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The Negro Problem In the United States....



THE United States is again in the throes of the Negro Problem. Emancipation was considered to have settled that most vexatious question. Unhappily, the enormous expansion of the colored people, adhering as much as ever to the alleged immoral and anti-social propensities of the race, has quickened the latent hostility of the white neighbors into fear and bitter hate. Something like undeclared war is proceeding in places. Lynching, man-hunting, and disenfranchisement grow in favor and frequency, regardless of American ideals that bear on the welfare of the world and of the Negro in particular.

From the time Vasco de Gama rounded Cape Good Hope down to the year 1804, Africa was the slavers' stalking ground. Not a civilized country but took part in the horrible traffic. Annually, whole fleets cleared from Europe for the Dark Continent. Usually the traders, landing in some bay near a village, descended with dusk upon the unsuspecting natives, and setting fire to their huts, easily seized the panic-stricken inmates and hurried them off to the ships. Many were butchered on the spot for the purpose of

terrifying the others and of rendering them submissive to their fate.

The first blacks—a batch of twenty—landed in America at Jamestown in 1609; they count at this moment eight million in the United States alone. Neither New England nor the Northern States found slavery profitable. With the South it was different. Its staples, tobacco, cotton, rice, simply required labor to yield plentifully. The black slave admirably filled the bill and to the circumstances he owes it that he became, as it were, the indispensable appanage of the Southern estate. The invention of the cotton-gin added a fresh demand for his invaluable services: and the erection of great cotton factories all over the country strained the slave-market to its utmost capacity. Statistics are present to show that between 1793 and 1808 nearly 5,000,000 blacks were dragged forth from their African wilds

At his first appearance the slave was not treated too badly. Some of his rights were respected, some crumbs of civilization thrown his way; but it did not last. Soon the negro ceased to be regarded as a human being or as endowed with immortal qualities. To his master, he became no better than a soulless tool, entitled to no more consideration than interest or whim dictated. Legislation helped to rivet his chains. The educating of a negro was a crime punishable with prison, on the plea that an educated slave was a menace to society. Such was law in Louisiana. Marriage as a rite was unknown to the slaves. A statute common to every State empowered the white to kill forthwith the black who struck or offered him violence. It is no wonder that the slave sunk beneath the level of the savage, nay, the brute. His free unfettered life in Africa past forever; his native tongue and customs forgotten; hopelessly crushed in his aspirations and ambitions, what was there left to satisfy his thoughts and desires except despair and the sensual indulgence allowed by the moment. But if the lot of the slave could hardly be worse, the slave-master did not escape the most awful effects of slavery. For the most part he appeared to be utterly sordid and brutal. In contact with a profoundly degraded class, he finished in his turn by acknowledging no obligation either to God or his fellow man.

Such was slavery; a State institution, legalised by enactments, buttressed by judicial decisions and foreign treaties. It was lauded as divinely instituted and indispensable to high civilization. With regard to it, the various religious bodies of the South were either indifferent or favorable. What attitude was taken by the Catholic Church? She could only take one, that which history proves she consistently held from her very inception. To the Catholic Church, slavery was a plague; for its removal she applied all her slow, wise but unflinching action. St. Gregory the Great defines her position: "Not being by nature a slave, man has a full right to liberty." The European slave-dealers were excommunicated by Pope Paul III. From this one line of action toward slavery the Catholic Church has never deviated.

Some time elapsed before the public men of the States became impressed with the horrors of slavery. Washington, indeed, stated the policy when, shortly after the Revolution, he declared "Slaves must be freed." The movement needed time. At length the election of Lincoln and the admission of California into the Union as a free State in spite of the opposition of the slaveholders gave token of the approaching abolition of slavery. Several occurrences, notably the prohibition of slavery in 1774 and the Free State ordinance in 1784, indicated the trend of public opinion. The memorable raid of John Brown into Virginia served to open the eyes of the nation to the risks of a possible rising among the blacks. Congress at last set about to end the matter by direct legislation. In 1861 began the anti-slavery agitation which culminated eventually in emancipation. First, Federal officials were prohibited by law from returning fugitive slaves; then slaves in the District of Columbia were made free and their masters compensated. After, the death-blow was dealt successively to the African slave trade, to the inter-State traffic, and lastly to the whole system, when, by a proclamation of the Executive, slavery was abolished root and branch in the United States.

But emancipation was not the supreme boon anticipated. The chief beneficiary of it, the Negro, showed himself strangely indifferent if not ungrateful. Indeed, is this very surprising? Was not his liberty a natural, inalienable right? The restoration of

its exercise was an affair of justice, not a favor. Is there not something still owing in the way of reparation for the long tolerated denial of that inviolable right? On the other hand, the violence with which emancipation was thrust upon the community may be criticized. It meant ruin for the large Southern plantations on which the blacks had become by this time the accepted laborers, the willing domestics. Is it strange that the landowners refuse still to admit the justice of the summary measure by which their prosperity was totally swept away? Naturally, too, they dreaded the consequences of seeing raised to terms of equality a class unaccustomed to new-found liberty and exasperated by all the wrongs, real and fancied, of a past subjection. Certain it is, the social order of the South has not recovered from the change. The property-holders are bankrupt. The negro uses his freedom to roam aimlessly about and to indulge his instincts without restraint. This penniless, desultory life of his is not qualified to ennoble his character or kindle his ambition for better things.

A glance at the Southern Negro so fortunate as to obtain a semblance of education will reveal a discouraging state of things. The black adopts no employment which involves physical effort. The example of the higher classes, scorning manual labor as debasing, has infected the lower. The parents teach their colored progeny to avoid all labor when possible. Hundreds flock to towns and cities in quest of an easy livelihood, and not finding it, prefer to suffer want. The large centres of the South are infested with Negroes living in destitution and idleness. Indeed, many slaves had learned various trades, but remained deficient in initiative and enterprise. Freedom coming, they abandoned these respective pursuits. Idle, dissolute, shiftless habits clung to their descendants, a fact responsible for much of the disfavor shown negro labor by the large manufacturing interests of the South.

The Negro's religious condition offers no brighter theme. His moral tenets go little beyond exempting him from all restraint on earth and ensuring him happiness in heaven; they leave him in his false ideas, in his superstitions and his vices. Obviously, with such a religion the negro will not be weaned from his characteristic defects. He finds nothing in it to enlighten his mind or to

urge his will to comprehend and carry out even the essential obligations which bind him to God and his fellow men. Whilst so situated the American black will never be capable of self-government. "Transport the darky back to Africa," is the cry of even the best informed. Improvement, these contend, would come if means and opportunities were afforded; which, if withheld in the United States, must be sought elsewhere. Negroes themselves, unfortunately, defeat this hope wherever they happen to exercise autonomy. In Haiti, insurrection and sedition make the government they control barely possible. The rich mineral treasures of the island lie undeveloped; agriculture languishes. The other islands governed by negroes present a similar phenomenon. The slaves who formerly deserted their masters for freedom and British rule in Canada, never identified themselves to any extent with the interests of this country.

No, the negro will hardly prosper by returning to Africa. Wont as he is to let whites do his work, provide his support, avenge and defend him from wrong, he is not likely to be more independent, industrious and resourceful off in a kraal, on uncultivated plains, in the midst of hostile tribes. Surely wisdom and benevolence do not combine in the plan; for if the change were effected, the darky back from America would be facing a lot not a whit less desperate than the one which awaited him when he first landed on this continent to begin a life of toil and misery.

The negro problem has only one effective solution. It is, to banish the present lazy idea the colored man has of Christianity, and give him a fuller notion of revealed Truth, of the difference between right and wrong, to open wide his being to the marvellous efficacy, inherent in the dogmas and practices of the Catholic Church. The negro has run the gauntlet, so to speak, of the other religious bodies. These would have won success if it depended on a lavish distribution of funds, on voluminous printing, on the extraordinary activity and push of their representatives in the field. But while these evangelists (not to mention other defects) show lack of heartfelt sympathy and respect for their black charges; whilst their best methods of teaching are out of touch with the inmost conscience of the negro, all their zeal will in the

end prove barren. In addition, the darky preachers are themselves notoriously ignorant and corrupt. The inevitable conclusion is, that if the negro is to find capable religious instructors, he must be supplied from the Catholic Church. The priests of this historic institution, which, centuries before the arrival of the African tide, imbued the American savage with the knowledge of Catholic Christianity, will alone succeed in submitting the degenerate Negro to all the laws of a pure, moral and religious regeneration. This work had begun before emancipation ; there were devout Catholic converts among the slaves, examples of persevering and heroic virtue,—converts, too, who when the salutary influence of the Church and the priest happened to be arrested, continued to lead lives as moral as the average white man would lead under similar circumstances.

How may the Catholic Church take up this work ? How may she approach and conduct this race to the true Faith ? Much will depend on outside help. In the South, the churches are few, and handicapped by dearth of funds and of pastors. The gulf that is daily widening between the two races, makes it desirable to get priests among the negroes themselves. A young man from their midst, talented and carefully trained in ecclesiastical science, virtuous, would effect more than anything else in the projected reform. " If once a priest, he would feel that he had to work for his own people, and knowing their characteristics, their peculiarities, he could suit himself to their manner of living. He would feel the inconvenience less than the white priests ; he could elevate his own race and show his people that the Catholic Church alone is the Church of all nations, that she recognizes neither Jew nor Greek, Roman nor barbarian, neither race nor color."

W. A. DOONER, '05.

A Writer with an Aim.



AMONG story-tellers and writers of fiction in general, by far the greater number spin their yarns only to excite their readers' interest for the time being, and especially to whet their desire for the hearing of another. With no higher motives, it is quite meet that these traffickers in the popular craze should, with their works and age, sink into oblivion. But how different it is with him who proposes for himself an end that ennobles all he writes, and towards which he directs all his efforts! The good such a man does lives after him, passing down to posterity as a rich inheritance, elevating the mind and heart of those who possess it. Of the few dowries of such a nature left to the present generation is the one Dickens at his death bequeathed to the people of England.

Dickens' heart, so to say, beat in unison with the people with whom he came in contact, and being full of the milk of human kindness, the removal of misery and suffering, abuse and oppression at the hands of stupid officials, found a powerful advocate and champion in the humane author of "Bleak House" and "Oliver Twist." Though it is frequently alleged that his characters display only natural virtues, that they act but rarely from supernatural motives, but rather from passion or impulse; that in his works one might look in vain for heroic or even Christian virtue as we generally understand it; yet, be all this as it may, certain it is that in each and every one of his novels, he aims at the alleviation of the poor, the removal of some abuse, or the inauguration of some system of reform. The amelioration of the condition of the poor and outcast seems to have been the motto of his life—his sole end in view. And this is why the history or story of every-day life, of the England of Victorian age, finds a truer portrait in Dickens than in the works of many so-called historians. He painted his age just as he found it, with its virtues, vices, follies and extravagances; and by bringing before the public gaze what everybody apparently knew but what nobody seemed to heed, he did more by a judicious use of his prolific pen to correct the errors of his time, than the whole galaxy of parliamentary

reformers. The mismanagement of courts, schools and poor-houses suffered infinitely more from "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House" and "Nicholas Nickleby" than from any other single motor-power then directed against it. His quiet humor, provoking the laughter of senator, peer and peasant alike, turned judges, teachers and beadles into universal ridicule, and proved more efficacious in limiting the ravages of these lazy parasites than did any amount of heated forensic addresses. Unlike what was said of Mr. Macaulay, everybody read, everybody admired, but also everybody *believed* Mr. Dickens. No one that ever read "Oliver Twist" failed to perceive that both beadles and poor-houses as then existing were useless pieces of public furniture, that however well in their time they had served their end, that now at least they had become not only unserviceable but were even a cumbrance to the running of the governmental machine for the support of the poor; and this machine had of late become completely out of gear, no longer performed its functions, or at least quite unsatisfactorily; and all this owing to negligence on the part of officials failing to appoint employees capable of performing their duty. A similar state of affairs prevailed in schools, prisons and courts. The people knew all this, but only vaguely: Dickens brought it home to them. He clearly exposed the corruption that had crept into the management of public institutions where the people sought solace and justice, but which of late by unscrupulous officials had been completely vitiated, the crying abuses of which his novels rendered so odious to the people that measures for their correction were at once discussed.

And in what a genial way he gains his end! In "Bleak House," for instance, what a merciless overhauling he gives the Chancery Court! And "Bleak House," by the way, is a fair specimen of his plan of ridding the body politic of vampires. In it he shows all the demoralizing effect of Chancery Court on those whose fortunes fell in its way. We have first a vivid description of Chancery, in that part of London where the slippery walks are slippiest and the muddy streets are muddiest, in the filthiest and most uninviting part of the great metropolis, in the heart of an everlasting fog where everything suggests confusion. The interior

corresponds to, or rather is in perfect keeping with, the surroundings. Everything there speaks of gloom; the stained glass and fog keeps out the light, while the inmates go floundering through perfect bogs of forms, precedents and testimonials, ponder over heaps of written rubbish, or dally about mountains of costly nonsense, so that the case instead of tending to a close sinks deeper and deeper into the mire of court-knavery, and here in the midst of the gloom, and in the very heart of the haze, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery!

The person upon whom the plot of the story devolves is Richard Carstone, a promising youth full of life, energy and intelligence, of affable and winning disposition; one, in fact, on whom nature had apparently been prodigal in gifts of both mind and body; he has just completed a brilliant course of studies "bearing his blushing honors thick upon him," and purposes entering upon a professional career. But, strange to say, his very birthright proves the blight of his seemingly bright prospects. The case of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" has dragged its weary length along through Chancery from time immemorial, and Richard is the nephew of the present Mr. Jarndyce. At first he pays little or no heed to his sunken ancestral fortune long since lost sight of, and no longer heard from save through court practitioners in the "wig-glomeration" of Chancery. While in this state of mind he bids fair to realize his own fond hopes and the still fonder ones of his friends and well-wishers; no difficulty deters him from becoming proficient in medicine, his favorite profession. He has overcome all obstacles, and to all appearances is about to enjoy the fruits of his labor and diligence. But just at this juncture the spells of Chancery, the grimmest of all grim old monsters, begin to work upon his blood; the thought of his great ancestral fortune having become the toy of professional roguery rankles deep in his breast. He must at least look into the matter. But enough! The allurements prove more than a match for him, and once under its baneful influence, his hopes, aims, ambition, talents, his whole soul is swallowed up in the general ruin. He at once seems to lose his better part of man, gives way to the miserable illusions held out to him by unprincipled

solicitors, until poverty and even starvation stares him in the face. He has contracted debts to carry on the suit, and now when the case ends, as needs it must from lack of material to feed upon, he at last realizes his position, and a terrible one it is. The shock is too great for him; so, falling a prey to the cruel and bitter disappointment, to which his sensitive nature rendered him so highly susceptible, his generous heart breaks, and he sinks down to the grave in the flower of his age as numbers had done before—another victim to the iniquity of Chancery.

All Dickens' stories have a similar moral; they all call attention to carelessness in the direction of institutions intended for the public relief, but which from indirection have become public impositions. And this accounts for what many, who fail to seize the writer's object, term "vulgar characters." Dickens had his own way of carrying his point, and a capital one it was, as admirable as it was original and efficacious. His weapons, pity and humor, many had tried before him with indifferent success; Dickens alone mastered them, adapted them as means to a great end. He presented the evil just as it existed, and by rousing sympathy for the afflicted or making the culprits the laughing-stock of the community, he marshalled against the abuse the unanimous voice of the people. Few narratives in the language move us more deeply than "Oliver Twist" and "Bleak House;" they are a stinging rebuke for the poor-houses and courts of the time. And though pity be the principal moving power, yet humor plays an important part in bringing the follies and extravagances into disrepute. And he uses not the withering smile of Voltaire, nor the biting retorts of Byron or Dryden. No! Dickens has a cunning way of creating mirth, making it also subservient to his end. While we are forced to smile at the coarse horse-play described, we interiorly heap imprecations upon the originators of the mischief,—such beadies as Mr. Bumble and teachers of the Squeers stamp coming in for a liberal supply. And by a happy combination of these two, with his keen sensibility by which he conveys his feelings intact to his readers, making them thrill as he does himself, he gains universal support in his mission of charity to the lower and poorer classes.

J. MCGUIRE, O.M.I., '02.

IN MAY.

(Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)

I.



LD Ottawa with silver glows,
Each emerald shore new verdure shows,
From Chelsea's Hills cool zephyr blows!
Refreshing winds waft free and strong,
Sing high, dear bird, your sweetest song;
Amid green leaves, sing loud and long.
Shine brightly, Sun, in growing night,
Flood all the fields with golden light,
And drive far off the envious night.

II.

From East to West, from South to North,
No voice of discord echoes forth,
We hear no mutt'ring sounds of wrath;
But careless song of youth and maid,
Mirth making in the woodland glade,
At leisure in the leafy shade,
Or music of the bird and bee,
Or hum of civic industry,
Or low of cattle o'er the lea.

III.

Deep is the peace, while from afar
Roll on the murd'rous wheels of War,
And Famine's life-destroying car.
Upon our broad Canadian shore,
Heaven's love is resting evermore,
And wealth of Heaven a boundless store.
Rejoice! there is no room for care,
Bright is the earth, bright is the air,—
Fair is our world, yea, very fair!

C.

Ireland's Communion with Rome.



THE Pope, as visible head and vicegerent of Christ upon earth, possesses authority and jurisdiction in things spiritual over the entire Church. This supremacy of the Holy See creates Rome the centre of unity and the fountain head of authority. By these prerogatives also, the faithful must live in communion with Rome through their respective pastors who form an unbroken chain of connexion from the lowest member of the flock to the universal Shepherd. Again all the subordinate rulers in the Church are subject to the Vicar of Christ and receive from him their jurisdiction in the Church. To preserve inviolate this union of membership with Rome is a mark of a truly Catholic nation. Hence we say that sympathy with Rome holds proportion to real Catholicity. Be it said that Ireland of all nations has enjoyed the exceptional privilege and honor of ever holding steadfast to the Bark of Peter, despite the strenuous efforts of her enemies to force her children from the paths of their forefathers. The Rock of Peter was the beacon-light which guided the great men who stood at the helm of the Irish Church. And these learned and saintly men never separated one instant from the great centre of unity or from the apostolic doctrine brought to them by Patrick.

The Rev. Dr. James Usher, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, however, maintains that Patrick and the other ancient fathers of the Irish Church did not recognize the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope. Again Mr. T. D. McGee in his work entitled, "Gallery of Irish Writers," says: "The celebrated controversy of the subjection of the primitive Church of Ireland to the See of Rome is still fair ground of argument." Mr. McGee, however, changed his mind afterwards. Speaking of Usher, the originator of this false theory, the historian writes: "He (Usher) was distinguished as the author of the theory that the early Irish Church was not in communion with Rome. Some bold sentences in Saint Columba's epistle to Pope Boniface, the different days celebrated as Easter, and one or two other points, gave this theory a color of truth which had no substance. Notwithstanding, it was a useful fallacy and

perhaps the Irish establishment would long since have fallen but for its supposed revival of earlier dogmas and discipline." Moreover, history proves the assertion that Ireland has ever been in communion and union with Rome.

St. Patrick, who brought to Ireland the good tidings of the Christian faith, was the messenger of Pope Celestine. Patrick travelled to the green isle and preached the doctrine of the true Church. His efforts were rewarded, for the new seed fell on willing soil and grew until its branches spread over the hills and dales of the Emerald Isle. Beholding with gratification this spiritual transformation of a pagan nation, the glorious apostle immediately set about to formulate laws to govern and guide the infant Church. To this end he convoked a council of the bishops to whom he had entrusted the first Sees. In the acts of one of these councils appears the following decree: "If any questions arise in this island, let them be referred to the Apostolic See." The same decree is in substance couched in another canon. It is expressed in these words: "If any difficult cause should occur which cannot be easily decided by the Irish prelates and the See of Armagh, we have decreed that it shall be referred to the Apostolic See, that is, to the Chair of the Apostle St. Peter, which hath the authority of the city of Rome." According to this testimony St. Patrick was a firm upholder of the papal supremacy. And the great love and fidelity which he implanted in the hearts of the Irish people for the Chair of St. Peter explain the sacred tenacity with which they held to their faith when the sword of persecution raged during the reign of Henry VIII. and his successors.

In perusing the lives of the Irish saints, we not unfrequently meet with the narrations of journeys to Rome. But let it be borne in mind that at the beginning of Ireland's conversion there were manifold obstacles to be encountered in travelling to Rome. Dr. Lingard speaks of the pilgrims from England to Rome in England's Catholic days and before the conquest. Now the dangers which beset the English pilgrims beset equally those from Ireland. The learned historian writes: "To travel at this period from England to Rome, was an attempt of no small difficulty and danger. The highways, which formerly conducted the traveller

in security to the capital of the empire, had been neglected and demolished during the incursions of the barbarians ; and, if the constitution of the pilgrim could bid defiance to the fatigue of the journey and the inclemency of the weather, he was still exposed to the insults of the banditti who infested the passes of the Alps, and of the marauders who were kept in the pay of turbulent and seditious chieftains. Hospitality was, indeed, a favorite virtue among the northern nations ; and religion offered her protection to the person or the property of the itinerant devotee ; but the mountaineer respected neither the dictates of humanity nor the decrees of councils ; and of the numbers who braved the difficulties of the journey, many lived not to revisit their homes ; while of the rest, the greatest part returned sickly, despoiled and emaciated."

Elsine, Archbishop of Canterbury, was frozen to death in the Alps. His companion had recourse to the unusual expedient of ripping open the abdomen of a horse and plunging his feet into it. St. Elphege was robbed as soon as he entered Italy. whilst the Bishops of York, Wells and Hereford, and the Earl of Northumberland were searched and robbed on their return. In the years 921 and 922 two caravans of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims were surprised and massacred in the Alps. In the ancient life of St. Winibald it is stated that strangers were generally subject to a fever on their arrival at Rome. Considering the difficulties which the pilgrims from England encountered in their pious journeys to the Eternal City, and knowing that the same impediments met the Irish travelers, we should not be surprised if history fails to encounter myriads of Irish pilgrimages to Rome. History, however, gives evidence to many journeys made by the Irish hierarchy.

St. Sedulius, a distinguished scholar and contemporary with St. Patrick, passed through Britain and travelled extensively through the continent. He finally went to Rome, where he shone by his astonishing erudition and beautiful writings. A council composed of seventy bishops in the pontificate of Gelasius gives high encomiums to his writings. "We have the highest opinion," say the Fathers, "of the paschal work written in verse by the venerable Sedulius." He died A.D. 494. The Church has selected the hymns, "A Solis ortus cardine," and "Hostis Herodes," for a

place in the Divine Office. And his "Salve Sancta pareus" forms the Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin.

St. Aengus MacMissa, who received the episcopal jurisdiction from Patrick was appointed first bishop of Connor. He travelled to Rome soon after his consecration. Aengus died A.D. 507. Clement XII ordered a proper Mass (for Ireland) for the feast of MacMissa.

A.D. 530 St. Finnian, who founded the great monastery of Moville, in the county of Down, visited Rome where he was ordained to the priesthood.

St. Frigidian left Ireland for Rome in the Pontificate of Pelagius I. A.D. 555-560, and remained a long time in the Eternal City. Frigidian afterwards became Bishop of Lucca, in Italy, where he died. A.D. 588, having governed for twenty-eight years. At the close of the fifth century St. Molna founded monasteries in the county of Limerick and King's county. The rules that governed these religious houses were approved by Gregory the Great.

St. Laserian set out for Rome A.D. 612. He spent fourteen years in the Eternal City, and was ordained priest by Pope Gregory the Great. In A.D. 630 he made a second journey to Rome and was consecrated bishop by Honorius I, and subsequently appointed papal legate to Ireland. Nor is Laserian the first prelate who enjoyed that distinctive title in Ireland. In his celebrated Psalter of Cashel, the royal Bishop Cormac MacCulinan, mentions one Fiachrius as having been papal legate in Ireland. St. Flannan, first Bishop of Killaloe, was consecrated in Rome by John IV, A.D. 639. In 640 St. Cumman, author of a celebrated Paschal epistle, endeavored to persuade the Columbian Fathers to adhere to the old rule of the computation of Easter. He appeals to the unity and authority of the Church and writes: "Can anything be perceived more pernicious to the Mother Church, more destructive to religion than to say Rome errs, Jerusalem errs, the whole world errs, the Scots and Britons alone are right?"

In the sixth century St. Finbarr, accompanied by St. Aidan journeyed to Rome.

In 643 Thomian, Archbishop of Armagh, and other Irish prelates, forwarded a letter to the Roman clergy relative to the Paschal controversy.

St. Degan travelled to Rome about the dawn of the seventh century. St. Killian also made a voyage of devotion to Rome in the seventh century, and on his return "settled in France, where he was employed to preach in the district of Artois." During the bishopric of Virgilius in the seventh century an incident is recorded that shows Ireland's fidelity to Rome in doubtful doctrinal matters. A certain priest who was not familiar with the Latin vernacular, conferred Baptism, using the form: "*Baptizo te in nomine Patria et Filia et Spiritua Sancta.*" St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz and contemporary with Virgilius, held that the sacrament administered by the clergyman was invalid. Virgilius, on the other hand, defended the validity of such a formula. To confirm his opinion Boniface addressed a letter to Pope Zachary. But the latter replied that though the Latin used by the priest was incorrect, the sacrament was validly administered. In 756 Virgilius was appointed Bishop of Saltzburg by Pope Stephen II. There is a Virgilius who is supposed to have been Bishop of Strathclyde in Scotland. He was certainly present at a council held in Rome A.D. 721, and he describes himself under his own hand as a British bishop of Irish birth. He was accompanied by another prelate who calls himself Fergustus, *Episcopus Scotæ Pictus*, that is, a Pictish bishop of Scotia, which at that time must mean bishop of the Irish Picts. Both happened to be in Rome together, and were invited to assist at this council and subscribe their names. In the year 775 the Benedictine Chronicle records that St. Romuld resigned the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin, travelled to Great Britain and Belgium and thence to Rome, the citadel of religion.

Dungal, the celebrated opponent of Claudius the Iconoclast, lived in the eighth century. Owing to the cruelties of the Danes he retired to Italy, where he was made professor at Pavia. Defending the doctrine of the invocation of saints, he says: "If the apostles and martyrs while in this world could pray for others, how much more can they do it after their crowns, victories and triumphs." St. Donatus arrived in Rome during the reign of Louis the Pious, and was present at the king's coronation. Again, in 861 the same saint was present at a Lateran council held under Nicholas I.

Towards the beginning of the ninth century the Danes appeared in Ireland. Pirates and pagans by profession, there was a double motive in their invading the country—love of plunder and hatred of Christianity. Nigh four centuries under the peace of the Gospel, Ireland held a unique place among the European nations. Rich shrines overspread the country, and wealth abounded; while her sons crossing to other shores diffused their learning and sanctity. But the splendor of her noonday sun was darkened. For three centuries she struggled against the Danes, and the blood of her faithful children poured out for faith and fatherland. In the end Ireland conquered the Dane and led him to the fold of Christ. Sitric, chief of the Danes, died (A. D. 1035) on a pilgrimage to the city of the Popes. Aulave, his son, learning of his father's death, set out to pay his own and his followers' tribute of respect and homage to the common father of Christendom. When St. Malachy O'Moore, successor to Gilbert, bishop of Limerick, visited Rome he received from Innocent II. the office of Apostolic legate in Ireland. Nine years later on a second journey to Rome, St. Malachy died at Clairvaux. In 1063 Donough O'Brien, ex-monarch of Ireland and son of Brien Borumha, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. Ireland's steadfast adherence to her faith during the English schism is too well known to need repetition. Hence, for fourteen hundred years has Ireland remained loyal to the Holy See, holding "unaltered and unshaken" the faith that she received from St. Patrick. And we behold to-day as of yore the answer of her patron's prayer:

. . . . "Though every nation,
. . . . old troth forsworn,
Should flee the sacred scandal of the Cross
Through pride as once the apostle fled through fear,
This nation of my love, a priestly house,
Beside that Cross shall stand, fate-firm, like him
That stood beside Christ's mother."

C. MCGURTY, O.M.I.

Metamorphoses of Insects.



THE small animals, which we call insects, pass through a series of metamorphoses before appearing in the last stage of their existence. Our gaudy butterflies and moths, which so gracefully soar over the sunny fields merrily gambling from flower to flower, have one day been the ugly worm which crawls so clumsily along the ground ; for some time they have remained buried in a silken grave from which they have escaped breaking the walls of their cocoon, and after drying their beautifully colored wings have flown in quest of the nectar of flowers.

The life of insects comprise four different stages, first, the egg ; second, the larva ; third, the pupa ; and lastly, the perfect winged insect or imago.

Some insects, however, pass through all the periods of their existence without any great change in the structure of their body ; for instance, the grasshoppers retain the same appearance from the egg to their full grown stage, except that their wings, which are at first rudimentary, become longer as the grasshopper increases in size ; but the greatest number of species pass through complete transformations from the egg to the imago or perfect state.

A curious fact it is that the parent insects, which in many cases (as among the butterflies and moths) without ever having tasted of the food plant of its caterpillars, deposits its eggs only on the very plant on which the larvæ will feed. This food plant varies for the different families or even species of insects ; while some species are extremely particular in the choice of their food, others as for instance the Army worms (*Leucania unipuncta*) and the Forest Tent caterpillars (*Clisiocampa disstria*), will feed on almost anything, and if confined in a box where no food is placed for them they will devour one another. The cannibalism of caterpillars has been noted in several orders of insects.

The eggs take a great variety of shapes and colors, they are either glued singly to the leaf or may be deposited in clusters ; in the case of our common Tent caterpillar (*Clisiocampa americana*), the egg cluster deposited around the twigs of trees is covered with a

ring of a gelatinous substance to protect the eggs from the frost in winter.

In a few days, or sometimes after several months, the egg gives existence to a small worm. The very first meal of this young baby, in several instances, consists of the egg shell from which he has just escaped. When he has gained some strength by this rather dry breakfast he attacks voraciously the nearest leaf. After a certain time his clothes become too tight, that is to say, his skin getting too small for the size of his body, it is time to exchange for a new and larger suit. The caterpillar ceases feeding for a few days, its skin parts and the insect comes out of it in a fresh wrapping, sometimes of a different colour from the one he had before. These changes may occur even seven or eight times, after which the full grown larva prepares itself a home for the next stage of its existence. It is at this stage that the caterpillars of some moths spin their cocoons of silk. As soon as this is completed the skin of the larva separates and the insect appears under an entirely new form. Instead of the formerly active and voracious larva we now behold a brown or brownish kind of mummy with no other power of moving than that of a feeble wriggle of the segments of its body. This is called pupa from a word, meaning a doll, or chrysalid, because some pupae are spotted with golden dots.

Soft, and of a pale color during the first days of its existence the pupa hardens and becomes of a darker color and the different parts of the future imago (perfect insect) are formed; when the metamorphosis is complete the perfect insect forces its way out of the hard shell. Its body is unusually plump while its wings are small. In a very short time, in the space of a few hours or even less, the wings grow to their full extent and the body takes its regular size; the body and the wings are at first wet and in drying drops of a coloured liquid fall on the objects on which the insect rests. These drops are in some instances of a blood-red color and have often given rise to the stories of red rain.

A naturalist relates that in 1608 the walls of a cemetery at Aix and those of the surrounding villages appeared as if spotted with blood. The people, as Rheumur says, did not hesitate to attri-

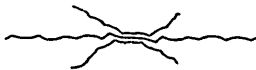
bute the fact to the witches and even to the devil himself, but a learned man, de Peiresc, observing that the red spots were not found in the heart of the city, and never at a higher elevation than certain insects were wont to fly, took some chrysalids enclosed them in a box, and after a certain time butterflies emerged and the dreaded red spots were produced on the sides and bottom of the box ; de Peiresc attributed to the same cause the showers of blood which are spoken of in history.

Arrived to its perfect stage or imago, the insect will not grow any more in size before its death ; it is at this period that the eggs are laid. The length of time the insect lives as imago varies for the different species, but they do not usually live more than one year ; our May flies, which pass two years in the preparatory stages of their life, die a few hours after emerging from the pupa, while the omnipresent house fly, which passes through all the first stages in a few days, lives several weeks as a winged insect.

This will end our rather short review of the metamorphoses of insects ; though brief and scanty be these notes on the stages of the life of these small forms of animals it gives us a slight idea of the marvels which are found everywhere in nature proclaiming the wisdom of the Creator.

“ And Nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying : ‘ Here’s a story book
Thy Father hath written for thee.’ ”

A. E. RICHARD, '03.



Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

SEVENTH PAPER



FRIEND of mine who happens to be a successful author, and whose knowledge of the literature produced in the English language by Irish minds, is extensive and exact, writes complaining that the name of Moira O'Neill does not appear on my recently published list of Irish writers. My space is so restricted that in the article in question I have had to confine myself almost exclusively to that which was already well known and widely valued. The survey was a lengthy one, and, as I mentioned at the outset, I could barely name the select few of many generations. I might have gone on with minor sketches and called attention to scores and hundreds of respectable living writers, but a line had to be drawn somewhere. With what I gave my purpose seemed attained. But I must confess that my knowledge of the poetry of Moira O'Neill is limited to a few poems by the lady which I happened upon while they were going the round of the press, and some of which I considered quite natural and tender. My friend asks, "but, man alive, when writing of Irish literary folk, how did you manage to omit Moira O'Neill, the sweetest songster the island has ever produced? Don't you know Moira O'Neill's 'Songs of the Glens of Antrim'?" I must repeat that the omission was the result of a want of knowledge on my part—*mea culpa*—as, until my friend wrote, I had never heard of a volume of poems called "The Songs of the Glens of Antrim." Howbeit 'tis never too late to mend. I am sorry that I did not know more, and by way of reparation I have just ordered Moira O'Neill's poems from my bookseller.

Another friend, whose literary taste I know to be well cultivated, asked me "how I could complete a list of Irish writers without some reference to Richard Barry O'Brien, author of the "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell," and the "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." How, indeed! I was very unjust to the "O's," although I belong to that clan myself. The "Life of Parnell" by

Barry O'Brien, is, it seems to me, a perfect model of biography. The author turns neither to the right hand nor to the left but sticks to his theme, and, as a result, the subject stands out from every page, making a deep impression on the mind of the reader. Mr. O'Brien was born in historic County Clare some four and fifty years ago. He was called to the Irish bar in 1875 and to the English bar a year later, but the attractions of literature and politics proved too strong for him. He has published, I believe, eight works in all, mostly on political subjects. His best known work is his life of Charles Stewart Parnell. He lives at West Kensington, as owing to foreign influence the Irish book-market is not a remunerative one. Before closing this paragraph, I sincerely thank my friends for having directed my attention to some of my grievous sins of omission.

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An article contributed to *Donahoe's Magazine*, by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., one of the greatest Catholic men of science, contains the following illuminating passage: "Belief in the existence of God and of the soul is forced on the scientist by every problem which he cannot solve. God and the soul are facts which the scientist finds at the end of his spade, his scalpel, or his telescope; under the microscope, or at the bottom of the retort. He feels he knows that only a spiritual being could do his complex work of inductive and deductive ratiocination; and the spiritual being, which does its work, should prove the existence of a first cause like to itself, —should find a spiritual Creator as a first link in the last analysis of physical, metaphysical and moral science."

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A memorial to a light of the Catholic Church in the early ages of Christianity in England, the Venerable Bede, is to be raised over the well at Monkton, half a league from Jarrow, the waters of which have been credited with healing virtues for sickly children. Bede was born in 673, in that part of the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, which now forms the county of Durham, according to tradition, in the neighborhood of Monkton, a village about two miles to the south-westward of Jarrow. Into the monastery of Wearmouth the little Bede entered as an *alumnus*, or pupil, when

he was only seven years old. At the age of nineteen he was ordained a deacon, and at the age of thirty he was ordained a priest. Shortly after his admission to the priesthood he appears to have removed to the brother monastery of Jarrow, where he continued to reside till the time of his decease, diligently employing himself in compiling glosses and expositions of the Scriptures, and in composing works for the edification of himself and his brethren. At that time most of the monks were accustomed to labor with their hands in the fields of their monastery, as well as to pray with their heart and voice in the church or cell. They mowed the hay, reaped and thrashed the corn, and eke, milked the cows and fed the calves. How much manual labor Bede performed it is impossible for me to say, but this much is certain, he allowed nothing to withdraw him from the offices of meditation and literary composition. We are informed that the genius of Bede embraced the whole cyclopædia of human learning; that he acquired his knowledge of natural philosophy and mathematics from the purest sources, namely, from the works of the Greek and Latin authors themselves; and that he had a competent knowledge of poetry, rhetoric, metaphysics, logic, astronomy, music, cosmography, chronology, and history. By one writer he is represented as "trimming the lamps of learning, and irradiating the Saxon realm of Northumberland with a clear and steady light." That his knowledge was great for his time is certain. The eight volumes folio which he has left us puts that statement beyond dispute, as the few who had had the curiosity to look into them with some degree of attention, join in testifying. But I confess I have no desire to see Venerable Bede described as a "progeny of learning," like the young lady in the amusing play of "The Rivals." I venture to think the writer who described Bede, as "trimming the lamps of learning," might have represented him, more truly and graphically, as a good-natured, garrulous old monk, of great but not accurate memory, beguiling the long winter nights by reading to the other monks in the common hall, with the aid of a rushlight, a huge volume of extracts compiled by himself, from the works of the fathers; varying his course of lectures with a chapter of his own "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation"; and occasionally

rousing them, when he perceived that they were becoming drowsy, with a narrative from the "Life of St. Cuthbert," which, as he represented it, was nothing but a series of miracles from beginning to end. What is certain is that Bede was an ornament of the Benedictine Order, a champion of Catholic truth and teaching, and a great Englishman. But for him many pages in English history, especially in the sixth and seventh centuries, would be a blank. He lived an industrious and a holy life, and his death was even more beautiful than his beautiful life passed in contemplation and toil among monastic cloisters. History records few more touching incidents. In the spring of 735 it became evident that the beloved priest and teacher's days were numbered, but he labored only the more earnestly to complete the translation into English of the Gospel of St. John, for he did "not wish his boys to read what was false or work without profit when he was dead." On the last morning he continued to dictate, notwithstanding their remonstrances, and then, after he had bidden farewell to his friends, his amanuensis said, "There is yet one more sentence, dear master, to write out." "Write quickly," he replied. Then the youth said, now it is finished." "Well," Bede answered, "thou has spoken truly. It is finished," and so commended his soul to God and died.

They buried him at Jarrow, but a later generation carried his bones to Durham, to be laid in a grand shrine in the Galilee of the Cathedral.

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It is customary to compare the late Aubrey DeVere, who was essentially a contemplative poet, with Wordsworth, of like ilk, and in some other respects, notably that of polished evenness, with Tennyson. There is ground for both comparisons, as such things pass. But it is only the most obvious externals, the most striking characteristics, the most obtrusive mannerisms of writers that can be compared at all; and with marked qualities that almost anyone can perceive and appraise for himself comparisons become a waste of time. For the rest, no two writers are alike in any feature. The originality of genius is, at once, a primary quality that admits of very little similitude and absolutely no

identity. Just as true poetry does not copy nature, but expresses it, so original writers do not slavishly ape each other, but they agree in moulding and coloring thought according to their powers, and certain classes approach a certain standard of expression more closely than other classes. With this common tendency all identity stops. How could it be otherwise? In its highest and rarest manifestation originality means new thought, and in its secondary and more common shape it means new associations of old thoughts; but be its degree what it may it signifies pure novelty in some form. Inasmuch as an author is original he is unique and incomparable. Again, when originality ceases and mere cleverness begins, the source of inspiration becomes so mixed and obscured that it is impossible either strictly or justly to align it with the cleverness of another. If my contentions are correct, there is in literature no task more bootless than that of comparing great authors at any length, and that is only another way of saying that a great portion of criticism is utterly fruitless.

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Our French countrymen speak of erecting a monument to their poet, Octave Crémazie. Born in the city of Quebec, his mortal remains rest in France, the sunny *nidus* of his forefathers: but it is a subject of surprise that the Canadians of French extraction, whose most cherished aspirations he so adequately versified, should not have long ere this rather late date reared a fitting memorial in his honor. Be this as it may, the French Canadians, always anxious to promote the public recognition of their great men by means of costly and artistic monuments and statues, have repeatedly set an example which other races that can boast of such a fine poet as, say, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, would do infinite credit to themselves by following. The career of Octave Crémazie was an unfortunate one, owing almost entirely, I have convinced myself, to the poetic temperament of the man, in which that seventh and lowest but very useful sense nevertheless, an aptitude for the management of affairs, found little room. I do not propose further to allude to painful matters, nor is it necessary, as the life of the poet has been acceptably written by the Abbé Casgrain. But the memory of the dreamer who conceived

the weird "Promenade de Trois Morts," the stirring "Le Drapeau de Carillon," the well-sustained "Le Vieux Soldat Canadien," and the charming "Le Chant des Voyageurs," should by all means be kept green by his people. No finer lyric than the Chant has ever been written by a Canadian. Poetry is not like cotton, it should not be measured by the strip, or the yard. Even the *foot* measure—let me crack my little joke in peace—is not always a proper standard, certainly no standard when applied to French poetry, the prosody of which, as in the case of all the Latin languages, concerns itself with the length of time occupied in uttering a syllable more than with the drum-beat of recurring accents on which English metre is based. Crémazie was not a bulky poet, and none of his poems seem lengthy when compared with a poetic flight from Lamartine, or our own almost interminable "Paradise Lost." In one sense, a long poem does not exist. A poem is a direct appeal to the feelings, and it deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. But all excitements are, through a physical necessity, transient. Edgar Allen Poe has taught us so much in his lecture on the "Poetic Principle." I do not hesitate to affirm that for one who has read Spencer's "Faery Queen" a thousand have read William Collin's "Ode on the Passions," and the thoughts of men are chiefly influenced by what they read. Crémazie confined himself to "swallow-flights of song," but his briefest poem is true in tone. Between him and the author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" there are points of resemblance. "Had Gray written often thus," says Dr. Johnson, "it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." When one reads the "Promenade de Trois Morts" or the "Chant des Voyageurs," something like the foregoing remark rises spontaneously to one's lips. True the poems of Crémazie are not arrayed in such faultless elegance of style as the carefully polished linguistic jewels of Gray, but the Canadian is less artificial and infinitely more natural. Crémazie was the Chaucer of Quebec, the father of French Canadian literature, and deserved every honor that can be paid to his memory.

The death of Frank R. Stockton, at the age of sixty-eight, leaves a perceptible blank in American literature. His first successful work was "Rudder Grange," but he had previously written numerous magazine articles and novels. The unsophisticated youth who believes that the possession of pen, ink and paper, are all that he requires to make him a successful writer, is doomed to disappointment. Writing is an art, and art requires experience. Experience must be acquired, and literary biography teaches us that the acquisition of experience is almost always a long and painful task. The amusing account of "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshire," fully sustained the reputation of "Rudder Grange." Both works are fine specimens of good American humor, and full of entertainment for young and old. His longest stories, such as "The Adventures of Captain Horn," and its sequel "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," indicate a broader range than the works already mentioned, but their humor is less evident. Laughable oddness of plot and extreme whimsical treatment of character are Stockton's leading traits, and his style is attractive. His humor is always refined and wholesome, points in which he differs widely from other American humorists.

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The month of May is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The jewel of womanhood is chastity and virtue. With a logic there is no gainsaying, the Catholic Church has constituted the only daughter of Eve born without sin, the ideal woman. Around the hallowed name of the immaculate Mother of God Incarnate, a touching and rich literature has gathered. To name its component parts would require a large volume, so extensive is it. It is almost unnecessary to say that it has been contributed to by almost all the great Catholic poets and thinkers of every clime. Their widely diversified tributes to Mary, in poetry and in prose, agree almost invariably in being addressed not to her intellect but her affection. This general characteristic indicates, it seems to me, that Catholic thought holds love is the bond of the universe and woman is mistress of the bond. This is a beautiful belief that gives refreshment to our most delicate sympathies. Although too many of the separated churches treat the Virgin with a studied coldness and disdain

most repugnant to Catholic taste, this lovely phase of our Catholic faith is too natural and powerfully penetrative to be entirely avoided by the most highly endowed among our separated brethren, and many tender things have been written about the Blessed Virgin by thoughtful Protestants who, influenced for the nonce by Catholic teaching, behold in her the sweetest womanhood ever known on earth. Very many Protestants who are numbered among the greatest writers of Britain have honored themselves by doing honor to Mary, and happily the same may be said of many leading authors of America. A collection of the most striking of those tributes from the minds of Protestants was made some years since by a London bookseller, and it constitutes a fascinating volume. It is gratifying to find that what may be called the alien recognition of Mary is rapidly growing, so that the columns of the secular magazines and newspapers controlled by Protestants both in Britain and America, are not unfrequently devoted to the praises of the Blessed Virgin. Moved by this far-felt enthusiasm, one without inspiration and depending wholly on devout admiration may be permitted humbly to add his voice however unworthy to the general concert :—

The Virgin reigns ! my soul's full flood, once more
 Surges to her, as seeks the sea its shore ;
 Before her altar while I bow the knee,
 I almost seem to share her purity,—
 O, Queen of May,
 Who, immaculate for man, a Saviour bore,
 Be thou my guide and stay.

It is the May, the fragrance of its breath
 Adown my heart's glad garden wandereth,
 And soft amid the bloom I feel it stir
 White lilies that so seemly symbol her,
 Oh, Maid of May,
 The one unsullied among humans set,
 Sole gem of clearest ray.

Most clement, not with blossoms meadows bear
 Thee would I weave a worthy garland fair,
 But from my thoughts, left purer by thy spell,
 I fain would choose a bouquet of sweet smell
 To outlast May.
 Oh, steep my mind in odors rich and rare,
 And cleanse all else away.

THE END.

Belgian Politics.



THE public affairs of Belgium have been in a pretty mess lately. The violent disturbances, occurring in Brussels and other large centres, have set people enquiring about the real condition of things in this distressed little kingdom.

Are there substantial causes for discontent? Belgium is a most thickly, and in comparison with other countries, one of the most prosperous in the world. The people on the whole are peaceful, industrious and law-abiding; the majority are Catholic, and, in the exercise of an undoubted prerogative, have supported a government representative of them and their religious persuasion—a fact without parallel in Europe to-day. The Belgian Catholic Conservatives have been in power for nearly twenty years. Incessantly dubbed Clericals, as if an avowedly Catholic policy and leanings constituted a crime and an opprobrium; despite old grudges, repeated provocations and opportunities for reprisals, these Clericals have in the main shown themselves disinclined to extreme sectarian bias, and at the same time wise and moderate in their measures. They have certainly contributed much to the peace and prosperity which, except for troubles like the present, the kingdom of Belgium seemed to enjoy. However, as it was natural to expect, this party has opposed certain “grievances” or schemes by which political opponents have sought unsuccessfully to drive them from power. When constitutional methods were found unavailing to this end, recourse was had to the doubtful and always drastic expedient of mob rule.

Who are the opponents of the Belgian Conservatives? Certainly not Protestants. The recent disturbances are not the direct outcome of religious differences which the Reformation might have occasioned. There are but few Protestants in Belgium. The Catholic Church, notwithstanding, has become the chief object of hostility in this whole movement. The previous centuries had been given up to experiments in wretched political systems. Every quack theory of government has had its day. As each fad in this line came on the scene, caught the popular fancy, expanded and

burst like the empty bubble, the hopes raised by these speculations were frustrated and the people, especially those who were induced to join in the hollow schemes, found their best interests endangered. Catholicism as the true and professed champion of right and progress has time and again been obliged to intervene to save from, as well as often to repair the ravages of failures that were inevitable by the very nature of things, without its interference. Yet the accumulated blame of disappointed ambitions and of reverses have been unjustly charged up to the account of the Catholic Church, which, proof against social decay and contagion, was ever on the side of order and real progress. Socialism, the latest form of the social plague, uniting in itself most of the elements of the old anti-social movements, professes to see, not in its own inherent absurdity and mischievousness but in the opposition of the Catholics of Belgium, the only barrier there is to the ultimate triumph of its principles. This barrier must be removed at all odds. Hence the cry raised in this quarter and which has echoed in every part of the globe: "Down with the Clericals!"

Previous to the year 1884, the Liberals of Belgium held the reins of power. These proceeded in their characteristic fashion to carry out an aggressively anti-clerical programme. The union of Church and State, existing from time immemorial and still in favor with the people at large, was to be dissolved. Godless education was inaugurated by a complete secularization of the schools, from which religious teaching—contrary to the wishes of parents—was banished. These measures were radical enough under the circumstances, but the Liberals proceeded to tamper with the institutions of charity. Most of these were established and maintained through private generosity with occasional but insufficient grants from the public treasury. The attempt to secularize establishments of this sort was justly regarded as a blow at justice and liberty: and it, more than anything else, served to convince the Belgians that the so-called Liberal party had not so much at heart the public welfare as lucrative positions for its camp followers.

In the elections of 1884, the Catholic Conservatives swept the country. They won again at the polls in 1894 under the new electoral law called the Reform Bill. The Socialists as a party in

the legislature date from this election. According to the Reform Bill of 1893 every citizen over 25 years of age is entitled to vote. In addition married men with families and owners of property to the value of 2,000 francs were given a supplementary vote, while a second supplementary vote was given to holders of university degrees and other diplomas, as well as Holy Orders. Three votes was the maximum. Qualified electors were obliged by law to vote. This legislation seemed to favor the party in power, since the professional classes were Catholics, ecclesiastics being so beyond argument. The franchise law though modified for the elections of 1899, did not change the political situation. The Socialists, Liberals and Radicals, even by a coalition, found themselves in a hopeless minority of 65 as against 88 government supporters. The opposition then began to clamor for the "one man one vote" suffrage. The government went a step further and proposed the admission of women on equal terms with men to the ballot. To this the Socialists would not agree in the face of the fact that the Belgian woman, being fervently Catholic, were consequently "Clericals." In desperation the Socialists and their allies summoned the industrial classes to revolt.

The move, however, did not terminate as the promoters intended. The troops, though claimed by the agitators to be in sympathy with them, promptly responded to the command to preserve order and to quell the rioting. The Liberals, shocked at the loss of life and the attempted wholesale destruction of property, have declared their alliance with the Socialists at an end. A motion to censure the government for undue violence in suppressing the disturbances was defeated in the Brussels Chambers by a vote of 75 to 30. When the election takes place next month many voters will probably change over to the Catholics.

Thus, as the matter stands, there seems to be at present three great storm-centres in Belgian politics, viz.: the Catholic majority, the clergy, and the plural vote. It is surely too bad that the majority is not more careless in the use of the powers guaranteed to it in the constitution; should its supporters complain if occasionally they are mobbed, even tho' this be only a sample of what would happen to their interests, if they lost their

hold on power. The grievance against the clergy is occasioned by the influence it exercises over the Flemish. The priest, here as elsewhere, possesses undoubted authority not as much by virtue of the supernatural powers, he lays claim to, as by the exercise of those qualities that proclaim men everywhere to be the leaders of their kind intellectually, morally, civilly. Something, finally, may be said in favor of the plural vote. By the increased power it gives to the student, it places the poor man on a level, politically, with the millionaire. Some time ago, a New York clergyman attributed much of the corruption and incompetency in official circles to the ignorance of the masses, and concluded by advising: "Educate the voters." It is obvious that heads of families and the educated classes have the most vital interests at stake, and it does not seem possible to assure the public welfare in a better way than by according to these classes a preponderating voice in the management of the affairs of the country.

M. T. P.



HYMN.

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria ! thou hast heard my hymn !
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still !
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A Remarkable Spring.

NOT even the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" can remember a spring which opened at Ottawa as early as the one we are now enjoying. From the beginning of February till the end of March the weather has been almost uniformly fair and mild. March 3rd was cold and blustery, but from that on the days were bright, and the snow melted away gradually without floods or an undue amount of slush or mud. The return of the spring birds and the blossoming of native plants are good indications of the progress of the season. Certainly no spring within the recollection of the writer has been so early as the present one, and the following dates seem worth putting on record for future reference.

The Horned Lark, which generally may be looked for in the middle of February, was this year three weeks behind time. Every other record, however, is far in advance of the usual date at Ottawa. Leaving my house on the morning of March 15, a lovely warm day, I first noticed a pair of English Sparrows carrying straws to their nest. On a mountain ash tree Pine Grosbeaks and Cedar Waxwings were seen eating the berries. Bohemian Waxwings were looked for but none were observed. On the road to the Experimental Farm, flocks of Pine Siskins and Chickadees were busy in the cedars as though to add their testimony to that of the last named and to remind us that winter was not yet gone. In contradiction to this idea, Song Sparrows were on this day heard for the first time—not a single bird, but several—singing their joyous song from the topmost branches of the alders in a piece of swamp land. Robins appeared in numbers also on this day, although single birds had been seen several days earlier. As the Experimental Farm was reached, numerous Crows, some of which had wintered in Dow's swamp, were noisily proclaiming that spring was actually here, and the modest little song of the Horned Larks echoed the good news. Later in the day Red-winged Blackbirds were seen among the rushes on the banks of the Rideau canal. The next record was of the Cowbird on March 22, Bronzed Grackles came in flocks on the 23rd, the Bluebird on the 24th, and the Slate-colored Junco on March 27.

As a rule the Song Sparrow is the first arrival and may be expected about March 28.

"Frogs" were heard whistling vociferously at the very early date of March 25.

The first flowers of the year were Snowdrops on March 26, in sheltered spots, Crocusses on March 29th in similiar places, and Siberian Squills on 31st. The Si'wer Maple, usually our first wild plant to blossom, had fully expanded flowers on March 30, but Mr. W. J. Wilson observed some blossoms on his record James street tree on the 26th; my earliest previous record was April 2 in 1898. On March 30 also Hepaticas in bloom were collected at Hull, and on March 31 the swamp Alders had some catkins fully expanded.

DR. J. FLETCHER,
In the Ottawa Naturalist.

When the twigs begin the rustle,
And the birds are all a-bustle

On the bough;

When an azure sky discloses
Promise sweet of June with roses

On her brow;

When the brook that sang so sadly
Welcomes every sunbeam gladly

Frolicking;

When to wood-songs' subtle rhyming
Countless echoes soft are chiming

Then it's spring.

When your clothes seem dark and clinging
And you cannot hear the singing,

Since a cold

Gave your head that buzz ecstatic,
When you throb with sharp, erratic

Pains untold;

When good-natured folks assure you
That they know just what will cure you,

And you bring

A most harrowing melancholy
'Mongst your friends who would be jolly--

Then it's spring.

The Evolution of Language.

(LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY)

By W. A. MARTIN, '02.

(Continued.)



THE second, and perhaps the most important, element in the process of linguistic evolution, is the alteration of material that already exists in the language. Words, we know, are constituted of two elements, the material, or the word itself, and the formal, or the signification. Hence the alteration may be twofold, affecting either element of the word.

The change of verbal structure, or the *elementum materiale* of words, constitutes what may be called the digestive or assimilative force in speech. The reason for this structural alteration will be readily understood when we consider that language is nothing more or less than an instrumentality. Now, as an artisan will give his implements that form whereby he will be enabled to work with the greatest ease and rapidity, so naturally enough will the user of language mould his words that they may be most easily and conveniently manipulated. All corners are worn off, all that is not essential is cut away, the sense alone is kept intact. Hence, it is seen, the process is simply one of abbreviation. Nor is it confined to words of foreign birth, for it finds equal application in terms of indigenous growth.

As an illustration of this abbreviating force in language development, let us take a word that has often served as an example in this respect, but we are even more inclined to employ it from the fact that its history is so well known; it is the word "bishop." If one were to place the French *évêque* beside our English *bishop* and judge from their appearances alone, I fancy he would not be disposed to ascribe to them a common parentage. And still their kinship is very close. From the root *skep* and the prefix *epi* the Greek built the word *episkopos* (overseer). But how greatly has time changed the complexion of the word. Let us examine the transformation. Dropping the first and last syllables we are left with *piskop*. Substituting for the initial *p* the corresponding sonant

b and for *sk* the sound *sh*, we have *bishop* with two syllables instead of the four of its parent word. *Évêque*, whose aspect is entirely different, comes by a somewhat more circuitous route from *episk*, the first two syllables of the primitive *episkopos*.

The question now proposes itself—does this abbreviation promote decay? Far from it; establishing unity and integrity in what is loose and disjected, it rather makes for new life and vigor in language.

The change in signification or formal element of words is so complicated and so irreducible to classification, that its treatment offers considerable difficulty and would require more space than the limits of this paper could permit. We shall therefore have content ourselves with examining some of the agencies at work.

Words, as everyone knows, are arbitrary and conventional signs, and have no necessary connection with the things signified or with the ideas in the mind. Were it otherwise, change in the form of the word would necessarily suppose change in the meaning and *vice versa*. But since there is no essential relation between word and concept, either may change without in anywise affecting the other. As an instance of this take the word *volume*; though the conception has vastly changed, the word itself remains unaltered. English abounds in examples of such transformation in the inner life of words. Let us remark just a few. A *bank* in our day is something more elegant in appointment than the old money-lender's *bench*. And the sum of a *bankrupt's* troubles exceeds a *broken bench*. The populace and unlearned though still the same old *vulgus* are no longer called *lewd*; this epithet is in our day no respecter of classes, and attaches itself to both cultured and uncultured. A modest person is not now considered *daft*; nor a *silly* one, blessed. And an *idiot* at the present time instead of being a private citizen is rather deprived of citizenship. The *blackguards* that we know, devote their energy to something quite different from the paraphernalia of the scullery. And the poor, despised *dunces!* it might perhaps be a balm to their wounds to know that the first bearers of this now opprobrious epithet were the disciples of the Subtle Doctor, Dun Scot. How lifeless and unmeaning in our times is the word *good-by*; yet in an age when

religion counted for more than it does in this *golden* period, *good-by* was "God be with you." An array of examples of the inner-change of words might be marshalled out, but we believe sufficient have been given to illustrate the vast influence of this process in the history of language.

How is it, someone may ask, that when the conceptions embodied in certain words are lost or changed the words themselves are not abandoned? The answer is quite simple. Is it not easier when conceptions change to invest the new notions with the old garb than to puzzle our wits in producing entirely new clothing? Most assuredly, and indeed the experience of every day shows the continual transferring of old terms to new uses.

It is a fact worthy of note in the study of linguistic science, that the acquisition of language is little more or less than the adoption of word-classifications, for as the essences or natures of beings are universal, naturally enough the names of beings that have generic or specific qualities in common are grouped together. True, indeed, everything may have enough individuality to entitle it to its own peculiar and proper appellation, but if we were to give it this particular appellation, how many, even men of genius, would find language at all manageable? Therefore, with a view to ease and economy, we give names to certain objects and apply the same term to all other objects having enough resemblance to those as to form a class with them.

However, in extending a name's application so as to give it the scope of a class, we do not always adhere to the close similarity of objects, but oftentimes base the classification on analogy that not infrequently is very remote and fanciful. Hence we have figurative language. A very conspicuous feature of figurative transfer, a feature that is of paramount importance in the history of language, is the evolution of our intellectual vocabulary. As human knowledge proceeds from the concrete to the abstract, that is, from the cognition of sensible material objects to the apprehension of the things of the mind, it follows as a necessary consequence that the march of language is from the material to the abstract. In this we have one of the grandest phenomena in the whole range of language history.

As we noted in the beginning of this paper the evolution of language presents three aspects—loss, change and production. And of these the last named, which we shall discuss in a few words, constitutes in the most essential sense the true development of speech.

As the generations succeed each other, knowledge is continually expanding, old ideas are giving way to new notions and false conceptions are being corrected, hence is it that there is an ever-increasing demand for new expression. New expression, however, does not necessarily require the creation of new words: for, indeed, the absolute creation of new terms is of extremely rare occurrence, and is to be instanced only in the attempt to imitate the sounds of nature, in what is called onomatopœia. But the ends of production are satisfied in various ways, *e.g.*, by multiplying meanings of existing words, by combining separate terms, and by borrowing from other languages.

We have now finished the very rapid and incomplete summary of the processes by which language as we find it to-day has been evolved from the primitive germ of the early framers of speech. The aim of this paper has been not to give a category of words that have been lost, changed or created, but rather to examine, in a very feeble way, the principal agencies at work in the development of language. And, in conclusion, let it again be remarked, that though language is a human institution, knowing no maker but man, its formation is not to be regarded as a task to which one may devote himself at will. The operation of construction is an unconscious one, and the only agencies at work are time and the constant advance of the human mind. If a conception is lost or changed, the word designating it is discarded or informed with a new idea. If a new notion is born, the word with which to invest it is immediately obtained. Thus the development of language reduces itself to the adoption of means to an end. The end is the communication of thought; the means, words. With these facts in mind we are now more able to realize the truth of those words of Coleridge: "Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapon of its future conquest."

A South African Chaplain.

THE following is part of a letter from Rev. Fr. Varnat, O.M.I., which appeared in the *Missionary Record* of the Oblate of Mary Immaculate :

"During my long hours of convalescence from fever, I am jotting down some of my experiences as chaplain. After the raising of the siege of Kimberley, I longed to join the troops and to assist spiritually the many Catholic soldiers, who had not seen a priest for a long time. At the end of two months (April 18, 1900) I had my wish, and was attached to the forces stationed at Barkly West, a little town about twenty-five miles from Kimberley, on the right bank of the Vaal. At the time of which I write, Barkly was a place of the first importance, because of its bridge, the only pass across the river held by the English. During the four months' siege of Kimberley the Boers had occupied the bridge, but they had fled on the day that General French entered Kimberley, and only returned a few days afterwards to find it now held by British troops, including the Dublin Fusiliers, all Catholics. I received a hearty welcome at Barkly West, but at the end of May, the garrison being reduced, and the Fusiliers ordered elsewhere, I returned to Kimberley for further orders.

"My second post was the military hospital, some distance out of that town. This hospital contained about 100 large tents, each with ten or twelve beds, and well supplied with water; fitted also with electric light, thanks to the De Beers Mines Company. Furthermore, a branch line from the railway ran to the very centre of the camp, thus enabling the sick and wounded to be brought straight from the train to the hospital. Before I came, this camp had been attended from Kimberley by Bishop Gaughran and Fathers Morin and Kempl. The patients wanted for nothing. From the first day I was treated with the utmost consideration, and as everything was carried out very methodically, and every facility given me to find out the members of my flock, I soon became acquainted with them. The hospital staff consisted of 25 doctors, 30 nurses, and 200 orderlies. A doctor and a nurse had charge of a certain number of tents, and were helped by two men,

one for the day and the other for the night. During my three months' stay in this hospital I received the greatest courtesy and assistance from doctors and nurses. There were 320 Catholic invalids. There were some prisoners of war in this hospital, and they were treated not only well, but with extreme kindness. Among the prisoners was a young Corsican, Antonini by name, who had been in the foreign contingent, under General Villebois-Mareuil. He was always pleased to see me and to receive an occasional French newspaper from me. The dispositions of the 500 Catholic patients whom I attended in June, July and August, 1900, were edifying. One death-bed in particular moved me very much, that of a young soldier in the 1st Yorkshire Regiment, J. Conroy. He had caught the fever at Paardeberg, and was brought to Kimberley with about 100 others, in a downpour of rain. I saw him frequently. I gave him the last sacraments, and he died the death of a saint. He recommended his mother to my prayers. I wrote to her, telling her how consoled she might feel, but I fear my letter did not reach her. I am sure the details of his death would have been a great consolation to her. Besides my work in the hospital, I used to visit the convalescent camp every Tuesday and Thursday and recite the rosary, after which I gave a short instruction. The following day I used to celebrate Mass, at which a score of men would communicate. I always found the practice of monthly and even weekly communion among those soldiers who often saw a priest, and I must bear witness especially to the excellent conduct and attendance to their religious duties of the soldiers under the care of Father Matthews, one of the chaplains from England.

“One day I arrived at a camp fifteen miles from Kimberley too late to hear confessions before Mass. I had previously preached on the fulfilment of Easter duties. The Colonel, however, wished to set a good example, and it was touching to see the soldierly looking man step out of the ranks at the moment of communion and kneel in the sand before the temporary altar. I soon gathered the fruits of this good example.

“And now for a few words about my third post. Towards the end of August, my flock having considerably diminished, I left the

hospital in care of the Rev. Father Morin, and occupied myself exclusively in the camp scattered along the railway between Kimberley and Mafeking. I had now 1,000 Catholics to look after, but scattered over a distance of 200 miles. My time was spent in going from one company to another with my portable chapel, and a bundle of blankets, which served as a bed. Though this kind of life is pretty hard, one gets used to it, and I prefer night spent on the veldt under the starry heavens to those spent cooped up in the stuffy towns. And such a life is not free from adventure. One night I reached an out-of-the-way station where I was to say Mass the following day. I found that the camp was at a quarter of an hour's marching distance, and not knowing the password I could not venture to approach it during the night. It was very cold, but at the station, unfortunately, everything was shut up. At last, after much grouping in the dark, I knocked against an empty waggon into which I crept. The next morning I awoke about five o'clock, to find my limbs as stiff as iron bars, my hair and beard bristling with frost, and my whole body covered with fine black dust. I had slept in a coal truck. Immediately I rose and directed my steps to a river close by in order to make myself presentable before appearing in camp.

"This kind of life, if wanting in temporal comforts, is certainly not without spiritual consolations for a missionary. At the general Communion in each camp every two months, there are from 80 to 100 soldiers. I am always edified by the lively faith, true devotion, and deep contrition of the men. Without the helps of religion, of course, the camp life would brutalize them, as may be seen by some examples.

"You may perhaps like to know if my life has been in actual danger. I have seen only one battle, and then I was not within the range of the guns, the regiment to which I was attached forming the reserve. In the railway I have run some risks, for the Boers have often fired at the train, but thank God, I have always escaped.

"Seven times in two months the train before ours was fired at, and three times the one that followed ours, till in the end I began quite to complain of my luck. I soon changed my tune

however. A few days after Christmas I was travelling between Vryburg and Taungs; my friends and myself were just admiring some rocky eminences, made as if on purpose for an ambush, when a brisk firing put an end to our conversation. I lay down on the carriage floor, getting my head well under the seat and was only sorry there was no room for the rest of my body. The bullets went whizzing through many compartments, but nobody was hit. After Divine Providence, I think we owed our escape to the fact that the Boers, firing from a height, could see only the top of the train. Anyhow I was cured of the wish to hear bullets whistling over my head."



OLD WITICISMS.

"Truth," says an aged historian, "is stranger than fiction," but it is not anything like as lucrative as historical fiction.

Dr. Ch-b-t: "Please let me look at your tongue."

A Junior, the morning after the annual auction at the store: "O, doctor, no tongue can tell how badly I feel."

The ambitious scholar took back his heavily scored verses, but he could not swallow the Professor's remarks:

"Sir," he said, "a poet is born, not made"

"Dear boy," came the merciless retort, "it won't help your case to try to shift the blame upon your parents."

"What does this nation require," said the impassioned orator, "if she steps proudly across the broad Atlantic—if she boldly strides across the mighty ocean, in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubber boots!" suggested a grossly materialistic person in the rear seat.

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PREJUDICE.

Nothing has more singular charm, perhaps, for the sappy school boy than a college campus. For this one cool oasis, he will submit to the wide burning Sahara of his studies. The campus in fact is the first spot to which he gravitates, and his first initial act on this new scene of his exploits is usually to unfurl his colors. He loudly proclaims that the natives (his class-mates) ought to move out of the backwoods. He was indeed sent to learn, but blessed goodness! he has only to teach. And impervious to the sights and wonders of his present situation he harps back to his home, his family, the city, the district within which he had been perhaps a pampered child, a domestic despot. And even to the school in which he obtained the rudiments and to its teachers, the present institution and its professors are made to seem "like thirty cents." His comrades instead of acquiescing,

begin to laugh and finally ridicule if not to revert to tricks of a more trying nature. By their combined and persevering action, they soon convince the callow youth that there are other skies and sunshines, other hills, valleys and cities, as splendid as those "at home."

So much for the first cruel sweep of the educational pruning-knife. Indeed, what a need there is of such pruning. Prejudice is not only a most silly, but a common vice. Essentially a pre-judgment formed without sufficient examination or weighing of reasons *pro* and *con*, prejudice makes no attempt to reach the truth of a matter in question; and so it defeats the end for which reason was given us, since it warps the mind and presents the most distorted ideas of things. And this form of mental disease or deformity is widely prevalent in the religious, the social and political spheres. One form of it appears in the unbounded vaunting of one race or people at the expense of others, eulogizing the grand qualities and glossing the defects of the former, practically passing over in emphatic silence the glories of the latter. In the present materialistic age the prejudice of nationality is fostered by the most favorable conditions. It is even given the name of virtue and patriotism. Patriots are supposed to support the policy of their country no matter how immoral and unjust it may be. Yes, we may be false to our God, we may disdain His eternal law, bedew the lands of smaller peoples with blood, if "peace" and the preponderance of one's nation calls for this line of policy. Nevertheless, to call this patriotism in good faith is a monstrosity of false logic, and to act in accordance, is to be guilty of prejudice to a degree of impiety inconceivable.

SOCIALISM.

The repeated warnings that Pope Leo XIII. has sent out in recent encyclicals have not been without fruit in the United States. "The miserable condition of a large part of the poorer classes," says the Holy Father, "who assuredly merit our assistance, furnishes an admirable opportunity for the designs of scheming agitators, and especially of socialistic factions which hold out ex-

travagant promises and use them to carry out the most dreadful projects " That the American Socialists are following the programme specified by the Sovereign Pontiff has been abundantly proved by recent transactions in Buffalo. Here the vigilant Bishop Quigley has more than once proved himself the benefactor and friend of the workingman, especially when, a year or two ago, he brought the great grain shovellers' strike to a satisfactory termination. He has again shown himself competent to deal with the present industrial troubles when lately he addressed an open letter to the German churches in Buffalo, in which he scores in no uncertain terms the doctrines of the Social Democratic party. The Socialist Democrats have been strongly organized in New York State, and are particularly active among the German Catholics. Their official organ, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, has become notorious by particularly virulent attacks on Catholicity. Bishop Quigley, in his letter, shows that no Catholic can in conscience become a Social Democrat, and forbids Catholics " to contribute to the extension of Social Democracy directly either by word or writing, or indirectly through financial or moral support given to a newspaper advocating its principles. Catholics who obstinately refuse to renounce the principles of Social Democracy make themselves liable to be deprived of the sacraments and the ministrations of the Church." The German Catholic workmen promptly responded. Meetings were held at which addresses were delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. Quigley, by other prominent clergymen and laymen. Rev. Dr. Heiter, however, has been foremost among the German Catholic priests in the struggle. He challenged the leader of the Social Democrats to a public discussion. The result turned decidedly to the disadvantage of Socialism. The Socialist leader openly confessed—something the local adherents were strenuously denying—that the organization in America had no foe to fear and fight as much as the Catholic Church. This valuable admission, while it gave the lie to the local organizers, disposed the Catholic workmen to appreciate the arguments of Dr. Heiter when he demonstrated the falsity and absurdity of the socialistic tenets, as viewed in the light of reason and common sense. This is how the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times* speaks :

"If every diocese in the country had a Rev. Dr. Heiter, willing and capable of going out and meeting the Socialist leaders, the cult would purchase its tombstone within a year. Meeting the issue fairly and squarely, and ramming its advocates against the wall in 'the sight of their dupes, are all too little accustomed to. Between Bishop Quigley and Dr. Heiter, Social Democracy has a mighty black eye in Buffalo. A lot of those fellows imagine that they cannot be met and overwhelmed in fair fight by the Church. A few hereabout now know a great deal better."

TWO DEVOTIONS.

The month of May excites the longing for the fields, the woods, the seaside—for home and vacation. But it starts or rather increases the current of prayerful humanity that ebbs and flows incessantly about the places of Catholic worship. The annals of Christianity evince that at no time, even the most troublous, were faith and devotion lacking; and while never presenting the one unvarying aspect, appeared with successive generations now in one form, now in another. St. Philip Neri is mainly responsible for the popularizing of the world-wide devotion of the month of May. He perceived the danger of the Renaissance there was from the revival of the effete Pagan love for material and esthetic beauty, and, that in the time of his own Italian spring, when earth bloomed forth in her richest attire, people were apt, in the attractions of their surroundings, to lose sight of the grandeurs of the Creator. This peril, particularly grave for the southern youth, St. Philip counteracted and at the same time satisfied the yearning for higher things by proposing the devotion of the month of May. Not only did the population of Florence take to it as to their element, but the practice quickly spread to colder climes, and to-day flourishes among Catholics in all parts of the globe. Students of a Catholic university see nothing derogatory in devotion for her whom they are accustomed to regard as the most blessed Mother of God, and to invoke frequently under the title "Seat of Wisdom."

With this veneration (not worship in the Protestant sense) of the Virgin Mother, is very appropriately associated during the first days of May, devotion to God the Holy Ghost. His Holiness

Pope Leo XIII, in 1893, ordained that wherever it is possible, a public novena should be made in preparation for Pentecost Sunday. Devotion to the Third Person in the Triune Godhead is by no means a novelty to students. From time immemorial has it been customary in bodies academic to begin study and lecture by recital of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.

VARIOUS.

The Canadian Dominion is forging ahead. During the past fiscal year, the budget shows a surplus and an increase of debt of \$6,000,000.

The Federal Government yearly grants \$60,000 for the beautification of the national Capital. By a bill just passed, the Ottawa Improvement Commission will be a body of nine commissioners whose "compensation is entirely honorary."

While Pope Leo XIII. in his latest encyclical traces the present troubles in society to modern systems of philosophy, he repudiates the charges that the Church is the enemy of science, progress, liberty and civilization.

The Hague Treaty has been ratified in the United States Senate. Oscar S. Straus, formerly United States Minister to Turkey, has been appointed a permanent member of the Committee of Arbitration at The Hague, in place of the late ex-President Harrison.

May 15 Parliament was prorogued after an uneventful though profitable session. The domestic affairs and the material progress, especially of the Dominion, were given full deliberation.

The expenditures made in Columbia University last year are estimated to have been over \$1,000,000. It costs to keep the lamp of learning trimmed and burning.

Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Admiral Sampson of the United States Navy, and Dr. Grant, President of Queen's Uni-

versity, Canada, were called away from the scene of their labors almost at the same time. These three names will be held as great in the history of the times.

The eightieth anniversary of the birth of Archbishop Williams of Boston was the occasion of a remarkable display of the esteem and love which his diocesans entertain for the venerable prelate. At the banquet given in his honor he was presented with an address from the bishops and clergy of the State.

It is proposed next session to stop members of Parliament from violating the rule which provides for the returning of books to the Library. According to a rather detailed report there were twelve ex-members of Parliament who had between them 226 books. These books have been out for several years, and to all intents and purposes were lost. Twelve members of the present Parliament had among them 135 books, or an average each of eleven books. It is intended to publish the list of delinquents. Dr. Sproule, M.P., observed, as he knew by experience, that sometimes books returned to the Library, through omission of the Librarian, were not credited.



Among the Magazines.

The April quarter of the *Catholic University Bulletin* of Washington, D.C., contains a scientific paper entitled "Atoms and Ions, A Century of Chemical Theory, by Rev. Dr. Griffin. Dr. Griffin is well remembered as Professor of Physical Science in Ottawa. His chief claim to fame is, however, based on the foundation of the College journal, THE OWL, the first number of which appeared in January, 1888. Many of the wiser ones shook their heads over what then appeared an inopportune and risky venture in Catholic College journalism in Canada. The undertaking, however, proved successful beyond all previsions. The OWL received a cordial welcome everywhere from college people. Its popularity

at home and abroad, thanks to the genius of its founder, waxed so great that former readers and students cannot be induced to transfer their affections to the same organ known for the last four years under its new name THE REVIEW. The OWL and REVIEW owe very much indeed to the able editors who succeeded to the office of Fr. Griffin; nevertheless, as most of them were disciples, who with the mantle, inherited the spirit and the aims of their master, the chief part of the credit for this really valuable enterprise must go to the original promoter.

The students of chemistry will read Dr. Griffin's able study, Atoms and Ions, with profit and interest. The development of the science of chemistry is briefly but comprehensively traced from its chaotic state as a "mingled mass of fact and fancy," one hundred years ago up to the present advanced stage. We are introduced in turn to the principal explorers in this till now little known country. Atoms, their laws and their uses, become as familiar to us as everyday merchandise. The study of Ions is added to that of atoms and molecules, while it advances everyday with the researches made in the field of electricity.

Another noteworthy paper is from the pen of Rev. Lucian Johnston; it is entitled "The Romance of the Langue, D'Oc." The author introduces the reader to a very interesting epoch of mediæval history, and points out the chief facts and events which accompanied the brief, but most brilliant, existence of the language in which the troubadours sang. In his lecture on the ancient Christian monument of Hsi-An-Fu, Dr. Charles F. Aiken gives much information, historical and archæological, concerning both the native religion of China and the appearance of Nestorianism, Mahometanism and the Catholic Church among the almond-eyed Celestials. The Book Reviews are very numerous and exhaustive.

Notable features of the April *Carmelite Review* are a number of poetic effusions, among which we find "A Soul's Awakening" by Caroline D. Swan. To travelers and pilgrims "Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," by the Very Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria, will be of interest.

Canadian writers are showing a commendable ambition to meet the needs of the day for bright popular literature. A big country furnishes subjects of world-wide interest. This is becoming more apparent in the variety of subjects, in the freedom of treatment, and in the improved style of writing. The *Canadian Magazine* is one of our periodicals that encourages this species of activity among our leading writers. The May number, besides the usual entertaining fiction, presents a beautifully illustrated description of Buffalo Hunting, by John Innes; a profusely pictured study of the Eastern Townships, by L. S. Channell, and a delineation of Lord Rosebery in Mr. Colquhoun's most masterly way.



Exchanges.

The following are our exchanges, the list of Canadian and American colleges, a very representative one:—*Abbey Student, Acadia Athenæum, Acta Victoriana, Agnetian Monthly, Argosy, Bates Student, Bee, Boston Stylus, Dalhousie Gasette, Echo, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Gregorian, Holy Cross Purple, Harvard Advocate, King's College Record, Laurel, Loretto Leaflets, Manitoba College Journal, McGill Outlook, McMaster Monthly, Mitre, Mount, Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's Chimes, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Notre Dame Scholastic, Niagara Index, Niagara Rainbow, Presbyterian College Journal, Queen's College Journal, Red and Blue, Sacred Heart Collegian, Santa Maria, S. C. V. Index, S. C. V. Student, St. Mary's Chimes, St. Joseph's Collegian, St. John's University Record, St. Vincen's Journal, Stanstead Wesleyan Quarterly, Syracuse University Chronicle, Trinity University Review, N. B. University Monthly, Western University Courant, Xavier, Young Eagle and Chisel.*

Just look at the above list!

The April *St. Mary's Chimes* is a Shakespearian number.

Those interested in following Presbyterian thought might read the *Presbyterian College Journal*, which is edited with care and scholarship.

The palm for bad poetry must be awarded to the *Manitoba College Journal*, though the other departments are as usual excellent.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* good naturedly takes us to task for that extreme religious bias we reprehend in others. Oh, no; please bear in mind that we have the greatest respect for the religious convictions of others, though attempts to explain away or pass over in silence our religious history, we can't let pass. No, not once. We can make allowance for slips and inaccuracies, but when writers set out to represent *impartially* the religious matters of their neighbors, into which evidently they have but little insight, we would be supine, not to show by a protest that something hurts. Let it be added that the *Gazette* is perfectly courteous.

The *St. John's University Record* ex-man thinks exchange columns are of little importance, yet his notes cover over three and a half pages. He claims ex-men do too much quarreling, yet devotes three of his pages to paying up old scores. Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel.

We are sorry the ex-man of the *N. D. Scholastic* finds our St. Patrick's Day number rather uninteresting. As we can not very well infuse Irish blood into his veins, we fear our St. Patrick's Day numbers must always remain uninteresting—to him. However, it is only just to say of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* that its pages contain good things culled from every source of good literature, though much of the verse is not worth the printing.

Talking about St. Patrick's day (N. D. ex-man, don't read this, 'twill be uninteresting) many colleges celebrated it by an Irish drama. The only one of these which seems to have been at all different from the ordinary landlord play, is "The Druid's Ambition," presented at *St. Joseph's College*, Rensselaer, Ind. Congratulations, St. Joseph's.

The following cruel attack upon femininity we clip from the *N. B. University Monthly*. It is entitled "The Literary Girl."

"She will talk of Homer, Horace
Ibsen, Howels, Lewis Morris," etc., etc.

finally ending :

“ I was awed when first I met her,
 But now, thank you, I know better,
 Since the trouble to investigate I took.
 For I find this wondrous maiden
 With such endless book-lore laden
 Never, in her life, has read a single book ! ”

As we—the ex-man is—are busy studying for exams, next year aspirants for the office should not come around to bother us. We here give public notice that we will be ready to receive correspondence from gentlemen having the qualifications mentioned in the following advertisement, any time after the July hot weather.

Advertisement.— Wanted, a man with a profound sense of humor, a ready supply of wit, and of a most cool temperament, who knows twenty-five synonyms for good, and thirty-five synonyms for bad, to fill the position of ex-man (*i. e.* exchange editor), next year. Photos and samples of work required.

Some ex-men to avoid the proverbial dryness of their columns try, and generally successfully, to have a couple of journalistic duels on hand. By far the most experienced in this, at least in our corner of the world, is he of the *Niagara Index*. A few words concerning his history might be interesting. He started his career with making disparaging remarks, a rather easy thing to do by the way, about every second exchange that entered his sanctum. Now as the *Index* is not absolutely perfect, it received in return some rather sharp criticisms. But this would not do. The *Index* was not to be criticised, and this fact was made known to the world in a series of diatribes, at which third-class country editors must have grown pale with envy. Suffice it to say, that the command of slang, gained for its writer the title of Biddy Moriarty the Second, while the ability to jumble together words of “learned length and thundering sound,” the none less enviable one of Mr. Demosthenes, jr., (a trifle finer than his Attic model). Of course, we do not mean to say, everything he wrote, was in this style. There were times when he rebuked justly, times when he even gave praise! In one of these latter moods, about two months ago, he criticised this magazine freely but justly; and perhaps a day or two later we happened to criticise his in the same manner. But

listen: he, in addition, had praised some of our little effusions, for which we record our thanks. We don't know what he said when he saw our criticism, we dare not conjecture what he thought, but what he did, was a month or so later to call us to time. The paragraph in which he did so is so obscure, that we have been scratching our head since in curiosity as to what Demosthenes, jr., (to give him one of his boastful titles) meant to say.


An article in our Jan. issue, entitled "Criticisms," gives about the right measure of the *Index* clown and some others. Generally it is some "greenhorn" of a phrase-mixer, who assumes the role of advising others to wipe their chins before he has formed the habit of keeping his own swabbed. These kinds of harpies (they are not critics) entirely lose sight of the subject-matter of a publication and train their blinking optics towards empty spaces, overjoyed if they find nothing. They diseant endlessly about missing pieces of bric-a-brac, and have not a comment to make about the good things, few or many, that may be present. Still the REVIEW tried to muddle along, carefully cherishing its own secrets, packing its pages as best it could, convinced that on the whole "it was nobody else's funeral", and content if its feeble efforts had not been utterly futile.

For all dry and stupid criticisms (one is about as bad as the other) we here make meek apology. Our will appears in our next issue. Our epitaph must be left to the charity of our successor.



The Early Spring Mosquito.

(Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)


CIS not because he hummeth
 On airy wing,
 That you may know he cometh
 Your flesh to sting.
 He bobbeth up serenely
 To take a bite,
 So quietly and meanly,
 With silent spite ;
 And thus you furnish meat to
 The early Spring mosquito.

At your vain strokes he laugheth,
 So lithe and small,
 And blood he freely quaffeth
 In spite of all.
 His sharp phlebotomizing
 By day and night,
 Corpuscles analyzing
 With keenest sight,
 Maketh existence sweet to
 The early Spring mosquito.

The crime that he committeth
 Is shocking, too ;
 For while your blood he letteth,
 He poisoneth you.
 No station he respecteth,
 If low or high ;
 No person he neglecteth
 Or passeth by—
 He makes all sorts of blood to flow,
 The early Spring mosquito.

NEMO.

Book Review.

In spite of the strong opposition which the utilitarian spirit of the age directs against the time-honored study of Greek, there are proofs that this branch of classical studies is still much esteemed as an important element of higher education. The human race as a whole, or at least its best representatives and leaders, cannot become wholly indifferent to the masterpieces and intellectual achievements of the past. Mr. Isaac Flag, Professor in the University of California, publishes, through the Book Company of New York, a manual under the title *A Writer of Attic Prose*. It is a book consisting of models from Xenophon, upon which are based English exercises and "A Writer's Guide." The latter is a valuable feature, for it offers a thorough treatment of the leading principles of rhetoric and grammar, including idioms. A complete vocabulary of Greek selections is placed at the end of the book.

Elementary Calculus, by Percy F. Smith, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, is a timely work in view of the recent development of many sciences along mathematical lines. It professes to supply a fundamental knowledge of this branch of mathematics. In thirty-eight exercises the elementary principles of the Calculus are briefly presented. The possibility of application is everywhere emphasized, the examples having been carefully selected with this end in view. Published by the American Co., cloth, \$1.25.

Practical Explanation and Application of Bible History, by Rev. John J. Nash, D.D., is a work intended for the use of catechism teachers. "The editor and translator has followed the line laid down by Siegel, in his excellent work *Katechatischer Leitfaden*. At the same time he has not hesitated to prune the original here and there and to add some things that he hopes will make it interesting and practical." Stress is laid on the importance of fixing the children's attention upon the practical application of some truth learned in the catechism. The theoretical knowledge of Catholic truth will not be of much utility to the learner if he does

not adopt it as a rule of daily life and by it mould his conduct. For only in this way "we shall know the truth and the truth shall make us free." We note as censor, the familiar name of Rev. J. Donohue, D.D., of Buffalo, and the *Imprimatur* of Mgr. Corrigan, the late lamented Archbishop of New York. The book is published in neat durable form by the Benziger Bros.

Information bearing on the Novena, the doctrine and the devotional exercises in honor of God the Holy Ghost, may be had in a book entitled *The Paraclete*, for copies of which, address Rev. Superior O. M. Cap., Catholic Rectory, Clay Centre, Kansas.

In our next issue, *The Divine Plan of the Church*, by the Rev. John MacLaughlin, will be reviewed.

LIBRARY ADDITIONS.

THE REVIEW is requested to publish a grateful acknowledgment to the following gentlemen for gifts to the University Library :—

Donated by the Very Rev. Canon Foley—

History of the North-West, by Alexander Begg. 3 vols.

Jouve, Missionaire de la Campagne. 4 vols.

The Handy Royal Atlas.

From the Very Rev. Canon Michel—

Nineveh and its Remains, by Henry Austen Fayard.
2 vols.

Vence Ganite Bibbe. 27 vols.

Don Calmet, Dictionary of the Holy Bible. 4 vols.

Summa Theologia St. Thomas. 4 vols.

Donated by D. O'Connor—

Diary and Other Memoirs of Daniel O'Connor, One of the Pioneers of Bytown.

Athletics.

For the past month the baseball enthusiasts have been hard at work with results that demonstrate Varsity's capacity to make things lively in the athletic arena.

COLLEGE 16. — CENSUS 10.

On May 3rd, College met and defeated the "Census" a team whose reputation as ball tossers was spread throughout the Capital. This being the first appearance this year of the Collegians on the home grounds with outsiders as opponents, a great deal of interest was shown by the student body. The principal feature of the game was the pitching of Callaghan for the home team, who in four innings struck out nine men, at the same time hindering the opponents from registering a run.

The teams were as follows :

College. — Callaghan, p.; Halligan, 3 b.; Kearney, 1 f.; Dooner, r. f.; McCormac, s. s.; Smith, 2 b.; Blute, 1 b.; Richards, c. f.; Gabriels, c. f.; Dowling, c.

Census.—Frechette, Jackson, Mercier, Woodward, O'Regan, Collins, McDonald, Allen, O'Keefe.

	R.	H.	E.
College :	6	0	4
Census :	6	0	4

College : 6 0 0 4 0 1 4 0 1—16 7 4
 Census : 6 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0—10 10 7
 Umpire, D. Allen. Scorer, J. P. King. Time, 1½ hrs.

HULL 9 — COLLEGE 7.

The next game was May 8th, when the Collegians met defeat at the hands of a select nine representing the Transpontine city. This game was fast and interesting, the scientific principles being made prominent to such a degree that the twelve hundred people who passed the turnstile were unanimous in their verdict, that it was the greatest contest seen on the Little Farm Grounds this season. The features of the game were many and varied. The pitching of Callaghan for College and Bennet for Hull could not be improved upon, while both teams supported the twirlers in a remarkable manner. But by far the most conspicuous man on the

field was the umpire whose decisions seemed to be understood by no one but himself. Of course everybody understood the terrible dilemma in which he was placed, a fact which perhaps more than anything else goes to explain his interpretation of the rules. His ruling in the latter part of the ninth inning when the score stood eight to six in College favor should be stereotyped in print to allow fans and diamond enthusiasts to see how recklessly the rules of the game may be interpreted when in the hands of a novice. That the game had been robbed from College, not only Varsity supporters but even those interested in the Hull team readily admitted. The game has been won and lost thousands of times since, but for the present the least said the better.

The following are the teams.

College.—Gillies, 3 b.; Smith, 2 b.; Callaghan, p.; Halligan, c. f.; Kearney, 1 f.; Dooner, r. f.; Blute, 1 b.; McCormac, s.s., Dowling, c.

Hull.—O'Keefe 3 b.; McEwen, 1 b.; Bennet, p.; Tessier, 2 b.; Boucher, c.; Trépanier, s. s.; Lefebvre, 1 f.; Shannon, r. f.; Reinhardt, c. f.

College: 4 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—7 9 4

Hull: 0 0 3 1 0 1 0 1 3—9 5 9

Umpire, Dussault. Scorer, J. P. King. Time, 1¼ hrs.

COLLEGE 12.—CAPITALS 2.

The following Saturday, May 10th, the College grounds were the scene of a battle royal when the College men crossed bats with the Capitals. Although the home team went on the field feeling confident of victory, the Capitals had a surprise in store, for their playing was a revelation. During the first three innings both sides failed to score, but in the fourth the Collegians batted O'Keefe for two runs. The principal feature of the game was the excellent pitching of Gabriels, who bids fair to become a twirler of no mean ability before the close of the season. The home runs of Smith and Halligan, together with the batting of Dooner and Gillies prove that Varsity has a bunch of hitters hard to beat. The following were the teams in batting order:—

College—Gillies, s. s. ; Smith, 2 b. ; Callaghan, 3 b. ; Hulligan, c. f. ; Kearney, l. f. ; Dooner, r. f. ; Blute, 1 b. ; Gabriels, p. ; Dowling, c.

Capitals—Dussault, s. s. ; Sharon, c. f. ; Allen, 1 b. ; O'Keefe, p. ; Strachan, c. ; Davis, 2 b. ; Booth r. f. ; Doyle, l. f. ; Carney, 3 b.

College : 0 0 0 5 3 1 0 3 x—12 15 2

Capitals : 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2 5 4

Umpire, F. Bennet (Hull). Scorer, J. P. King. Time, 1½ hrs.

The series of games begun sometime ago between the Seniors I and Soutane I, for the championship of the college was won out by the latter in interestingly contested games. Out of five games the Soutane I were victorious in three.

The Lacrosse Team has not been doing very much work of late, still we hope that in our next issue we shall be able to chronicle a few victories. We could have done so this month had the "Excelsiors" not failed to put in an appearance.

A few weeks ago, between the hours of twelve and two the Senior's yard was the scene of an endless baseball game when the Soutane II team, captained by our infirmarian, crossed bats with a nine representing the lay professors. The part of the game played up to date has been very fast and scientific, the principles of Calculus being demonstrated by the "Profs" at every turn. From information tendered us we see that Robert of the Senior class covered the first bag (with his back) to perfection, while the ex President has made himself conspicuous by batting the ball over the fence. The '03 class was represented in the person of the umpire whose decisions added to the interest of the game. At the last session, the Captain of the Soutanes balled the sphere into Waller street, where it still remains. The game will be completed later in the season when by special request the score will be tabulated.

Junior Department.

The Small yard played two interesting games during the past month. On one occasion they defeated the Red Stars 35 to 13.

On May 4th our youngsters crossed bats a second time with the Red Stars, and were victorious by a score of 15 to 9.

We hope that the first team will keep up the good work and close the season with their colors floating high.

The Junior Editor accompanied his young companions from Hull after a game between that city's team and the Senior first. He gives the following of some of the remarks made by the witty boys from the Small Yard :

If you want any more trouble, go to *Hull-again*.

A cow chased *Bill*, but he grabbed a club and came near *Doon her*. He didn't have time, however, so he called on Joe, and you should have seen King score ('er).

A voice cried : " Good bye, Bill ! *Call-again*."

We tried to keep the thing quiet, but Frankie, *Blew it*.

Everyone had new clothes on, even *Gill his*.

Next day the papers left out a letter of his name —*ox*.

Most everyone knew the big *black-smuth*.

We clung together because we were a *Clan*, see ?

AN INCIDENT.

There was a congé at the University of— and the students looked forward to a day of real pleasure. Rain, however, blasted their bright hopes and forced them to seek amusement indoors. The morning passed away quietly and the afternoon came to increase the unpleasantness of the forenoon.

About three o'clock, however, the first Prefect, excited, pale and breathless hastened into the hall and directed his steps to a group of Seniors who were earnestly discussing the base-ball career of little Johnny Cox. All turned in astonishment and surprise on noticing the troubled look of their otherwise jovial and smiling-faced Master.

Addressing himself in trembling accents to the leader, Tom Hee by name, he said : " I must absolutely see Mr. D. before four o'clock. Look for him, conduct him to me before three o'clock

and I promise to give you a five dollar gold piece. But I insist on his coming at three o'clock." The lad addressed was one of those manly boys we frequently meet at college and he quickly hastened to fulfil his superior's wishes. He knew that D. had gone to the theatre for he heard the latter ask permission from the fourth Prefect who happened to be around.

But it was raining hard and the prospects of a drenching were not very pleasant to our hero. Borrowing an umbrella, however, he rushed down the steps and was soon lost to view.

All the students now gave their attention to the Prefect. But instead of the former worried look, the old time smile graced his engaging countenance. His voice assumed its naturally sweet tone and having related to them a few of his interesting anecdotes he withdrew from the hall.

The next hour passed slowly to the boys who were anxiously awaiting Tom Hee's arrival.

It appears that he could not entice D. to leave the theatre without forfeiting one half of his promised reward. He willingly did this, and besides offered D. the protection of his umbrella against the raging storm.

At three minutes to four, loud cheers rent the air. In the distance were Tom Hee and D. making record time toward the College. A V. A. R. resounded through the yard, but instead of encouraging the runners it tended to destroy their equilibrium. For Tom Hee's foot slipped and he plunged headlong into a pool of muddy water and his companion fell over him. In no way daunted the two jumped to their feet and in the midst of wild applause and laughter reached the College porch at one minute to four. The five dollars were quickly handed to Tom Hee by the Prefect, who said—"Thanks Tom Hee, your uncle sent you this money as a present."

According to the latest reports, the leather manufacturer has the five dollars, while we notice a strong leather-halter in Tom Hee's wardrobe, which he promises to use if caught in another such trap.

HONOR ROLL.

First Grade, Division A.—1, A. Ménard; 2, Charles Kehoe; 3, F. Gervais; 4, D. McGovern.

First Grade, Division B.—1, H. Ménard; 2, P. Poirier; 3, E. Chartrand; 4, H. Leduc.

Second Grade.—1, A. Flemming; 2, I. Labrosse; 3, E. Hamel; 4, C. Verrette.

Third Grade.—1, H. Macdonald; 2, L. P. Lévesque; 3, P. T. Kirwan; 4, E. Poissant.

Fourth Grade.—1, J. Coupal; 2, N. Bawlf; 3, M. J. Morris; 4, A. St. Pierre.

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OTTAWA, 10TH MARCH, 1902.

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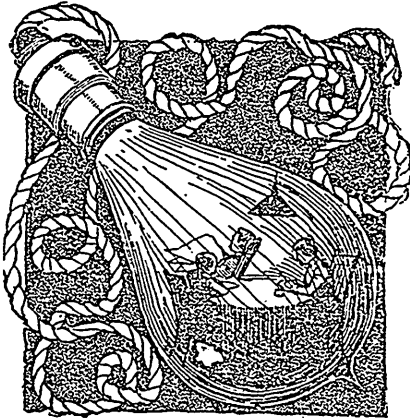
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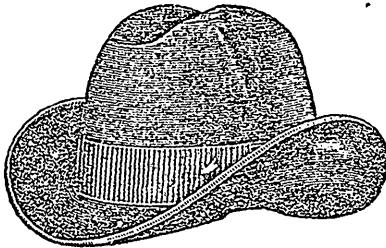
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