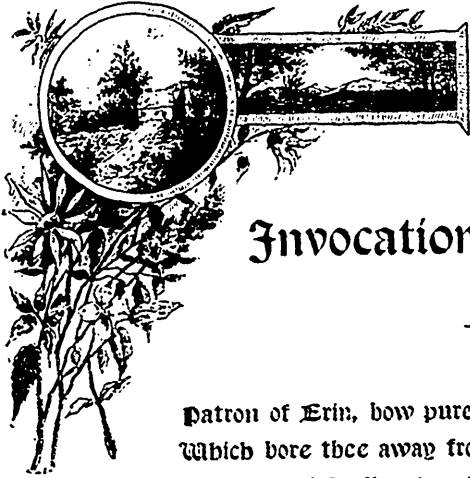


# THE OWL.

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No. 7



## Invocation to St. Patrick.



Patron of Erin, how pure that devotion,  
Which bore thee away from thine own sunny clime—  
Swift as might Love's willing wings, on thy mission,  
Back to the shores of the "Gem of the Ocean,"—  
Back, to respond to its children's petition—  
Plaint as of infants exposed and forsaken—  
Which rang from the far distant vista of Time,  
Craving the light of the Saviour's bright Beacon  
To scatter hell's dark superstition and guile!

Still burns the fire which thine ardour enkindled,  
From Tara's green brow, in the hearts of our sires;  
Still shines the Faith, bright as when 'twas first given,  
Nor has its brilliant lustre e'er dwindled;  
Though far and wide have Hibernians been driven.  
Yet, o'er their birthright a storm now 's impending—  
The torch of dissension her battlement fires;  
Haste, gentle Saint, to the rescue, extending  
Thy shield of defence o'er the "Emerald Isle."

G. C. Delany, '91.

A SKETCH—THE LAND OF FAITH AND "THE MASS  
ON THE OCEAN."

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.



ANY are the titles that Ireland has received. She has been called "The Land of Heroes and Patriots:" again she is known as the "Land of Song:" but of all those designations the one in which her children most rejoice is that of "The Isle of Saints and Martyrs." The Irish Celts, from time immemorial, have been a God-fearing, Faith-loving people. Long before the advent of Christianity *Juverna* was an Island of Faith. While other nations adored their gods amidst crime, disgusting and bloody rites, persecutions, heartless cruelty and debauchery, Ireland's white-robed Druid stood in his sacred grove and pointed out the glories of a celestial reward. In fancy, like Davis, we can see him "tending the holy fire" in the lower chambers of the imperishable round towers, we can measure "with the Tyrian-taught astronomer the length of their shadows—and almost kneel to the elemental worship with the nobles whose robes had the dye of the Levant, and sailors whose checks were brown with an Egyptian sun, and soldiers whose bronze arms clashed as the trumpets from the lower top said that the sun had risen." Away back in the misty twilight of ages Ireland—the predestined martyr of nations—the one that was to carry the cross of persecution along the *vía dolorosa* of seven centuries—was ripe for the reception of Christianity. She was even then what Dr. Johnson later on called her, "the quiet home of sanctity and learning." There is not a barony in which the Gobhan Saer had not set up a pillar-tower: not a hill-top without its Brehon chair; not a valley or moat or brake without its Ogham stone. Law and religion, human equity and super-human justice were equally recognized, and over the clashing and splintering of spears in the forays of the clans, the

sword of legal authority gleamed, and louder than the war songs of the bards came the hymns to Odin, Thor and Friga, gods and goddesses brought from the chill shores of the northland by the aspirants of Volhalla, the Sea Kings of old!

A day came when the light of Redemption flashed upon Golgotha; its rays—like the beams of the sun—spread out in all directions; they traversed the blackness of European paganism, penetrated the oak groves where worshipped the Druids, tipped with splendor the summits of the Round Towers, and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the radiance of heaven, fell upon the harper's soul and wedded his song to Truth, touched the very genius of a race prepared to receive them, till from all parts of the land arose a hymn of Faith, Hope, Love and Adoration. From the moment St. Patrick set foot upon the soil, from the hour he plucked the triune leaf to illustrate the "Mystery of Mysteries" from that time—as when Moses touched the desert rock and the waters sprang forth—at the touch of the crosier of St. Patrick, a stream of religion burst from the very bosom of the island. It came first slowly meandering along; then leaping in cascades from the hills of time; now gliding under the shadow of a cloud of centuries; now gleaming forth in all the splendor of an approaching emancipation. It followed the children of the "Ancient Race" into every land, and wheresoever it was found it bathed them and the home of their exile in a sea of glory. As Meagher would have said: "The cross, like in Milan, glittered in the haze of battle and pointed to eternity!" In war, in peace, at home, abroad, in the monasteries of Europe, in the wilds of America, in the ruined shrines and shattered aisles of a desolate Irish grandeur, in the cathedrals raised by Irish hands on the Western Hemisphere, in the caverns of Michels-town or the rocky defiles of Connemara, in the Basilicas of Rome, in the broken

pillars of Iona or the Gothic perfections of Holy Cross, in the Irish College of the Propaganda, in the *debris* of Kells and Clonmacnoise, the phantom glories of Monasterboice, the seven ruins of Celtic revelations at Glendalough, in the classic halls of Oxford or Lindsarne, amidst vanished greatness or rising powers, in the shadows of a once universal propagation of faith and learning, in the ubiquity of a present adherence to the one and dispensation of the other, by the Liffy or the Hudson, from the summit of Sleine-Donard to the banks of the Loire, and back from the peaks of the Alps to the shores of the Shannon—in all climes, in all lands, in all ages since Christianity first came to them—through sunshine and shadow, the children of Erin have clung to the faith of St. Patrick, and have perpetuated the glories of that well-earned title, "The Isle of Saints and Martyrs."

To trace, even roughly, the history of Faith in Ireland, without entering into its numberless vicissitudes and dangers, would demand space that no magazine could possibly afford. Volumes might be written, and still volumes would remain to be penned before the hundredth part of those interesting details could be given. I have no intention of even approaching so gigantic a subject; I merely wish to fill a page of THE OWL'S St. Patrick's Day number, and to recall, by an example to the children of our race, the beauties of those ages of Faith. The history of the endless and bitter persecutions to which the Irish people were subjected is too well known to the world to need any recapitulation. The swords of the invaders and the statutes of the Pale, the black raven of the north, and the red flag of the Commonwealth, the venomous hatred of the English, the terrors of Strongbow, the cannon of Cromwell, the victims of Wexford and the broken treaty stone without the Thomond Gate of Limerick, the military brutality and the judicial inhumanity, the hunted priest, the purchased jury, the hedge school and the scaffold, the bribery and the informer's adventures, all these and a thousand other details have been recorded in our histories, sung in our ballads, flung upon the canvas of our painters, traced by our caricaturists, repeated by our wandering minstrels, learned faithfully by our peasants and their children, and have served

to keep alive the torch of faith and to fan into perpetual existence and immortality that gift which St. Patrick confided to our forefathers' keeping centuries and centuries ago.

We are now in the middle of Lent, and we look forward to the coming of Easter. So is it with the Irish race. The Lenten season of over seven hundred years of sorrow and persecution has nearly passed over, the dawning of Easter is at hand, when the Angel of Freedom shall "come down and roll away the stone from the sepulchre" of a nation's liberty, and command her to arise to a glorious Resurrection—and the armed watchers over the sleep they deemed eternal, will grow pallid in their armour, and their swords will fall from their palsied hands. Then in the fires of Freedom's Pentecost, filled with the spirit of more than earthly heroism, "with divers tongues," the children of the Celtic race shall go forth—as of old—to preach to all nations the grandeur of that faith which they had kept throughout all the vicissitudes of the past, and which in turn has guided them, like the fiery pillar of captive Israel, "through the dreary desert of their bondage," and conducted them to the land of their promised triumph.

In no more fitting manner could I illustrate the fidelity with which the Irish people have clung to their national religion than in recalling one of their many pious customs—customs that became as national as the lighting of "Bel-fires" on St. John's eve, or the mid-summer festival of "Lady-Day." Amongst no people are imprecations as well as devotions more prevalent than amongst the Irish. In the Celtic a curse is something fearful: a prayer is something transcendently sublime. The peasant's "God save you kindly," or "May Heaven be your bed," conveys a religious idea, a fervor, that our "Good morning," or "Thank you," pales before. The very slightest and simplest act in the day is usually preceded by an invocation to God or the Blessed Virgin. So accustomed have the people become to thus call upon Heaven for aid, that one is not surprised to hear "God help me," or "Holy Mother!" and such-like expressions used where other people would say "I am in trouble," or "by *this* or *that*!" This habit amongst individuals corresponds strikingly with the custom of uni-

versal invocations by families or communities, when any great undertaking, journey, or work was about to be taken or commenced. Some time ago, when reading the late A. M. Sullivan's account of the "Mass on the Ocean," I was so forcibly struck with the grandeur and deep faith of the ceremony, that I attempted a few lines descriptive of it, and with them I will close my humble contribution to the *OWL's* St. Patrick's Day number. It was a custom, when the fishing season begun, to collect all the boatmen and their wives and children to decorate a special boat for the priest, and to row out upon the waters and having cast anchor, to have mass celebrated on the ocean. "I have seen," says A. M. Sullivan, "this mass on the ocean—upon a calm day when naught could be heard save the tinkle of the bell and the murmur of the Priest's voice; behind us the distant hills of Bantry, before us nothing nearer than the American coast." Reader, let us attend together

#### "THE MASS ON THE OCEAN!"

Bright the summer sun was rising o'er the distant eastern hill,  
From whose summits, silver-thread-like, danced  
a score of spark'ling rills;  
Bright his rays of golden splendor tipped the far  
off mountains high,  
Blue, eternal, distant mountains, rising upward  
to the sky.  
Gloriously the god Aurora in his robes of saffron  
hue,  
Gazes down upon an ocean broad, expansive,  
tranquil, blue;  
Not a leaf the zephyrs stirring, not a breeze is  
heard to sigh,  
Not a sound, save of the sky-lark's murmuring  
anthem in the sky!

Look! a thousand men are meeting by the tide-  
lashed sand-spread shore;  
Look! the boats are now preparing—if there's one  
there's twenty score!  
Gaily from the bows are streaming banners of a  
hundred shades,  
See upon the seats are seated children, matrons,  
smiling maids.

There, a boat is decorated far more gaily than the  
rest—  
At its prow a priest is standing, in his priestly  
garments dressed;  
Hark! the signal now is given—bend each good  
man to his oar;  
Now the fleet is slowly moving from the lately  
crowded shore.

On and on they row the wherries, till like sea gulls  
far away,  
Every sail appears a pinion glistening in the morn-  
ing ray,  
Now they cast two hundred anchors—not a breath  
the blue wave curled;  
Now the priest ascends the altar and in solemn  
tones and slow,  
Says the *Introit*, and the listeners answer him in  
accents low;  
Now the *Gospel*, now the *Preface*, now the *Conse-  
cration* word;  
On the distant shore the tinkling of the little bell  
is heard.

Now *Communion*, now the *Blessing*, 'midst a sil-  
ence of the dead;  
Now once more the bell is ringing, and the holy  
Mass is said,  
All is over and the blessings of Almighty God are  
showered  
On the faithful, noble toilers—with new strength  
are they empowered,  
Back across the mirror waters, see the wherries  
flying now;  
Exultation in each eye-glance—hope and faith  
upon each brow!  
In the days now past and vanished, in those days  
that now have fled,  
Thus upon a summer morning were the "Ocean  
Masses" said!

God be with those days now olden! God be with  
those times of love,  
When the sons of Erin ever asked all blessings  
from above!  
When the Faith St. Patrick planted, after years  
of holy toil,  
Flourished fairest flower of Erin on her green and  
sacred soil!  
Sons of Ireland love to cherish recollections of the  
times  
When the voice of God all over called them in the  
Church's chimes!  
They are gone, these days are vanished, and they're  
numbered with the dead;  
God be with those days, now olden, when the  
"Ocean Mass" was said!

Aylmer, Que., March, 1891.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



H. children of exiles to-day we foregather

To crown a sweet hour with enjoyment and cheer :

Though far from its heather and despite the rough weather

We meet to pledge troth to the land we hold dear.

In her recurrent woes,

Her struggles, her throes,

Our hearts have beat with her in joy and in fear :

The earth does not hold

In its girdling fold

One gem half as fair as our sire's lovely island,

She gleams bright to our gaze, though she shines far away :

In pleasure or sorrow our own natal Ireland

Shall be queen of our love on St. Patrick's Day.

By oppression constrained, like clouds storm-riven

Our fathers sought refuge remote from their home,

But, sanctioned by Heaven, to our people was given

To prosper wherever their footsteps might roam.

The sun's molten face

To our sea-sundered race

Resplendently smiles from all sides of his dome.

Oh, our shamrock's vine

In beauty can twine

Over sundering mountains and oceans dividing

To flourish and bloom in fraternity's ray,

Enough of the fervor of blood is abiding

To weld us as one on St. Patrick's Day.

Her grand cause cannot die, for its breath is divine,

It will flame in our breasts until life is no more ;

Though a hope genuine for a moment may pine

Yet the following hour finds it strong as before.

As the glimmering stream

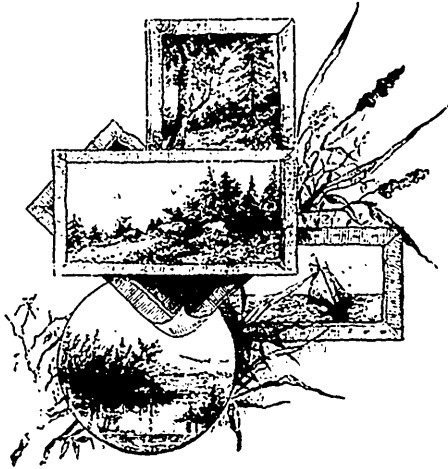
Undivided we deem

By the rock which its crest through the current upbore .  
 Since the cleftage proves vain  
 When it mingles again,  
 Thus, Erin, full often, by rival bands bated,  
 Thy long cherished wishes seemed doomed to dismay,  
 But the arch of thy spirit thus lowly curved  
 Doth rebound with new strength on St. Patrick's Day.

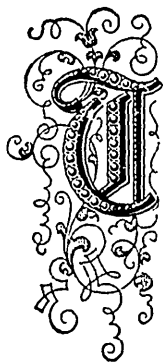
The high altar of Christ and His faith through long ages  
 The Irish loved living or they died to defend,  
 And though woe was their wages unbroke were their gages,  
 Lord, thy servants requite and deliverance send.  
 Grant Erin may be  
 Rich, happy and free  
 From her Southern strand to her Northern end :  
 Drive far from her shore  
 The hatreds of yore,  
 Exalt her, O Lord, to a place among nations,  
 Make her potent for good and enlighten her sway,  
 Ever deign to accept her proud sons' acclamations  
 When blended in love on St. Patrick's Day.

March 10th, 1891.

M.



## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



TOWARDS the end of the last century an oppressive government was striving to crush everything national out of Ireland, and in the general run her sweet and touching music was threatened with being swept away. To the zeal and thoughtfulness of Mr. Bunting are we indebted, in a great measure, for its preservation. This gentleman made a large collection of her beautiful melodies, and in 1797 Moore's attention was called to them. At intervals he wrote words for some of them, and in 1807 he entered into an engagement with the publisher, Power, to adapt words to all of these airs, and any others that he himself might collect. Sir John Stephenson was to provide for them suitable accompaniments. This was the origin of the Irish melodies as we now have them. They appeared in ten numbers, the last of which was published in 1834. The task assigned to Moore was by no means an easy one, not even to a man so highly gifted, and so well fitted to undertake it, as he. He was obliged to be thoroughly acquainted with all the phases of that almost incomprehensible Irish character, which is nowhere displayed more accurately and interestingly than in the old folk-lore of legend and song that has grown out of the nation's heart, as it were.

Again, the irregular structure of many of them rendered it necessary to adapt the words rather to the ear than the eye, and employ in many cases what he calls a "lawless metre." The want of appropriate English words was another, and no small obstacle. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the poet succeeded in his task, and has twined a garland round the harp of his country which no government can dissever, nor time wear away.

On these melodies his fame will chiefly rest. His *Lalla Rookh*, though the finest eastern poem in our language, breathing forth the intoxicating odors of Cashmere,

and glittering with all the gorgeousness of Persian fable, mingles at the end a certain disappointment with our admiration, because its beauty consists in the parts, not in the whole. His satires were, no doubt, well written and bore the stamp of his genius, but being employed upon ephemeral subjects, their interest died with the incidents to which they relate. But the melodies with their expressive words, high morals, and sweet music, will send his name down through the ages as long as music will endure.

In these melodies he has so well portrayed the manners and sentiments of his countrymen, that were the Irish nation blotted out of existence, and were their history to disappear with them, Moore's melodies remaining as the only monument of the past, they would furnish the future generations with a sufficient basis for a reconstruction of the character of the vanished race, so well has the poet imbibed and given expression to the spirit embodied in his country's music. Imbued himself with those traits of character peculiar to his countrymen, and gifted with a genius unrivalled in its exuberance of poetical feeling and expression, he has pictured forth in the sweetest song all those peculiarities of mind and heart whereby the Irish are distinguished from every other nationality. The muse leads him through his dear land, so lovely, so sorrowful, smiling through her tears, and points out to him, on all sides, her transcendent beauties. Now, as the sun's first beams are shed upon her clear and rippling streams, or in their blue depths the evening clouds are shadowed, or as the blue mountains raising their majestic heads to the skies, or their craggy cliffs, baring their breasts to the fury of ocean, serves as food for his inspiration. Then this Pierian guide lays bare to him the Irish heart, that strange and complex organ, and bids him sing, all an Irishman's sentiments, his love of freedom, his hatred of oppression, his partiality for the sparkling wine, and his devotion to his motherland and her lovely daughters, and at once they flow from the poet's soul as

from an inexhaustible spring. And whether he sings in a joyous and hilarious strain some rollicking wine song, or weeps over his country's sorrows in strains of pathetic tenderness, or bursts forth in martial tones, the muse is ever at his side and whispers in his ear the very language of the gods. His poetry, sparkling with the purest gems of thought, is clothed in a richness of diction, a felicity of expression, an elegance of fancy and a depth of feeling which render it truly exquisite. Its fault, if it can be termed such, is that it is too exquisite. Moore possessed such a wealth of glowing imagery, and deals it out so unsparingly, that he intoxicates us with its very richness. Wherever we look we see only dainties. His poems are not decorated with "patches of purple." They are all purple. He speaks in metaphors, and seldom descends to the language of ordinary mortals. Therefore, having no standard whereby to judge of all this loveliness we do not appreciate it as it deserves. Just as we cannot enjoy a meal of sweetmeats, neither can we enjoy much of Moore at a time. He is the dessert of the literary banquet, sweetest to the palate, though not the most substantial of the viands. His poetry consists not of the grand and the sublime. It rolls not along like the thunder of Milton, inspiring us with admiration and awe, but like the lightning, it is rapid, clear, and vivid; like the *Aurora Borealis* it is soft, calm and variegated. Moore lives not in the undercurrents of nature; but he plays upon the surface, skimming along the wavelets, drinking in the sunshine, and seeing mirrored in the laughing surface only the image of his own happiness.

It has been contended that these melodies smell too much of the lamp; that they are overwrought, and too highly coloured; but those who make this charge judge Moore's style by the standard of

other and less brilliant minds. This is not fair to Moore. What would be loud and overstrained in another poet is his ordinary language. Not only this, but Moore, being no mean musician, and being especially enamoured with the music of his own country, could comprehend the strong passions and lofty sentiments which it breathed, and by means of that unequalled felicity of expression could give voice to them in the rich and figurative style which they required. When the mere playing on the pianoforte by Moore of that air known as "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," caused Robert Emmet who sat beside him to leap from his chair exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air," it should not be wondered at that a poet of Moore's sensitive nature should clothe such music in soul-stirring poetry.

Moore had a great aversion for seeing these melodies crowded into a volume without the music, saying that they were nothing without it; and Coleridge said that the music "twined round them and overtopped them like the honeysuckle." There is no doubt that they lose a great deal of their charm when divorced from the music. But they were never intended to be divorced from the music, and he who has only read them can form but a very poor opinion of Moore's Irish Melodies. But when sung, they will always touch a responsive chord in an Irishman's heart in whatever quarter of the world he may be, and as his thoughts revert to his own Green Isle, borne thither on these sweet strains, he will thank God for having given to his race a bard in whose song that which is sweetest and noblest in the Irish character is glorified in words of undying beauty.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.





## LOVE IN ART.



H Love! if the proud Achilles himself yielded to thy power, are we to be surprised when the Christians, armed to avenge the quarrels of a God, are bound in thy chains." So writes Tasso in concluding the fourth canto of his "Jerusalem Delivered" to justify the

conduct of his own heroes who, almost to a man, have become involved in some *affaire du cœur*. The apology is artful and would be amply sufficient were it not impugned by those stubborn things—facts. Few who have read the immortal Grecian epic, will question that with Tasso in this case, the wish was father to the thought. The Iliad, indeed, opens with a quarrel over a female slave, but does the anger of Achilles spring from thwarted love? Is he not rather fired with righteous indignation at the base ingratitude of the man in whose service his trusty arm has been so long and so successfully employed? Homer was too true an artist not to see that love such as it is witnessed in Tasso's heroes—that overpowering passion which blinds the reason and paralyzes the will

would be incompatible with the strong and massive mould of an Achilles or a Diomele, though it might well befit the soft, luxurious nature of a Paris. Bryseis weeps, it is true, when the parting comes thus attesting the kindness of Achilles as a master, whilst he too is affected, rather, however, by this evidence of the slave's affection for him than by any sentimental weakness. We have none of the modern swain's tears and rhapsodies. He suffers the maiden to be led away without drawing his sword, only he will no longer fight under the man who has publicly heaped indignity upon him, nor with those who by tacit consent have justified such action. Has he not been braved to the face before the whole army? Has not his lawful share of booty been wrenched from his grasp? And did not his countrymen sit quietly by whilst all this was being done,

and never utter a sound of disapprobation? Yea they did, and in future he will have none of them. This is the real passion by which the peerless Grecian hero is actuated, a passion far more consistent with the heroic character than is the unreasonable and unreasoning love of Tasso's chieftains.

So it is throughout Homer's works. Love is present, indeed, just as it is in life, but it is not made the pivot upon which the whole action turns. And what is here said of Homer may be said with scarcely an exception, of all the great artists of antiquity. The form employed by the ancient dramatists differed much from that now used by playwrights, but their plots differed far more. In general, love was never mentioned in them, whilst in those of our time it is almost a *conditio sine qua non*. And no better proof of the false estimate now prevailing of this passion need be adduced than the superiority of the Grecian stage in all that is grand and noble over that of the present day.

In Virgil's great epic, likewise, Aeneas, though a hero somewhat of the milk-and-water type, proves himself to be able to cope successfully with mere sentiment when greater interests are at stake. His mode of procedure is somewhat steady, it is true, still the fact remains that having made a *mésalliance*, he had the moral courage, or if you wish, the moral cowardice to treat it when the occasion required.

And so on to the end of the chapter. Love's shrine in the ancient temple of art was a lowly one indeed. If we seek for causes, the degraded condition of woman will immediately present itself as a primary one. As long as she was considered a being of a lower order than man, love could have no place in human art. But it is a fact of daily experience that excess in any direction engenders a reaction equally violent. Hence when, through the instrumentality of christianity, woman was elevated to her proper sphere in life, man not content to leave her there, must needs have made her a something little less than

the angels. Chivalry was the result—that strange phase of mediæval civilization during which iron-clad knights devoted their lives to scouring the country in search of distressed damsels in need of their aid—a phase betokening indeed a noble spirit and in many respects worthy of great admiration; but one, notwithstanding, to a great degree, anomalous, not to say ludicrous. These gayly plumed knights who stickled so much for their honor seem to have forgotten, or not to have known that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It must be stated to their credit, however, that the love which then prevailed was pure and noble, and had nothing in common with the erratic and debased sentiment by which writers of the “realistic” school have desecrated it in modern days. For the former, women were ethereal beings of a nature almost too refined to exist in this work-a-day world; for the latter, they are mere toys for man’s amusement to be cast aside at pleasure. Such then are the two extreme conceptions of the *grande passion* as presented by the history of art in the past and present.

But the mind may be compared to a pendulum inasmuch as, having oscillated for a time between two extremes, it finally reaches a position of rest midway between them. A superficial introspection into the works of our own intellect will prove this statement. And so it happened with regard to love in art. After the amorous Tasso, the ablest exponent of chivalry, came the judicious Shakespeare who was the first to assign to love its proper position in art, and at the same time pointed out its necessary limits. In all his great tragedies it finds a place, but is ever overshadowed by some nobler passion, or if it please you better, by one more indicative of virile strength. In Hamlet, for instance, that master work of a master mind, he who can read between the lines at once perceives love to have been the mainspring of the prince’s life previous to the time when he was made aware that his father had been done to death by his wicked uncle. Once he has gained this knowledge, however, love disappears almost completely, only looming up now and then in the lurid light of his madness to show thoroughly it had previously impregnated his being. In his sane moments he knows but one passion—the desire of revenge.

In Shakespeare’s comedies love is given a larger scope, as in fact it should, this being of an altogether lighter nature and not intended to portray the more visible elements of the human heart. Yet how vast a difference exists between the love to be found in them and that which at present constitutes almost the entire stock-in-trade of the dramatist! “The Merchant of Venice” has been pronounced by competent authorities to be an ideal comedy. In it love is paramount, yet what a perfect woman is Portia! No maudlin sentimentalism does she display; her head is as clear as her heart is warm, and we love her for it. Upon learning that her lover is in danger, she immediately taxes her woman’s wit to devise a means for his deliverance. Nor is she long in finding one as striking in originality as it is successful in execution. Shakespeare then has conceived love’s place in art more truly than has any other artist before or since.

If this be true, the question naturally presents itself: “Having once found the talisman by which true art was produced, how came the human mind to lose it once again?” The reply is simple. Shortly before Shakespeare’s time a great upheaval had convulsed the religious world. Man had cast aside the old forms of belief and had boldly struck out on a new path. The event was too recent to greatly effect the art of the peerless dramatist. But as time wore on and as the novel ideas spread, the logical consequences of the new departure began to make themselves felt in all the fields of the mind and in none more so than in art. Until then Christian art was regarded as nature idealized through the agency of religion. It was held that this spiritual element should be entirely dominant if art was to reach its ideal. Thus we find that most of the paintings of the great masters are on religious subjects. The only epic of which the English language can boast is, both in plot and incidents, entirely founded on the supernatural. But “the old order changeth yielding place to new,” and so it proved with art. The new standard entirely excluded the supernatural as something essentially foreign to the true nature of art. Yet all agreed that art must have a dominant principle. The ancients had reared a noble edifice by using such affections of the heart as

ambition, anger, courage, revenge, in a word the more manly passions, if they may be so termed. But such massive strength attracted not the effeminate moderns. Achilles was dethroned and Paris set up to be the future hero in art. For of all the passions, love was selected to reign supreme in the new art about to be created. The result has been deplorable indeed. Art now no longer presents the faintest resemblance to real life. When we enter its modern palace we leave our reason without its portals; we are in dream-land and are to expect nothing but dreams. If we inquire the cause of the signal failure of the new creation, it will be easily found in an analysis of human nature.

Love, heaven-descended, binds all human hearts to one another with flowery chains of sweetest fragrance, and also lifts them up to their Divine Maker in solemn adoration. Yet, in its grosser manifestations it is the most degrading of all human passions which drags man down below the level of the brute. Unfortunately, this latter phase of it is too often made the groundwork of what, in our day, is called art. In fact, the modern artist of the so-called realistic school, poet as well as novelist, has drawn his inspiration from the same sources from which the Italian bard drew, but with the ardent religious devotion of the middle ages he has lost their lofty conceptions of woman-kind and of love. He has drawn the trail of the serpent over that which in itself was legitimate and commendable. He has prostituted the sentiment of love, and has made of it a gossamer drapery to veil, but not conceal, hideous vice. The modern French novel may be cited as a case in point, since it essentially depends upon such abominable caricature of the Almighty's handiwork. The future historian will point to this prostitution of art as the loathsome ulcer disfiguring the fair face of nineteenth century civilization. It goes without saying that such hideousness has no place in true art.

There is, however, a legitimate love, of which that just discussed is but a distorted image. Has, then, this a right to reign exclusively in art? Few will deny that other sentiments may well dispute the claim. This love, although, perhaps, all-absorbing at a certain period, is not the centre around which the whole of life

revolves. It will be conceded that this youthful fever, like the measles and chicken-pox of infancy, though violent during its paroxysms, is generally harmless and of short duration. Do not gravely shake your head and call this cynical. The existence of a strong conjugal affection constituting the basis of the family-life, and by its ever-increasing radiance brightening man's path through this dreary world when all other interests are fading away, is entirely unquestioned. But the continuance of that sweet ardor which invariably invades the heart of the timorous swain and the coy maiden when about to emerge from their teens, is as firmly denied. Where are the proofs? Daily observation. The sentiments of mature age are less feverish, but more solid and lasting. Their character, too, is different. If man be truly christian, his mind turns naturally, to a considerable degree, toward another and a better world. Even in the natural order, ambition, patriotism, philanthropy—these and other such aspirations, nobler in kind and wider in scope, will naturally supplant the youthful fever of love. All this is said, be it remembered, without for a moment questioning that love in its genuine signification, and not as specifically applied to that evanescent passion, is an essential requisite in life, if existence is to be enduring. If art, then, is to be nature and life idealized, how absurd to make that its fundamental principle which is far from wielding the greater influence in actual human existence. Let this sentiment have its legitimate place in life, but let not the ivy attempt to supplant the oak. When the other impelling forces of the human heart will also be accorded their true place in art, then will art approach nearer and nearer to its ideal perfection. That its progress for the last two or three centuries has been retrograde is evident from its history.

It is not the writer's intention, however, to pose as a mourner over the palmy days of old, which in reality never existed. The material and intellectual condition of the race to-day is far and away in advance of what it was in any previous age. In art we must confess to an inferiority, yet here too, doubtless

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs.  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the  
process of the suns,”

plays in an admirable manner the desires and cravings of the poor. With much pathos and sublimity he pictures to us the excesses of youth and the bitter regrets thereby entailed upon old age. But what specific does he give for the malady? What is to be man's guiding-star in the pursuit of happiness? Here is the weak point. True, he insinuates that man should turn to God alone for happiness, but he only insinuates it. Had he not merely insinuated—had he insisted that virtue is even in this life the only source of happiness, his work as a moral tableau would have been perfect.

As a picture of human character, moreover, the tale is a failure. The chief actors, Rasselas and his sister, are represented as absolutely perfect. They are not only free from all evil inclinations, but also seem unable to conceive how other less fortunate beings may wander from the path of rectitude. As compared with real life nothing could be more false. *Humanum est errare* is a stubborn fact borne out by daily experience. Johnson's delineation of Rasselas and his sister, then, is to be censured as teaching that virtue is inborn rather than acquired and as tending, in consequence, to discourage all efforts for the eradication of evil and the perfection of good in human nature.

Another fault is the pessimistic view which the author takes of life. With the exception of Rasselas and his sister, he represents all men as being either rascals or lunatics. He affirms that all our hopes and endeavors in this life are doomed to disappointment. He seems to insinuate that men are placed on earth merely to drag out a miserable existence. Herein lies Johnson's greatest fault. Such views tend to enervate the strong and to plunge the weak into the slough of dispondency. How different the true Christian picture of life where we see man, weak indeed, often lapsing into error or sin, but ever protected and assisted by Providence, and if persevering, finally attaining a foretaste

of the eternal peace awaiting him in the land beyond the tomb! Had Johnson thus portrayed his characters, had he not only made them man and woman convinced of the hollowness of worldly pleasure, but set them forth as entering the path of virtue and finding new joy at every step; had he not stopped at the material, but looked beyond into the bright land of the spiritual, his sketch of life would have been harmonious and complete. As it is, it shows but one side, and that the darkest of existence. Indirectly, indeed, the other is presented, but we would prefer to have the former less highly colored and the latter more clearly brought out.

Yet, the circumstances in which the tale was written may be adduced in extenuation of Johnson's dismal views of life. It was the work of one week, the object being to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The depression of spirits caused by her death would naturally be reflected in any work in which he was then engaged, especially when the subject was of a nature to easily lend itself to such representation, as is the case with Rasselas. Considering this, we are inclined rather to admire the energy of the man who, under such circumstances, accomplished such a work than to cavil at the manner in which it is executed. His main deficiency is that he has not dwelt with sufficient emphasis upon the manner of acquiring happiness, though, as already stated, he indicates it indirectly. Yet is his work great. His object was to show that man cannot find rest in material things, and, though the picture be somewhat overdrawn, he has well fulfilled his purpose.

To the thoughtless reader Rasselas will have but little to recommend it except a few charming descriptions, but to the philosophical mind it will be of the greatest interest as containing a masterly enunciation of the problem of life.

JAMES MURPHY,

Third Form.



## THE INFLUENCE OF FINE ARTS.



PEOPLE of to-day are in general eminently practical. This is a fact clear and admitted by all. Such a principle, however, that whatever has not an immediate usefulness should not be done, although possessing many advantages in itself, can certainly become dangerous when carried to extremes. For very often, an act may in its immediate results, seem quite indifferent, and yet have ultimately most important consequences which, perhaps, not every one will foresee. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, all this is useless, we hear a great many say. I do not wish to have my son learn music, the *paterfamilias* sometimes says, it is a loss of time. Or if he does permit him, it is merely because fashion so dictates.

My intention now is to answer briefly the question whether fine arts have some influence on man's happiness here below, whether they help him to perform his moral duties, whether in a word, fine arts serve a useful purpose or not?

We must, in the first place, clearly determine the nature of true art and distinguish it from the apparent and so-called art, whose object is simply to give pleasure to the senses. The end of art is to produce the beautiful. But what is the first essential of beauty? A thing is beautiful when it is true in the speculative order and true in the moral order, that is, directed to man's ultimate end. Oftentimes, people will call beautiful music which certainly does not possess those essentials, or call a magnificent tableau that which has no other merit than that of depicting human nature too crudely. Speaking of music, which of the fine arts is certainly the most commonly cultivated, Plato says: "We should not judge of music by the pleasure it affords, nor look after that which has no other object than man's pleasure; but we should, on the contrary,

"appreciate that music which contains a "resemblance to the beautiful." There is, indeed, a wide difference between those two effects; the one satisfies the material sense of man and debases his sentiments, the other satisfies the mind and will and elevates the soul by developing its nobler faculties; the one generates low desires, the other inspires actions of self-sacrifice; the one is material and wicked, the other spiritual and divine. Since the day on which man's intelligence was weakened and his heart depraved by sin, he incessantly tends to create for himself sensual ideals and to deform his sense of beauty. With this criterion before us, we may safely assert that, though our opera-houses and concert-halls be continually overflowing with numbers of intense listeners, and though we be surrounded by musicians and art-galleries of all kinds, containing the most diversified and costly works of sculpture and painting, the cultivation of these fine arts, with a view to being elevated and ennobled by them is not so often met with.

After this preamble on the nature of the object of art, let us come to the question put in the beginning: What is the usefulness of the fine arts?

If we consider the subject from a mere natural and even material point of view, we find that fine arts claim our attention and respect. Of all the safeguards provided by the Creator, to protect and strengthen the family-spirit; of all the causes that make man cherish his home, none, in my opinion, is stronger than the joy, cheerfulness and love therein enshrined. Family intercourse and family amusements are things indispensable to the welfare of society. The more the family circle is kept bright and cheerful, the more it will be loved and remembered. But to obtain that "cheerfulness at home," which Mr. Maurice F. Egan recommends as the safeguard of morality, what is more efficient than the cultivation of such fine arts as music and painting? It was this idea that inspired the poet to bid us:—

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Sing, sing, music was given  
 To brighten the gay and kindle the loving;  
 Souls here—like planets in heaven—  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

Yes, it is a false idea with our modern fathers and mothers to think that because they provide their children abundantly with what is necessary for life, their duty is accomplished. Something more is required; they must also cultivate in them pure and noble affections, they must develop their heart. Let us not imagine that time given to music, if we take this art in particular, is time lost. If its only effect were to dispel the many sorrows and the melancholy of life and recall to mind the joys of youth, it would certainly be advantageous to devote now and then, a few moments to music:

When through life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we used to love  
 In days of boyhood meet our ear:  
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,  
 Waking thoughts that long have slept,  
 Kindling former smiles again  
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

If we take a yet higher view of the fine arts we again find that they have no small importance and that their cultivation is of the greatest utility. Not only do they benefit us materially, but also spiritually. Art excites passion, and passion is a most powerful stimulant of the will. Of course, we do not here speak of passions which tend towards evil-doing and excite the sensual appetites in man. True art does not excite those passions, for it is founded on the true and the good. Art, we say, is a stimulant of the noble passions of our heart: otherwise it is not art. We are sometimes surprised to see one undertake a work that requires most arduous and unceasing labour, a work the accomplishment of which, we are inclined to attribute to heroism. Such a man, we say, strives to attain his end with passion; it is passion that sustains and goads him on. If passions are such potent factors in human actions, so are the fine arts which develop them. Witness the truth of this on the battlefield. The soldier, wounded and exhausted, begins to give way under the increasing hardships of the day; his drooping spirits begin to shrink from the battle. But suddenly a loud and martial note is struck. It is perhaps his own national hymn. Immediately his courage is roused;

fatigue, pain, despair, all disappear: he now fights desperately, regardless of his own life. History gives us innumerable instances of the influence of art on the human will. We all know that the first time the celebrated song "La Marseillaise" was heard during the French revolution, ten thousand men flocked around the revolutionary flag. When the apostle of the Irish arrived on the shores of that Isle of song, he began his mission by singing to the natives the glories of the Master he was announcing. The old druid of the nation listening for a while to the religious strains, finally rose and exclaimed: Countrymen, let us hereafter serve no one but Patrick's God.

In fine, we claim for the fine arts a powerful spiritual influence, because it always conveys an idea: and this idea it conveys with all its surroundings. Not only is the mind affected, but likewise the heart, the will, the inmost depths of the soul. We stand in presence of a master's picture representing a warrior dying for his country. Falling under the fatal stroke, the soldier pale but yet full of ardour and courage, makes a last effort to defend the flag he convulsively presses to his breast. At this sight we naturally say to ourselves: "How beautiful and noble it is to die for one's country! Would that I were in his place and did the same!" No need is there of reasoning, to arrive at this conclusion: we see the painted or the sculptured representation and immediately we understand, feel and will all at once.

But what now, if we enter the domain of morality and religion? In religion the fine arts are a whole world in themselves. Their influence upon the natural life of man is very feeble compared to their influence in his supernatural life. Reason fails very often to reach the truths of religion, but the heart by the strength of faith and carried on the wings of beauty's charms, rises and soars in regions incalculably higher. So natural seems the union between art and religion that from time immemorial men have used the former, well-nigh solely to give expression to their adoration and love of the Deity. We read that in bygone ages men used to sing the praises of their gods and goddesses and dance before statues ornamented with flowers and crowns. This was art indeed, though in its rudest and most undeveloped state. In the beginning of the world,



the Holy Books tell us of one Jubal, descendant of Cain, who was father of those who play on the harp and organ "*Et fratris ejus Jubal: ipse fuit pater cantantium cithara et organo.*" Nations have at all times used fine arts to praise and glorify their divinities. The rude trophies and monstrous idols of uncivilized nations, as well as the unsurpassed temple of Solomon, built according to the plans of the Divine Architect himself; the loud and guttural shouts and fantastic dances of the barbarian, as well as the harmonious and full-swelling strains of the Christian, are all proofs that man, in presence of his God, can do nothing more indicative of his adoration and love than to glorify and praise him by means of his monuments and songs

Lastly, if we proceed to examine the influence that fine arts have exercised in Christianity, we find that it is only since its introduction into the world that fine arts have reached their full development, and obtained due consideration. Chateaubriand, treating this subject, says: "Fondly embracing the Christian religion, fine arts took her as their mother as soon as she appeared in the world; their terrestrial charms they gave to her, and she, in turn, imparted to them her god-like beauty; music embodied her hymns, painting represented her sorrowful triumphs, sculpture took pleasure in musing with her over her children's graves, and architecture erected temples, sublime and mysterious as her thoughts." The Church, among the many restorations which she has effected, has restored and elevated art and our sense of beauty. Humanity was deprived; it was her mission to regenerate mankind. By her doctrine, she purified and rectified man's intellect, by her laws she enlivened and strengthened his will, but by her artistic charms she inflamed and ennobled his affections. The Christian, by the study of the Divine Scriptures and of Catholic

dogmas, consecrates his mind to his Creator, by his continual efforts to act in accordance with the law of the Gospel he consecrates his will, but it is by the expression of his heavenly ideals that he consecrates his heart and affections. It would also seem, as a writer said in a recent issue of THE OWL, treating of the advantages of the congregational singing of plain chant, that God, as he has inspired and dictated to the Church her doctrine, so has inspired her with a peculiar manner of composing her works of art. Philosophers tell us that scholasticism is truly the philosophy of Christianity. In the same manner may we say that gothic style in architecture and Gregorian chant in music, belong to the Church of Christ. These are her own artistic modes; no other can use them because no other has her ideas and aspirations. In christianity the object of fine art is two-fold, to praise and to edify: praise to the Creator and Master of all things, edification for the faithful by the vivid and material expression of the truths of religion. No one will refuse to admit that on entering those incomparable monuments of architecture, which christianity has raised to the glory of God, on hearing the solemn rendering of our Catholic hymns, on beholding those *chefs d'oeuvre* of Rubens, Michael Angelo and so of many other famous painters and sculptors, which represent the sublime mysteries of religion, we are unusually struck, nay sometimes confounded, and, instinctively, we meditate and pray

Let us not, then, despise that which the Church in her wisdom has ever held as a potent agent in her work of evangelization and civilization. We should, on the contrary, develop our taste and acquire experience in judging and appreciating works of art. And if God has granted us some aptitude and inclination to cultivate any of the fine arts, let us be thankful for such a gift and use it for His glory.

F. N. B. '90.



## THE SEVEN DOLOURS.

In this world of sin and sorrow,  
Tears to-day and grief to-morrow,  
Joys but few and far between,  
Though at times, with voice sonorous,  
We unite in joyful chorus  
On the triumphs of our Queen.

Sombre are our usual colours,  
And the feast of Mary's Dolours  
Seems to suit our life of trial;  
For our days are full of anguish  
While afar from God we languish,  
Drinking tears from sorrow's phial.

In the midst of fear and danger,  
Joyous feasts to us seem stranger  
Than the days of sadder hue;  
Glorious are the feasts in heaven—  
Here our Mother's Dolours Seven  
Are more fit to keep in view.

## DOLOUR I.

When with meekness she consented  
That her child should be presented  
In the house of God of old,  
In the midst of all her gladness,  
She foresaw the future sadness  
Which by Simeon was foretold.

So when God gives consolation,  
And our hearts with jubilation  
Seem to feel that heav'n is near,  
Let us think we're not exempted  
From the risk of being tempted,  
Though no enemy appear.

## DOLOUR II.

When the Innocents were dying,  
Mary saved her child by flying  
From the cruel king's decree,  
But her sorrows still o'ertook her  
Not in Egypt they forsook her  
Or from hardship left her free.

During life, where'er we travel,  
Ne'er can we the bonds unravel  
Which our hearts to sorrow tie;  
But, if Jesus still be near us,  
We shall find His presence cheer us,  
When in direst grief we sigh.

## DOLOUR III.

Who can tell the grief which tried her  
When no longer close beside her  
Mary found her Son adored!  
Nor amid the crowd she found Him,  
But with priests and doctors round Him  
In the temple of the Lord.

When, to cure pride's effervescence,  
God withdraws His special presence,  
Seek Him not where men abound;

But within the sanctuary  
Look for Jesus, where with Mary  
In the temple He is found.

## DOLOUR IV.

Oh! the sorrow! ah! the anguish!  
When she saw her Jesus languish  
As the heavy cross He bore,  
While to Calvary she slowly  
Followed in His footprints holy,  
Saw His sacred life-blood pour.

Let us, in our desolation,  
Meditate upon the Passion  
Of the dying Son of God,  
Let the world no longer please us;  
Taking up our cross like Jesus,  
Let us follow Calvary's road.

## DOLOUR V.

Through the heart of Mary, weeping,  
Close beside the Cross still keeping,  
Passed the lance the soldier fierce  
In the side of Jesus planted;  
But the Mother stood undaunted,  
Though her soul the sword did pierce.

Oh! that from her we might borrow  
Grace to feel the sword of sorrow  
Wound and break our stubborn hearts;  
Be it henceforth our petition  
That a perfect, true contrition  
Penetrate us with its darts.

## DOLOUR VI.

Now is paid the debt eternal,  
And in Mary's arms maternal  
Soft are laid those limbs divine,  
Covered with the blood which dyed them,  
And the Cross which stands beside them  
Has become Redemption's Sign.

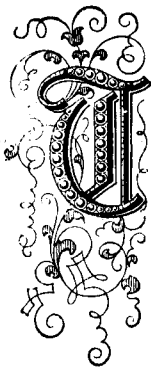
Oh! that we, with Jesus dying,  
All our passions crucifying  
To the Cross where He was slain,  
May beneath that cross dwell ever,  
And from out its shadow never  
Wander into sin again.

## DOLOUR VIII.

Now, the tomb her Son enclosing,  
Where, in solitude reposing,  
He awaits the Easter morn,  
In the grave with Jesus buried  
Mary has her heart interred  
Which deep sorrow's sword has torn.

Let us, to the tomb descending,  
Bury there our hearts unbending,  
Soon with Him to rise to life—  
Life which knows no termination,  
Sin or sorrow or temptation,  
Death or suffering or strife.

## PRIEST AND SCIENTIST.—FATHER SECCHI.



THE visitor to the Memorial Hall which may some day be erected in honor of the really great scientists of the 19th century, will behold, inscribed upon the pedestals of bronze or marble busts, names the pride of many lands, and which, when the monuments telling of their greatness have crumbled away, will still be remembered. To determine all entitled to a place in this temple of fame would be difficult, but numbers there are who evidently could not be overlooked. Among these, in the foremost rank, stands a son of classic Italy—Father Secchi, S. J.,—so, at least, if we may trust the high and oft-repeated eulogiums of his brother scientists in every clime. The life of the religious is oftenest the story of duty nobly done, of services, perhaps great and numerous, rendered to his fellow men, all, however, quietly, retiringly, not for transitory honors, but for love of duty. The scientist, too, the true scientist, passes the years allotted to his cultivation in constant and arduous work, often unappreciated in his own generation. Nature grudges her secrets, so, at least, it seems until they are wrested from her. A religious, a scientist out of love for science, and personally retiring, Father Secchi expected not this world's distinctions. These, however, in his closing years, poured in upon him beyond the aspirations of the most ambitious.

Born on the 28th of July, 1818, in the quiet old city of Reggio, Lombardy, Angelo Secchi was educated in the college conducted by the Jesuits in his native place, and joined the order of St. Ignatius at the early age of fifteen. Without displaying those talents which command astonishment and admiration, the future priest and scientist was highly gifted, and studious, resolute and persevering in disposition. These qualities early attracted attention, and later brought renown to their possessor

in giving to science some of her most prized truths. Soon after entering the Jesuit order, he was called to Rome, where he finished his classical studies. His aptitudes for natural science early asserted themselves, but he was far from being limited either in taste or in success to any particular department of knowledge. At the age of twenty he was a brilliant Greek scholar and passed some time as instructor in classics at the Roman University. From 1840 to 1844 he filled the chair of physics in the college of Loretto, and whilst there published his first scientific work—a lengthy essay on the measure and intensity of electric currents.

Returning from Loretto to Rome, he began the study of theology. Naturally brilliant, possessing now a mind fully developed, and richly stored with the treasures of literature and science, and having for professors the world's greatest doctors, it is not to be wondered that Fra Secchi experienced intense satisfaction in the study of revealed science and ever after looked back with regret, personal as well as patriotic and christian, at the deplorable events which tore him away from advantages he appreciated and loved so well. The events alluded to were the series of unhappy political disturbances and revolutions, which, in 1848, drove the Jesuits from Rome and compelled the Sovereign Pontiff himself to seek a refuge at Gaëta. Exiled from the eternal city Fra Secchi was welcomed by his brother Jesuits to their famed college at Stonyhurst in England. In obedience to the call of his superiors he soon afterwards came to America, where he was named professor of physics and mathematics at Georgetown College. Here he found a small but well-equipped observatory under the direction of Father Curley, who had already acquired quite a reputation for the importance and correctness of his work. Being made instructor at the observatory, the young Italian, under the direction of Father Curley, soon became more than an enthusiastic amateur in astronomy.

He was raised to the priesthood, and recalled to Rome some time during the course of the year 1850. Soon after his arrival, at the demand of Pius IX, he completed satisfactorily the trigonometrical survey of the Papal States already begun by Boscovich. He also executed successfully a commission to bring a supply of water to Rome, from Frosinone, 48 miles distant. It was now to begin the great work of his life. The Jesuits reopened the Roman College in 1851, and, in re-modelling the curriculum, it was determined—happily in touch with the requirements of the times—to materially strengthen the scientific department. The small observatory, where Boscovich and Vico had already acquired celebrity, gave place to a large and splendid edifice which was fully equipped with the latest and best astronomical instruments. Father Secchi was placed at its head; his first observations published, those on the solar eclipse on the 20th July, 1851, gained him the praise of astronomers the world over for the remarkable ability he proved himself to have in comprehensively grasping and dexterously recording the details of phenomena visible but for a few minutes.

Astronomy has objectively two great and very different divisions: the first, the "Old Astronomy," treats of the distances and motions of the heavenly bodies; the second, the "New Astronomy," considers their physical constitution, cosmogony and influences on one another. An eminent scientist comparing the respective development of those sister sciences says that, the first, originally a poor Chaldean shepherdess, has long since become well known, and dwells now in state in princely observatories supplied by government or private benefaction; the second, the younger sister, though bearing every mark of her celestial birth is unendowed, portionless and unknown. This comparison was, indeed, true until about 1860, when there appeared in the field a new and powerful instrument of astronomical research, the spectroscope. The essential part of this apparatus, given to the world by Fraunhofer, is a train of prisms capable of dispensing light rays; the observer viewing a distant point of light, as a star, gets a *spectrum*, a colored band of light which may show markings that will give valuable information, and thus solve many problems as to the nature and constitution of the

heavenly bodies, which forty years ago did not not seem even open to investigation. Kirchoff, in 1859, first proved beyond dispute, from analysis of the solar spectrum, the existence in the sun of iron, calcium, sodium, aluminum, &c.

Father Secchi, if not the first, was at least the most ardent observer to turn his attention to studying and continuing the investigations of Fraunhofer and Kirchoff. His thorough knowledge of physics and natural rapidity and dexterity in observing, specially fitted him for the work. In a short time he greatly improved the methods of observation—his contemporary scientists do not hesitate to say that he soon surpassed in satisfactory results all who had preceded him. In a paper like the present, space does not permit, and the unprofessional readers would find it difficult and tedious to follow the great Roman astronomer through all his discoveries. His notes on observations of the sun alone fill two large volumes, the most celebrated of his works. A mere digest of these would furnish ample material for an article of goodly length. Let it suffice to say here, basing on the frequency with which he is cited by his brother astronomers, that he contributed, more than any one else, to the building up of the best received theory of our day regarding the physical constitution of the sun. A brief notice of the bearing of his observations and opinions as to the cosmogony and probable extent of the universe might not be uninteresting to those who have perused the elegant article on the Nebular Hypothesis which appeared in last month's OWL.

The spectroscope enables the observer to determine, with certainty, whether any particular body towards which it is directed is entirely gaseous, or has by condensation become liquid or solid. Father Secchi's investigations, it is claimed, prove that these different transformations are met with in the nebulae stars and planets. There are, he contends, still to be found in space, and not too distant for instrumental observation, great masses of the incandescent vapor—nebula—from which, according to the Nebular Hypothesis, the heavenly bodies have been successively evolved. The actual data of astronomy, he says, leave not the least room for hesitation in admitting that the solar system is due to the condensation of a nebulous

mass, which formerly extended beyond the limits of the most remote planet. The luminous spectra of all the stars are not, observers agree, of the same nature; by studies continued from 1863 to 1872, Father Secchi succeeded in bringing these different spectra under four heads, which, he holds, correspond to different ages and physical states of the stars. The theory, too, of the maintenance of the sun's energy by gradual condensation, so happily developed in the article referred to above, though commonly attributed to Helmholtz, was learnedly defended by Father Secchi, and its probability rests largely on his observations. However bold the hypothesis may seem at first sight, he holds, with other eminent modern astronomers, that the spectroscopic furnishes strong evidence that the fixed stars are the suns and centres of planetary systems, some parts of which must be in much the same state as our globe, consequently inhabitable if not actually inhabited. He thus concludes a chapter on nebular spectra ("The Sun," vol. ii.): "The theory which we have unfolded relative to the formation of the sun, which is attributed to the gradual condensation of a nebula, was at first admitted only on simple inductions, but it has been confirmed, and so to say, demonstrated by the discovery of gaseous nebulae: everything leads us to believe that these nebulae will one day be transformed into stars, and that all the stars which twinkle in the sky have had a similar origin. \* \* \* The world has grown vast to us; the solar system no longer appears but as a point in space. What a difference between these great ideas and those which formerly limited the world to our globe! But in learning more of the vastness of the world, man's true greatness is undiminished. No doubt we appear small in the immensity of the universe, but the greater the world is for us, the greater must be our intelligence to understand such marvels, the greater is the genius of man who has discovered them. God alone can perfectly understand his works; happy the mortal who can have an idea of them vast enough to admire their greatness and beauty."

Father Secchi also enriched astronomy by his investigations on the motions proper of the sun and stars, the transit of Venus,

eclipses, and other important phenomena but time and space do not permit us to even outline or enumerate his researches in these directions. "The Stars," a work he had just completed when overtaken by death, gives a fair general knowledge of the results of his astronomical labours.

It would be unjust to Father Secchi, in however brief a sketch of his life, to pass unnoticed his services to science apart from astronomy. He began his scientific career by the study of physics, and never altogether abandoned it. Besides his early works on this subject, we have from him an excellent volume entitled "The Unity of Physical Forces." But the greater part of the time which his astronomical researches left him, he devoted to meteorology and terrestrial magnetism. He established the fact that magnetic variations are concomitant with certain solar phenomena, such as rotation, spots, etc.; to him first honors must be accorded, if scientists ever realize their hopes of finding another great solar force different from light and gravitation.

Such is an incomplete résumé of the legacy of scientific truths which Father Secchi left to the world when he passed to a better life on the 26th of February, 1878. The results of his labors in every field of astronomical research since 1850 are chronicled in the scientific periodicals of Italy, France, Germany and England. Years before his death the scientific world placed him upon a solid and lofty pedestal, from which he could look down upon his many and eminent rivals, and where he was beyond the reach of fanaticism or even armed injustice. The Italian government which in 1875 expelled the Jesuits from Italy, not only left Father Secchi unmolested, but allowed him to retain at the observatory all his brothers in religion whose services he deemed useful. He sought not, but well deserved the honors tendered him by his enrolment as an officer of the Legion of Honor, a correspondent of the Scientific Society of France and a member of the Royal Society of London and of the Academies of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Brussels, Madrid and Philadelphia. Perhaps, no glowing epitaph recounts the humble Jesuit's greatness, but the name of Secchi will be known and honored as long as astronomy is studied.

W. J. M. '88.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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



MERICANS are so generally aware of the universality of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's genius that recently when the publishers announced that he was the author of the really remarkably book, *Cæsar's Column*, very few were surprised. Almost anything was to be expected from the man who abolished Shakspeare. If the Minnesota sage cannot do everything, it is certain he can do many things well. In literature and politics he is alike at home. The *Cryptogram* is a lasting monument of patience, audacious conception, and laborious execution. The language of the *Atlantis* is often fascinating. Mr. Donnelly is the best stump-speaker in the North-West. He is a delightful story-teller, and his fund of anecdote is inexhaustible. As a parliamentarian he has few equals on this continent. He has sat in Congress several terms and has belonged to every party that has come up in the last twenty-five years. Yet, he has much of his future to make, as may be learned from the fact that he is but fifty-nine years of age. It is said Mr. Donnelly is now composing a semi-political poem, which is based on the most original and extraordinary conception to be found in literature. This poem, we may be certain, will turn out to be a marvel. Its sweetness will surpass that of a Minnesota stream, and its power, the devastating force of a North-West cyclone.

"There is a good deal of honest entertainment to be got out of Mr. F. W. Robinson's latest novel, *His Love and His Life*," says the *Catholic World*, in its instructive Chats about New Books. "It reminds one again of how very much good, straightforward, clean and reputable work the reading world owes to a certain class of literary English men and women

whom it is the critical fashion of the day to rate several removes from the highest in any classification of modern fiction."

*The Nugents of Carriconna*, by Tighe Hopkins, is a new Irish novel with a plot, plenty of artistic character painting and more than a flavor of the sort of humour which is racy of the Irish soil and can hurt no healthy sensibilities.

Dr. Bernard O'Reilly's latest literary work is calculated to attract and retain general attention. His *Life of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam*, is a most notable contribution to Catholic biography. Archbishop MacHale was born in 1791 and died in 1881. It will thus be seen that the period of his life covered some of the most thrilling and inspiring epochs in the history of his native land. When it is added that John of Tuam, whom O'Connell used to call "the lion of the fold of Judah," was a great patriot as well as a great churchman, and that the Reverend Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., has faithfully depicted him in both functions, it is not difficult to surmise what a great amount of interest should attach to this work.

The *Cantorinus Romanus* and *L'Archéologie Musicale et le Vrai Chant Grégorien*, two books on Gregorian chant recently published in Paris, France, are highly recommended by the Catholic reviewers of both Europe and America.

In his book, *The Disappearance of John Longworthy*, which was published some time since, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan cleverly hits off some of the incidents of the social movement in the United States. Without in the least seeming to do so, the book is made to point a useful moral. We want a whole library of just such books.

Speaking of the first instalment of the *Theologia Moralis*, by the Rev. Benjamin Elbel, one of the reprints which has just issued from the press of St. Boniface at Paderborn, the *Month*, of London, says: "The contents of this book will not be

found to differ greatly from those handled by similar writers. The track is laid down by the nature of things, and must be followed. There is, however, a freshness in his method of treatment, and the editor rightly claims for him a special facility in the appreciation of moral principles to practical cases." What a useful book that would be to our politicians and parliamentarians after the "ides of March" when the general election shall have taken place.

*Afghan Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, being selections from the poems of Khush Hal Khan Khatak, with translations and grammatical introductions, edited and compiled by C. E. Biddulph, and published by Kegan, Paul, French, of London, is the full descriptive title of a curious book which supplies us with specimens of the imaginative literature of a remote people whose country may become the seat of the next war between two of the greatest European Powers.

The writer and compiler of those unpretending little notes is not the advertising agent of any publisher. In general he writes to please his readers, and sometimes to please himself. But he reserves the right of speaking about a good thing when he sees it. Working on this principle, he desires us to say that the fifty-cent portrait edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's magnificent Christian epic, *The Light of the World*, published by Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, is surprisingly cheap at that price. A neatly bound volume of nearly three hundred well printed pages, containing a fine portrait of the author and a useful introduction by Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, retailed in Ottawa for half a dollar, is one of those pleasurable surprises that occur all too seldom in life.

Henry George has retired from the editorship of *The Standard*, of New York, and will henceforth devote himself mainly to the oral publication of what Mr. Goldwin Smith calls the Doctrine of Unrest. A close friend of the famous author of *Progress and Poverty* furnishes some personal characteristics of the economist. George the social philosopher and George the man, he says, are two curiously different persons. He stands alone among modern political economists, but socially he is the simplest and most approachable of men. He is conspicuous as a listener

rather than a talker, and in any company of men he seems anxious rather to draw out the opinions of others than to exploit his own. In habit he is the most active and restless of mortals. He sits still only when at work, and a formal dinner has peculiar terrors for him because it does not admit of peripatetic performances between courses. He is a devoted husband and father, a sympathetic friend. His chief associates are a little group of faithful single-taxers, some well-to-do, and a few rich.

Mr. P. J. O'Reilly—this name recurs quite frequently in current literature—in his work *At Ober-Ommernan*, just published in London, England, gives an interesting and picturesque description of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammerzan. This book has a vitality about it that will ensure its success.

A gossiping London newspaper tells us that Lady Wilde has an immense partiality for jewellery. Lady Wilde is the widow of Sir William Wilde, in his time a leading physician of Dublin. Her maiden name was Jane Francesca Elgee and in her prime of womanhood, the beautiful Irish girl was known as "Sperenza" of the *Nation*. Only one term will describe her poems, they are magnificent. Her prose is pure, vigorous and replete with thought. Certes, no diamond among the jewels that Lady Wilde is said to love can compare with her own true patriotic heart.

Some wag recently started the story that Mrs. Stanley is about to write a book entitled *How I found Stanley*, and she is receiving letters from people who think it is true!

Louis Janvier, a Haytian negro, has recently published in Paris a novel, which is said to show splendid ability. In the near future when the negro has produced his Thackeray and Tennyson, his white brother will discover that he is endowed with brains—an evident fact which he might have grasped long ago.

*Line 45*, by Mrs. W. R. Smith, of Montreal, is "a novel with a purpose" which should be read and pondered by all Canadians. It deals with live issues, and in a delightful way. The book forms a valuable addition to the literature which is steadily growing out of the grand idea of a United America for Americans.

*Havelock*, by Archibald Forbes, just pub-

lished in London, is as good a piece of military biography as one could reasonably desire. Mr. Forbes has been a war correspondent and he has travelled extensively in the Orient. The knowledge he gleaned from his past calling and travels has served him to advantage in the preparation of the story of Gen. Havelock.

In an interesting article, *On Certain Latterday Humorists*, which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* for February, Mr. Brander Matthews, after deploring the low level of our comic papers, and stating that we frequently find poor jokes even in journals where every effort is made to provide good jokes, goes on to say: "The supply is not equal to the demand, and the joke-smith often has to set his wits to work when the stock of raw material is running low." Now, dear friends, as Mr. S. H. Blake would say, there is an opening to the realm of literature. The supply is not equal to the demand! Think of it. And a joke is so easily manufactured. It requires but a peculiar turn of the *humorist*, and the trick is done. Crack jokes; that is what the world wants.

A strong and sympathetic paper on *The Celt in English Art*, in the *Fortnightly Review*, from the pen of Mr. Grant Allen, contains this passage: "The Celtic in Britain, like Mr. Burne-Jones's enchanted princess, has lain silent for ages in an enforced long sleep: but the spirit of the century, pushing aside the weeds and briars of privilege and caste, has set free the sleeper at last, as with a blast from its holm, and to-day the Celt awakes again to fresh and vigorous life, bringing all the Celtic ideals, the Celtic questions, and the Celtic characteristics into the very thick and forefront of the fray in England. The *Times* may shake its sapient head, like Weithenin over the rotten dyke of the Lowland Hundred: but

the Celt has revolted from all that, and the flood is upon us." This, from "a true born Englishman," is very outspoken and honest talk. Indeed, Mr. Allen's whole article is characterized by kindly frankness to the Celt. Such writing is badly needed. The Saxon does not know everything, and least of all does he know the Celt. Unfortunately the latter does not always know himself, holding with Thales, the Milesian, I suppose, that for a man to know himself is the hardest thing in the world. The essay on the Possibilities of the Celt, by Mr. Allen, would make very comforting reading for the average Irishman on St. Patrick's Day.

In the recent poetry prize contest in *Once a Week* the result of the voting was as follows: The most dramatic poem?—The Ride from Ghent to Aix, by Browning. The most humorous poem?—John Gilpin's Ride, by Cowper. The most pathetic poem?—The Bridge of Sighs, by Hood. The most romantic poem?—Lochinvar, by Scott. The most popular quotation in poetry, of not more than two lines?—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," by Gray. The noblest male character in poetry?—Sir Galahad, by Tennyson. The most lovable female character in poetry?—Evangeline, by Longfellow. The most musical line in poetry?—"O wild West wind, thou breath of autumn's being," by Shelley. The most beautiful simile in poetry?—"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," by Byron. The most beautiful poem of all?—"The elegy written in a country churchyard," by Gray. Few of us will agree with the choice of the readers of *Once a Week* as it is exhibited throughout this list.

March 5th, 1891.

#### F.A.M.E.

I waft no sight for fame, I know too well  
 Its want of worth, hence from my mind expel  
 This bright but careless dream, for which men strive  
 By every means their five week wits contrive:  
 The days I live and all my eyes behold  
 To my astonished soul this truth unfold:  
 Our lives, like pebbles, in oblivion fall  
 Whose rayless waters meet and cover all!

January 4th, 1891.

C.



## A SONG OF SOLITUDE.



HERE ocean waves roll grandly on  
 Low murmuring though the breeze is gone,  
 To sail the sea in a frail canoe,  
 The rock-bound shore quite lost to view,  
 Or watch the gusts skip o'er its plain,—  
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,  
 Alone in such a scene to be,  
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

Some storm-swept isle, where wild waves moan  
 'Mong tempests, there to stand alone ;  
 High in the air the foam is cast  
 In white wreathes upborne by the blast :  
 The sea-gull screams, then whirls close by,  
 Or struggles through the troubled sky.  
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,  
 Alone in such a scene to be,  
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

Near some great river, on whose banks  
 The marshalled pines display their ranks,  
 Where course the wild deer light and free  
 And song-birds warble merrily—  
 Oh, the voice doth clash like a brass-lipped bell  
 In a deep Canadian forest dell !  
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,—  
 Alone in such a scene to be,  
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

## THE OWL.

Where hideous marshes flaunt the sky,  
 And dark pools, waveless, silent lie,  
 And reeds their trembling shadows throw  
 On nestled ducklings hid below :  
 The whip-poor-will when night is near  
 Shouts his droll lilt complacent here.

'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,  
 Alone in such a scene to be,  
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy :

Deep in some lonely mountain glen,  
 Far from the homes and haunts of men,  
 Where balmy balsams bloom around  
 And shrieks of warring rooks resound,  
 Or torrents falling from their rock  
 The silence rends with thunderous shock.

'T is strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,  
 Alone in such a scene to be,  
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

C.

Ottawa, February 12, 1891.



# = The Owl. =

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## UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

A great deal has been said about the religious element in schools, and a great deal more will be said before all minds will be settled. In America the public mind has oftentimes waxed hot in the discussion of this question, and in attempts to abolish Separate Schools in Canada and the Parochial Schools in the United States. In both these countries opinion is divided whether religion will be given a place in the schools. It is not strange to find able men strongly advocating purely secular education: it is one of the signs of the times. But it is strange to see outer men come boldly forward, and while urging the retention of religious training, assert that the schools can re-

main undenominational. They are actuated, no doubt, by the desire to combat the tendency to remove God and religion from every walk of life, and for these men we have profound respect, and would join them if we could. We believe, to put the matter clearly, that neither can religion be entirely excluded from the schools, nor can it be taught without conflicting with some creed or other. There are some branches into which religion need not enter, but there are others in which it will necessarily appear, for example, history and natural sciences, if they be studied at all thoroughly. No history can be taught without dealing with the influence of religion, from the institution of Christianity at least, to the present day. This influence of religion is the history of the Church and its separated branches. And what is the Church? The answer given the pupils will depend upon the belief of the teacher and the author studied. Every religious body, calling itself Christian, professes to have the true and Apostolic teaching that has renewed the face of the earth. One of these must be selected and held up as the true Church of Christ, and to it attributed the work of the Gospel, and this to the exclusion of the others, which is denominational teaching pure and simple. On the other hand, if it be asserted that the Church is not one sect or organization only, but the aggregation of all those that believe in Christ, and accept Him after their own fashion, as their master, the statement is directly opposed to Catholicity, and in this respect is denominational. And how many other questions of ecclesiastical history are there, so intimately connected with political history as not to be separated from it, that require explanation necessarily touching upon private belief.

In natural sciences it happens that there are adopted theories whose development leads to the denial of its fundamental

principles of some religious organization. It may be said that there need not be any collision between science and religion. Perfectly true, there is not and cannot be the slightest collision between correct science and the true religion, since God, the Immutable Truth, is the author of both. But as there are so many forms of Christian belief, and so many vagaries in science, improperly so called, there is necessarily a disagreement somewhere. We do not here consider a community that rejects everything christian, for the world is not in such a condition and never will be, that our schools generally will be so composed. So much for schools from which it is attempted to reject all religion, and our belief is firm that religion will enter even unbidden, and cannot be entirely excluded.

But now for the other case, in which religion forms part of the training. What particular faith is to be taught? We remember reading not long ago the proposal of a leading educator, who strenuously opposed secularism. He argued for the abolition of the Separate Schools in Manitoba, and suggested that all schools be made alike, and in them be taught the broad and general principles of Christianity. He appeared to be perfectly sincere and honest in his utterances, and wished to conciliate the opponents of religious training and its advocates, but with equal sincerity and honesty we believe that such a course could not be productive of harmony. It would not remove sectarianism. How many of these broad truths essential to Christianity are accepted by all creeds? Are there not some who deny the Trinity of Persons, the Divinity of the Redeemer, the necessity and even the efficacy of the Redemption, a future state of misery for the wicked, and many other *broad* principles? But even if all the sects outside the Catholic Church admitted the same principles, and had them taught to the children, the desired end would not

then be attained, for Catholics would not be satisfied, and the proposed scheme is intended to embrace all denominations professing Christianity. This system, if not denying any tenet of Catholic faith, inasmuch as it excludes some of the doctrine, is a discrimination in favor of other religions, and is therefore denominational. Catholics must have the whole truth and they are right. They accept all God's revealed Word, and adore Him as a being essentially wise, and cannot take it upon themselves to choose what is worthy of acceptance, a course equivalent to denying His sovereign wisdom. This is the explanation of Catholics' determination to have Separate Schools for their children wherein all their religion will be taught. It may be retorted that the Church or the home is the place to teach the doctrine peculiar to each particular religious body. But Catholics, for just reasons, will not be so satisfied. They will not have their religion occupy a secondary place in the education of the youth, no matter what other people's tastes may be, but will ever require for themselves denominational schools.

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#### ORIGINALITY IN STUDY.

The relative merits of text-books and lectures as means of imparting instruction constitute a standing controversy in the College world. The latter, it is asserted, act as a spur to individual study and research, whilst the former tend rather to destroy self-confidence and all spirit of personal investigation. A sweeping statement this, and one, like most such, requiring qualification. The text-book is a powerful agent for good or evil. Improperly used, or rather exclusively used, it is a bane to the student. Employed to form the base, not the keystone, of his knowledge, its superiority over lectures is unquestionable. The decision which it shall be lies with himself. He cannot learn too

soon that to rely entirely upon his text-book for his education is to doom himself to bitter disappointment. All that it can do, even when in the hands of the most excellent professors, is to lay the foundations, the superstructure must be his own. It is to little purpose to say this is to be the work of after life. Let a beginning be made at once; there is no time like the present. Unless habits of individual study are formed at college they will never be formed at all. What then would you have us do, queries the student? First, thoroughly perform the class-work assigned. This is a *sine qua non* of success. But do not stop at this. Let the limits of your knowledge be as nearly as possible those of the science or language in hand. But science is limitless. Then learn what you can and be sorry you cannot learn more. In one of our last issues we called attention to the exceptional advantages enjoyed by every student of Ottawa University. Utilize these to the fullest extent circumstances will allow. In literature read the best authors; in science the latest contributions. Write essays for the OWL; they will be always welcome and will receive careful consideration. Do not plead lack of time. Remember *vouloir est pouvoir*. If, however, this programme is too extensive, select some one study at least and excel in it. We do not advocate specializing; it is the octopus whose far-reaching tentacles are drawing the life-blood out of our educational system. "To know a little about everything and everything about something," is to us the most orthodox of doctrines: but let us, as nearly as may be, know everything about something. Let us be, to a certain extent at least, self-instructing, original in our work. He who relies upon his text-book solely is content to serve as a slave where he should rule as a master. He is leaning upon a reed which at the critical moment will break and pierce the hand that presses upon it.

### DANGER AHEAD!

Men are found who contend that religion should be withdrawn from the school; and boldly claim that secular education should be relieved of such adventitious trimming as the teachings of the moralist. In view of this fact, it is our duty to hoist the danger-signals along the land, that the unwary may be warned of the surrounding peril. The purity of a nation's morals is the pledge of a nation's greatness. But, notwithstanding this, there are some who not only show a willingness, but are also earnestly exerting themselves to deprive our youth of the only means, by which this purity may be acquired. Our consequent insecurity is great; but we have reasonable hopes that history will not have been learned in vain; that the lessons of the past will not be forgotten. We now record the desire we feel for the union of religious and secular education. We wish for this union, because we wish our people to be virtuous; and we wish our people to be virtuous because we wish for the perpetuity of our civilization. What are the motives of those who plead for the divorce of science and religion? We cannot answer with certainty. The presumption, however, is rational that they are guided by opinions, very much resembling those which prompted the revolutionists of France to make Sunday observances a punishable crime; and fill their 'sunny land' with temples, beneath whose roofs men gathered to pay homage to the goddess of reason. We do not wish a recurrence of these events. We wish society to be lasting. But our wishes will be fruitless if we sever the union of religion and education. The process of dissolution may be long, but dissolution will come, sooner or later. And why? Because the fundamental principles upon which society rests, are charity and justice. All duties of man towards man may be found in these two virtues, whose true and lofty conception

can be acquired solely through the study of Christian doctrine. We cannot say that nature has been selfish in bestowing her gifts, nor that she has forgotten to plant a certain tendency to good in the human breast; but this tendency is in a crude, undeveloped state, and must be amplified and fashioned by religious training. Hence we say that any system, which proposes to disunite religious and secular instruction, holds within itself the germs of social disintegration. Were these designs powerful enough to attract sympathizers from amongst the educationists of the land, our universities and colleges might send forth accomplished, but certainly not educated men. "To educate means to bring out, to develop the intellectual, moral and religious faculties of the soul." Authority after authority might be quoted in favor of our contention, that religion and science must go hand in hand. The Scriptures teem with wise counsels concerning the instruction of youth. Cicero, Hume, deLamennais and Guizot have declared that the durability of civilization depends upon moral training. Voltaire and Rousseau have voiced the same sentiment, and no one can honestly censure them with extreme leaning towards christian piety. Supported by the testimony of such men and such observers, we are filled with this conviction, that if we desire our welfare to be abiding; our youths to become good members of society; and society itself to be something more than a mere chaos, we must look to the shaping of man's moral nature. If the mind be filled with scientific speculations, while the heart is left void of those religious impulses, for which it ever yearns, men will become nothing more than learned animals. Too much attention cannot be attached to this question, because it is one of public concern and universal interest. No doubt, strong antipathy exists to a religious education, but this is founded on a misconception of its object. By a religious education, we

do not mean one in which religion is exclusively taught, or in which the will is properly trained, while the mind is neglected. No! By it we mean an education, in which the sciences are taught, theories expanded, and their application explained; an education which is directed to the perfecting of the entire man, to the guidance of his intellectual, moral and physical powers: but, withal, an education founded on religion, conducted by religion and leaning to religion. This is what we want. Can anyone accuse us of holding extreme views? Convinced of the necessity of this complete formation of character, we urge all those who have any concern for the social and political integrity of their country, to proclaim against any proposal that would aim to the withdrawal of religion from the school; because without the religious sentiment deeply fixed upon the mind of the people, law would be but a formality, and government impossible. If this religious spirit be not thoroughly infused into the very being of our people, we, like other nations whose existence the world has seen, will totter and fall, and above the ruins will be written: "This is as it is, because the sustaining arm of God was drawn back from them."

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#### HARMONY.

We are often very much surprised to read in our exchanges of the strained relations which seemingly exist between students and professors, and still more surprised to find that between one body or class of students and another, disputes and bickerings have arisen which in their effects cannot fail to prove prejudicial to the welfare of these institutions. That petty disputes will arise, even in the best regulated seats of learning, is not to be wondered at, but that these disagreements should be allowed to go on unchecked, till disputes give way to animosities and

deadly hatred, is something we cannot understand. Between teachers and students there should exist nothing but kindness and sympathy. The teacher having at heart the welfare of his students will sympathize with them in their honest efforts to succeed, and will be ever ready to sacrifice his own time and interests, to assist them in all their difficulties. Are these acts of devotion and self-sacrifice always appreciated by us? Or are we not rather inclined to be ungrateful and do we not value too lightly the advantages placed within our reach? The thoughtful, honest-minded student must answer yes, and must moreover add, that too often we are disposed to criticize the faults (if such there be) of our professor, rather than admire and esteem their abilities. Of a different nature are the contentions, which occasionally arise between students themselves, and of a different nature is the remedy. Societies, literary, scientific and athletic, are organized, or, at least should be organized in every institution of learning, for, apart from the opportunities they offer to their members of improvements in mind and body, there is a secondary end they serve, and one which we cannot afford to lose sight of, viz., the uniting of students of different talents, different inclinations, different habits in a common participation of the fruit of each other's industry and labor. Thus, by giving and receiving we grow to admire. The dull, careless and indolent we pity; the clever, diligent and active we extol. In debating societies, where topics of the most vital importance are discussed with calmness and judgment, a broader field is laid open to the eyes of the student, and he sees, beyond the narrow limits encompassed by his deep-rooted prejudices, something really worthy of his consideration. Those very questions, the private discussion of which might perhaps give rise to disagreement and dissension, can with safety furnish

subjects for public debate, for it is by treating of such questions with coolness and candour that we learn to respect the rights and feelings of those whose opinions may not happen to coincide with our own. The right of each individual member to give expression to his sentiments on proper occasions and the duty, or at least the courtesy, on the part of the others to respect those opinions, if they will not believe, afford a means of uniting students by bonds of social intercourse which cannot be had in any other way.

What has been said in favor of debating societies, can with equal truth be said of all other societies having for object the strengthening of those ties which unite student to student. What our athletic society has done towards infusing a spirit of "pluck, energy, unselfishness and manly independence" in its members, can be read in the history of our football teams for the past six years. What it has done towards preserving union and good-fellowship among the students, though composed of four distinct nationalities, can be seen in the general harmony which has ever prevailed.

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#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.—An excellent number of this magazine comes to hand for March. The universally acknowledged merit of the *North-American Review* precludes a word of praise from us. A leading feature of this issue is a number of articles on military affairs. "Further Recollections of Gettysburgh" are contributed by four prominent Generals, active participants in the great battle. In view of the recent death of King Kalakua, a timely topic, is the discussion of the future of the Sandwich Islands. The writer, Claus Spreckles, thoroughly acquainted with the politics and commerce of Hawaii, believes that union with the American Republic will inevitably follow. Two unpublished letters of the late Gen. Sherman are brought out. One of these is a vindication of

Gen. Thomas from the charge of disloyalty at the opening of the civil war, and the other recounts an interesting visit paid to President Lincoln a few days before his tragic death, and shows the President's distress with so much bloodshed and his desire for peace. The subject of a National Literature is ably discussed by Walt Whitman, who thinks that the elements of real American literature begin to appear. Mr. Wiman contributes a characteristic article on the political situation in Canada (written before the late election). This article is intended for an answer to Sir John Macdonald's manifesto, and it would now be interesting to hear Mr. Wiman reply to the powerful argument of the Hon. Edward Blake. From over the water comes the voice of the historian Lecky on the undesirability of Home Rule for Ireland. We fear Mr. Lecky's prejudice lies deep, and that they, rather than a desire for the welfare of Ireland, are the mainspring of his utterances. Among the remaining articles, all interesting reading, Lieut. Troup's refutation of several of Mr. Stanley's declarations in the famous rear-guard controversy, is particularly remarkable. It was doubtful from the beginning that Mr. Stanley was a hero as represented, but now his claims are rapidly falling away, and much of the honours he has received belongs to inferior officers.

**THE DÈNE SYLLABARY.**—We have received explanatory sheets of a new alphabet of the Dène language arranged by Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., of Stuart's Lake, B.C. The rev. gentleman informs us of his intention to publish a review for the benefit of the Indians on the Pacific Coast. The alphabet appears to be simplicity itself, and already the zealous missionary has met with gratifying success in the instruction of Indians in reading. Illustrative of the practical worth of the new Syllabary, he says that Indians of common intelligence have learned to read in one week's leisurely study before they had any Primer or printed matter of any kind to help them on. We even know of a young man who performed the feat in the space of two evenings. We wish the Rev. Father the greatest success in his undertaking, and if his energy in the past be any criterion, the future of the review and the benefits to the savages are already

assured. We believe this to be the first attempt of the kind, and it is noteworthy that it originates with a priest of the Catholic Church, ever anxious for her children's education.

**IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?**—By the Rev. John MacLaughlin, D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal. We have already reviewed this excellent vindication of Catholicity which has established such a firm hold upon popular favor; however, we are pleased to note the appearance of the 27th thousand, just issued in answer to the constantly increasing demand. The full value of Fr. MacLaughlin's work, is now universally recognized. He has placed in the hands of preachers a powerful weapon against the popular religious errors of the day. To the calm and unprejudiced reader he makes an appeal wholly irresistible, and his most pronounced opponents must allow that his negative answer to the question at issue, is sustained throughout and with offence to nobody. The conciliatory tone of the book, is by no means the least among its many admirable features.

The new edition is practically the result of the efforts of a number of Bishops and other clergymen, who have felt it incumbent upon them to place Father MacLaughlin's book largely in the hands of the masses, both Catholic and non Catholic.

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#### A VALUABLE SERIES.

Amongst the new publications lately received we note with pleasure a series of tastefully designed and handsomely illustrated pamphlets treating of the resources and manifold advantages of the Canadian Northwest as a field for colonization.

The pamphlets are published by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the series comprises the following:—"Dairy Farming and Ranching," "100 Farmers Testify," "The Canadian Northwest," "Free Farms," "A Scotch Farmer's Success," and "British Columbia."

These form a most valuable set and contain a vast amount of useful and interesting information, secured by special commissioners who thoroughly covered the ground, and contain numerous illustrations of farming operations, etc., upon the prairies; also a great number of letters in



the country telling of progress up to the close of 1890, and a good map.

The pamphlets are far ahead of any previously published devoted to the particular field, and they should prove invaluable to the intending colonist. They are also well worth securing even by those who have no intention of going westward. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to any agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

### EXCHANGES.

The *Carletonia* is a bright and newsy journal. Its literary matter is quite varied and extensive and constitutes its most commendable feature. The writer of "Finishing Touches" strikes the right note when he puts forth the principle: "it is the first step that costs, but it is the last that pays" as being specially applicable to last a college course. Too many students, we believe, are content with half doing their work. The time spent in learning a lesson merely with a view to tide over a class-recitation is to a great extent lost, since such study produces no fixed impression upon the mind, whereas were a few minutes more employed in giving the "finishing touches" the result would be thorough mastery of the subject in hand.

More criticism and fewer clippings would to our mind improve the exchange column of the *Carletonia*, the object of such columns being confessedly the discussion of the merits of other journals. If it is desired to give news of other colleges let a portion of space be set aside specially for that purpose.

The editors of *Acta Victoriana* having apparently reconciled themselves to the approaching federation of Victoria with Toronto, that paper has assumed a decidedly more sprightly tone. A thoughtful article bearing on the warmly discussed question Classics vs. Sciences in which the arguments for each are summed up in a manner favorable to the former is a noteworthy feature of the last issue. *A propos* of this, it seems to us that there is a tide in the ideas as well as in the affairs of men. Not very long ago classics formed almost the whole stock-in-trade of universities. Now not a few of them are for confining their attention

to sciences. This tendency has, however, reached its flow if it has not already begun to ebb. After we have had the two extremes, we will probably find the golden mean, or rather it has already been found since in some institutions, notably, we believe, in Ottawa, the classics and the sciences go hand in hand. All in all the *Acta* is a worthy exponent of Canadian College journalism.

The *Percival Exponent* has an article on Runyard Kipling which in view of the great stir he has recently made in the literary world is most opportune. The *Exponent* is enthusiastic in his praise, but we prefer to await a further display of his powers before according him a place beside Dickens, Thackeray or "The Wizard of the North."

The *Exponent* devotes a great deal of space to college news, without, however, neglecting its literary and other departments. In general, the paper is calculated to produce a favourable impression.

The *Cadet*, from Denver, finds the Owl, so excellent that it confesses to a latent suspicion that professors have more to do with its production than students. We feel the full force of the implied compliment, but would assure the *Cadet* that the illustrations as well as the letter-press of the number to which it refers were almost exclusively the work of students. One of the chief aims of THE OWL, as stated in its salutatory, is to aid the students in their literary development, and this has ever been borne in mind in obtaining matter for its columns by those who have it in charge. Following in the track of high-class college journals, THE OWL, on special occasions, has solicited contributions from gifted pens, but even at such times the articles thus obtained never predominated in its literary department, whilst in its editorial and other portions not a line not written by students has ever appeared. We do not for a moment believe that the *Cadet's* remark was inspired by unfriendliness towards us, and would not have thus referred at length to it had not similar insinuations from another journal come to our notice on a previous occasion.

The *Argosy* for February contains an article on "Reading" which, though the subject be trite, has much that cannot be said too often. The view taken is thus summed up: "The reader should master books and not allow books to master him," a statement which to us seems to furnish the key to proper intellectual culture. Indiscriminate and careless reading is worse than no reading at all. A summary is given of the tenets of Mormonism, that blot upon the fair escutcheon of western civilization. We trust the *Argosy* is right in stating that the time is near at hand when it shall be swept away.

Articles on Chaucer and Spencer are contained in the current issue of the *Messenger*. Though that on the latter is rather historical than critical, we are pleased to see these old knights of the quill being brought into notice. The remoteness of the time in which they lived, and the archaic form of their writings, cause them to be perhaps too much neglected by students of the present day. The exchange department of the *Messenger* is particularly good.

The C. M. B. A. Journal, though not a college production, is, we think, not out of our province, since it is the exponent of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, a society which is doing much good to all, but especially to young men in Canada. The paper is a weekly and gives much news and information about the society.

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#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The International Educational Association will hold its annual convention at Toronto, from the 14th to the 17th of July next. The meeting promises to be the largest and most important yet held by that Association, as it will probably be attended by some fifteen thousand of those actually engaged in educational matters from all parts of the United States and Canada.

The many notices of the recent death of Prof. Henry Schlieman, the successful archaeologist, calls up not only his own work in that field, but also turns attention to the great interest which has been taken in such investigations of late years with such good results that more has been learned of ancient government and people from the ruins of their cities and the

translatable records in the last half century than in the previous five hundred years. Henry Schlieman, the author-explorer, was the son of a Lutheran clergyman, who, by his frequent talks to his son on Pompeii and Herculaneum and his reading him Homer early filled the future explorer with a strong desire to behold the ruins of the famous Ilium which he finally did, but not before he became a clerk, cabin-boy, adventurer, merchant, Greek millionaire, and finally a scientist and scholar.

He located ancient Troy, opened the citadel of Mycenae and dug out the Acropolis of Athens. What he learned he told fully in several books in English, German and French. Dr. Schlieman became an American citizen, residing in Indianapolis. He always so signed himself, not so much perhaps on account of his love for his adopted country as for the privileges it gave him as an author.

His wife is a Greek lady, who took equal delight in the pursuits of her husband. Troy, Homer, Schlieman will be spoken of together; the city itself, the poet who immortalized it, and the enthusiast who successfully located the scenes in the Iliad.

The dioceses in the United States having Catholic populations of 200,000 and over are: New York, 800,000; Boston, 510,000; Chicago, 460,000; Philadelphia, 400,000; New Orleans, 300,000; St. Louis, 280,000; Brooklyn, 230,000; Baltimore and San Francisco, each 200,000; Cleveland, 209,000; Albany, 200,000.

Eighty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five of the total Indian population of 277,020 are Catholics. For the Catholic Indians there are 104 churches, 81 priests and 58 schools, which have an attendance of 3,096. Members of several sisterhoods teach in the schools. The number of baptisms in 1890 was 3,807 children and 245 adults.

There are 151,614 Catholic negroes in the United States. They have 27 churches for their exclusive use, and 33 priests attend to their spiritual wants. There are 110 schools for colored children, which are attended by 6,460 pupils.

During 1890, 4,558 children and 590 adults were baptized. Besides the schools there are 8 orphan asylums, 1 foundling asylum and 1 hospital.

#### PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN AUSTRALIA.

It is said that Catholicity is not progressing, and this its enemies endeavor to establish by statistics. Now, it is sufficient to cast a glance at Australia to find a proof of the falsity of that assertion. In 1876, for example, there were in Australia 450,000 Catholics, not counting those in New Zealand. To-day, fifteen years later, we find that the Catholic population of that country is 750,000 souls, or nearly double. There is shown a corresponding increase in the ranks of the clergy. From 330 in 1876, the Australian clergy has grown to the number of 620, an increase of 290 priests.

The number of churches and chapels has been augmented by 260, and the Catholic schools have multiplied as if by magic. There are now 450 schools more than in 1876.

The population of Australia, including Tasmania, is at least 5,400,000 persons, and if the increase continues proportionately during twenty years, half of that continent will then be Catholic.

Mr. Chas. Lennig, of Philadelphia, has given to the University of Pennsylvania the magnificent sum of \$700,000. The income of \$500,000 of which is to be used in connection with the Towne bequest for purchasing of instruments, materials, etc., in mechanics, and will be called "The Charles Lennig Fund." \$20,000 is to be devoted to free scholarship, (excluding theological) the scholars to be selected without regard to faith or nationality. The use of tobacco and liquors by the beneficiaries will preclude their enjoyment of the fund. — *The Pennsylvanian*.

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#### GENERAL NEWS.

The exercises in honor of St. Joseph were begun earlier than usual this year, owing to Easter falling on the 29th of March.

Rev. Canon McCarthy, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, will deliver the sermon on St. Patrick's Day at the University.

Very Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University, is engaged in giving a course of Lenten lectures at St. Joseph's church. The course of sermons at the Sacred Heart is being preached by Rev. Fr. Fillatre, O.M.I.

On the feast of St. Thomas, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel kindly consented to celebrate Mass for the philosophers in the University Chapel.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, delivered a brief but very instructive sermon on the Patron of the Day. He particularly dwelt upon the humility and chastity which adorned his soul and the love of study which filled his heart during his whole life, qualities which gained for him the title of "Angel of the Schools."

The series of lectures on the Labour Question, delivered by Rev. Father Fillatre, O.M.I., before the St. Patrick's Literary Association, proved to be of an interesting and instructive character.

Prof. H. Glasmacher is engaged in delivering weekly lectures on the subjects included in the English honor course.

Rev. Fr. Langevin, O.M.I., Director of the Theological Seminary, was in Montreal last week. He preached before the St. Vincent de Paul Societies of that city at the Oblate Fathers' Church.

Rev. Fr. Constantineau, O.M.I., gave a short retreat to the parishioners of Perkins' Mills, where Rev. Fr. Forget is stationed.

Washington's birth-day was, as usual, observed as a holiday. In the evening, "Major John André," an interesting and very appropriate five-act drama, was presented by the students in a very creditable manner. The entertainment, however, was private; but, owing to the unlooked for success which attended the efforts of the amateur actors, the play will be re-produced for the public on Easter Tuesday. A full house may well be expected.

A book of poems from the pen of Mr. J. K. Foran, one of Canada's young poets, and a former student of the University, is being published. The manuscripts are at present in the hands of Mr. James J. Roche, of the *Boston Pilot*.

We have lately received a magnificent crayon-portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, for which we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the Boylston Manufacturing Company, No. 853 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Our countrymen, perhaps, can scarcely find a more simple or inexpensive, as well as efficient, manner of showing their respect for one of Ireland's noblest patriots than by having such a drawing as this hung up in their parlors.

It will doubtless be pleasing to the many friends of Rev. Father Pallier, O.M. I., to learn that the recovery of his sight, the loss of which was so much to be feared, is almost certain. Since undergoing an operation at the hands of Dr. Desjardins, the skilful and eminent Montreal oculist, he has been enabled to attend to his parochial duties as of old, and it is hoped that God may spare him yet awhile to continue the grand work which he has till the present been prosecuting in St. Joseph's parish.

We regret to learn, through the pages of the *Daily Colonist*, of British Columbia, that Rev. Father Pendozy, a zealous Oblate missionary, breathed his last at Penticton on the 6th inst.

"The sad intelligence," writes a Vernon correspondent, "has spread a gloom over the whole country."

He was born at Marseilles in France, and was the son of Capt. Pendozy, who served under Napoleon the First. He studied medicine for some years, but, at length, entered the Oblate order, and soon came to British Columbia, where he erected the now famous mission of Lake O'Kanagan. His influence over the Indians was something marvelous, and was always employed in bringing about their conversion and securing their prosperity.

"Personally he was the kindest of men, and he was beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was an enthusiastic agriculturist, an accomplished musician and a perfect master of the Siwash and other native dialects.

He was 67 years old at the time of his death. Loved, respected and regretted by all, his name will be written on letters of gold in the annals of the O'Kanagan county."

R. I. P.

With pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the late John Boyle O'Reilly's magnificent portrait in crayon. It is the work of the celebrated artist, J. B. Troy, and is published by the Boylston Manufacturing Co. of Boston, Mass., who have spared no labor, it would seem, to render the portrait of America's great journalist, poet and patriot worthy the features it represents. It should be the wish of every Irish Catholic family in the land to see this portrait grace its drawingroom; for it is one of the easiest means of showing respect for the memory of him we all loved and esteemed.

Rev. John Ivers, of Springfield, Mass., who graduated in '86, was a welcomed visitor at his Alma Mater for a few days last week. Since his departure from Ottawa, he has pursued a theological course of studies at Washington University, where he had the honor of receiving the first degree which had, as yet, been conferred by that promising institution.

Although he recognized but few familiar faces among the present students of Ottawa College, still, he was made aware that he was, at least by repute, no stranger, when, in response to the witty and eloquent remarks which he was pleased to address them, he was greeted by hearty and prolonged cheers of "Varsity,—"rah ! 'rah !! 'rah !! !"

After calling upon the many friends whom his winning ways gained him in the city of Ottawa while he was yet a student at the University, he returned home to assume the duties of his lofty vocation under Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield.

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### HUMBUG COMPETITIONS.

The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated*, in order to set at rest all doubt as to the value of the prizes, aggregating over \$300,000 in value, which will be distributed in a prize competition among subscribers to that journal during the next six months, announce that any prize winner who is dissatisfied, can exchange the prize for the cash value named in the list. The smallest prize is valued at \$5. There are 100 prizes in all, and the first one is \$750 in gold. The others include a Heintzman piano, Bell, Karn and Cornwall organs,

gold watches and other valuable articles. The competition consists in finding in current numbers of the journal, the answers to thirty-six questions, six of which are published each month. This in itself is a literary exercise of great benefit to subscribers, since the *Dominion Illustrated* is in every sense a high-class journal, lately enlarged and greatly improved. On receipt of twelve cards in stamps, the publishers, (the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal,) will send to any address a sample copy containing full particulars.

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### SOCIETIES.

One of the recent meetings of the senior Debating Society was devoted to impromptu speeches. M. F. Fitzpatrick occupied the chair. The first item on the programme, "Music vs. Painting," was discussed by C. C. Delaney, who, in the allotted five minutes demonstrated that the indescribable charm of sweet sounds produces a much stronger effect on the human soul than the brightest productions of painters. J. P. Collins next spoke on "Literature vs. Science" in which he so opposed science, especially Mathematical Astronomy, as to elicit an interesting reply and refutation from Rev. Bro. Murphy, our professor in that science. A comparison of the characters and works of Cardinals Newman and Manning was drawn by H. J. Canning, which showed that he was thoroughly conversant with the lives of these two eminent divines. A. Newman came next with a short address, in which he compared the nineteenth century in point of progress with the most remarkable centuries of the past. Political excitement is just now at a climax in the University, consequently the next subject, "Reciprocity," excited great interest. It was awarded to W. Cavanagh, an ardent Liberal, who treated his side of the question so well that there immediately arose a clamor for a hearing on the other side. F. French being chosen, soon demonstrated that all the arguments were not in favor of the Liberals. C. A. McCarthy next contrasted the delights of rural life with the temptations and dissipation of the city in so pleasing a manner that many present could not help wishing that they were "back on the old farm." R. Ivers next delivered a very witty little speech concern-

ing his great affection for household pets. F. L. French also gave us a detailed and interesting account of some of his own experiences when camping in the wilderness north of Ottawa. He made some very happy "hits," but remarked that in his experiences among the Indians and lumber camps "hitting" availed but little. The meeting closed with an eloquent and patriotic address on "Canada, Our Home" by M. F. Fitzpatrick. Want of patriotism and national pride is not a common failing among the students of the University.

On the following Sunday evening, the assembly opened with the largest attendance we have had this year, and the debate proved most interesting. The question was: "Resolved that indiscriminate total abstinence is not commendable." Affirmative, C. C. Delaney and John Meagher. Negative, F. S. French and M. Fitzgerald. The leaders, who are strong debaters, were well matched. The vote decided in favor of the negative.

### JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

"Resolved that Ireland has a better right to the world's sympathy than Poland" was the question debated at the first meeting of this society since our last issue. The various reasons for which Ireland deserves the sympathy of all nations were well set forth by F. Quinn and J. Tierney, whilst the wrongs of unhappy Poland were shown in a strong light by C. Higgins and S. Fitzgerald. The vote favored the affirmative.

At the next meeting the debate was: "Resolved that steam is more beneficial to man than electricity." J. Gillespie and E. McGovern lauded the benefits of steam, but as J. Lanigan and A. Plunkett fully proved that, in most cases, electricity can never be the substitute for steam, they gained their point.

### NOTES.

In our last issue, a mistake of the compositor, credited the vote on the first debate to J. C. Moriarty and J. McNally, instead of M. F. Fitzpatrick and J. French.

The sodality of the Blessed Virgin is making excellent progress in the reading of its office, and the attendance is always good. The reception of the new members will be held soon.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

On March end, the French portion of the students presented their annual entertainment before a large and very appreciative audience. Among those present were his Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, several of the Dominican and Capuchin Fathers, and many of the leading business men of the city. The programme opened with a selection by the College band, entitled "La Petite Guerre," which was well received. Mr. T. H. Tétreau came next in a song "Amis, Chantons?" The Opérette which followed, by F. Lamoureux and B. Beaulieu proved to be one of the most interesting features of the whole programme. For more than half an hour Mr. C. J. Charbonneau, in his "Conférence sur les Consciénces," kept the audience in constant uproar. The first part of the entertainment was brought to a close by another selection from the band, entitled "Grande Valse."

The second part of the programme consisted of a Chinese Comedy in two acts entitled "Les Français à Pékin."

The curtain rose to display one of the grandest and most elaborate scenes ever presented on the College stage. The scenery and decorations were arranged with all possible skill and taste. The view was that of a Chinese school located in a magnificently ornamented garden. Encircling their Parisian master sat twenty-five young soldiers, all babbling the language of Confucius, to the embarrassment of that erudite foreigner, Mr. Charbonneau, who played the part of the schoolmaster, succeeded admirably, not only in drilling his youthful charges but also in making it difficult for his friends to recognize him as any other, than a real inhabitant of the walled kingdom. His assistant, Mr. Philion, likewise acted his role creditably. Mr. Sedilot as the Apostolic Missionary, proved himself equal to his part, (specially in the touching scene, in which he meets his long-lost brother. Messrs. J. P. Landry, as Sergeant-Major, A. P. Chabot, R. Bélanger and F. X. Genest, accomplished their respective roles with soldier-like accuracy. The parade-drill of the young Chinese was one of the finest of the kind we have ever seen. It redounds much to the credit of Rev. Father Constantineau, O.M.I., to whose patient efforts the success of the whole entertainment is principally due.

## PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

T. P. Murphy, B.A., '88, who has been pursuing his theological studies in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, has entered the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Lachine, P.Q.

Peter Cavanagh, '74, and subsequently an M.D. from Ann Arbor, Michigan, enjoys an extensive practice in Sioux City, Iowa.

Rev. J. Gascon, '87, whose ordination was noted in our last issue, has been appointed curate of St. Bridget's, Ottawa.

J. A. Kennedy, of last year's third form, is attending St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N.S.

We were much pleased on the receipt of a letter, recently, from Rev. D. J. Dunn, '85, at present pastor of Keene, N. H. After the "enclosed please find," etc., our rev. alumnus expressed his appreciation of the OWL, and signified his intention of attending the commencement exercises in June.

Robt. Macaulay, of the commercial class of '89, is engaged in the hardware business in Trenton, Ont.

Maurice Bélanger, ex '89 and member of the Ontario Pharmacy College, class '90, has opened a drug store on Rideau St.

E. J. McKenna, our quondam classmate, after having passed the required examinations has graduated from the Ann Arbor Law School and was subsequently admitted to the bar of Pennsylvania. He is now in partnership with his uncle, Chas. F. McKenna, a prominent lawyer of Pittsburgh, Pa. Congratulations, Ed.

N. D. Pound, of the Engineers of '89, was last month united in the bonds of matrimony to one of Ottawa's fair daughters. He has taken up his residence in Chicago, and thither follow him and his bride the best wishes of the Owl staff and of all his former fellow-students.

E. R. Moras, '85, who has been practising medicine in Chicago, has removed to Cedarsburg, Wis.

C. S. Vadner, formerly of '93, is attending the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. At a recent examination he passed third in microscopy, securing 99 marks out of a possible 100.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Bric—Brac -- Broc—

Carey's soliloquy: To work or not to work, that is the question! Whether 'tis better for a boy to cast aside his books and thus neglect his lessons, or take courage against his tasks, and by studying know them! To work, to idle, and by idling to say we stand in dread of those unnatural shocks that hurt our feelings. 'Tis a thing devoutly to be shunned! To work: to idle: to idle—perchance to sleep and dream of lessons well prepared, good notes, and teachers all in smiles. To sleep! to wake! and by waking to find the time has flown, the lessons unprepared, the smiles all changed to frowns. Aye, there's the point. 'Tis this working between meals, this constant fretting and worrying over the morrow's work, these stern rebukes, that knock all the fun out of college-life. For who would sacrifice his novels and work so hard but that the dread of something during class, makes us rather bear those burdens imposed on us, than fly to others ten times worse.

Last week, the students of the third grades had a very interesting and instructive debate during history hour. The subject of debate was: "Resolved that Cortez was a better general than Pizarro." In the first division, Messrs. M. Mellon, F. Lamoureux and J. Cunningham spoke for the affirmative, while Messrs. P. Slatery, R. Regis and J. McCabe defended the negative. In the second division, the speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. J. Cushing, C. E. Leamy and J. Hickey: on the negative, Messrs. W. Quann, Jos. Roche and M. English. In both classes the debate was decided in favour of the affirmative. The arguments on both sides showed much research and considerable knowledge of the early Spanish settlements and conquests in America. A debate conducted in this manner under the guidance of the teacher, cannot fail to develop in many a taste for reading, and this should be one of the main objects of the teacher.

J. B. has instructed Lucier to sell by auction his well-stocked library of light literature. He has lately turned his attention to higher mathematics, and is

resolved for the future not to be thwarted in his designs by fiction's fairy form.

In last month's issue a mistake occurred in giving the rank in class. Master J. Robert should have had second place in grade A, while J. Cushing stood third in grade B. The undue excitement of our young editor over the coming election will account for this error.

One of the most interesting features of the recent entertainment in the dramatic hall, was the Chinese class as taught by Mr. C. Charbonneau. It seems that English, French and Chinese have equal attractions for Walter. Jean thinks it would be an excellent language for dictation. The following is a list of those who took part in the entertainment:—W. Caron, M. Lapointe, L. Christin, E. Tessier, F. Lamoureux, E. Lucier, C. Laflamme, A. Jean, A. Malo, H. Leveque, D. Kearns, H. Glassmacher, A. Lambert, E. Vallerand, L. Garneau, W. Murphy, E. Landry, R. Beaubien, H. Valin, P. Quesnel and F. McGee.

The Junior Athletic Association is making rapid preparations for their annual entertainment, which takes place in the beginning of April. W. Murphy, H. Gibbons, A. Verrault, E. Lucier and R. Valade are foremost among the junior athletes.

Last week, the junior hockey team played the last match of the season with the "Trippers" from the city. It was the most evenly contested match we have seen this winter, the score after two hours' play standing 1 to 0, in favor of the juniors. This is the tenth hockey-match our junior hockey team played this season, and in every one of them they came out victorious.

Scene—Hand-ball alley.

Time—March 4th.

Peter—Say, George, what are you in politics?

George—Why, a Tory, to be sure!

Peter—A Tory! did you never hear Maloney's definition of that word?

George—No; what is it?

Peter—"A Tory," he says, quoting the words of Avon's bard, "is one who is ever ready to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning."

George—Oh, Maloney is smart. Tories

never crook their knees, nor their conscience neither, like you Grits. They merely stoop to conquer. And I can tell you if it weren't for the Tories this country wouldn't grow *Melons*.

Peter—Ah! Tories have hinges only on their jaws! I thought as much. That is how they conquer. But if, as you say, they favor the growing of *Melons*, then I'm no longer a Grit.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Gilbert (jealous junior) - They took you into the Chinese play to save paint.

Beenie (rather ruffled)—They didn't take you, 'cause they knew the paint would remain on till next June.

Rank in class for the month of February: 1st Grade—1, P. Burns; 2, E. Valin; 3, A. Allard. 2nd Grade—1, C. B. Brophy; 2, Leo Garneau; 3, M. Gibbons. 3rd Grade, B—1, C. O'Neill, 2, T. Coulombe; 3, H. Tobin. 3rd Grade, A—1, P. Mellon; 2, J. Robert; 3, G. Gray. 4th Grade—1, W. Brophy; 2, W. Weir; 3, O. Laplante.

ATHLETICS.

HOCKEY.

After the Ottawas had won the championship of the City League, our team decided to try to wrest the proud title from them. Manager McDougal challenged the Ottawas and a match was arranged for February 26th. It was played on the Rideau Rink, and the attendance was very large. Mr. Ed. Dey, of the Pirate Hockey Club, officiated as referee, and the umpires were J. A. McDougal, of the Ottawa Hockey Club, and S. Rosenthal, of the Pirates. The teams were:

Varsity.

Ottawas.

Morel.....	Goal.....	G. Young
Reynolds.....	Point.....	Kerr
Sparrow.....	Cover Point.....	W. Young
McDonald.....	Centre.....	Ross
McDougal.....	} Forwards {	H. Kirby
Brady.....		Bradley
White.....		C. Kirby

After the face the Varsity forwards had the best of the game for some time and things looked serious for the Ottawas. Some nice passing was done. The Ottawas' goal was subjected to a close siege and Varsity lost one or two splendid chances of scoring. Finally the puck being passed to Brady, the latter sent it through the Ottawas' goal, scoring one for Varsity. Time, 10 minutes. In the second the Varsity team still

held their own, and for a time it looked as though the first half would end in their favor, but those who hoped for such result were doomed to disappointment. The Ottawas pulled together and played better towards the end. About nine minutes before half time was announced, W. Young carried the puck down the ice and passed it to H. Kirby, who by a beautiful shot scored for the Ottawas. This made matters even. The remainder of the first half brought nothing further to either side, and time was called with the score one to one.

In the second half the champions worked harder and had things more their own way. The puck was several times in Varsity's territory and the Ottawas strove hard to score. Bradley, who remained all the time waiting for a chance to shoot for goal, received the puck and made a side shot, which Morel stopped, but Chauncey Kirby, who was standing in front of the goal, drove the puck through and scored the second goal for Ottawa. The Ottawas succeeded in scoring another goal. Kerr made some very good rushes, and once brought the puck along with him nearly the whole length of the rink and scored the third game for Ottawa and the fourth of the match. The fifth and last game opened somewhat briskly, but soon both sides settled down to a somewhat slower game. The defence men exchanged compliments from one end of the rink to the other, until finally Varsity rushed matters, and by some good team play kept the puck for a while in Ottawa territory, and McDougal scored the second game for his team and the fifth and last of the match. After the face, Varsity tried hard to make the score even but the referee's whistle soon announced the end and Ottawa retained the championship by a score of three to two. The match was a splendid one, and was characterized by good, clean hockey on the part of both teams. In its report of the match the *Evening Journal* says:—"The game was splendidly contested throughout by Varsity, who are beginning to show the same team play in hockey as in football, and now rank among the clubs of the first-class." Our team having the privilege of playing another match have again challenged the Ottawas, but as the latter are in receipt of three previous challenges, it is altogether improbable that our team will have another chance for the championship this season.

The Rideaus and Varsity met in the Rideau Rink on February 24th. The Rideaus, though out of the race for the championship, play very good hockey. After the usual time the score stood: Varsity, 3; Rideaus, 1.

The Gladstones wishing to have a practice before their championship with the Ottawas, ar-



ranged a game with Varsity. The match was played on Dey's Rink on March 5th. White replaced Reynolds at point as the latter was unwell. In the first half Varsity scored one goal, and in the second, each side scored one, thus making the score two to one in Varsity's favor.

It is much to be regretted that our hockey team could not obtain permission to go to Kingston to play Queen's. The latter have, from all accounts, a very good team, and our boys were anxious to contest superiority in hockey with their football rivals of the last two seasons. There is some talk now of offering Queen's a guarantee to come to Ottawa. We hope the hockey team will be able to offer Queen's a guarantee, as all are anxious to see such a match, and, moreover, it would make hockey still more popular in Ottawa.

#### ICE RACES.

Tuesday, February 17th, being the anniversary of the Apostolic approbation of the rules of the Oblate Order, our skaters decided on having our annual ice races on that day. In previous years the programme comprised gymnastic as well as skating competitions, but this year, owing to the dilapidated state of the gymnasium and to there not being a *grand congé* on the above date, the list of events was shorter than usual. This was compensated for by the enthusiasm on the part of the competitors, the number of whom was unusually large.

The officials were: Starter, D. McDonald, '91; judges at finish, C. C. Delaney, '91, C. D. Gaudet, '92; clerks of course, F. L. French, '91, and R. W. Ivers, '91. Following is a list of events and winners thereof:—

Two-mile race—1st, J. McDougal; 2nd, A. Christin.

One-mile race (open to students of classical course)—1st, J. McDougal; 2nd, A. Christin.

One-mile race (open to students of commercial course)—1st, W. Quinn; 2nd, J. Daigneault.

Green race (with hurdles 3 ft. 6 in. high)—1st, M. Belisle; 2nd, W. Tierney.

One-mile race (open to junior department)—1st, P. McCarthy; 2nd, F. McGee.

A hockey match took place between the University and the College courses. The match was very closely contested and excited keen interest. At the end of time the score was three to three, and after an extra hour's play it was four to four. It was then after five o'clock and the match had to be declared a draw. Thus ended a very pleasant afternoon's sport.

We take this opportunity of extending the thanks of the students to Mr. McBarron, of Boston, Mass., who contributed to the prize list a handsome and valuable pair of nickle-plated

skates, furnished with duplicate blades, and likewise to Messrs. McDougal & Cuzner of Ottawa, the donors of a pair of hockey skates. To Rev. Father Forget, also, under whose direction the sports were carried on, the thanks of the students are due for a pair of skates and other prizes. The Rev. Father and his efficient committee are to be congratulated upon the success that attended their efforts, and we will attempt to pay them no further compliment than that of saying that in the discharge of their duties they gave universal satisfaction.

#### ULULATUS.

Would our wise little Jack,  
From his lore-bloated sack,  
Kindly give us the knack,  
Which most hockey teams lack,  
How, whilst skating, to tack  
Without breaking the back  
Or receiving a crack,  
Then we'd be nothing slack  
To pursue on his track  
Free from marks blue and black!

We are glad to see that Sed has returned from his political tour through the prairies. As an actor, as a stump speaker, as a moralist, he simply surpassed . . . . . himself.

After six-months' hard labor in philosophical research the sage from Prescott has succeeded in propounding and answering the following: Why is a philosopher like a half-starved canine? Because he is a *thin-kur*.

Our hockey-men thought  
That as they had fought  
So hard, and had won so much fame,  
To Kingston they'd hie,  
With Queen's men to vie  
In an innocent quiet hockey game.

But the "power that be"  
This trip couldn't see,  
And kept them locked up in their coop,  
So our hocky-men now,  
As all will allow,  
Are away, away down "in the soup."

A farmer's translation:—  
*Bonus, bona, bonum*—I came, I saw, I conquered.  
Great Caesar's ghost!

Our liberal friends had better make *conserves* of their sentiments.

## A STORMY NIGHT.

Time: March 5th.

Scene: Dormitory.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Swobs ..... Jimmy  
Gus ..... Stow

## SCENE I.

*Swobs* (still speaking of election): So fair and foul a day I have not seen. Three Ministers defeated, and yet our cause is lost.

*Gus*: 'Tis true, good Swobs; 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. But what is it o'clock?

*Swobs*: 'Tis past the eleventh hour.

*Gus*: I takest 'tis later. Is not the moon gone down?

*Swobs*: It is.

*Gus*: And she goes down at twelve; but hark! one—two; there, 'tis stricken twelve; let us part.

*Swobs*: Good night, good Gus.

*Gus*: Or rather, Swobs, good morning.

## SCENE II.

(Gus in night-dress, and perceiving Jimmy in his bed.)

*Gus* (gently removing counterpane): Angels and ministers of grace, defend me! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned? My eyes are the fools of the other senses or else worth all the rest. Speak! what are you?  
Swobs! Swobs! Swobs!

## SCENE III.

*Jimmy* (talking in sleep): There—there—there; only three months more and the goal is reached.

*Enter Stow* (hair and whiskers dishevelled) lamenting results of election.

*Stow*: Two score and five years, can I remember well, within the volume of which time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night hath trifled former knowings. (*noticing Gus excited*) But, pr—ythee, what's amiss?

*Gus*: You are, and do not know it! Come hither and behold; bid me not speak.

*Jimmy* (still dreaming): Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima.

*Stow*: Jimmy, by his accent.

*Gus*: Your ear is good, but how cometh he here?

*Swobs*: Most like he lost his way.

*Stow*: Not so, good Swobs, he ne'er lost his way this is some new-hatched scheme.

*Jimmy* (awake): Sirs! why stand you there; what means this dreadful noise? I charge thee not to haunt about this bed; get thee gone!

*Gus*: Wherefore sleepest thou here; this bed is none of thine? Arise and get thee hence.

*Jimmy*: Gus, rouse not me, I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to wake me thus.

*Stow* and *Swobs* (furious): Stay not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

*Jimmy* (enraged): Unhand me, gentlemen, or—

*Gus*: Peace! hold! 'tis not meet thus to use violence.

*Jimmy* (much calmer): Gus, for your sake I will depart, but your companions I'll meet again on the campus.

A free trip to Timbuctoo for him who gives the best explanation of the following. List closed on the calends of April:—

Mumps! thumps! humps! lumps! stumps!  
pumps! chumps! jumps! trumps! dumps!  
clumps!

THE OWL pays all expenses.

## A FISH STORY.

'Twas Friday noon; the inward mortal roared;  
A bristling cod-fish decked the festive board,  
Around which many a hungry student sate,  
Successive burdened and relieved his plate.  
There figured John—not greedier than the rest,  
But rendered desperate, by hunger pressed—  
He seized the fish, and the thick yellow sauce  
He o'er it poured, admiring much the gloss  
Which it conferred, but, still, admiring more  
Its power, like that of magic, to restore  
To its condition normal his weak frame.  
Naught he perceived; nor did he merit blame,  
Absorbed by food—absorbing, yet, the same—  
Until one-tenth of his vast plate remained—  
Still half a meal!—then Johnny thus complained:  
“What ails that fish? 'Tis quite unfit to eat!  
“It should be salty; yet, 'tis mighty sweet!”  
Reaction then began—but why portray  
What all may picture? Still, 'tis meet to say  
He ate no more; soon his companions found  
The cause of his disgust; for his wild haste  
To still the craving stomach dulled his taste:  
Mistaken, he had taken the wrong dish,  
And poured the pudding sauce upon his fish.

P.S.—Tuck unavoidably crowded out.