained the degree of D. Ph. at the Propaganda College, Rome. Mr. Curran was one of the most gentlemanly and popular students in the University, and though he has now been absent nearly three years, there are yet many who say from their heart, "Well done, Tom."

Rev. Mother Cecelia, who has been for some years in Providence, Rhode Island, has been appointed Superior of Gloucester Street Convent. She was formerly a teacher in that institution.

The new church in Hull was blessed on the 25th inst. by His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Corbeil, of St. Theresa's College.

Rev. Father Quinn, O. M. I., formerly prefect of discipline, is assistant parish priest in one of the churches conducted by the Oblates in Lowell, Mass. His position at the University has been filled by Rev. Father McArdle, O. M. I. The path of the first prefect is, in many respects not a pleasant one, but if Father McArdle continues to display that good judgment and tact for which he has always been noted, he will, no doubt, meet with success.

On the 10th of November His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The archbishop, who still possesses a vigorous constitution, is a man thoroughly alive to the interests of his church and country. His frequent demands for priests "racy of the soil" show that he grasps the situation and clearly understands the needs of Catholicism in Canada.

Rev. Father Stanton, parish-priest of Smith's Falls, will conduct a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre, next week. Father Stanton is one of the most energetic and successful priests of Kingston diocese, and it is to

be hoped that the people of Smith's Falls and the surrounding country will avail themselves of this opportunity he has afforded them of visiting the famous Canadian shrine.

Since the formation of the Catholic summer school in May last, that institution has received most encouraging support from the American people. And deservedly so, for, next to the founding of the Catholic University at Washington, this is the most important and necessary step that has been made in the way of furthering higher education among Catholics in this country. Too long, as Maurice Francis Egan intimates, have the Catholics of the United States been negligent with regard to higher education. But if it takes three generations of educated men to produce educated men, the Irish Catholics, at least, are not wholly to blame for their indifference in this matter. However, the awaking, from whatever cause, has come at last. The splendid and varied course of lectures which is now being presented at the Summer school shows us the tendency of the students, and we may hope that not many years will elapse before American Catholics will not only equal but surpass all others in intellectual pursuits.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The number of students in the first and second forms of the collegiate course is so large that each form has been divided into two sections.

Rev. Father D. O'Riordon, O.M.I., has lately preached retreats at Fallowfield and Richmond, in the Diocese of Ottawa.

The two higher forms have this year a larger number of philosophers than ever before in the history of the College. *Si antea ponderandi, nunc numerandi sunt.*

St. Thomas' Academy has been re-organized with the following officers: Director, Rev. N. Nilles, O.M.I., D.D.; Vice-Director, Rev. F. McArdle, O.M.I., Ph.D.; President, P. Cullen, B.Ph.; Vice-Presi-

dent, A. Newman, B.Ph.; Secretary, L. Raymond; Committee, I. A. French and J. Meagher.

The College Band, which made such satisfactory progress last year, has been re-organized under its former director, Rev. H. Gervais.

Rev. Dr. Fillatre, Vice-Rector of the University, will preach next Sunday at Cornwall, on the occasion of the opening of the new Catholic church.

Rev. Father Gauvreau, M.A., has been appointed a member of the Board of Examiners of Dominion Analysts.

News has been received that Father Lecomte died lately in the far-off MacKenzie region. Deceased made his theological studies in the University and was for a time professor of music here. He was a native of Aron, Diocese of Laval, France.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

It was with feelings akin to ecstasy that the Junior Editor on the morning of September 7th viewed from his study window the familiar faces of his young friends whose brilliant achievements in class and on the campus it is always his proud duty to record. Although some of last year's members of the little yard have not returned, and others by their progress physically, as well as intellectually, have merited promotion to the western wing, yet the large number of new-comers which have already arrived more than compensates for the loss the Junior Athletic Association has sustained. The past history of the association has, each year, been marked by increased success, and judging from present indications this season will be no exception. The election of officers will take place in a few days and as heretofore the most competent will doubtless be chosen to fill the different positions. With a judicious selection of officers, accompanied by the earnest co-operation of all the members, success for the coming season is assured.

The season of '92-93 opened on September 17th with a baseball match between two nines picked from the Boarders and the Externs. The game was won by the Boarders by a score of 18 to 9.

The following players made up the teams :—

<i>Boarders.</i>		<i>Externs.</i>
Belanger.	Catcher.	Burgess.
Cowan.	Pitcher.	Kiely.
Hayes.	1st Base.	Groulx.
McDonald	2nd Base.	L'Etoile.
Constantineau.	3rd Base.	McDonald.
Ryan.	Short Stop.	O'Leary.
Powers.	Left Field.	Gleason.
Pigeon.	Right Field.	Kehoe.
Lamarsh.	Center Field.	McKay.

For the Boarders Hayes at first base, Ryan at short stop and Powers at left field made many excellent plays. Cowan's in-shoots proved very deceptive to the Externs. O'Leary Kehoe and L'Etoile all new men showed themselves to be quite an acquisition to the association in this branch of athletics.

The members of the small yard on their return learned with deep regret that Rev. Father David, and Rev. Brother Dubois who were held in such high respect and esteem, would not have charge of their affairs this year. In the persons of Rev's Father Tourangeau and Brother Hénault, however, they have found worthy successors, and judging from the kindness already displayed the wants of the junior students will be carefully looked after.

The salubrious climate of the Chelsea Hills seems to have had a marvellous effect on "Slimmer" longitudinally, so much so that the step-ladder, formerly used by the person turning off the electric light in the recreation hall, has on his agreeing to perform the duties of that position, been dispensed with.

We are glad to be able to announce to our young readers that the bard from Lawrence has again kindly consented to occasionally enrich our columns with an effusion from his poetic pen.

But for the timely action a few days ago of the reliable "Phan" the infirmary table

would actually have been without an occupant. Not a few now regard Claude as a public benefactor for thus preventing the establishment of a dangerous precedent.

The late Sullivan-Corbett contest seems to have aroused no little enthusiasm among the admirers of the art of self-defence. Guilbert Powers and "Toughy" are among the most skilful handlers of the gloves in the junior gymnasium.

A full report of the election of officers of the Junior Athletic Association will be published in our next number.

In the promotion of John Cunningham and Willie Murphy to the big yard, the lacrosse club loses two of its best players and the association two of its most energetic workers. Under the management of "Beanie" Kearns and Henry Glas-macher the national game this season will doubtless be as popular as ever.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Edw. F. O'Sullivan, '82, is now one of the editors of *The Daily Sun*, a Catholic paper of Lowell, Mass.

Wm. Barry, of Lowell, Mass., has been for some years the principal of the Pawtucket high school and has won in this capacity the confidence of parents and trustees.

Rev. Fr. J. J. Griffin, the founder and first editor of THE OWL, will again this year attend the lectures in Physics and Higher Mathematics at Johns Hopkins University.

Walter Herkenrath, M.A. of '90, completed in June last his course of Civil Engineering at Columbia College, and graduated with the highest honors.

Mr. M. F. Fallon, '89, left for the Novitiate of the O.M.I. at St. Gerlach, Holland, and will spend one year there before continuing his studies in one of the great European Universities.

SUBRIDENDO.

For "two thousand car-loads of cats gone East," as stated in our last week's issue, please read oats instead of cats.—*Illinois Paper*.

NO BROKEN WINDOWS THEN.

It is the wise Chinaman who makes himself solid with the small boys in his neighborhood.—*Ex.*

JUST LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQueary.

"Yes; when I get any!" snapped the old dyspeptic.—*Puck*.

A Western editor met a well-educated farmer recently and said to him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.—*Ex.*

Passing round the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—*Ex.*

"Well, good-by," said the lunatic, as he started for the asylum—"I'm off."—*Puck*.

"I've made a fool of myself, Widgely."

"Yes, I know, Midgely; you told me once before that you were a self-made man."—*Chicago News-Record*.

Little Boy to Poet.—You're not rich, are you, Mr. Longfeller?

Poet.—No, Bobby; I'm not rich.

Little Boy.—That's what I thought. Pa said yesterday that your poems had more sound than cents.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Teacher.—Now, Johnny, tell us what you know about Cræsus.

Johnny.—Please, Mum, dudes wear 'em in their pants.—*Puck*.

Teacher.—Can anybody tell me why the multiplication table stops at twelve?

Son of Superstitious Parent.—'Cause ma says it's unlucky to have thirteen at table.

ULULATUS.

Lude folliculum!

Get in condition!

Self-made introductions are all the go.

Dan-u-run (d) too much, do more passing.

(H) You and Me are together again.

'93 pretty nearly owns the whole corridor now.

FOR SALE.—1. pr. game fowl. 1 bbl, XXX. flour. Apply at sanctum. Terms cash!

The New York man's backer who at last gala-day cheered him by his cries of "Go-it, O'Hara Goat!" is Misse(t)d this year.

The new boy who stands so often with his back against the southern wall likes to be back to college.

There is one student in the philosophy class who knows all about the great physical forces, in as much as they are Powers.

The sixth form have added two new coins to their already large collection, but they place more value on the old vin(gt) cent, however.

"Put your shoulder to the wheel" is a motto for every man, but it cuts no figure on a foot-ball field; so said a Fellow who had been in one of those old-time scrimmages with a little of the dash thrown in.

This is the time of year when some peculiar translations are given. One of the latest comes from a third-grade youth who attempted to assist his first-form friend with the phrase "Mors omnibus communis." He contended that it was a French sentence and meant that communication was had to Mars by omnibus.

If that young man from the corridor who loudly warbles "Call Me Back Again" after 10 p.m., thereby disturbing his neighbors for miles around, would kindly stay where he is he would be a most charitable caterer "pro bono publico."

THINGS OF THE PAST.

The summer sport of jaunty mien,
The summer tramp of carcass lean,
The fakir preying on bumkins green,
Have fled.

So has the dude of summer mould,
With ice-cream suit, and manner bold,
He could not stand September's cold.
He's dead.

The celluloid is laid away,
The fluffy tie, and negligé,
For June's first sultry holiday
Next year.

To picnic basket, cake and pie,
Wherein dyspepsia's torments lie,
We've bade a sweet and fond good-bye,
I fear.

Whoever sighs for ice-cream gone,
Or sleepless nights from mosquito's song,
Or limburger cheese slightly strong,
He dies.

The sweet vacation's vanished far,
The college doors stand now ajar,
But best of all, on us there are
No flies.

C. A. Nadian—So you have the cholera in the States, I see?

A. M. Erican—No, is that so? Since when?

C. A. N.—Oh, it has been there a long time now.

A. M. E.—I never knew that. Where is it located?

C. A. N.—Why, in Colora-do!

The Seventh Form are never in want of a good thing. They have a *Pie* in the class.

One of our new students unacquainted with the French language received quite a surprise one day recently; having occasion to go into a grocery shop, he was horrified to see on the counter a large cheese in a very decomposed state, and altogether unpalatable, have tagged to it this sign, "Fromage."

A slang phrase applied—"Come off the roof," as the farmer said when he shot the thieving hen-hawk that sat perching on the barn.

Seemingly Tennyson has given up poetry and taken to something more substantial, for his usual cry now is, "Play ball, boys! My Jove, Greenwood, wake up!"

"Jack," one of our latest arrivals, would like to take a course in "Latin, Greek and *Gibraltar*." That should *make ill* the healthiest one in our midst.

We have a few light-weights with us this year; but there is one who requires especial *care*, for his loss would prove quite irretrievable.

The King of Sleep is back again and, as usual, has "nothing to say."