

THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

# THE OWL.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1895.

No. 5.

*MAY HE REST IN PEACE.*



PON the rousing cheer of Christmas fell  
A joy-eclipsing gloom, a numbing dread,  
While spake the nation's wail, the dirgeful bell,  
Our Thompson dead.

Courage his panoply, Fame's peaks he scaled  
In space so brief that marvel it appeared ;  
Tasks mountain-like might loom he never quailed,  
Nor duty feared.

From birth till death he fearless leant on Right,  
Nor questioned what the sacrifice would be ;  
One bright star shone surpassing to his sight—  
Integrity.

His counsel, boldness and sound sense combined,  
The which he lent to serve his natal sod ;  
Wageless to State he gave his matchless mind,  
His heart, to God.

Example from his noble life can write  
A golden page to bias soaring youth ;  
God-fearing, prudent, just,—his guiding light  
Was gleaming Truth.

He is not dead ; the charnel cannot hold  
His spirit like his ashes ; it will live  
To cheer the patriot's act, and, wisely bold,  
Him guidance give.

From mourning Queen to Country, o'er the main  
An armored British boast brought to our shore  
His corse ; ne'er deck heaped red with heroes slain  
More honor bore.

## THE OWL.

Two nations weep the sudden, cruel fate  
 That quenched the small, thin flame none can recall,  
 And, clasping hands, in silence watch and wait  
 Beside his pall.

Not all are mortal who above his shroud,  
 Bow, stifling moan and checking gathered tear ;  
 For "glimmering incarnations" front the crowd  
 Around his bier.

Religion there, in dulcet accent, claims  
 The untimely victim Death forced to the grave,  
 As faithful servitor, him proudly names  
 Her champion brave.

Sighs Canada : His foresight at the helm  
 Was Wisdom's own, however waves might run.  
 His sufferance bathed entire my breadth of realm  
 Like generous sun.

And Friendship then : He made his hearth my home,  
 My sacred vows subscribed, denying naught,  
 My sway made sovereign 'neath his modest dome,  
 And me there sought.

Last Charity : Voiced he no sordid boast  
 Of service rendered, yet I scarce can tell  
 Of one among the flower of all my host  
 Has served so well.

Faith, country, friendship, charity ! Oh, leave  
 His eulogy to them, nor interpose  
 A worthless word, but, prayerful, kneel and grieve  
 Our worst of woes.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Shelley.

## SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble souls)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into open blaze,  
 Comes the blind fury with a'horred shears,  
 And slits the thin spun life."

—MILTON.



UR thoughts revert to a calm night in June three years ago, when the city bells announced to anxious watchers the death of the father and founder of this fair Dominion,—Sir John Macdonald. And now amid the lengthening shadows of a closing year, it is the bell of Westminster Abbey that tolls the solemn knell. The echo is wafted o'er the lonely leagues of the barren Atlantic. The wandering sea-winds chant in piteous moan, and join the sad dirge of ocean's requiem, with sobbing wail. A blow, startling and tragic, has fallen upon Canada, draping it from Atlantic to Pacific, from Hudson's ice-bound coast to southern glades, in the gloomy trappings of woe.

"Where is he who hath mounted fame's ladder so high?  
 From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky."

But the lesson of his life remains with us—a precious inheritance, beyond the power of death and time to diminish or destroy. It is but fitting that young Canadians should view with loving and enthusiastic admiration the career and personality of their great countryman, whom the whole British Empire has united to honour and lament.

Sir John Thompson was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 10th of November, 1844. His father was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and after coming to America associated himself with the great Joseph Howe in journalism and in politics, holding at one time the office of Queen's Printer, and subsequently that of superintendent of the Money Order system of his adopted

Province. The late premier received only a common school education, and at the age of seventeen began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1865. In 1870, he married Miss Annie Affleck of Halifax. In 1877 he was retained as Counsel for the United States Government before the Fishery Commission at Halifax, under the Treaty of Washington. Having been elected to the legislature in the same year, he became a member of the Government and Attorney-General in 1878, and in 1879 was created a Queen's Counsel. Upon the retirement of Mr. Holmes, he became Premier, a position which he occupied for only a few months, when his government was defeated at the general elections. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the Bench of the Provincial Supreme Court, from which he descended in September 1885, at the earnest solicitation of Sir John Macdonald, to accept the portfolio of Minister of Justice in the Dominion Cabinet, and in the following month was elected to represent Antigonish county in the Parliament of Canada.

Thereafter, honours fell thick and fast upon him. In 1888, he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, for his distinguished services during the Chamberlain Bayard fishery negotiations at Washington. When the reins of power fell from the nerveless hands of Sir John Macdonald in June 1891, he was requested by Lord Stanley to form a government, but declined in favour of Sir John Abbott. The interregnum of the latter's administration was not an era of history; Sir John Thompson was the "deus ex-machina" of that government, and on the retire-

ment of Sir John Abbott in November 1892, he became Premier of Canada, thus assuming the outward symbols of the power he had secretly exercised since the death of Sir John Macdonald. In February 1892, he proceeded to Washington as one of a delegation to negotiate a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, and to settle the fisheries question. In the spring and summer of 1893, he sat as joint arbitrator for the British Government with Lord Hannen on the Behring Sea tribunal in Paris, and there rendered noble service to Canada and Great Britain, as an acknowledgment of which he was called by Her Majesty to Her Privy Council, and in October last crossed the Atlantic to be formally sworn in a member of that honourable body.

Great events call for great men, and it seems as though by some special providence, the man is sure to respond. But for the North-West Rebellion in 1885, Canada might not now be plunged in grief for her illustrious son. At that time, Edward Blake was the ablest debater, and the cleverest lawyer in the House of Commons. Fierce discussions were anticipated. To cope with that giant of debate, Sir John Macdonald was advised by Sir Charles Tupper to secure the aid of Judge Thompson. It was thus he entered Parliament. He was soon recognized as the peer of its ablest men, and years only increased his claim to that distinction. Session after session he evidenced a reserve force of mental power that surprised his most ardent followers. His masterly speech on the Riel question established his reputation, and Mr. Blake then declared him to be the best debater that had ever entered the House. He exhibited wonderful talent also in his reply to Mr. Dalton McCarthy, in defence of the government for not disallowing the Jesuits' Estates Act. His speech on that occasion was pronounced the most scholarly and eloquent ever delivered within the walls of parliament.

It happens to some men to finish their life's work; to do what they had hoped to do; to set the keystone in the arch of their intention. This holds good in statesmanship as in that other sphere where men dig ditches and build walls. The rapid rise of Sir John Thompson was unique

and unparalleled. We cannot even compare it with the success of that wonderful man, Sir John Macdonald; for, while at an early age the latter was the recognized leader of old Canada, it was not until after many years of service, that he secured the affection of British hearts. Sir John Thompson was but fifty years of age; he had trod the treacherous field of Dominion politics but nine years, yet in that short period he not only won the highest prize within the reach of Canadians, but had taken worthy rank among British and Colonial statesmen. His career during those nine years is without parallel in Canadian or European history, and his sudden death while the guest of the Queen, was consistent with that career. True, he was fortunate as a politician, but it was his ability at critical moments that procured for him his high position, and made him at length tower above every other man of his party. Every lesser light paled before his light, "quenched by that orb of intellect supreme."

Only a person possessed of parts of the very highest order could achieve such phenomenal success. Experienced parliamentarians and jurists declare that his mental equipment was something marvellous. And this opinion is not confined to Canada. His greatness as lawyer, statesman and diplomat, were more appreciated in the bureaucratic circles of France and England, than in his own country. Alongside the first men of Great Britain, the United States and Europe, at the Behring Sea arbitration, he displayed a wonderful penetration, that pierced the heart of a complex question at once, and an irresistible logic and power of argument. Well might a great legal opponent say of him: "Sir John is the clearest thinker and most merciless critic that the House has ever seen." The *London Times*, the great exponent of British thought, paid the Canadian leader the most flattering compliment it could bestow, when it urged his appointment to the highest court in the Empire, the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council.

But why this unbounded respect and confidence? Mental powers alone could not give it. No. The secret lay in the grandeur and power of his personal

character. He united to the rarest intellectual gifts, the highest moral qualities, and ruled men's minds both by his ability and his uprightness. Honourable, he was the soul of honour. His word was his bond, given slowly, it is true, but sacredly kept. His bitterest opponents, and he had many, willingly acknowledge he possessed this special trait. His honesty of purpose, and purity of motive, were never questioned. In the smaller field of provincial politics, on the bench of his native province, in the stormy arena of federal warfare, not the shadow of a reflection has been cast upon his reputation. No one can point to a blot on his record. No one can say his hands were stained with bribes given or received. Not one act of political dishonesty can be laid to his charge. Like Gladstone, he laid down his mandate silver clean, for he possessed that purity which no worldliness deadened and no hypocrisy soiled. "Who can help admiring such a career? Who can repress a feeling of pride when he reflects that no principle was sacrificed, no tarnish incurred in its successful prosecution? We may legitimately rejoice that we have an ideal worthy of imitation, and that we have a country sufficiently democratic, in the best sense, and broad and enlightened enough to be the theatre for such an achievement." Canadians can look back with pardonable pride upon such a record. He is one of those grand examples which supply history with invaluable lessons of encouragement and instruction.

As an evidence of his high-principled motives a bitter opponent remarked, when a certain measure was about to be brought before the House: "If Sir John thinks it is right he will support it, and if he thinks it is wrong all the force that can be brought to bear upon him will not make him withdraw his opposition to it." It is a man of this kind the country can ill afford to lose—a man who would rather lose place and prestige than desert the right.

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

A temperance delegation interviewed him once. He was always known to be a friend of temperance and morality, but he would not humbug his petitioners. Here is his answer: "I could humbug

you if I wished, but I have too much respect for myself to do that, and I must inform you that there are grave difficulties in the way of immediate legislation such as you desire." It was a straightforward answer, and this is the compliment one of the delegates afterwards paid him: "The premier is a hard man to get an answer out of, but once it is given it will be worth something."

His practice was not to please by sweet words, but to satisfy by candour and straightforwardness, which in the end won golden opinions. He always left the impression on his audience, that what he said he meant. To know him was to respect him, and the more he was known the more deeply his qualities impressed themselves. Yet he was not self-opinionated, nor contracted in his views. A great man can be neither one nor the other. His sympathies were broad and liberal, and he had a thorough contempt for prejudice or narrowness of view. His public acts exhibit that characteristic. He had to deal with many delicate matters, where his own political and religious opinions might colour his judgment, but he always displayed a breadth of view and an impartial purpose that challenge applause. These characteristics shew why he had such universal admiration, why we can point to him as illustrious among colonial statesmen, why he has a claim upon the homage of his country, indeed upon the sympathy of the English race.

We may be considered as being too laudatory. Well, let others speak. From the Queen downwards have come many warm and eloquent tributes. Lord Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, found the Canadian premier "a man of untarnished honour, possessing statesman-like qualities of a high order." Lord Jersey, the Imperial delegate to the Ottawa Conference, had learned to like him and said: "while the principles which he followed will not die with him, every true member of the British Empire must deeply lament the loss of so great a man." Lord Chief Justice Russell, associated with him on the Behring Sea case, thus appreciated his abilities: "From the beginning I was greatly impressed by his broad good sense, and the eminently judicial character of his mind." Lord Hannen, his associate

British arbitrator, formed the very highest opinion of Sir John's ability, and expressed the "great value his presence on the commission had been in the consideration of difficult questions that arose, both legal and international, which were mixed up with the subjects at issue." Charles Russell, one of the solicitors for the British Government, "was struck with his wonderful judicial calmness. He very seldom spoke, in this respect differing from the United States arbitrators especially, but when he did speak, it was always to the point, and his remarks always invariably settled the point then under consideration. He was kindness and urbanity itself. I feel that in his death the British Empire has lost a worthy son, a great man." Hon. Wilfred Laurier: "He was my hated political rival, but my warmest friend. He was one of the ablest of Canada's sons, a man of profound convictions, of great valour, and of many brilliant parts. Eminently patriotic, his mind equalled his heart, and his mind was broad. He cared nothing for the approval of the populace; he felt only the satisfaction of duty accomplished. Could I do otherwise than admire such a man, the finest ornament of Canada?"

It is said that Sir John Thompson's favourite character in British history was Sir Thomas More, and in reading the biography of that plain, unselfish, high-minded man, there are many points of resemblance. Sir Thomas was "a Catholic by religion, who, taking the position in the world to which God had called him, had worked out for himself, by his own energy and talents, a career that would satisfy the most ambitious. He rose from a simple citizen to a high subject, and by steady application to the duties of his office had earned for himself a distinguished reputation. His life was marked by an ardent devotion to his family. He was a thorough Catholic and it was his customary habit before undertaking any matter of importance, to confess." There is an epitome of Sir John's life. "With great ability he united modesty; with exalted position, rectitude."

We wonder at his phenomenal success. But why? Remember the words of Holy Writ: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be

added unto you." Religion to him was something real and vital. It was the guiding force of his daily life. He was essentially a man of prayer, and amid the distractions of his high office, he never forgot his religious duties. It is well here to point out the genuine and sincere catholicity of the man, and for that reason we shall divert from the trend of our remarks to relate some of the incidents in connection with the religious side of his life, which are deserving of remembrance.

He became a convert to Catholicism in 1871, at the age of twenty-seven. That he made the change deliberately and under circumstances not dissimilar to Newman and Manning, we know; for his intimate friends relate that he was debating the matter for years before the final step was taken. The same deliberate weighing of argument that characterized his whole life, he employed at that critical period. Of the sincerity of that conversion, the practice of his adopted religion amply proves. Indeed, he remarked himself: "I have everything to lose from a worldly standpoint by the step I am about to take. But never mind, I know stenography, and can scratch a living for my family, even though it be a poor one."

We have said he was a man of prayer, and as an evidence of his simple, abiding faith, a faith as pure and positive as that of the saintly peasants of Ireland, we shall quote his own words. It is in connection with his first and memorable speech in defence of the government on the execution of Riel. "I would have given all I possessed if I could have told a child at school in Halifax to do a certain thing for me that night. I moved the adjournment of the debate, and, to write, I knew my letter could not reach Halifax in time, and to telegraph would never do. The child was my son, and what I wished him to do for me at that most critical period of my life, was to go to confession on Saturday and to receive Communion with the intention that I might acquit myself in a manner worthy of the important task, and with credit to myself as a Catholic. Shortly before I rose to speak I received a letter from that child, saying that he had read in the Halifax papers that Mr. Blake was to speak on Friday and that I was to

reply, and that he had offered up his prayers and received Communion with the intention as I had wished. The child anticipated me, I was happy and confident, and when I got started I felt not only equal to the occasion, but master of it. I felt inspired and stronger than I ever felt before, and I attribute all that to the fervent prayers of that innocent child."

Sir John was a practical Catholic. The Sunday morning before he left Ottawa for London, he, with his two sons, received Holy Communion in St. Joseph's Church. He would steal away from the House, even in the midst of a debate, to visit the Blessed Sacrament in one of the city churches. Monseigneur O'Reilly, preaching a few days ago in Quebec, made known this edifying fact: "He had in his home a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, before which, night and day, a lamp was kept burning. Before this loved image and symbol of the Divine Charity incarnate, he never failed to kneel on his return from the House of Parliament at the latest hour of the night. And from his knees he never rose till he had recited the rosary, the little office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and his daily devotion to the Sacred Heart." In the important election of 1891, he spent the night at Father Laffin's, in Tracadie. All Canada was excited, but the man whom the result perhaps most deeply concerned, what was he doing? He was found in his room by the Father upon his knees before the crucifix, saying his rosary. On another occasion he stayed with Father Cameron, Cape George, Antigonish. Very early in the morning the priest entered the church to hear confessions. Who was there? Sir John, kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. At Windsor Castle he bore on his person eloquent reminders of his faith. A crucifix, a rosary and a portrait of the Saviour, were found upon his lifeless body. These touching circumstances will find their place in the yet unwritten history of the first Catholic Premier of the Dominion of Canada. The Montreal Star appreciatively echoes the above remarks: "Sir John was sometimes attacked on the score of his religion; but we suspect that the presence of religious principle, as an active motive in life,

played no small part in the making up of the upright man we mourn."

Sir John was best upon the bench and in the law school. There are old Dalhousie graduates to-day who say that, as an exponent of law, his equal was not on the continent. So recognized were his abilities, and so profound was his knowledge, that from his admission to the bar until his appointment as judge, there was hardly an important case in his native province upon which he was not engaged. So great was he as a pleader, that no matter how well the presentation of a case was made, the court would seem to say: "We would admit those common sense propositions at once, if it were not that Mr. Thompson is coming after you."

He has set his seal on a larger and more enduring series of statutes than were ever placed on our law books by any Canadian statesman. His work in the Justice department is a living monument to his genius. The Behring Sea case, the fishery dispute and the copyright question, have been won while his abilities were at the service of the state. His Criminal Code marks a new era in criminal legislation, not only in Canada, but throughout the whole world. To his support do we owe the rule, antagonized by Sir John Macdonald, that accused persons may testify in their own behalf. It can be said of him as was once said of Goldsmith: "he touched nothing that he did not adorn."

His private life was simple and unostentatious. He was essentially a domestic man, devoted and kind to his family, and what time he could afford was spent in their midst. A genial atmosphere pervaded his home, and whoever crossed his unpretentious threshold, felt he was in the house of a man, who, were he to consult his own desires, would devote his talents to the profession which he adorned, and enjoy those pleasures that are to be found around a home-hearth. But those talents were ungrudgingly employed for the advancement of his country, and the cementing of the British Empire.

Sir John was not an orator, nor did he make any attempt at oratory. He was a quiet, easy and effective speaker. He had not the strange magic which resides in the mere sound of some voices, the



calculated charm of their modulation, the magnetism of eye, of expression, nor even of gesture. He had not the fervour and eloquence of Laurier, but as a forensic orator he occupied the first place in the House of Commons; and for appropriate diction, sound logic, clear arrangement of matter, argumentative reasoning and calm impressive delivery, he had no peer. There was no attempt to thrill and delight but he could pierce the finest spun web of an opponent with irresistible skill. There was no seeking to persuade by vehemence; no appeal to sympathies and passions, but a direct call to the reason of his hearers. His voice was full, rich, sonorous, and at times deep and musical, and was as strong at the end of a two hours' speech as at the beginning. Passion lent it a peculiar vibration. Under provocation its owner could wield a power of declamation and sarcasm uncommon in a person of so quiet a disposition. Seldom were his speeches embellished by the characteristic literary references and allusions peculiar to Laurier and Cartwright, and but once in the House was he vituperative, and then it was an impromptu rejoinder to a stinging personal attack.

Sir John was a sturdy Britisher and esteemed British institutions; a warm Imperialist, proud of Canada's connection with England, and bound to maintain it. His last speech in the very heart of Great Britain was for the consolidation of the Empire; his dying oath, when on bended knee, in the presence of his Sovereign, swearing allegiance to her throne, was to follow loyally and courageously that policy of cementing the Canadian Dominion more closely to the Motherland. He martyred himself to accomplish that end. His persistent industry and undoubted worth he laid upon the altar of his country to solve that mighty problem. He descended from the calm atmosphere of the bench to engage in political strife; declined a seat upon the Supreme Court of Canada, and even the Chief Justiceship of the Dominion, that he might bring about its speedy accomplishment.

It sounds cynical to say so, yet in a sense it is absolutely true, that his death conferred a benefit upon his country, which long years of honourable devotion might not have equalled; for the tragedy

at Windsor is one of those that bind countries together. The laurel wreath placed on the bier of departed greatness cemented the bond of sympathy between England and her greatest colony, and when the arms of our Sovereign were folded round a heart-broken orphan girl, Canadians clasped hands with their kin beyond the sea, in sorrow at an imperial loss.

No pen could justly picture the dramatic incidents of his death, and his imperial funeral passing from hemisphere to hemisphere, though the theme is one for a poet. But we must not leave unmentioned the honours paid him. The great heart of Britain left naught undone that could emphasize the general grief, and all that is noblest and best in our own Dominion duly carried out the mournful pageant fittingly begun at Windsor Castle. With honours almost royal, his corpse was sent across the ocean in a war-ship, as no British subject had ever been before, and was received by his countrymen with reverent love, and escorted to the grave by Church, State, Army and Navy. Amid the tears of those who loved him best, he was laid in his last resting place. "By the cypresses softly o'ershadowed, until the angel calls, he slumbers." What ambition, however insatiate, could wish for more? and what a strange fate for one who systematically avoided display!

That glorious career is a model for coming generations, and an object lesson for young Canadians. His example shows that success always attends industry, ability and character. There is room at the top, but the way is by patient toil, arduous mastery of the smallest details, thoroughness in the most trivial matters, sincerity and honesty in every action. Honesty was Sir John Thompson's leading characteristic. It can be said of him as was written of Emerson: "No matter of what he spoke, his words, his tone, his looks carried the evidence of a sincerity which pervaded them all, and was to his speech like the water of crystallization, without which they would effervesce into mere rhetoric."

It was said of the celebrated painter, Giotto, that he revived art by making it the image of his own personal goodness. Sir John Thompson re-created the politics

of Canada, because he brought to them a character unsullied, and maintained it to the end ; because he crowned his eminent talents with the aureola of personal purity. It remains with Canadians to learn the lesson of his life ; to put love of country above greed of gain, and ambition to serve our generation above emoluments of office. We may all adopt the noble words of the Toronto University Senate : "We thankfully direct the attention of the young men of Canada to his example of the consecration of rare gifts to the service of his country, and we look back with pride upon a career which accumulated no wealth but the affection of his countrymen." What was written of another can apply to him :

"Oh, think how to his latest day,  
When death, just hovering, claimed his prey.  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood.  
Each call for needless rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held."

It shall be our privilege to speak of him in the future as one of Canada's historic giants, one of her golden landmarks, whose name shall occupy a prominent place on the list of her distinguished men. It can be truly said that no greater, steadier or more stainless hand has wielded the executive power since the days of respon-

sible government. Seventeen years are a short career—but long enough to show the fine intellectual and moral fibre of the man, who rose from the ranks to the highest position in the gift of the Dominion, and to the crowning point in the councils of the Imperial government. A reverent spirit, sincere, unquestionably benevolent of heart from the beginning of his public life until its close, his errors were insignificant, his achievements amount to monuments. In the full noon tide of power and glory, in the flush of manhood, at the zenith of his honours, Sir John, the far-seeing, sagacious statesman, the sturdy patriot, the rare product of a shallow age, has gently closed the book of an illustrious life. "At rest? No, that cannot be ; his pure soul is at rest after its short but well filled day, but the force of his example, the lessons of his life will live and act on the hearts and wills of future generations. Some day a monument of stone may be raised to his memory, but more enduring, and more precious than tablets of brass or shafts of marble, will be the admiration and reverence of the days that shall be, for the able statesman, the noble Christian and true man, Sir John Thompson."

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.



## THE FATHER OF AMERICAN SONG.



PART from any critical considerations of poetic genius and literary merit, the fact of a man having been the first of a nation's versifiers attaches a certain importance to his name and value to his works. For this reason—if for no other—William Cullen Bryant stands foremost in the ranks of American literary men.

He was born on November 3rd, 1794, at Cummington, Mass., a fair little town nestling in the bosom of the Hampshire hills. Here it was, no doubt, in these picturesque surroundings, that Bryant was inspired with thoughts that characterize all his writings, and emphatically stamp him "the Poet of Nature."

His father, a fairly well-to-do doctor, and a descendant of old Puritan stock, was very proud of his profession, and, in order that his son also might become a disciple of Æsculapius, he had him christened William Cullen, in honor of a celebrated medical authority, who had departed this life four years before.

But Fortune, the ever-watchful mistress of human affairs, saw that if the child followed in the footsteps of its father, the Muses, her most devoted friends, would indeed lose an ardent follower, and she disposed things accordingly. The youth at an early age exhibited very great precocity. Possessed of all the advantages that his father's library could afford him, he became an ardent reader of Pope, Thomson and Cowper. Judging from some of his earlier poems, we may easily perceive that Pope held foremost place in William Bryant's youthful affection.

Worthy Dr. Bryant bore his disappointment with equanimity, and seeing with real Puritanical wisdom that it would be folly to thwart the child in his choice of a calling, he instructed him

in the art of verse-making. At the age of nine, the youthful poet began his literary career. From this until the age of twelve, he wrote several poems which were then collected in the form of a volume and read by himself with great success before his father and invited guests.

Politics, during the early years of Bryant's life, occupied largely public attention, and when in 1807 Jefferson, the President of the United States, laid an embargo on American shipping, his act was roundly denounced, and by none more than by Master Bryant himself, who, prompted no doubt by his father, ridiculed it in his poem "The Embargo; or Sketches of the Times."

This poem was published in book form, and its first edition received an immense sale; but its readers were indeed doubtful as to whether the book's author was a youth who had but just entered his teens, as was stated in the preface. This doubt, however, was soon dispelled by Bryant's friends, who announced that they were ready to swear as to the age of the author.

In the year 1810, the yet youthful poet entered the Sophomore class at William's College, where he spent several years in diligent study. His sole ambition during this time was to pass from William's to Yale, and there gain all possible honors. But in this he was sorely disappointed, for his father, though very desirous of having the boy reach the highest pinnacle of fame in learning, had by this time found that his means would no longer permit him to give his son all the advantages that only a University course can bestow.

However, he secured for him a place in a country lawyer's office, where for several years the boy prepared for the bar. It was in his eighteenth year, while engaged in this study, that William Cullen Bryant wrote his imperishable poem "Thanatopsis; or a Vision of Death," and by it eminently proved himself to be

the first American poet of genuine worth. A very opportune moment it was, too, that Bryant came upon the scene with his poem, and began the great task of building up a national literature for America. On account of the lack of literary work, the people in England had already begun to cast a slur upon America. But what could be expected from a nation so young, from a people that had but a few years before cast off the bonds with which it had been connected to the mother country? Several other persons, indeed, had written a few poems before this time, but their works, compared with Bryant's, are but mere fragments. Bryant himself tells us in some part of his writings who these persons were, but he gives us no idea as to what sort of poetry they wrote.

At last, though, the people had been blessed with a true poet; the whole range of American readers now had something to boast of, and the critics, both in England and America, pronounced very favorable comments on his work.

Though "Thanatopsis" was indeed a strange poem on which to base American literature, it was Bryant's first and undoubtedly his greatest effort, and one which, when carefully read, is seen to contain many beautiful and striking thoughts.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; . . .

. . . The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom."

Having now left Cummington to pursue his profession and to eke out a living for himself, we next find Bryant steadily climbing the ladder of fame as a prominent lawyer of Great Barrington, Mass., but never do we catch him neglecting his muse.

Thanatopsis was followed by "The Yellow Violet," a very pretty poem momentarily revealing the poet's tenderness and his love of Nature.

"When beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-birds warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright."

This latter poem was followed by the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," a poem wherein Nature is described in all its beauties.

Both these poems, together with some minor ones, won for Bryant so great a reputation that he was invited to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. Having accepted this offer, he wrote the "Ages," which describes in a few compact verses, the world's history from the Creation to his own time.

"For look again on the past years:—behold  
How like the nightmare's dreams have flown  
away  
Horrible forms of worship, that of old,  
Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestioned  
sway."

This effort was so well received by the critics that Bryant now compiled a volume of his poems, had it printed, and by it asserted that he was the same Bryant of six years before—the American poet.

Never having evinced much pleasure in the study of law, the poet in 1825 became assistant editor of the *New York Review and Athenaeum Magazine*, through the kindness of some friends. This publication was indeed well edited, treating all popular questions in a thorough manner, and not in the cursory and flippant way that too often characterizes the magazines of the present day. Bryant, however, saw that his efforts in this particular direction were unappreciated by the reading public of New York; so after a few years' work on this and several other magazines, he took in hand the *Evening Post*. This paper was an advocate of all the popular measures of the time, and consequently was well received by the citizens at large. What is to be

noted during the poet's journalistic career is his style of prose writing. It was indeed of superior quality, and might be imitated with benefit by some of our present-day editors.

Though now deeply engrossed in journalism, Bryant nevertheless had time to express his poetic feelings in such beautiful verses as "The Firmament," and "The Evening Wind." Select any part of the latter and observe the exquisite word-painting.

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou,  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow,  
I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.!"

Bryant's fame as a poet rests solely on the fact that in the delineations of the beauties of nature he has no peer in American literature.

One of the most remarkable things in all his works is that quite a number of his poems treat of melancholy subjects. Principal among these are "Thanatopsis," "Hymn of Death," and "The Murdered Traveller."

His "Hymn of Death" abounds in sentiments noble and stately, depicting in solemn accents the mission of Death, the great destroyer.

"Deliverer:

God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed  
And crush the oppressor." . . . .

Bryant's works, like those of all other great poets, have their defects as well as their beauties, their faults as well as their merits. Some of them are rather stiff and didactic; but at the same time they possess a great charm for all his readers. Another fault that has been attributed to the poet is his meagre vocabulary, very evident in his blank verse. These, coupled with the fact that he made little or no change of style throughout his whole range of works, and that in them there is a lack of notable expressions, seem to be the extent of his faults. Both these two latter deficiencies, however, may be laid to the charge of his father, who, it is supposed, gave him in his boyhood a fixed set of rules to follow out. These naturally led him to attain a certain standard, and when this was reached he proceeded no further. However, in most of his poems there is a certain air of dignity, and notably in his blank

verse, majestic cadences which rise and fall, increase and decrease, at his will. It is in "Thanatopsis" especially that we see these at their best.

Never, throughout the whole course of Bryant's life, was he known to have spoken an unkind word, given an untimely advice, or let the needy pass by empty-handed. Slavery in particular received a just condemnation at his hands, especially in his poem, "The Death of Slavery."

"Oh Thou great Wrong, that, through the slow  
paced years,  
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield  
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,  
And turn a stony gaze on human tears,  
Thy reign is o'er;  
Thy bondsmen crouch no more  
In terror at the menace of thine eye."

It remain now for me to say but a few words on the later period of Bryant's life. Old age was slowly but surely creeping upon him, and weaving round him an inextricable web. Even during this period of his life the poet was not idle, but made a translation of both the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which are said to be equal to, if not better than any yet produced by an English writer.

Showing him the same deference and appreciation in his old age as they had when he first came before them as a poet, the people often invited him to deliver addresses upon the lives of former benefactors of mankind. One day whilst on his return from one of these meetings, he happened to visit a friend's house, and after ascending the stone steps to the door, he fell backwards striking his head on the platform. The blow cost him his life. Though he lingered for a few days, the end eventually came on June 12th, 1878, in the 84th year of his age, when he passed off surrounded by his friends, leaving behind him as tokens of remembrance a stainless character and

"One of the few immortal names  
That were not born to die."

America then had cause to mourn, for she had lost a true friend indeed, one who, whilst she was moping in intellectual darkness, came forth and helped to win for her a place, an everlasting place, in the world of letters.

WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN,

*Third Form.*

## WHAT FLOWERS TEACH.



OW masterful, yet gently,  
 The little while they bloom,  
 Flowers make our gnat-like worries less,  
 Restrain our cares, our pleasures bless,  
 And smile away our gloom :  
 So do they prove that heavenly love  
 May softly sway from doom.

How sweetly, yet how sadly,  
 When Summer fleeteth by,  
 And shine, bright dew, and heat are gone,  
 They droop and wither one by one,  
 Then shrunk and buried lie :  
 So warning all that pride must fall  
 And beauty fade and die.

How unforeseen, yet surely,  
 Spring calls them back again  
 With hues enhanced, hosts multiplied  
 To deck the sward whereon they died,  
 'Neath which they long had lain :  
 So we may know, e'en here below  
 Death has no lasting reign.

Rideau Park.

J. DANTE SMITH.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DAWSON.

"Feed the flock of God, which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being examples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

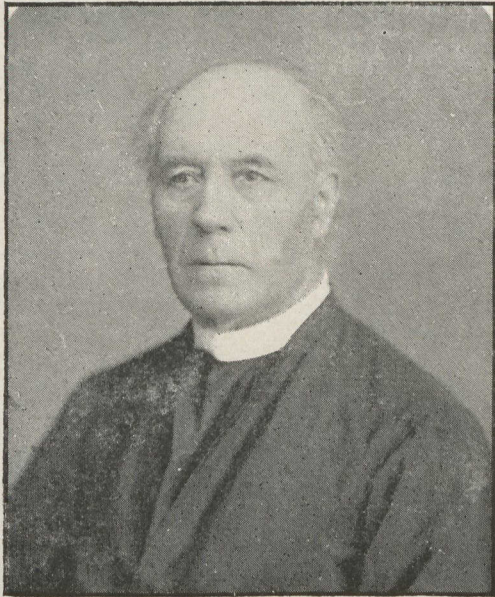
I PETER, V., 2.



HAVING been asked by the conductors of THE OWL, to furnish them, for publication in their popular periodical, with some of my recollections of our lately deceased and widely lamented townsman, the Very Reverend Dr. Dawson, V.G., I have thrown into the following pages, and now submit, the impressions left on my mind, after an acquaintance of over thirty years, with that eminent scholar and divine. I think I first heard of Father Dawson in 1863-4, when preparing for publication my *Bibliotheca Canadensis*. In that work will be found an account of his various literary undertakings from the time when as a very young man he made his first essay as a writer. I was then living in Quebec, but before the appearance of the book, being then as now, a member of the Civil Service, I came to Ottawa, on the removal hither of the seat of government, and on that occasion had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Dawson for the first time. It was in the autumn of 1865; and the friendship which was then formed between us, he, a man well advanced in years, and I but just come of age, remained firm and unbroken until the end. There were as members of the public service at that time, as there are at present, many ripe scholars and men of fine literary tastes, among whom I recall the late John Langton, the late Dr. Adamson, the late Dr. Alpheus Todd, the late Dr. Taché, the late A. Gerin-Lajoie, the late Fennings Taylor, the late Etienne Parent, the late R. S. M. Bouchette, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Mr. W. H. Griffin, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed and Mr.

Arthur Harvey, and it was to many of them, as it certainly was to the younger members of the fraternity, like myself, a matter of sincere pleasure and congratulation to meet among the residents of the new Capital one with Dr. Dawson's refinement and breeding and high claims to intellectual excellence. The opportunities however, were not many, for cultivating new acquaintances. Owing to a lack of accomodation, many of the public employces were unable as yet to remove their household gods to Ottawa, and there were few, if any, agreeable places of resort, beyond the Russell House and Pat O'Meara's eating-house across the Sapper's Bridge. But Father Dawson was a prominent member of the old Mechanic's Institute and Athenaeum, where he frequently lectured in company with the late Mr. A. J. Russell, the late Major Perry, the late Mr. Henry J. Friel, and our present distinguished townsmen, Dr. Thorburn and Sir James Alexander Grant; and it was in the reading-room and library of this venerable institution that the more serious minded of the new-comers accustomed themselves to foregather during the long winter evenings, either to discuss philosophy or talk over the events of the day.

Father Dawson made everyone at home, and was always much in request in this circle. He, as I have remarked, was a fine scholar, had read largely and diligently in general literature and in addition kept himself remarkably well informed on all that was transpiring in our daily world. He possessed also, what is so seldom seen associated with one from the land of Macallum More, a bright and ready wit, which was rarely if ever found to be out of place; but what, in my opinion, gave him so firm a hold on the affections of men was his broad-minded, liberal, Catholic spirit, so free from all manner of bigotry and intolerance. Such a man could not fail of impressing his personality most particularly upon the mind and heart of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, then in the zenith of his fame, whose especial mission in Canada seems to have



THE LATE VERY REV. Æ. McD. DAWSON, V.G.



been the cultivation of a spirit of unity and brotherhood among all creeds and nationalities. The poet-statesman was at this period a member of the government, and in the prosecution of his duties, came frequently to Ottawa. He formed the deepest regard and friendship for Father Dawson, and when in town would have him constantly near him, along with others of similar worth and merit. I recall an incident at the delivery of one of his lectures in Ottawa, I think it was the last one of a delightful series given by him in illustration of public opinion, life and character, in the old Theatre, Wellington street, not long before his barbarous assassination. Mr. McGee had on either side of him, on the stage, the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, rector of Christ Church and our departed friend, Dr. Dawson. Rising at the commencement of the proceedings, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he invited attention to the strength of his support. "With Father Dawson on one side of me and Father Lauder on the other, I think," said he, "Church and State are well represented on this occasion!" Later, in 1869, we had here the Ottawa Literary Club, of which the late Mr. W. McKay Wright, a young and popular M.P., was President, and Father Dawson 1st Vice-President. Among those who took part in our winter course of lectures, was Dr. Bourinot, the present clerk of the House of Commons, Col. Gray of New Brunswick, Mr. Sulte, Mr. H. B. Small, Mr. A. J. Christie, Q.C., Mr. G. H. Macaulay, and Mr. Carroll Ryan, but undoubtedly the worthy Father's contribution—on McGee—was the *chef d'œuvre* of the series. Father Dawson was at this time an occupant of the Bishop's Palace, doing duty with that exemplary priest and excellent gentleman, Vicar General Dandurand, to whom, with the late Bishop Phelan, the Catholics of Ottawa owe the erection of their magnificent Cathedral church. Afterwards he moved into private lodgings on Ashburnham hill with the late Father Collins. I frequently visited him and he as often came to see me at my bachelor's quarters, at Matthew's hotel, now the Rideau Street Convent. We took many pleasant walks together, and I may here remark, as an evidence of his nice feeling

of delicacy, that never during the entire period of our long and close acquaintance did he at any time broach in conversation any matter of a controversial religious character, or seek in any way to influence my judgment in that regard. He knew that I belonged to another Church, and like the true gentleman that he was, respected my individual convictions. Sometimes, however, I questioned him, and I remember on one occasion asking his opinion of Heaven. His reply was characteristic of the purity and loveliness of his nature. "To my mind," he said, "Heaven is like a beautiful garden, full of beautiful plants and beautiful flowers, and where we walk about and hold converse with saints and angels, and all is endless peace and joy." Many a dainty and pleasant little repast I have had with the dear old gentleman either at his private rooms or at Matthew's or O'Meara's, the latter of whom's fame as a *chef*, like the flavor of his dishes, lingers fondly in the memory of many of his former guests. Alas! how few remain with us to-day of the many delightful friends and companions of the past. Gone to his reward is the good Bishop, and gone his devoted secretary, the ex-priest of St. Patrick's; gone also Dr. Tabarat, Father Bennett, and that other true and faithful servant of Christ, Father Molloy; gone the Donaldsons, gone the Douglass, and gone the Armstrongs, Wrights, Skeads, Curriers, Thompsons, Goodwins, Sherwoods, Fellowes, Lyons, Friels, Bells, O'Reillys, Cruices, Wallers, Himsworths, Lees, Powells, Lindsays, Haringtons, Wises, Mackays, Montizamberts, and others whose well remembered forms come back to us not infrequently in memory. I remember, especially, one notable gathering at Matthew's, which building, by the way, has associations with our political history, in that it was the home of the Nova Scotia "repealers" at the dawn of confederation, and later, witnessed within its walls the birth of "Canada First," Foster, Mair, Haliburton, Shultz, Father Dawson and the writer being there to rock its cradle. The occasion was a large public banquet, having for its two fold celebration the departure from Ottawa of

Benjamin Suite the historian, and the arrival here of Sangster the poet. His Worship Mayor Friel, an old journalist, occupied the chair, and there were present with us many representative men. Father Dawson favored us with an original poem in Sangster's honor, and subsequently responded to the toast of "The memory of the Hon Thomas D'Arcy McGee," which was drunk in solemn silence. About this time, Dr. Dawson was induced to join the Rideau Club, his proposer being Mr. Under Secretary Meredith, before mentioned. He remained a member of the Club until his death, and as such was daily brought into contact with some of the most eminent of our statesmen and public men. He knew intimately all the great political leaders of his time, including Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Howe, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Laurier, as well as the several Governors-General, and was oftentimes an honored and privileged guest at Government House. As an Imperial Federationist and an unwavering upholder of every thing tending to the strength and solidity of the Empire, he enjoyed the particular friendship and regard of such men as the late Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, the Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Lieut.-Governor Schultz, and last but by no means least, of our eminent townsman Dr. Sanford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. The marked respect which he always received was the tribute offered by old and young to one of his years, position and merit. On one occasion Principal Grant was lecturing in Ottawa. He was in the midst of one of the finest passages in his address, when the door opened and there passed slowly up the centre aisle a bent and venerable figure. It was Father Dawson, come out in the midst of a violent snow storm to lend encouragement by his presence to the cause in hand. The lecturer, recognizing the new-comer, instantly stopped, and walking half-way down the hall to meet him, cried out as he grasped his outstretched hand: "Father Dawson I am proud to welcome you among us; you have paid us a great compliment in coming out on such an inclement night." The good priest was led in triumph to

a post of honor on the stage, but so loud and frequent was the applause that it was some considerable time before the lecturer was enabled to proceed by the audience.

In 1866 Dr. Dawson was selected for appointment as Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Queen's troops, Ottawa in that year becoming a garrison town by the arrival here of the right wing of H. M's 100th Regt., or Royal Canadians. On their departure, he fulfilled the same duties in connection with the several other regiments that successively followed, among which were the 1st Batt., Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. the Right Honorable Lord Alexander Russell, C.B.; the 1st Batt 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lt. Col. R. J. E. Robertson; and the 4th Batt. P.C.O. Rifle Brigade, Lt. Col. H. R. L. Newdegate. Service for the R. C. troops was held with the permission of the bishop, in the crypt of the cathedral now the Basilica. As chaplain, Father Dawson was regularly invited to dine at the officer's mess, and as there were always among the officers of the regiments some who professed the Catholic faith, the scions of old English county families like the Wickhams, Bunbury's, Macdonell's and Cliffords, the chaplain never found himself otherwise than completely at home on these festive occasions. Sir Francis Turville, Lord Lisgar's Secretary, who was here at the same time, belonged also to the Catholic Church and attended Dr. Dawson's services for the troops. I have been told that the venerable father was a great favorite with both officers and men, and exercised no little influence, especially in the orderly-room when pleading "in arrest of judgment" for some erring warrior. His was ever a kind good heart, overflowing with love for his fellowman; always open to the cry of sorrow, and always ready for any work of mercy either for the bodies or the souls of men. I could relate many stories in illustration, but two will suffice. One of these has reference to his exertions in behalf of a condemned convict in the West. The case, to my mind, was an aggravated one, but the good priest, after an examination of the papers, felt convinced there was a miscarriage of justice somewhere in the premises. Acting

on this idea, he left no stone unturned to secure a commutation of the sentence—going frequently to interview Lord Lisgar, the Governor General, on the subject. The prisoner was a friendless Irish Catholic, and had no claims upon the priest save that of being a fellow creature in distress. Father Dawson could not save him, however, and at the appointed time, he was duly executed. The other case was that of a personal friend—the late Mr. W. L. Gane, known in the annals of literature as “The Lowe Farmer”—who lay at the point of death. Mutual friends urged Father Dawson to visit Gane, but as the sick man was a Protestant the former, with that nice appreciation of the circumstances I have previously touched upon, hesitated and held back. At length word came that Gane was *in extremis*, and then putting all other considerations aside, the Father no longer hesitated. In relating the circumstance to me, he said: “I just went to the door of the room, and looking in, saw our poor friend Gane in his bed all propped up with pillows. I waited until I caught his eye, and then, without entering farther, I said to him: ‘Oh! Mr. Gane, have faith in God—put your whole trust in God!’ He nodded his head in assent, and I knew that he had heard me.” Then, who has not heard of his personal exertions as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. It was acts of kindness, of gentleness, of mercy such as these which made the old man’s life beautiful and blessed, and that doubtless led my friend Robert Haliburton to observe to me, that when he should himself be *in extremis* there was no one he would sooner have near him at that supreme moment than Father Dawson. But I must hasten with what remains to be told. After the departure of the troops, Father Dawson resumed his duties at the Palace, and later, was appointed by the late Bishop Guiges, to be parish priest of Osgoode, in succession to the well-known Celtic scholar, the Rev. Thomas O’Boyle. Here he remained for eight years, and as he had a comfortable presbytery and was surrounded by a prosperous, intelligent and contented people, I take it he was reasonably happy. Indeed, I am sure of the

fact, judging from the tone of his letters to me. Writing July 16, 1873, he says: “Should I miss you on coming to town, the only remedy will be that you come to spend a few days with me in the country. My notions about town and country are far from being Canadian. They are rather *homespun*, and to many people must appear so in more senses than one. I hold to them, however, and would have everybody brought to believe that there is more enjoyment as well as more elegance and refinement in rural abodes than in crowded cities. *Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.*”

No doubt, the leisure he now enjoyed was turned to good account in more ways than one, and we probably owe to it the preparation of one of his masterpieces: “*Pius IX and His Times*” On examining the list of his works in THE OWL for June, 1892, it will be seen that he contributed to literature a very large number of translations, essays, poems, histories and critical writings, many of which are of great value and merit. His literary fame, as I have said elsewhere, will not unlikely rest upon the work first named, and upon “*The History of the Catholics of Scotland*,” and his “*Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope*,” the latter of which was highly eulogised in the London press by one of the Wilbertforces. Dr. Dawson wrote with elegance, force and vigor, and he had the power of compressing an immense amount of research into a small compass. On looking over some of the papers which have come into my possession, as his literary executor, I find among his early poems one on the massacre of Oszmiana in Lithuania, which he was induced to write by a friend of Poland in 1844. Although the lines were intended merely as an expression of sympathy with the unfortunate Poles, the late Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, then the vice-president of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, deemed them of sufficient importance to indite a letter of thanks to their accomplished author. “The Christian and truly noble sentiments,” writes His Lordship, “with which this short poem is replete, and the vigorous and poetic language in which it is expressed, fill me with admiration, and I determined to take the liberty of conveying to you

directly my thanks for the gratification which I had derived from the perusal of it. It is always most gratifying to me to find others sympathizing with me in my feelings for Poland, and that sympathy is still more grateful when it comes from men of reflection, of learning and of talent; and I can add most sincerely that I am never more gratified than when it comes from members of that sacred profession to which you belong. \* \* \*

It gives me the liveliest pleasure to find that that great cause has in you a friend who appreciates its merits so fully, and who expresses them so felicitously." Among other of his poetical pieces which I have always admired are the well known lines on the "*Heroine of Vercheres*," and the poem in blank verse, "*Zenobia*."

It ought here to be stated that Dr. Dawson had the honor of writing the first book ever issued from the press in Ottawa: and that he was one of the first, in the lecture field, to call attention to the resources and capabilities of the great North-West, a country with whose history and development two other members of his family have been closely identified. I find also that in a lecture on China, delivered in 1861, he predicted the establishment of steam communication between Canada and the far East, and that, in another lecture, in 1865, he urged the appointment in the British metropolis of a permanent resident representative of Canada. What chiefly marked his lectures, like his other literary productions, was the extraordinary research and depth of learning he brought to bear on his subjects. On one occasion, when lecturing on the Catacombs of Rome, the late Mr. James Stevenson, general manager of the Quebec Bank, was one of his hearers. He took an especial interest in the subject, having personally explored the Catacombs some time before, and at the close of the lecture was anxious to know when Dr. Dawson had last visited the interesting scenes he had so eloquently described. When informed that Dr. Dawson had never been to Rome at all, and that all his information on the subject was derived from books, Mr. S. exclaimed: "Oh! it isn't possible; why, he knows more about the Catacombs than I do."

As a preacher he took exceptionally high

rank, and his gifts of oratory, especially in his earlier days, when serving under the Bishops of Edinburgh and Southwark, were such as to draw forth very marked encomiums from those entitled to speak in that connexion. His funeral sermons on Father O'Boyle, Mayor Friel, Rev. Dr. O'Connor and the Hon. T. D. McGee have been printed in pamphlet form, as well as his discourse on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Needless to say, had our venerable townsman not been tempted to take up his lot in Canada, he would very many years ago have been advanced to the Episcopate in his native country. He would have been Archbishop of Edinburgh, in succession to Dr. Gillis, and who shall say that the exalted office would have lost in talent, strength or dignity by his elevation.

In the character and habits of Dr. Dawson the results of early home influences were largely discovered. He was a true Scot, and a loyal, brave, good man, loving life well, as Daniel did of old, but loving God better. Above all he could claim the grand old name of gentleman, because with manhood and gentleness, he possessed that frank and winning courtesy which seems to have been inborn in the men of his day and generation. To the learning of a child—but undoubtedly his greatest charm in the society in which he lived and moved with such singular ease and grace, was his entertaining conversational powers. "We have missed making £500 a piece," said an Englishman to me as recently as in November last, after meeting Dr. Dawson at luncheon. "How's that?" I asked. "By not having a shorthand writer with us yesterday," he replied, "to take down Father Dawson's talks. His recollections of Canning and Wellington, of Grey and Peel, the Manning family, Cardinal Wiseman, the agitation for the Corn Laws, the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Emancipation Act, and all the other matters he touched upon, would, if put together, form one of the most interesting volumes ever issued from the press." Dear, leal-hearted and devoted friend! How little we thought, as we sat chatting and gossiping over the walnuts on that bright Sunday afternoon, that even as we laughed

and talked, the Unwelcome Guest was knocking at the door, and that we were listening for the last time to the good old priest's cheery reminiscences. He is now gone from us, but not to die; for the recollection of his many noble qualities and of the example he has left behind him in his completed Christian life—in love and unity with all men—will serve as a quickening impulse and inspiration for future generations. To me who knew him so long and so well, it is unspeakably precious and consoling to remember now how highly his merits were recognized, how full of happiness and contentment his life was made. While the chief seats of learning throughout the country took an especial delight in bestowing upon him some of their highest honors, the representative of his Sovereign was pleased to call him to the Supreme Guild of Literature; while the Queen's daughter, our beautiful and accomplished Princess, was proud to admit one—to use the language of Bishop Macdonell—"of his humble priestly life," to the inner circle of her counsellors and friends, and to order the execution of his portrait for her

private collection, the Church he loved with such ceaseless devotion, was not unmindful of him in distributing her dignities. Had he lived till April next, he would have been privileged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the holy priesthood, but that consolation was denied him. Yet what greater comfort his; he died in the full possession of his noble intellectual faculties, and enjoying to the full the love and reverence of everyone. Truly, in summing up his character, we may say of him as was well said of another, that he was one

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow,  
Through either babbling world of high and low,  
Whose life was work—whose language rise  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:  
Greatest, yet with least pretence,  
Foremost-hearted of his time.  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity, sublime.

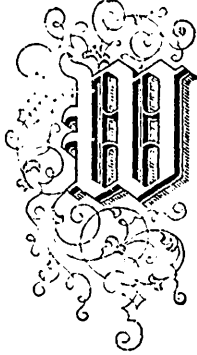
HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, January 14th, 1895.



## WHO ARE BISHOPS?\*

By Very Reverend Eneas McDonell Dawson, V.G., LL.D., Etc.



WHEN Christ partook of the last Supper with his disciples he offered sacrifice and commanded them to do the same; thus instituting a perpetual priesthood; for, he said "Do this for a commemoration of me; by this you will shew forth the death of the Lord until he come again." He also constituted them the Teachers of His Law, enjoining them to teach all Nations and giving them the consoling promise that he would be *with them all days*, even till the end of the world."

In the Act of the Apostles, chap. 20, we find that Saint Paul exhorts the chief pastors of the church of Asia "to have care of the whole Flock over whom the Holy Ghost has constituted you Bishops to govern the Church of God." In all other churches established by St. Paul or other Apostles there were, as in the Church of Asia, Bishops constituted by the Holy Ghost through the election of the Apostles, as in the case of Mathias who was chosen to fill the place that the traitor Judas had forfeited; and as was the duty of the Bishops of Asia, it was incumbent on them to have care of the Flock and govern the whole church of God. This was Apostolical succession; and it was not destined to cease in the lifetime of the Apostles; for, our Lord had given them the promise that he would be with them *all days* even till the end of the world; *with them* it cannot be otherwise under-

stood, than in the persons of their successors elected as Mathias was. The attempt of the Anglican Protestants to inaugurate new Bishops, setting aside the ancient Hierarchy, was beyond doubt, irregular and null.

It was worse, it was rebellion against lawful authority; for it was done without the order or consent of the true Bishop of London, and even more, in opposition to his express command.

There was no succession that protestants could claim. Relations with the ancient Hierarchy were at an end. The Bishop of London was a prisoner in the Tower; and he issued a mandate forbidding any one, although a Bishop, to perform any act proper to him as Bishop of London. The Bishop of Landaff aware that a "new order of things was in contemplation, and dreading lest an endeavour should be made to press him into the service, fled to his diocese in Wales. Hence London was without the presence of a Bishop when the new order was inaugurated; and consequently there was no one who could communicate authority or the right of succession. More than this, there was no means of imparting to any one the quality of Bishop. An attempt, indeed was made by one Barlow, but he went so awkwardly about the work assigned to him by the State, that his *consecration* of Mr. Parker, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was a nullity."\*

A certain form of Episcopal consecration as an improvement on the ancient form was enacted in the reign of Edward VI; but was not used by Mr. Barlow who had recourse to a form of his own invention. In the supposition that he was actually a Bishop, which has yet to be proved, his defective form, which was neither according to the ancient Catholic rite nor the legal ceremony of Edward VI., rendered

\*A melancholy interest attaches to this article—"Who are Bishops?" It is the last effort of the busy pen of the venerable Father Dawson and was written only a few days before his last illness. In the death of Father Dawson, the OWL loses a kind and valued friend, and Canadian letters, him whom Sir John A. Macdonald styled the best prose writer of our country.—ED. OWL.

\*Rev. Dr. Lingard; hist. of Eng reign of Elizabeth.

his act of consecration invalid. But the State was at hand to make up all deficiencies. Bishops were a political necessity. It was therefore fitting that such Bishops as could supply the want of the time, should be the creatures of the State. They were created accordingly and rigidly held to the purpose assigned to them. We have the testimony of Queen Elizabeth that they were so created. On occasion when she had a quarrel with them, she called them to her presence, and, upbraiding them for their undutifulness, said to them with a volley of oaths, "I made you, and (another fusilade of imprecations), "if you dont behave better, I'll unmake you." This facility of making and unmaking Bishops was unknown to the Catholic Order. Hence it was continuously rejected.

It has been said that this question of Bishops does not concern the Laity. They are indifferent as regards it, and leave it to the clergy. They may be indifferent, but we think they are not; and certainly they ought not to be so. Whosoever recites the Apostles' creed with sincerity and belief, accepts the Catholic Church and everything that is essential to its existence. But without teaching and without rule it could not exist; hence the continuity of pastors, teachers and rulers, to whom our Lord gave the solemn promise that he would be with them *all days* until the end of the world. If they were not to exist and exercise their high functions in all the christian ages, what becomes of our Lord's promise? Heaven and earth shall pass away; but his word passeth not away. This promise was given several times in different forms. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth," said our Lord, "As the Father sent me I send you" addressing his Apostles. Again "Go teach all nations; preach the gospel to every creature." Such a mandate could not be confined to the Apostolic age; and so, on account of their sublime office, it was required that Christ's pastors should be duly honoured by all men according to the words of our Lord; "He who despiseth you, despiseth me and he who despiseth me despises Him who sent me," our Father who is in Heaven. This duty of teaching all men and all nations, supposes the obligation to hear and believe. Accordingly our Lord commands belief

on the teaching of his Servants; "He who believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he who believeth not shall be condemned." This solemn and awful word is for all men; and it argues little fear of God and his judgments to treat it with indifference.

Did not Barlow make a Bishop? We have seen that he was guilty of rebellion. It will now be shewn in few words that his attempt to create a Bishop was futile. It was neither legal nor according to the church. The form which he adopted was not enacted in the reign of Edward VI., nor the ancient rite handed down from time immemorial in the Catholic Church; but a ceremony of his own invention. Hence it had no claim to validity. It has been pretended that he was a Bishop. But that he was has yet to be proved. His being a Bishop would not have helped him. The extreme irregularity of his proceeding could only have produced nullity.

Such is the origin of the lawn-sleeved gentlemen who for the last three hundred years have proudly sat in the British House of Peers, impeding useful legislation and oppressing all who did not agree with them.

Later on, when a tyrannical government endeavoured to impose Elizabethan Bishops on Scotland, the shrewd people of that country understood that they were counterfeit and scornfully rejected them. They even applied to them an undignified and opprobrious name. They called them *Tulcan*\* Bishops. By this name they are known, and it heads the first chapter of State Prelacy in Scotland. We do not pretend to class with them the present heads of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. We do not indeed acknowledge the due succession of their orders. But, if learning and high character went for anything in such a matter, they would have a claim. They are very numerous and powerful. Almost all the landed gentry of Scotland are their adherents, whilst the Presbyterian Kirk, although it claims to be the national church, counts only forty per cent of the whole population. (Mr. Gladstone.)

---

\*In Scotland they called *Tulcan* the effigy of a calf arrayed in the skin of a real calf, and placed before the mother cow to deceive and keep her quiet whilst her calf was made into veal and her milk taken from her.

*THE JUNIORATE OF THE SACRED HEART.*



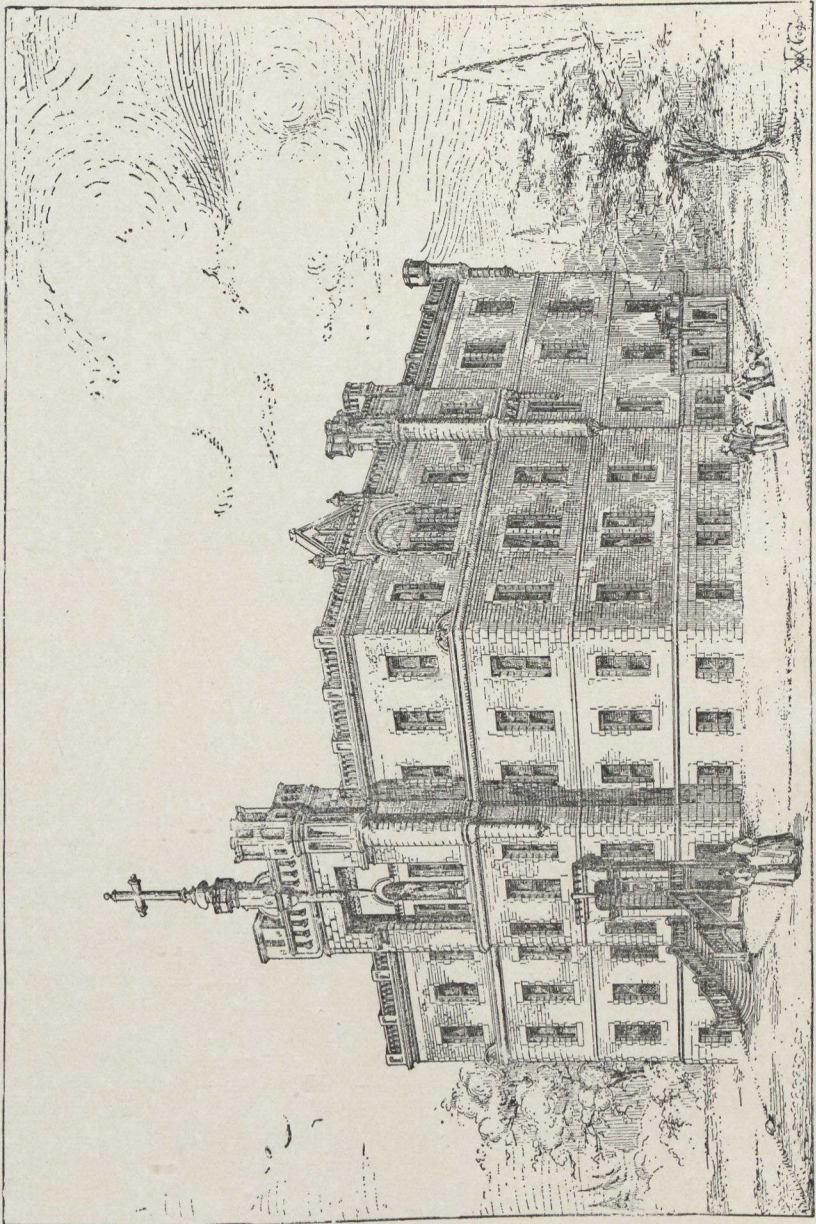
**L**N the immediate vicinity of the University of Ottawa and of the magnificent Churches of St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart, rises a fourth cross-crowned edifice, whose imposing appearance and striking originality of style fittingly harmonize with its surroundings. It is the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, the new home of the junior Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the nursery of the Oblate Congregation for the Dominion of Canada.

The Juniorate of the Sacred Heart is a Mission College, wherein young men desirous of becoming Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, are from their early years trained to the religious life and to the practice of the virtues necessary for their sublime vocation, while at the same time they receive a thorough classical and scientific education. These young aspirants to the missionary state, dwell in community and live a retired, regular life. At the Juniorate, they have their own chapel, their dormitory, refectory, study, and play grounds. For classes, however, they attend the University of Ottawa, and it is a pleasing and edifying sight to see them marching in rank, orderly, silently, modestly, to and from the college. As is evident, from the nature of the institution, only young men of good Catholic families, of unblemished character, frank, upright and docile, are admitted to this little community. In addition to these qualities, the successful postulant must be endowed with a fair share of talent, must enjoy good health, must have acquired sufficient knowledge of his mother-tongue, English or French, to write it passably; and finally and above all, he must have an earnest desire and a firm resolution of becoming a religious Oblate of Mary Immaculate. He must be ready, too, for a great sacrifice. Once a Junior Oblate, or Juniorist, he must relinquish home, relatives and friends. Henceforward, his home is the Juniorate. He belongs no longer to his parents, but to the congregation that has adopted him. Of course, the members of

his family may come to see him, and, indeed, are cordially invited to do so on the days appointed, but he is not free to visit them except during the first ten days of the midsummer vacation. To many readers of the *Owl*, no doubt, such a life will appear cold and monotonous, but no such coldness and monotony exist in fact. The life of the Juniorists is a happy one. The bright, cheerful faces of the young religious attest it. The testimony of parents and guardians confirm it. "What have you done to bewitch my son, Reverend Father?" a fond parent once smilingly inquired of the Reverend Director. "You gave him some holidays this year and he wished to return to the Juniorate before he had been home a week." And this was not an isolated case. The Juniorist, then, finds real and lasting happiness in his new home. True he has left behind forever his old life and all pertaining to it, yet he is not thereby deprived of the joys of the family circle. He has but exchanged one family for another. Kind and loving directors supply the place of father and mother; and the fathers of the congregation treat him as a brother, as the "little Benjamin" of the family, while a bond of truly fraternal charity unites him to his fellow Juniors who never address him without the affectionate title of brother. The weekly communion, too, and the frequent daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament ever present in the little chapel, form golden links in the chain that binds him to his vocation.

Ten months of earnest study are succeeded by two months of midsummer vocation. For a few days the Juniorists separate to visit their respective homes, and then re-unite to spend their holidays at the delightful summer residence provided for them upon the shore of a picturesque little lake nestling among the Laurentide Hills about twenty-five miles from Ottawa. Mountain climbing, boating, fishing, berry-picking, foot-ball, and base-ball become the order of the day, yet ample time is devoted to spiritual exercises and to study. Even in their country house, the juniors enjoy the privilege of a private





THE JUNIORATE OF THE SACRED HEART.

chapel, and the continual presence of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Every Sunday High Mass is celebrated and

preparation for the priesthood and the exercise of the ministry, by a profound application to his philosophical and theo-



THE JUNIORS' COUNTRY HOUSE.

several poor families of this district so remote from church or priest, gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of attending the Holy Sacrifice. Study, as already noted, receives due attention. Each Juniorist selects the branch of knowledge that presents to him the greatest difficulty, and by devoting to this particular study a portion of each day, forearms himself for the intellectual struggle of the coming scholastic year. Assuredly, if they indeed are blessed, as a great poet says they are, who "in health of body and peace of mind," enjoy

Sound sleep by night : study and ease  
Together mixed : sweet recreation,  
And innocence which most does please  
With meditation,

then thrice-blessed are the Juniorists of the Sacred Heart in their sylvan retreat on the shores of La Blanche.

When the Juniorist has completed his classical studies, he proceeds to the Novitiate at Lachine, where, for one year, he devotes himself to a more intimate study of his vocation, to the cultivation of virtue, and the preparation for his religious profession. Then follow five years in the Scholasticate at Ottawa, during which time he is occupied in the immediate

logical studies. From ten to twelve years, therefore, must elapse from the day on which a juniorist enters the Juniorate until he be finally crowned with the glory of the priesthood. Thus the young levites are subjected to a long period of probation and preparation—too long it may seem to many. But it must be borne in mind that the true missionary, like his Divine Model, must also have his Nazareth where far retired from the busy world, he may "consecrate long years to silence and recollection, to study and the meditation of the holy truths of religion, to prayer and obedience, before engaging in the battles of the apostolate." The church wishes it. His vocation demands it.

Like the history of many another important work, the annals of the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, tell of an humble beginning. About three and a half years ago, Reverend Father Harnois, O.M.I., was charged by his superiors with the foundation of a Juniorate in Ottawa, after the plan of certain institutions in France and other European countries, that had already proved most successful in recruiting and strengthening the ranks of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The prospect was by no means encouraging for the founder o

the Canadian Juniorate. He had no money. He had not even a house in which to lodge his Juniorists. The generosity of a few noble benefactors, however, removed his financial difficulty sufficiently to enable him to transform a large double tenement on Wilbrod Street into a resemblance of the home he required. The scholastic year of 1891-92 commenced with a little band of twelve Juniors--the twelve apostles, the good director lovingly called them. Gradually this *pusillus grex* was augmented by new arrivals until the house on Wilbrod Street became too small for the requirements of the actual students while postulants were clamoring for admission from all parts of Canada. A new and larger Juniorate became an imperative necessity. The issue of two years calculating, planning and building is seen to-day in the elegant and spacious home of which the Juniorists took possession with the new year. A good idea of the exterior appearance of the new Juniorate may be had from the engraving that accompanies this article. The interior is proportioned for the accommodation of one hundred students. The chapel, the study, the recreation hall, the refectory, the dor-

mitory, in a word, all the apartments intended for the Juniorists are large, well lighted, well ventilated and well heated. The entire house is lighted with electricity and heated with hot water.

Until the present, the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart could be considered as an important work only by the end which it had in view, but at length, however, success has crowned the efforts of its founder. The little community of twelve has increased until it now numbers forty-eight, and it is probable that the scholastic year of 1895-96 will see the new Juniorate occupied by its full compliment of one hundred students. Its actual students come from all parts of Canada but principally from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. One comes from Winnipeg, one from France, and from St. Albert comes a half-breed youth, who eagerly longs for the day when he may return as a missionary to his own race. The Juniorate, then, has passed the stage of its infancy and is actively engaged in the accomplishment of its noble aim of recruiting missionaries for the great mission fields of the Canadian North West and of Texas. May God speed the good work.

#### THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
 And rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
 And while the mould'ring ashes sleep  
     Low in the ground,  
 The soul, of origin divine,  
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
     A star of day.

—MONTGOMERY.



## THE OLD OWL.



WHEN I was living in my native village, about twenty years ago, I made the acquaintance of an owl, who was a personage of mature years, and first attracted me by the singular similarity of his tastes and opinions with mine. Our first meeting took place under rather peculiar circumstances. One evening I had sat by an ancient round tower near a forest to rest, but had hardly drawn one long breath when there came a flapping of wings about my head, and, raising my eyes, I beheld—*monstrum horrendum*—an owl. Superstitious as an ancient, I turned instinctively that he might be on my right hand, so dreadful seemed the omen; but he replied to the insult only with a disdainful laugh, and, perching himself on the top of the tower, glared at me out of his red eyes with an expression of profound pity. So I said to the owl:

"Pray pardon my silly rudeness; I merely obeyed an instinctive feeling without the least intention of annoying you."

"Where's the good of excuses," said he, shaking his head; "if you really wish to serve me, take yourself off and leave me in peace."

"I cannot go," said I, "until you pardon my offence."

"Begone! you are a miscreant like the rest of your kind."

"You are a miscreant yourself," retorted I, "and very unjust and distrustful to boot. I never injured the smallest creature. I have been the unfailing defender of birds' nests against children and fowlers. At least I ought to be treated with common civility by those whom I have loved and protected."

"Oh, well! well! well!" said he, "don't say any more about it. You are young and well meaning enough. I will trust you and rue the indiscretion at my leisure."

And from that hour the anchorite and I were bound together by the strongest

friendship. He told me that from the first he had felt drawn to me by a singular sympathy, but had vigorously resisted the attraction for fear of fresh disappointment. His words shocked me by their harshness, but our disputes were always friendly and his rebukes were administered with a fatherly tenderness which touched me extremely.

"But," said I one evening, "what would become of society if we adopted your maxims? The noblest friendship, the most heroic devotion would be but deceitful snares. And at this moment you are not in harmony with your theories, for you are confiding in me without dreaming that while I am speaking to you I may be planning your ruin and destruction."

He smiled, and I believed him convinced, but a moment after the doleful theme was resumed, and he was preaching lamentable doctrines as if I had not interrupted him.

"You are sincere and perhaps even virtuous now," he said. "But that is no more than your duty, so you deserve no credit. This is the fruit of my experience which I will give you, and you can digest it at your leisure. Have no friends—live by yourself—never marry—live in a village rather than a city, and in a forest rather than in either."

So spake the misanthrope, and I replied: "We must take men as they are and life as we find it; God made us to live with our fellow creatures, and if each person followed out your dismal precepts the world would become a vast solitude—a living tomb to engulf humanity."

"Alas! young man!" was his mournful reply.

One beautiful evening he told me his mournful story.

"I was born," said he, "in the very place where I live to-day. My two brothers came into the world with me.

"We were the pride of our parents' hearts, and as we grew from day to day our mother gloried in our size and beauty—our father in the fancied promise we

gave of strength and virtue. One day, when we had grown old enough to take a little care of ourselves, our parents addressed these words to us: 'In another month, little ones, you will need our help no longer, and will enter boldly upon life. Now listen to our directions: If we should die before you are old enough to take care of yourselves, go to your neighbor, the old owl, who lives in the oak that was struck by lightning last year, and who comes to see you sometimes. He will be father and mother in one to you, if a parent's place can be supplied. And, another piece of advice: Never let a silly curiosity prompt you to leave this wood and go in search of new places. Beyond this forest you would find treachery, misfortune and death. Now mind and remember our words when we are taken from you, and never forget the father and mother who have loved you so dearly.'

"All this made us cry so bitterly that we could hardly speak.

"One evening our parents went out as usual to get food for us after saying good-bye very tenderly. For a long time we awaited their return in vain, then hunger came to add bodily misery to our sufferings. Our old friend the owl who lived in the oak at length came to us. From his hermitage he had seen his two poor friends pursued by an eagle and torn with his cruel claws. Then he had remembered us and flown to our nest, bringing food for all. A few hours had taught me life's bitterest lesson and I felt a century older than the day before.

"When the first anguish of grief passed away it was only to leave room for fresh trial and disappointment. One day—it was in the beginning of June—I flew out of the nest, and perched quietly on an oak that stood at the edge of the glade where all the little birds had met together for a concert. They were listening to a linnets; everyone was attending in silence to her joyous notes. And I, too, admired her. I, too, was penetrated with love for all these little birds, who looked so kind and good. 'How sweet it would be to live among them,' thought I.

"Such were the thoughts in which I was luxuriating while the linnets' song lasted. When she ended I was still rapt

in attention—and cried out: 'Oh! how beautiful, how exquisite that is!'

"Hardly were the words uttered when they discovered me. In an instant I was surrounded, hustled, assailed, insulted in a thousand discordant voices. They all crowded round me—nightingales, woodpeckers, linnets, blackbirds, tomits, even to the turtle doves and wood pigeons themselves. I felt the strokes of twenty beaks fall upon me. It was like a quarry. 'Alas!' thought I 'can such a cruelty be allied to such genius?' At last I succeeded in disengaging myself and flew away in desperation to confess my defeat to my old friend.

"'Oh, well!' said he, 'I don't blame you; you yielded to an impulse of youthful confidence and learned a valuable lesson.

"'But—just heaven! why did nature make those wretches so beautiful? or, rather, why did she make such beautiful creatures so wicked? why is not the perverseness of their hearts to be read in their faces?'

"'Ah, my son, that is a vexed question that many persons have agitated before now, and that no person had succeeded in solving.'

"'Then am I condemned to close my heart to love forever? Must I live alone because there is wickedness around us?'

"'Alone, always alone,' he answered, 'otherwise you will have neither rest nor happiness. Ah! I see that you are not cured even now.'

"He was right; I was not cured, if you choose to say so.

"And now my eyes were opened to another delusion. To the society of my two brothers I had looked for consolation in every trouble, but before long they declared that one hole was too narrow to satisfy their desires, and that they must seek their fortune elsewhere.

"In vain did I use an elder brother's right in dissuading them from their mad design. Nothing influenced them—not even the memory of our vows of mutual fidelity, not even my entreaties that they would not leave me alone in this dreary solitude. One was possessed by some crazy longing for travel and foreign adventure. He dreamed of some land of promise where all would be good and

happy; and on the faith of these dreams he left us one day. I never saw him again. One thing we may be sure of—that fate cheated him of his wild and ambitious hopes.

“My other brother left me to follow a scatter-brained young screech-owl who had entangled him by her fascinations.

“And thus I found myself in the enviable solitude which my sage friend had recommended me. But isolation, instead of making me courageous, only disgusted me more and more with the life I was leading. I began to mingle more and more among the other owls of the forest. My most intimate friendship was with a highly respectable family who lived not far from my castle, and especially with a young owl, the fourth child of venerable parents who had known and valued my unhappy father. Her sweetness and innocence made her very lovely in my eyes. I brought her home to my bower, which was to serve me now as a nest and as the cradle of my children. There we spent blissful days; the happiest perhaps in my life. Soon the nest was full; two newly hatched little ones raised their bald heads and filled the air with infantile cries.

“One day their mother went out in search of food. Hour after hour passed on, and yet she did not return.

“I became very uneasy as I remembered my parents' fate, and at last, telling the children to be very quiet and prudent, I sallied forth in search of her. Soon she appeared, flying towards me. ‘At last I have come,’ she cried, ‘let us be grateful for my escape! A falcon has been chasing me for two hours.’ We hastened back to the nest. As we approached the tower we saw the falcon rising up into the air clutching in his horrid claws one of our children.

“You think that was enough, but not so. When we reached the nest and looked for the other one, there we found his poor little body stretched on the wall, torn open with a frightful wound. What shall I tell you? Wild with grief we wandered for days about the forest, insensible to rain or wind, hunger or thirst.

“At last my companion said: ‘If you have no objection let us leave forever this hateful wood.’ ‘But where would you have us go?’ I asked. ‘Let us go among

human beings,’ answered she. ‘There at least we shall find goodness, generosity and greatness. Just think how admirable their towns and villages are!’

“‘You have convinced me,’ I replied. And so, after taking a sad farewell of our old friend and adviser, who saw us depart with many forebodings of evil, we winged our way through the forest to a village.

“We chose one of the largest barns in this village for our home, and at once opened a desperate warfare against the rats and mice who were attracted thither in large numbers by the provisions.

“Little by little we became familiarized with our position and enjoyed it.

“The more we studied human nature the more we admired its clemency, justice and rectitude.

“We at last decided that I should go in search of our old friend and induce him to share our happiness. I flew at full speed and reached the wood without fatigue.

“I entered his dwelling quite suddenly, exclaiming: ‘Here I am, father; I have come to take you away from this place, and show you that happiness which you have always treated as a chimera.’ ‘Is it you, my son?’ he said, with a joyful astonishment, but in a weak, choked voice: and I saw that a great change had come over him. ‘But what ails you that you do not move?’ ‘Nothing, my son; it will soon be ended. Before this day closes I shall be cured; the physician is at hand.’ ‘The physician, what physician!’ ‘Death,’ he answered in a hollow voice. ‘Death!’ cried I, ‘What do you mean? Have you no pity on me?’ ‘Pity! yes, child. I pity you for your youth, and because you do not stand where I stand now.’

“His head dropped forward heavily. He was dead. Dead at the moment when I offered him the accomplishment of hopes long since abandoned. I flew away horror-stricken, as if an enemy were tracking me to destruction.

“I reached the confines of the village. Afar off I recognized the hospitable roof that had given us shelter, and my heart beat with joy in spite of my affliction. But who were that troop of children who gathered around the barn door? What did their cries of joy, and stamping of feet,

and clapping of hands portend, and the smiling old folks looking on and encouraging their sports? Of course it must be pure and virtuous amusement since children joined in it, so I flew on with a sense of kindly interest. As the distance lessened, I thought I saw—I knew I saw a bird hanging with outstretched wings on the barn door—nailed there, bleeding dead. Oh! heaven's justice! my companion murdered! dead! butchered! And that before the eyes of nature, under the light of heaven. Oh that I could have clutched the human race in one single body with my claws, to tear out its eyes, and fling the carrion to be the sport of winds and tempests.

"The thread of life was broken. With frantic speed I rushed through the valley. I stopped on the margin of a little stream, shaded by bushy alders, while the turf along its edge was strewn with wheat. I drew near to eat, but hardly had I touched the earth when I felt myself caught and held fast. I suddenly caught sight of the fowler running toward me in all haste, and at the same instant I beheld my brother, whom I had not seen since childhood. 'Brother, brother!' I cried, anxiously, 'here I am—come this way. Don't you see me?' He turned his eyes toward me. 'Why, is that you? Caught in a trap, aren't you? I really wish I had time to stop and help you, but I am in full chase after a young owl who has given me considerable encouragement. You had better get out of that snare pretty quick, for the keeper's coming. Good-bye till we meet again.'

All my other miseries faded away in view of this lie against friendship, the insult to humanity, this blasphemy against pity.

But after all is said and done, the instinct of life is of all feelings the most irresistible. A moment before I had loathed existence; now when I saw the fowler draw near I struggled wildly with beak and claws and wings to save myself. A few more desperate springs and struggles and I was free—flying whither? to my native forest, where I had first known misery and disappointment, now my only companions. There all would be unchanged, I thought, except myself. But—

ah me! when I reached the old place, disappointment was lying in wait for me there too. The dear old nest was gone; the wall had crumbled away and was strewing the mountain-side; nothing was left but to bid good-bye to memory and joy—aye, and to trouble too, for the matter of that.

"This was my last deception. From that day to this I have stagnated here learning, hoping, fearing nothing. And this is peace.

"You wished to know my story. There it is. I pity you—pity your innocence, your candor and your destiny."

And I replied, "You are right. I know life now, and its promises shall never delude me."

He smiled and repeated, "I pity you."

This history impressed me profoundly. I rehearsed the miserable details and saw in his life, my own. I was the credulous being who had trusted implicitly to life. The wretch who had known kindness among his fellowmen and repeated contempt, was again myself. Intercourse with my old friend only increased my contempt for men and existence.

One day towards sunset I reached the hermit's cell. There I saw in the confusing obscurity a greyish motionless mass. He was dead! he suffered no longer.

"Such is the terms of existence" said I "so end our joys and our pains." But higher and higher in my soul swelled the song of the forest until I cried: "This is the voice of God and he cannot lie;" and, entering into myself, I understood at last the merciful and providential law that governs nature. To what was my contempt of life leading me? To the gradual debasement of my being. Man is made for struggle, and he who deserts the field is a coward. My poor owl might well feel sour and exasperated since death meant to him only the peace of nothingness; but man has other destinies, and rebellion is for him unjustifiable revolt. What matter passing trials to him who is to possess eternity? Should we not blush at our cowardice when we remember that the infinite God is our consoler?

*Translated from the Etudes Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires.*

## A MODERN SIAM.



It is surprising how the strange and fanciful fascinates the human mind. A striking example of this is to be seen in the rapid spread throughout America and several states of Europe, of Theosophy or, as its adherents term it, *Esoteric Buddhism*. In the main it is an old doctrine antedating Christianity by some centuries, but of late it has undergone various distortions in response to the demands of modern habits of thought. The existence in America of this teaching dates from 1865, when Madame Blavatsky founded the *Theosophic Society* in New York. One of its ablest exponents of the present day is Mrs. Besant, whose Autobiography was recently criticised by Mr. Gladstone.

In its modern form, the new doctrine is largely traditional, and its chief interest lies in the fact that it is one of the latest productions of the world of philosophic thought. Its custodians live a secluded life somewhere beyond the Himalayas Mountains, and, we are told, show not the least aversion to being interviewed by persons in search of opinions to adopt.

Theosophy, its adherents claim, is not a religion; it is the science of the divine Wisdom. It pretends to elucidate the mystery of being and to furnish a reasonable interpretation of man's spiritual constitution and of the world's purpose. In the light of its teaching, its exponents hold, that the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, Original Sin and the Incarnation are fully explained and shown to correspond to doctrines of the ancient philosophy of Eastern Asia.

In the October number of *La Nouvelle Revue*, Dr. Pascal sets forth the leading traits of a teaching which, he says, has begun to revolutionize ideas in India, America, and successively in England, Sweden and Holland.

The fundamental dogmas as laid down by Dr. Pascal are: (1) Universal Fraternity, the Metaphysics of the system, (2) The *Karma* or Law of cause and effect,

(3) The Law of Re-incarnation, its Ethics.

"The universe, the Doctor tells us, is a vast unity. The incomprehensible Absolute, called God the Father, *Parabraham*, *Aseity*, Being-ty is the incomprehensible source of the Cosmos. He could not create it from nothing, *ex nihilo*. Those who hold this must necessarily suppose that he was not infinite before creation, since he could add something to his exterior immensity, or that he is not more infinite since creation has compressed him to make room for the exterior universe."

"The universe is, then, but an emanation of the Absolute, the manifestation of his interior aspect."

"As all numbers rise from zero, that mysterious quantity, and are lost in it, so the Cosmos sprang from the infinite Zero, the Absolute, and will return to it after numberless series of evolution and involution. In order that electricity may pass from non-being (absolute) to being (manifestation) it must become polarized positively and negatively; in order that force may pass from potentiality to act; resistance is necessary. The Absolute cannot manifest itself but by opposing itself to itself, by the emanation of its substance in its essential state, which would become by the unrolling of its potentialities, the objective matter that we know."

"That primordial substance is the Immaculate Virgin which conceived the universe and brought it forth by the operation of the Holy Ghost; it is the "face of the waters" of Genesis, over which moved the Spirit of God; it is the egg of the world, the golden egg of Brahma; the protyle of all protyles; the noumen of all phenomena; the Chaos of the Greeks; the *prima materia* of the Alchemists; the Abyss; that which the Council of Ephesus in 431 made the Mother of God; to whom the Council of 1858 attributed the Immaculate Conception."

"The universe is the resultant of the differentiation of that substance, mother of innumerable atoms which incessantly emerge from her bosom, to be seized by



the whirlwinds of evolution, and to serve as material in the construction of the Cosmos."

"It is the prism which decomposes the eternal Light into seven forces, the seven substances and the seven states of conscience. The substances form the body, the forces are the souls, and the states of conscience represent the spirits of beings, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate, beasts, men or gods."

"Some beings are more advanced than others, because emanation is going on continually from the bosom of the Virgin Mother. The body, the soul and the spirit undergo a parallel development. In the material of which rock is composed are a soul and a spirit, or ray of conscience; in the vegetable kingdom, the substance refines itself, the organs become perfected; while rudiments of individualized conscience may be seen in the sensitive plants. In animals, sense is more developed and conscience is largely evolved. Man, more complete as an organization, more ethereal as a substance, presents the magnificent spectacle of will, intelligence and reason. He is self-conscious; he knows good from evil. The spiritual ray which springs from the Absolute unconscious of itself, has developed self-consciousness and will be able, at the end of its pilgrimage, to immerse itself in the Absolute, keeping this self-consciousness which is the final end of evolution, and which alone gives immortality. All beings, are then, brothers, as it were, portions, more or less evolved, of that Holy Trinity which reflects itself here below as body, soul and spirit. This is one of the reasons for our regard for life in all its forms. The law wishes that the necessary sacrifice, which constitutes alimentation—that which is called the Autophagy of nature—he accomplished, with man at least, but by means of bodies of beings less evolved. This is why the Buddhists are vegetarians, and the *Jains*, in India, build hospitals for sick or wounded animals."

"We all have the same bodies with their beauties or their blemishes; the same passions, sublime or ignoble; the same thoughts, lofty or contemptible; the same angelic voice of conscience."

An unbroken communion binds us

together; the air that we breath is charged with our collective physical emanations; we breath ourselves reciprocally. The atmosphere of passion proper to each one of us teems with the germs of our vices and our other moral maladies. Psychic contagion is as true and as subtle as physical contagion."

"How vast the field of action of thought. For it there is no space. We live in an ocean fed by the whole of humanity; telepathy would not exist if thought knew distances. In fine the same emotions of compassion and of pity repeat to humanity, distracted and often deaf to the spiritual appeal, that the same divine essence is in the hearts of all its children."

\* \* \*  
 "The *Karma* is the law of Cause and Effect considered from a point of view the most elevated, the most extensive and the most profound. Action is equal to reaction. That which we sow, we reap. The *Karma* is universal; it rules the world, every kingdom, every being, every molecule of the manifested *Cosmos*."

"The stone that falls in the water of a tranquil lake disturbs the water on all sides. The undulation is transmitted in concentric spheres from molecule to molecule to the farthest shore. The atmospheric and terrestrial layers are in turn troubled, and by this slight shock the whole universe is put in vibration. When the undulation reaches its extreme limits, reaction takes place, the movement returns on itself and the stone, the first cause of the movement, receives a force in return equal to that which it transmitted."

"Human actions are, in their turn, centres of evolution, and the forces thus generated encounter on all sides elements which tend to make them equal. As soon as the resistance has become equal to the pressure, the force is reflected and returns to the point of departure with an energy of reaction equal to the energy of action."

"Obstacles on the way may retard the return of the force or resolve it; but in a given moment all the components are returned to the generator of the disturbance which thus receives from the Karmic law a rigorously just retribution."

*Karma* is, then, Justice personified, the the grand equilibrating force of the universe. Its supreme attribute is imper-

sonality. It does not punish, neither does it reward. It readjusts; it restores equilibrium. Can it be said that the storm-tossed ocean consciously and voluntarily engulfs the sailor for having come to disturb its waters? No! the shipwreck occurs because the strength of the vessel is not equal to the force of the elements."

"Man, when he acts contrary to law, is like a sailor who wishes to sail up a rapid stream. His strength becomes exhausted and he is born down by the current. It is thus that he undergoes the influence of forces generated in the past, which will inevitably decide his future. The first half of his life is the expression of tendencies acquired at some other time; the second is a mixture of past and present. He is happy or unhappy, rich or poor, beautiful or ugly, sick or well, according to the direction of the resultant of his works. There is no personal divinity, capricious, unjust and wicked; but only a law, inflexible and impersonal an aspect the most elevated we can conceive of the ineffable, absolute God."

\* \* \*

"Justice rules the universe. Favor is a human product and has no place in the cosmic economy. Chance does not exist because it would be the child of nothing. That which we call chance is nothing but an unexpected resultant emerging from an inextricable network of causes. We prefer appealing to chance to avowing our ignorance."

"Law is one and immutable. The phases of the planets are, on the physical plane, the marvellous expression of this mathematical and gigantic order. Nevertheless the unequal distribution of good and evil, of riches and poverty, of intelligence and imbecility, seems to accuse the supreme Divinity of a crying injustice. We see good men suffer until their last breath; while assassins and debauchees live and die in happiness. Some children come into the world blind, idiotic, lame and scrofulous; others are born full of the germs of all the passions; while a certain number seem to have been sanctified in the womb. What reply can be made to that unceasing and colossal accusation thrown in the face of God?"

"Nothing is lost, nothing is created anew. If force and matter are indestruct-

ible, the spirit,—the ray of conscience—is not and cannot be destructible. Man passes, in his individual course, through the same phases as the universe. Law manifests itself everywhere by two universal movements, activity and repose, wakefulness and sleep, death and re-incarnation. These movements are seen in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the inspiration and expiration of the lungs, in the ebb and flow of the tide, in magnetic attraction and repulsion, in centripetal and centrifugal force, in the sprouting and falling of the leaves, in the death of many plants in autumn and their birth in spring, in the metamorphose of insects."

"Materialism asserts that the entire man is destroyed at death, and that his potentialities are stored up in the germ. A conscientious study of heredity shows that, the germ conserves but the physical qualities of the corporal substance of the parents, that the moral tendencies are but partially transmitted, and that intellectuality is outside of its sphere."

"Heredity supplies some organs disposed to vibrate in the same manner as those of the paternal organism, and thus prepares for the Ego, an instrument more or less favorable to the expression of his faculties. The Ego of a musician will be attracted towards parents who cultivate music, but he will be able to surpass them, and, will be endowed with a personal transcendental genius. Did Mozart, who composed at the age of four years, have in his parents or among his ancestors, one equal in genius to himself? Did Jacob Boehme the cobbler philosopher inherit his marvelous faculties?"

"Physical substance can receive only physical impressions. For psychical and intellectual impressions there must be a medium much more subtle. There is in man an ethereal and a physical body. When death ensues, the latter separates from the former, the Ego becomes wholly absorbed in the subtle body and with it lives on a plane corresponding to that of the universe. When the period of repose is terminated, the mysterious desire to live makes the Ego take on a new physical robe and incarnation takes place."

"Physical acquisitions only are stored up in the germ. The psycho-intellectual faculties which constitute the true man are

condensed in the causal body—the ethereal body, called the *Karmic* body—and returns to the earth with the individual. The newly re-incarnated being carries with him his true “Original sin.” This synthesis of past causes stored up in the potential state, germinates and develops as soon as it comes in contact with favorable soil.”

“The *Karma* undeveloped in one existence unites itself again to being and returns with it to its new incarnation, during which another part of the *Karma* is consumed, whilst new causes and new sources of future actions are stored up. Thus are sown the seeds of all our happiness and sorrow, of all our punishments and rewards.”

Such are the leading tenets of the Theosophic system. Is it not strange to see in a Christian age, descendants of Europeans enlightened and highly civilized through the influence of Christianity, seeking from the semi-barbaric people of Asia, principles of philosophy, morals and theology? Such a spectacle is indeed humiliating, and the only result will be that the evangelization and consequently the civilization of that people will be rendered more difficult. The Asiatics must indeed feel flattered to see educated and Christian people adopting their religious teaching under the names of Philosophy, Esoteric Buddhism and the like.

Theosophy, in its essential form, is nothing but the old system of Pantheism and Emanantism, a thousand times shown to be false, destructive of all morality, and consequently of society itself. It is, of course, directly opposed to the Christian tenet whose base is creation. Something indeed which is incomprehensible but vastly superior to any philosophical absurdity.

Theosophists add to the Pantheistic formulæ only greater obscurity.

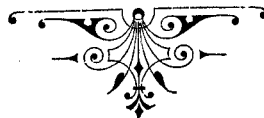
It is very amusing to see Indian dreams clothed in Christian phraseology, while nothing is more ludicrous than their novel and ingenious exposition of the divine Motherhood and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. We can easily forgive those lofty philosophers their historical blunders; that the Council of Ephesus had invented the Mother of God, and that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined by a council in 1878. Their Christian phraseology is but a ruse to make more acceptable to Christian people un-Christian teaching.

Any one but slightly acquainted with German philosophy will easily perceive an almost perfect identity between the teachings transplanted from the banks of the Ganges and Transcendentalism as set forth by Hegel. The whole is a queer medley of Atheism, Pantheism and Materialism. That “there is no personal livinity” is equivalent to saying there is no God at all.

The doctrine of re-incarnation is nothing but the old Metempsychosis. It is quite interesting to be told that one's Ego has outlived, in the past, many lives, after a term of wandering through space, seeking re-incarnation, with all those tendencies and moral habits which constitute “Original sin.”

The new system seems to be an amusing rhapsody of old absurdities coated with a Christian and scientific varnish, and we venture to suggest that Mrs. Besant and her associates would profit more by a slight acquaintance with Butler's Catechism than they do by interviewing the unwashed *Mahâtmas* of Thibet.

CHAS. J. MEA, '95.



## LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES

-----I'll shew my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

---Two Gentlemen of Verona.

25—Students of Canadian political history who looked forward with interest to the publication of Mr. Joseph Pope's *Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald* will experience a feeling of dissatisfaction on completing the reading of the two large volumes which have appeared. And the feeling will be the same whether the student be liberal, tory, or independent in his political leanings.

Except, perhaps, in the single matter of the Washington Treaty, no clear new light has been thrown on the life and character of Sir John Macdonald.

The correspondence published on this subject is exceedingly valuable and interesting, barring Sir John's coarse references to American public men, which might, with much benefit to his reputation for broad-minded statesmanship, have been omitted. There can be no doubt that in the negotiations Sir John shewed himself to have been a Canada-first man; and however heroically he may have waved the "old flag" in earlier and later days, he was ready when he faced a great practical issue to lay down the doctrine that if Canadian interests were to be sacrificed for England's convenience, then Canada should consider the question of Annexation while she had something left to offer for the securing of advantageous terms. The tariff, which the conservatives used to call a National Policy, but to which many of them now allude in far different terms, is an eloquent testimony that he thought as little about placing a tax on John Bull as he did of placing one on Brother Jonathan.

As one reads, he finds himself regretting more and more that Mr. Pope did not draw more liberally upon Macdonald's correspondence. Mr. Pope's style is pleasant enough in general, and his work gives ample evidence of scrupulous care; but, unfortunately, the letters which he gives us so often lead to conclusions out of ac-

cord with his deductions that one cannot help wishing he had given more letters and less conclusions. Let us take an example. From the letter which Mr. Vankougnet wrote to Sir John Macdonald respecting the reception of the Prince of Wales in Upper Canada, I cannot join—however desirous I may be—with Mr. Pope in regarding the Orangemen of Kingston, who brutally insulted the Prince, as a large, and respectable body of men. Mr. Vankougnet's designation of them as rowdies whom neither he nor Sir John could afford to imitate, seems more apt, and this is only one instance out of many.

Mr. Pope has gone, I believe, altogether too far out of his legitimate course to prove that Sir John Macdonald was not in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Every Irishman of ordinary intelligence who knew Sir John, or was cognizant of the fact that he was a sworn Orangeman from his early youth, must have been quite aware that he was not on principle a Home Ruler; but Irishmen were fully convinced, and volumes from Mr. Pope would not change their convictions, that Sir John Macdonald was, at times, an *opportunist* Home Ruler, prepared to give the sanction of his great name, without public contradiction or explanation, to Canadian support of the cause. That served their purpose, and they did not allow his principles to worry them any more than Sir John was wont to let them worry himself. One cannot help asking what led Mr. Pope to devote so many valuable pages to the treatment of this subject, when so many deeply interesting Canadian questions, in the discussions of which the old parliamentarian took a prominent part, are treated with strikingly less completeness. To me, I must confess, it seemed as if Mr. Pope was more anxious to publish to the world his own views on Home Rule than to make clear Sir John's attitude on

the subject; for he didactically tells us that Home Rule is the antithesis of Imperial Federation, and, in his labored effort to clear Macdonald's memory from the taint of Home Rule, he fouls it with the imputation that he deliberately misled his Irish supporters. As to Mr. Pope's personal views, they will, of course, be accepted by each according to the value placed upon them by each one. Home Rulers need not dread the results of this arrangement.

It is abundantly evident, however, that Mr. Pope made a conscientious effort to portray Sir John Macdonald to best advantage. In fact, he depicts the thoroughly sophisticated politician who was so well known to Canadians, much as Titian and Ræffele used to paint their angels, with a plentiful length of glittering wings and a superabundance of dazzling glories. We may differ as to the judgement of the biographer but we must give him credit for the best intentions. Perhaps, Sir John appeared to Mr. Pope in the way he is described in those two volumes; if so, Mr. Pope must be blessed with unique and glorifying, if not glorified, vision.

Doubtless Macdonald's memory would have been better served by the suppression of the letter to Lord Dufferin in which the blame for the Pacific Scandal is thrown on Sir George Etienne Cartier. Its publication will not remove from the public mind the impression made by the famous revelations; nor will it influence the verdict of history as to the degree of Sir John's culpability. But the letter makes strongly in favor of the view that Sir John held none so dear that he would not sacrifice them for the glory of himself. His effort to put Cartier in for all the blame was treacherous and cowardly. Well may Cartier's friends exclaim: "This was the most unkindest cut of all," for Cartier was Macdonald's friend, faithful and true to him. I look forward for and shall welcome an adequate defence of Cartier.

Mr. Pope published many affectionate letters which Sir John wrote to his mother and sister and other members of the family, and then solemnly reminds his readers that the writer of these letters was the man who was held up to public odium by his political opponents as the incarna-

tion of all that was objectionable. Well, what if he were? One and the same man may be a Dr. Jekyll in the bosom of his family and a Mr. Hyde elsewhere. In fact such combinations are the rule and not the exception. Surely Mr. Joseph Pope does not consider the familiar and affectionate epistles of a man as infallible indices of character. A Frenchman who is a model of domestic affection is often found by no means exemplary in his relations to mankind in general, while a "wise-disciplining" Englishman frequently proves himself a boon companion not to be despised. Many devoted sons and affectionate husbands and loving fathers have been false to public trust. To appeal to such evidence is, I venture to believe, an evidence of weakness and of want of knowledge of humanity. There is nothing in the letters so lovingly dwelt upon by Mr. Pope that points in the faintest way to the basic principle and purpose of Sir John Macdonald's career. For both of these the reader is justified in referring to Mr. McLean's refreshingly frank article in the current number of the Canadian Magazine. The letters are interesting, but not at all valuable and were utterly worthless when offered in refutation of the strong language employed by Sir John's opponents in animadverting on his standing and character as a public man. A public man should be tried and estimated by his public actions.

But I am getting too much into details, and those paragraphs are not intended for exhaustive reviews of men and books. If I were asked to give in a simple sentence my opinion of Mr. Pope's work I should say that it is a heroworshipper's account of his hero; and if a desire were expressed to have my view of the late Sir John Macdonald in the smallest possible compass I should endeavour to satisfy it by stating, with pardonable alliteration, that he was a picturesque political opportunist.

26.—By the death of Robert Louis Stephenson in far Samoa, Scotland has lost an illustrious son and English Literature a great romancist.

Robert Louis Balfour Stephenson was born in Edinburgh on the thirteenth of November, 1850; that is to say, forty-five years ago. His father was the famous

engineer, Thomas Stephenson, the author of "Lighthouse Optics," a work which obtained and retains a high place in public estimation. He was carefully educated at private schools, and afterwards sent to the University of Edinburgh. When his university studies were completed, he studied law, and was called to the Scottish Bar. Before he had time to practice for any length the precarious state of his health necessitated change of scene, and he left the Scottish law courts to travel abroad. While thus occupied he directed his attention to literature, for the composition of which he found he had capacity. He wrote an account of his travels in California, but while the book sold well it failed to make its author a subject of public interest. The volume which established his reputation as a writer of fiction was *Treasure Island* which he published in 1883. A *Life of Thomas Stephenson*, his father, was produced by him and met with great public acceptance. Then followed in 1888 *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, an original, startling and strange psychological study which took the English-speaking world by storm.

It is said now that for a long time prior to his death Stephenson suffered a great deal lest his popularity should decline. He depended on his pen for his subsistence, and the pen which is not in demand is, in truth, a great deal less mighty than the sword. Yet, the dread which haunted him had no concrete foundation. He might have gone on writing such romances as he produced for a hundred years and the last of the series would have found a multitude of eager admirers. His foreboding was, I believe, an outcome of his weak physical organization. Something of this melancholy feeling is suggested in his essay *Ordered South* which appeared in that charming volume *Virginibus Puerisque*, and much more of it is expressed in his verses. In *Ordered South* he refers, in most delicate terms, to his great physical inactivity; to that feeling of weariness and helplessness which the contemplation of a distant point impresses upon the weak. Similar suggestions appear in many other passages of his writings. It is as if he felt he might never have time to finish. Probably he had many fine works mapped out in his mind for future execution, and if such was the case, it is impossible to estimate how

much the world was deprived of by his death at mid-age.

But notwithstanding illness and worrying melancholy he toiled on, with the result that he leaves behind a number of works which will live. The delightful Scottish tale, *Kidnapped*, is a story which tells itself, and rushes the reader along by means of a fascination which has never been excelled and seldom approached by an English writer. Had he stopped with this work, he would still be remembered as a master of fiction and one of the greatest literary stylists of his time. The style of a writer is of the nature of his thoughts. This was what Boileau meant when he declared that the style was the man. For humanity Stephenson was "all touch, all eye, all ear," like the spirit in "Queen Mab." He was an intensely human, a wonderfully pure and sweet spirit. And it was entirely natural that the vehicle of expression in his case should have been a peculiarly pure and sweet English, precisely what it was. His *New Arabian Nights* are quite a rival to the old. More than one of his stories have a powerful attraction for young people. The boy who traces the wanderings of Prince Otto from his mythical German Kingdom, or who follows Prince Florizel of Bohemia through his benevolent enterprises in Modern London will have as much enjoyment as if he had Aladdin by the hand, and will learn useful lessons for a humanist upon which the "wonderful lamp" of the hero of the old "Arabian Nights" never glimmered. In fact, many of Stephenson's books such as *Memories and Portraits* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, are notable for the richness and the intimacy of their sympathy with the sorrow and the aspirations of mankind. One portrayal of a noble passion, or an affliction nobly encountered in a good cause is worth more to youth than all the "excerpts from nature" ever laid upon the crowded altar of the great Unutterable Bosh.

Some years ago, Mr. Stephenson, who was suffering from lung trouble, went to the South Pacific for his health. He became enraptured with the Samoan Islands, and decided to make them his residence, and to spend the rest of his days there. He took a close interest in Samoan affairs, muddled by German and

American interference. His heart went out to the helpless natives, the sufferers from the conflicting greed of both the Americans and the Germans and of the English as well. While I write, his son, Lloyd Osborne, in a letter to Sydney Colvin, published in the London Times, says that his father on the day he died declared that if he recovered, and the worst came to the worst in Samoa, with Germany intriguing for possession of the islands, he would go to America and try to create public opinion by a course of lectures. It is notable that Mr. Stephenson always believed that Samoa might expect more good from America than from either Germany or England.

When Father Damien fell a martyr to his angelic efforts to alleviate the unconceivable sufferings of the most loathsome afflicted of all God's creatures, the forlorn lepers of Molokai, his blessed memory was brutally aspersed by a poisonous insect that termed himself the minister of a Christian creed. Instantly Stephenson's sense of manhood was touched to the quick. With feverish eagerness he put himself in evidence on behalf of the dead Catholic hero; he, the Protestant gentleman, who held no connection with Rome, but whose love of truth and justice was too strong and too pure not to lend protection to a noble man, though that man happened to be only a poor Catholic priest. This one instance, this single exhibition of sympathy with the efforts of a Catholic hero and tender regard for the memory of a great Catholic martyr should procure for Robert Louis Stephenson the lasting affection of the most tender chords in the Catholic heart.

The first advices of the death of Mr. Stephenson had it that his disease was apoplexy. Later dispatches lead us to believe that his mortal ailment was consumption. Whatever the immediate cause may have been the date of his death was the eight day of December. His remains were interred on the summit of Palma mountain, which looms above the sea and the land one thousand three hundred feet. Fit resting place this for the man who, while in life, entertained lofty thought, and the drift of whose literary life work, in its prevailing purity, and almost entire free-

doom from even the slightest of those sins against morality which disgrace so much of our realistic literature, tended towards that Heaven whose governing essence is the consummation of purity and nobleness.

Let me close this slight sketch with the strangely prophetic last stanza of a little poem which Stephenson wrote and left for publication with the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the eve of his departure for his beloved Samoa:

" Spring shall come, come again, calling up the  
moor-fowl;  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees  
and flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and  
valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing  
hours,  
Fair the day shine as it shone on my child-  
hood—  
Fair shine the day on the house with open  
door;  
Birds come and cry there, and twitter in the  
chimney—  
But I go forever, and come again no more!"

The following is an incomplete list of the works of Stephenson: *Life of Thomas Stevenson*; *Treasure Island*; *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; *Prince Otto*; *The Black Arrow*; *Kidnapped*; *David Balfour*; *The Dynamiter*; *The Wrecker*; *The Merry Men*; *The Master of Balantrae*; *The Ebb Tide*; *New Arabian Nights*; *Underwoods*, *An Inland Voyage*; *Catruona*; *Travels with a Donkey*; *Silverado Squatters*; *Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa*; essays: *Virginibus Puerisque*; *Memories and Portraits* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*; poems: *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and *Ballads*.

28—Joel Chandler Harris said recently of Richard Malcolm Johnston (see Note No. 24): "I think the time will come in the very near future when those who make the literary opinion of this country will see and acknowledge that Col. Johnston stands at the head of those who have created characters that live and move and have their being. This, all will see when the time comes, but it is left for those who enjoys his friendship to know what a tribute God has paid to humanity in creating this man, whose lovable qualities are past all description."

# The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

## BOARD OF EDITORS:

C. MEA, '95.

J. R. O'BRIEN, '95.

J. P. FALLON, '96.

T. P. HOLLAND, '96.

W. LEE, '96.

W. W. WALSH, '96.

J. RYAN, '97.

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '98.

Business Manager:

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1895. No. 5.

## SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

We feel that we are but feebly fulfilling a sad duty in presenting to our readers this month a slight memorial tribute to the late Right Honorable Sir John Thompson. The heart of the Canadian people was never so deeply moved and we should be stolid indeed did we not join in the universal mourning. We make no reference to the distinct loss suffered by this institution in the death of a firm friend, and the first Dean of its Faculty of Law, for all personal sorrows—save one

—are swallowed up in the profound grief of our sorely-stricken country.

And good reason has Canada to weep the death of her best and brightest son. Before his time, who said colonial said inferior, but he proved his right to take his place on equal terms with the first men in the Empire. Here at home he was our common pride. The equal of Mr. Blake in legal knowledge and judicial fairness, of Sir John Macdonald in clearness of foresight and correctness of judgment, of Mr. Laurier in suavity and tact, he was the superior of them all in his mastery of details, in his capacity for work and in the higher and nobler qualities of personal character.

Sir John Thompson was a deeply religious man and a practical, devout and exemplary Catholic. While he made no parade of his religion, nor ever used it as a stepping-stone by which to rise to higher honors, neither did he hide his honest convictions nor refuse to suffer for his faith. Sir Thomas More was his favorite character in English history. By that model let him be judged, and as the English Knight's patriotism and statecraft have received their fitting crowning by the Church discerning to him the title of Blessed, so may his New World disciple pass into history and be known to all men as Canada's statesman-saint.

## FATHER LANGEVIN, O.M.I.

It is only a few days ago that information, as good as official, reached us of the nomination by the Holy Father to the vacant Archiepiscopal See of St. Boniface, of him whom Ottawa University students for eight years knew and loved as Father Langevin, and whose departure from our midst is too recent to have allowed his memory to become even temporarily effaced from our affections. No words of ours are needed to convince those who



knew him that in Father Langevin the Canadian Episcopacy has received an Archbishop who will be an honor and an ornament not only to the See over which the voice of the Supreme Pontiff has called him to preside, but also to the Catholic Church and to the country at large. He is a cultured gentleman, kind, patient and liberal-minded. As a theologian, he has few equals and no superior in Canada. His energy, prudence, and the practical turn of his mind make him peculiarly well-suited for the Metropolitan See of a young and great ecclesiastical province, while his thorough mastery of both the English and French languages doubles his power of serving his people. Finally, as a pulpit orator Father Langevin has a national reputation. His doctrine is always sure, his thought elevated, his language elegant, and he frequently reaches the heights of sublime eloquence.

Archbishop Taché has a worthy successor. Catholic interests in Manitoba and the whole North-West have found a valiant champion and a stout defender. The Archbishop—elect of St. Boniface knows better than anyone else how little necessary it is for us to assure him that our hopes and prayers are with him in the sublime position to which the Will of God has raised him.

---

#### *HOW DO THEY DO THINGS IN CHINA.*

Though the recent troubles between China and Japan have proven that the former has reached no high degree of perfection in the art of war, and though her civilization for centuries past has been stagnant, her ideas upon higher education are certainly far in advance of those held by many nations which place unlimited confidence in the proficiency of their armies, and whose progressive strides have ever been to them a cause of boast.

A few words on this subject from Ly-Chec-Pee, a distinguished Chinaman, will perhaps give an idea of the advanced condition of higher education among a people so isolated from the rest of the world and so universally despised because of their backward spirit. "At Peking," he says "we have a School of Languages and a University like the universities of Europe with this difference that the students are paid for making their studies. This amelioration has extended to all the provinces." It is peculiar that a nation, inferior to the rest of mankind in so many respects, should evince such a desire to promote the interests of higher education, while we who take a boastful pride in the wonderful accomplishments of our age, have so little at heart the welfare of our institutions of learning.

We may well learn a lesson from China, if not from the manner in which she conducts her wars, at least with respect to the stand which she has taken upon educational matters. And if it is desired—we do not say to pay students—but merely to place the advantages of a higher education within the reach of all, and to make our universities, institutions worthy of the name, endowments must be more generously bequeathed. They are the only means of extending the benefits of a thorough education to deserving and intelligent students of meagre fortune. Moreover, they are indispensable in providing suitable laboratories, libraries and other equipments, without which it is an impossibility for a university to succeed or for students to reach the state of proficiency now so necessary.

True it is that, thanks to the kindness of the friends of education, several of our universities have been so heavily endowed as to be enabled to greatly facilitate, through the assistance of laboratories, etc., the work of their students, and also to remove from the poor student the hindrances which

have heretofore denied him the privilege of attending the higher institutions of learning. But universities so situated are among the fortunate. While we delight ourselves musing over the advancement of our age, is this not one respect,—the extending of the benefits of higher education to all classes,—in which many people less boastful than we, might justly claim superiority?

---

*SANCTUM COMMENTS.*

In styling Mr. M. W. Casey's poetic tribute to the late Sir John Thompson, which appears in this issue of the Owl, the best lines that have so far been written on the subject, we are doing but scant justice to their worth. Mr. Casey has summed up in appropriate verses the whole life of our illustrious prime minister, and has vindicated the principles and motives that directed the actions of his brilliant, but too short career. The happy choice of expression, and the adaptation of the metre to the subject, are evident at a cursory glance. But he who studies the whole poem will perceive that Mr. Casey has appreciated the character of Sir John from that point of view which alone could present all that was most worthy of admiration and imitation in the dead statesman.

\* \* \*

Henceforth the exchange column will be missed from amongst our regular departments. The reason for this change is not that such a department is not both useful and interesting, nor that there are not many considerations that urge its continuance. But one argument for its abolition outweighs, in our opinion, all that can be advanced in its favor. The amount of work it entails on the exchange editor is out of all proportion to the benefit

it confers on him or on his readers. Moreover, in order to be kept up to the proper standard, it needs to be in the hands of one of the ablest members of the editorial board, who is thus precluded from doing work far more beneficial to himself, to the Owl, and to our readers.

\* \* \*

Considerable surprise, not unmingled with doubt, was expressed over the remark in last month's Owl, that there was only one extra-mural student on our subscription list. It was a well known fact that some of those gentlemen were loud in their assertions that the Owl was a great money-making concern, and that the editors were certainly stowing away sacks of gold in the roof of the sanctum. Of course the inference was that the said gentlemen had always been, and were, and would be regular subscribers, on the strength of which they passed for students of spirit and generosity. Now, as a matter of fact, and as the books will show, if all the money contributed by the externs to the Owl during the seven years of its existence were counted out in coppers it would not fill an ordinary pop-corn bag. And it is time that the truth should be known. This is an age of exposures, of destruction of shams. The New York police force was the "finest body of men in the world" previous to the meetings of the Lexow Commission; honor-bright aldermen ruled Toronto, the Good, before Judge Macdougall began his investigation; a mayoralty candidate in Ottawa found flaws in the civic financial system until it was discovered that he owed three years' taxes. So also our externs were paragons of student excellence, until it became known that they had only one subscriber on the Owl's list, and he—tell it not in Gath! whisper it not in Pekin!--a year in arrears.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A republican form of government does not seem to have brought much stability to fickle France. She has had five Presidents as a Republic. Carnot was assassinated, and Thiers, MacMahon, Grevy and Perier were forced to resign before the end of their term of office. The present incumbent, Mr. Felix Faure, is the first Protestant ruler France has ever had, Henry IV having become a Catholic before his coronation.

Rev. Dr. Rooker, the newly-appointed secretary to Mgr. Satolli, is a convert to the Catholic religion. He was born at Albany, N.Y., and educated at Union College. Dr. Rooker was at one time a pupil of Mgr. Satolli at the American College in Rome, and was until recently vice-rector of that institution.

An antique piece of oriental art is on exhibition in St. Joseph's Church, Paris. It is a painting in ancient encaustic colors on copper, of the Blessed Virgin and Child. When cleaned, it disclosed strange inscriptions, which have been declared genuine Chaldaic. On the back of the picture are inscriptions in Chaldaic and Greek of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries. The picture was found in a stone coffin buried in a dried up well near Jerusalem.

A good description of the manner in which the early Ethiopians preserved their dead, is given by Herodotus. After being thoroughly dried the corpse was plastered over with a paste made of gypsum, then the face and exposed parts were painted so as to make them look as natural as possible. Dead bodies when served in this manner remained intact for hundreds of years.

A fact worthy of notice is the number of prominent and influential persons, who of late years, have either been converted to the Catholic religion or have sought a knowledge of the doctrines taught by the Church. The latest report comes from Germany, where it is said, two eminent theologians, a Jesuit and a Capuchin, have, at his own request, been sent to Prince

Bismark, that he may have explained some knotty points of theology.

Zola's popularity is certainly not on the increase among educated Frenchmen. At the recent election at the French Academy to fill the seat vacated by the late Leconte de Lisle, for which the indecent novelist was a candidate, not a single vote was cast for him. Less than a year ago at a similar election he received eleven votes, but his former friends have all deserted him. The French Academy, by the way, is a strongly Catholic body, Of the thirty-seven "Immortals" thirty-one are Catholics, including Meilhac and Halevy, who are of Jewish descent. Leon Say, Chevalier and De Freycinet are Protestants, Alexander Dumas and Challemeil-Lacour are Free-thinkers, while Pasteur's creed is not known.

There is a pane of glass in Fredensborg, Denmark, which bears the following uncommon array of royal autographs: The Prince and Princess of Wales, Alexander III of Russia and Dagmar his widow, the deceased Duke of Clarence, Nicholas, the present Czar and the Princess Alix, King Christian of Denmark and the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

The following is from the *Philadelphia Catholic Times*. The Dr. Griffin, named professor of chemistry, is a graduate and former professor of Ottawa University. He was also the founder of the "Owl" and its managing editor for the first three years of its existence:—

Definite shape was given to the new schools of the Catholic University at Washington at the meeting held there on December 23, 1894, and attended by the professors who are to give instruction in the various departments of philosophy and social science. These gentlemen form a body that is truly representative, not merely of the different sections of our country, but also of the scientific spirit that prevails in our best American universities. Prof. Robinson comes from Yale to organize the school of social sciences. Prof. Greene, from the University of California, will teach botany, a science of which he is an acknowledged master. Prof. Shea, a graduate of Harvard

and Berlin, now teaching at the University of Illinois, will have charge of physics. Drs. Griffin, from Johns Hopkins; Cameron, of Cornell, and Chatard, a graduate of Freiberg, are engaged for chemistry. Mathematics will be taught by Profs. Scarle and De Saussure. Prof. Quinn, from the University of Athens, will teach Greek philology; Prof. Pace, a graduate of Leipzig, psychology, and Prof. Stoddard, English literature. Special classes in the school of social science will also be given by Profs. Bouquillon and Shahan, members of the theological faculty.

The Pope, who is the personification of Catholicism, has, says the *Glasgow Observer*, nothing to fear from the spread of education, but everything to gain. It was the Catholic Church which founded Glasgow University, Aberdeen University and St. Andrew's University. The Catholic Church founded Oxford and established Eton. The Catholic Church produced Dante and Copernicus, Columbus, Aquinas and Augustine. The Catholic Church encouraged and cherished a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Fra Angelico, a Velasquez and a Murillo, thus creating all that is best and nearly all that is worthy in the world of art. The Catholic Church sheltered Kepler and pensioned Galileo. The Catholic Church has provided a Catholic school for every Catholic parish in the country, and out of her poverty she trains teachers and is careful always to build a school before she raises a temple.

The following words taken from a sermon of Rev. Dr. Anderson, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Rochester, will be read with pleasure by all our Catholic friends. Here are the doctors words:—

"I repeat what I have often said in this pulpit: I believe that Leo XIII. is the wisest, most liberal and most spiritually minded Pope that has occupied the Papal chair in many years. His treatment of republican France and his encyclical on Bible study alone would mark him as a most extraordinary Pope. If there must be a Pope, I hope that it will long be none other than Leo XIII."

Concluding his discourse the doctor spoke thus:—

"Let us be fair in our discussion of Roman Catholic history and doctrine. What is gained by absurd fables concerning it, or by figures and lies that disgust every educated man?"

Rev. F. H. James, a Protestant missionary in China has the following to say of the Catholic missions in that part of the globe: "The Catholic missions advanced as other missionaries were sent to China, and one native woman, for great services rendered as a member of the Catholic Church, had conferred upon her by the Emperor the title of "The Virtuous Woman" There were now in China 41 bishops, 664 European priests, 559 native priests, 34 colleges and 1,092,000 native converts. It was difficult to estimate the exact benefit which China had received from Catholic missions. But such extraordinary self-devotion and self-sacrifice could not be in vain. The Catholic priests strove to lead the Chinese onward, to improve their civilization and lift them toward the truth. Only the ignorant and bigoted could regard such labor as useless." Rev. G. W. Knox, Presbyterian missionary, made similar statements. Speaking of the Bible in China, Rev. Mr. James says: "The indiscriminate distribution of Bibles containing much that is unintelligible and misleading to the unprepared native mind, ought to be modified, since it did far more to hinder christianity than to advance it. Lord Salisbury had found that one cause of the attacks on missionaries was this very indiscriminate distribution of Bibles, without note or comment."

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On the 20th of last month a solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the University Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Sir John Thompson. The officiating priest was the Rev. Father Pallier, spiritual director of deceased, assisted by Rev. J. Hainault and Rev. Mr. Lemonde as deacon and sub deacon respectively. The choir, under the guidance of Father Lambert, rendered the solemn dead mass har-

monized by L'abbe Michel. The *Miseremini*, sung during the offertory, was especially grand and solemn.

The Chapel was in the deepest mourning, the windows being draped in black, and black and yellow streamers hanging from the great chandeliers to the pillars supporting the central part of the Chapel. Everything betokened the presence of death.

The late honored gentleman was first Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Ottawa. He was known to many, and was enshrined in the hearts of all.

Among those present at the solemn service were John and Joseph Thompson, the two sons of the deceased, Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. R. W. Scott, M. O'Gara, Q.C., L.L.D., N. A. Belcourt, Q.C., L.L.M., and the Faculty of the University.

Later, at a meeting of the Law Faculty of the University of Ottawa, Hon. R. W. Scott in the chair, it was moved by the Hon. J. J. Curran, L.L.D., seconded by M. O'Gara, Q.C., L.L.D., and resolved:

That the members of the Faculty of Law of the University of Ottawa desire to express their deep sorrow at the great loss the University has sustained by the death of that distinguished statesman and jurist, the Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, P.C., K.C.M.G., L.L.D., Q.C., first Dean of the Faculty, and to convey their deep sympathy to Lady Thompson and her family in the sad bereavement that has befallen them.

The eminent abilities and distinguished public services of the great departed, have caused his loss to be widely mourned, but by no part of the community more deeply than by the members of this Faculty, who had special opportunities to appreciate his noble character, in which were so happily blended all the gentle and heroic virtues.

That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to Lady Thompson and her family

---

#### AT THE NEW JUNIORATE.

Wednesday, the 16th inst., will ever be a bright day in the history of the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart. It was the occasion of the solemn blessing of the splendid new building, of which we publish an engraving in this issue. The morning Mass was

celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, and a choice selection of vocal music was executed under the direction of Rev. Father Chaborel, O.M.I. At 11 a.m. His Grace, assisted by Rev. Father Harnois, Director of the Juniorate, and several other priests, performed the impressive ceremony of blessing the new College, according to the Roman Ritual. An address was afterwards presented to the Archbishop, to which he replied in gracious and fitting terms. The proceedings terminated by the traditional banquet, at which, in addition to His Grace the Archbishop, the following were among the guests: Rev. Father Lefebvre, O.M.I., Provincial, Rev. Canons Campeau, Bouillon, Plantin, and several of the local clergy; Rev. Father McGuckin, Rector of the University, and Jodoin, Laporte, Lauzon and Duvic, Superiors respectively of the Oblate Houses in Montreal, Maniwaki, Hull and Archville. The architect, Mr. Gauthier, and the contractor, Mr. Bourke, were also present. Our congratulations to our fellow students, the juniors, are not unmixed with envy at the splendid quarters in which they actually find themselves.

---

#### SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

Within the last two years, December 27th, the feast of St. John the Evangelist, has become one of the red letter days in the Scholasticate, being the patronal feast of the Reverend Father Superior. Last year being the first time, it was celebrated with great *éclat*, but this in no wise prevented us from making every effort to have a parallel success this year. On the preceding evening, when the community assembled to present their wishes for a happy and joyous feast, the choral sang a beautiful Latin cantata, especially composed for the occasion by Rev. Bro. Wm. Kulavy. The usual address on behalf of the community was then made by the Rev. Father Poli, first assistant, the Superior replying in concise and touching terms. The day itself being cold and stormy, prevented many fathers of the other houses from being present. Nevertheless a goodly number sat down at the

festive board, the refectory being tastefully decorated for the occasion.

In the evening we had a very pleasant musical and dramatic entertainment, which reflects great credit on the committee who prepared it. In a short but very appropriate address our worthy dean paid fitting homage to the memory of the Apostle of Love, and concluded by expressing the wish that God would spare our beloved Superior for many years to come. The chief feature was a drama entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." The circumstances of the glorious death of the holy apostle are too well known to be repeated here. The most interesting parts, which won the applause and admiration of all by the able manner in which they were represented, were: When Sylvius, son of the Roman proconsul Egeas, who for some time has secretly been a disciple of the Apostle, visits him in his dungeon and asks for Christian baptism; and again at the trial of the holy apostle, when Sylvius, before the assembled court, openly declares his adhesion to the religion of Christ, and is consequently rudely spurned by his father, who was terribly enraged at this unexpected turn of affairs. And finally when Egeas, who was impatiently awaiting the news of the death of the Apostle is told of the miracles wrought at the moment that St. Andrew expires, and is thus forced to acknowledge that there is after all truth in the religion of the Galilean. The characters in these scenes were played to perfection, especially that of St. Andrew by Bro. Daveluy Bro. O'Boyle as Hippias, the youthful Greek, and Bro. Flynn as a Roman officer, showed that they can now play with equal ability in either a French or English drama, but yet we think if they had pronounced with a clearer Parisian accent, they would have completely succeeded in concealing their Celtic origin. The musical part by the band and orchestra, which played choice selections as interacts, was all that could be desired; on the whole the evening was one of the most agreeable spent here for some time, and we hope that those who come after us will be true to the example given them and celebrate the feast of St.

John the Evangelist as one of the most joyous of the scholastic year.

It has been a praise-worthy custom for years past that our Juniorists should spend the feast of the Epiphany in our midst to show that though we are separated by our different circumstances yet we are nevertheless members of the same family. In this connection we have always prepared an entertainment, which this year was dramatical and musical. The musical operetta of the celebrated Molière "L'Avocat Pattlin" was played very successfully much to the amusement and pleasure of all. The two principal characters Pattlin the lawyer, and Guillaume the draper merchant, were so natural in their manner, that every few moments they elicited fits of laughter and bursts of applause. Bro. Stuve, who fulfilled the office of village judge, graced the bench with all the pomp and dignity which his important position called for, and shewed that he realized the heavy responsibility that weighed on his shoulders, and Bro. Blanchin as Agnelet the shepherd, who appeared to be a simple sort of character, but showed that he was a sly shrewd fellow, and could even outwit the sharp and cunning lawyer that was trying to fleece him out of some money, likewise caused much merriment. The Kulavy Bros., who are both talented musicians, and can play equally well on several instruments, rendered a very beautiful duet on the flute. Bro. O'Boyle by his spirited declamation of Tennyson's immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade" fairly transported the audience to the field of Balaclava to witness the charge of the gallant six hundred. The band and orchestra, as on former occasions, discoursed sweet music between the acts.

We can hardly say that we enjoy a Christmas vacation such as the students have just finished, but yet we have had sufficient holidays to afford us a certain amount of relaxation, and thus turn our thoughts from study to the joys and pleasures of Christmastide. Most of the brothers prefer to have two weeks longer summer vacation spent in canoe and camp, for as at this time of the year we have hardly any amusement whatever, a vacation would be more of a burden than a pleasure.

## ATHLETICS.

The great Queen's vs. Ottawa College football match is still the subject of much comment in the university and secular press. The *Red and Blue* from the University of Pennsylvania, referring to a recent note in the OWL, says:

Ottawa College, which has won the Canadian championship, wishes to meet the United States champions. They say that they are not afraid of any fifteen that ever played foot-ball. We are afraid that the many differences between our game and theirs would make a match very unfair to one side or the other, though we wish Pennsylvania's eleven could get a chance to meet the Dominion Champions.

and the *Toronto Week* in its review of the Rugby Foot-ball season has the following:

The Homeric struggle at Rosedale, between the Ontario and the Quebec champions for the Canadian cup, formed the season's climax and conclusion.

Fortune favored Queen's, who was practically unopposed in the early ties, and was thus enabled to arrange practice games as she wished and to reserve her strength for the final round. Many connoisseurs of foot-ball thought that if Varsity had had similar advantages the results of the year would have been materially different. Varsity certainly had developed a strong team by the end of the season. The combination work showed in the match against Trinity was, perhaps, the prettiest scene on a foot-ball field this year. It is a pity that she did not have the opportunity of trying conclusions with Queen's, Hamilton or Ottawa College. A match with any one of these clubs would have been a boon for non-military Toronto on Thanksgiving Day.

But lovers of true sport will also find much to deplore in the foot-ball of the past season. There has been a falling off in that brilliant, scientific play that used to give the spectators so much delight, and there has been a corresponding increase in intentional rough play and interference. The latter state of things is, perhaps, the cause of the former, and both may be traced to the culpable leniency of this year's umpires and referees. It was a shame that the Queen's team were allowed to continue their bullying tactics against Ottawa College. Ottawa College has, in the past, had a reputation for rough play but they are to be congratulated upon the good, clean and hard foot-ball they exhibited at Rosedale.

\* \* \*

The hockey season is now in full blast. The college team is scheduled in the series of the Junior Hockey Association with three other teams. No one of them should prove very formidable opponents for our players. The College club would

probably enjoy more student sympathy and claim more attention, had its members shown the same large generosity towards the student's rink that they exhibited in favor of the enterprise of an outsider. So far as the general student body is concerned, the hockey team of this year, in the arrangement of its practices and matches, might as truly be said to represent the University of Timbuctoo as the University of Ottawa.

No organization anywhere has a greater claim on the gratitude and loyal support of its members than the Athletic Association of the University of Ottawa. The annual fee is a paltry \$1.00 and for that amount the association furnishes its members with everything necessary for the various games, provides the players with their complete playing outfit and pays every cent of the travelling expenses, besides going to much trouble and cost in order to have the largest possible number of games on the home grounds. Our position gains by contrast. We have read of a champion foot-ball team having to wear the muddy, water-soaked suits in which its second fifteen had just played a hard match; nowhere save at Ottawa are the complete suits furnished from the common fund; and in very few institutions do the players have their entire travelling expenses paid by their club. In this respect the following clipping from the *McGill Fortnightly* is instructive. It refers to the open skating rink on the McGill College grounds:—

"The fee for students having paid the tax of \$2.00 for the use of the Grounds is to be \$1.00; for those partial students who have not paid the \$2.00 tax, the fee will be \$3.00. It is proposed also to admit graduates to the privileges of the rink for the \$3.00 fee."

## PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

The students of the university as well as all readers of the OWL will be pleased to hear that amongst our graduates who are pursuing their theological studies at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, Messrs. J. J. Meagher, I. A. French and H. J. Canning, all of the class of '93, received minor orders, Mr. D. A. McMil-

lan, '92, was ordained Deacon, and Messrs. D. R. McDonald, F. L. French, M. F. Fitzpatrick and P. C. O'Brien, all of class '91, were raised to the holy order of priesthood. The Ottawa *Free Press* speaking of Father Fitzpatrick's ordination said:

"The fathers and students of Ottawa University as well as his many friends in this city will hear with pleasure that Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, of Norwood, Ont., was on Sunday ordained to the sublimely responsible office of the priesthood. The church was filled with an interested congregation, gathered from the village and the surrounding country. The ceremony was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Father Conway, Rev. Father Collins of the Cathedral, and Rev. Father Foley, a former resident of Norwood, now of the diocese of Ottawa, who preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. Father Fitzpatrick is an ex-student of the University and was once the centre rush in the champion foot-ball team."

We have since learned with pleasure that Father Fitzpatrick will shortly leave for Rome to continue his studies. The OWL extends its best wishes for a pleasant voyage and a successful career.

The *Canadian Freeman* gives the following account of the ordination of Father O'Brien:

On Sunday morning at eight o'clock mass the congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral witnessed a very touching ceremony in the ordination of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, a cousin of the late Bishop O'Brien of this city. The ceremony was performed by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by the Rev. Archdeacon Kelly and Father Neville. The young man had for his assistant the newly ordained priest, Rev. Father McDonough. Touching indeed was the scene, as there at the foot of the altar of God lay the prostrate form of him who was soon to begin the life of a priest. God had called him and there he was in obedience to that call, waiting only the command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." The congregation, too, understood the greatness of what was happening, as was evident from the stillness which prevailed while the Sacrament of Holy Order was being administered. The ceremony ended, Father O'Brien gave his blessing to the people before they left the church.

Mr. Jas. F. Regan at one time a member of the class of '90 was ordained priest in the Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston, Mass. on December 21st. At the same ordination J. J. Dean '92 received minor orders and J. F. Kelly, who went to the third form with '93, tonsure.

Speaking of the Christmas ceremonies at the Midnight mass at the Church of the Holy Angels, Buffalo, the *Courier* has the following to say of the sermon:—

"The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Quinn, O.M.I. Father Quinn as a pulpit orator possesses a magnetic power over his hearers. His sermon on Christmas morning was a beautiful history of the birth of Christ, and the vast congregation listened spell-bound to the modulations of his sonorous voice."

Father Quinn completed his Theological course here in 1890, and later was professor and prefect of discipline.

Among those who sent a substantial Christmas greeting to the Owl was Mr. James P. Collins '92, of Marlboro, who is at present studying law in Boston. Next spring will see him qualified to accept a brief to plead any man's case.

Rev. J. McKechnie '86, is actively engaged in parochial work in Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. J. Farrell '87, in Everett, Mass., and Rev. P. J. O'Malley '88, in Webster, Mass.

Dr. Jos. Masson '89, who is a graduate in medicine of the Catholic Faculties of Lille, France, has had his graduation thesis approved and highly commended at Paris by the University of France.

Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I., for many years Prefect of Discipline in Ottawa University, has been transferred from Montreal to Winnipeg, Manitoba, to replace Rev. Father Langevin, O.M.I., as pastor of St. Mary's Church.

Rev. J. P. Donovan, '89, passed through Ottawa recently on his way to Rome. During his two years' absence in Sunny Italy he will endeavor to recruit his somewhat shattered health, as well as continue his theological studies in the leading schools of Rome.

Mr. F. M. Devine, ex-'91, was elected Deputy Reeve of Renfrew by a handsome majority at the recent municipal elections. "Fee" was always somewhat of a politician.



### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Our Christmas vacation of this year will always be remembered with feelings of the deepest pleasure. Wearied after the arduous labors of the fall term, we contemplated accompanying two of our most intimate friends, Messrs. Phaneuf and Hewett, similarly afflicted, to some calm retreat for a few days of well-earned rest. We had almost decided on going, when our esteemed friend, Hon. T. F. Finnegan, who intended remaining here, invited us to spend the holidays with him. He held that bright and cheerful exercise in our bracing Canadian climate would be far more conducive to the restoration of our lost vigor than a complete lapse into mental calm. We accepted his kind offer with some misgivings, we confess, and we hasten thus to testify to our having received a most agreeable surprise. The two weeks were very pleasantly passed indeed. Our host being an excellent horseman, we, of course, spent a considerable portion of our time in driving about the city and through the rural districts. We had intended visiting Dictator Dempsey in his suburban villa, but a storm occurred the previous evening, and, as nicely expressed in a letter of regret sent by our host, "insurmountable snow-banks rendered the roads impassable." Only one incident happened to mar the pleasure of an otherwise unclouded holiday. On the Saturday prior to the opening of College, while driving through the southern portion of the city, we unexpectedly came upon a toll-gate. Asked by the keeper for the sum of three cents, our host, in a moment of weakness, applied for a reduction of ten per cent. for students. There was no person present to identify us, but the keeper offered to grant the request if we could calculate the amount of reduction. Somewhat rusty in our mental arithmetic, we were completely confused at this unexpected turn of affairs, and our plea of being

students was rejected by the keeper on the ground of insufficient evidence.

When these lines appear the hockey rink will likely be in pretty good running order. We trust that the officers of the Junior Athletic Association will set to work immediately, and endeavor to organize two or three good hockey teams. With first-class accommodations for practicing, and such excellent material, this should be easily done.

The member for Texas is rapidly becoming very popular. Owing to a scarcity of dates he was obliged, he informs us, to cancel several prandial engagements during the holidays.

Felix was given a very cordial reception on his return. He visited, whilst absent, the Plymouth Rock, Brookfield, and other points of historic interest. He promises to throw some new light on the Salem Witchcraft question.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of December.

First Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. B. Patry</li> <li>2. A. Martin</li> <li>3. A. Bissonnette</li> </ol>
Second Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. R. Barter</li> <li>2. J. Neville</li> <li>3. M. Kennedy</li> </ol>
Third Grade B	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Cotè</li> <li>2. M. O'Brien</li> <li>3. C. Bastien</li> </ol>
Third Grade A	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Cassidy</li> <li>2. B. Girard</li> <li>3. A. Kehoe</li> </ol>
Fourth Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. H. Desrosiers</li> <li>2. J. O'Neil</li> <li>3. P. Nolan.</li> </ol>