THE OWL.

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THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

HAY, my children, I am dying, thankful that my race is run :
Who would see another sunrise, after such a set of sun ?
For the Man was all He taught you —Son of God, though crucified.
Woe to Israel, at whose hands Jehovah's Son this day hath died.

I am aged now, my children—past the three score years and ten
Which the royal David counted as the harvest time of men :
Thirty years and three have parted since the prologue I beheld
To this drama.—Hearken newly ! Wisdom waits on lips of eld.

We were keeping midnight watches on the hills by Bethlehem ;
Wide and far the heaven above us flashed with many a starry gem ;
Round us lay our flocks a-slumber, closely crouching from the cold ;
For the air that night was bitter over mountainside and wold.

Somewhat distant, out before us, rose the roofs of David's town,
By the beauty of the starlight crowned as with a royal crown.
Hill, and vale, and town were silent ; but their silence to our ears
Cried aloud, and swept our heart-strings with a voice of by-gone years.

Ah ! the glory was departed from the chosen of the Lord ;
Dead the kings, and past the prophets, veiled the light, and mute the word.
O'er our necks the gentile trampled, grinding with an iron heel :
Rome, the eagle, stony-hearted, crushed our souls with grip of steel.

Where was He, the King-Messiah—He, the ages' hope and prayer ?
When, consuming all the darkness, should the Orient fire the air ?
When, relenting from His anger, would Jehovah once again
Stretch the power of His right hand abroad, and burst His people's chain?

So we mused ; and so we whispered, sadly musing, each to each :
For the spirit-thrilling silence set a key-note to our speech ;
Till the music of the silence grew too heavenly-loud to mar,
As the heart of God grew vocal in the pulse of star on star ;

And, anon, a hush came o'er us. From the heaven there seemed to fall
On the trancèd earth some new born Influence celestial ;
Such as though great Nature, swooning into slumber, in her sleep
Opened spirit-eyes, and, seeing Godhead, mirrored deep in deep.

Died on every lip the whisper, paused the pulse in every vein :
Through the flood-gate hour outsweeping, down o'er starlit hill and plain
All the heart of heaven came pouring, voiceless, wondrous, from above,
Islanding from sense our spirits in an ocean-tide of love.

And, behold ! upon a sudden, drawing sharply on the sward
Our hushed shadows, round about us shone the glory of the Lord ;
And a Presence stood before us, and a Voice unto our ears
Spake in tones whose music echoes down the memories of long years.

" Fear not ; for I come a bearer of glad tidings unto men ;
And the nations, mewed in darkness, shall walk forth to light again.
Lo ! to earth is born a Saviour, the Messiah, Lord and King.
Rise, and gird your loins, and bear him a whole-hearted welcoming.

Whereunto, a sign and token leading to your heart's desire :
Ye shall find the Son of David in the city of His sire ;
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger hid from ken.
Praise in heaven to Him the Highest: peace on earth, good will to men."

And, straightway, the wide air blossomed into being : tier on tier,
Touching earth, and reaching heaven, its marshalled myriads did appear ;
And, all round, the echoing hill-tops rang their anthem back again —
" Praise in heaven to Him the Highest: peace on earth, good will to men."

And we knew not how or when it passed, the Vision and the Song ;
And we knew not how we set forth, nor if time were short or long
Ere we knelt within a stable, hewn from out the hillside wild ;
And, before us, lo ! the manger, and the Mother and the Child !

Strange it was to see that Mother kneel her new-born Babe before,
Rapt into the heartful silence of a soul which doth adore.
Fair she knelt, with hand-crossed bosom, snatching ever and anon
Glance at Him 'neath eyelids drooping as before the mid day sun.

Sooth, she seemed a royal Maiden hid in lowly peasant-weed ;
Sooth, she seemed a queenly Mother exiled from her regal meed ;
Girt around with virgin prudence, like a garden none may see,
While the wider grace shone o'er her, sun-like, of maternity.

There beside a saintly elder stood, a man of reverend mien,
Like to us in lowly raiment, and in lowly heart I ween ;
But a glory shining through him of some wondrous love and awe :
Tranced he stood, like one beholding things transcending Nature's law.

And the Infant ! Ah, my children, all our souls did swoon away
As we gazed upon Him, cradled in the manger where He lay ;
He, whom heaven's bright hosts, descending, heralded as King of earth,
With poor shepherd-folk the only courtiers round his bed of birth.

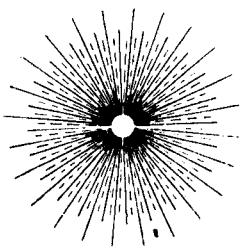
Yet it was no herald-angel's word that moved our spirits so :
'Twas the Child himself whose aspect set our inmost hearts a glow.
Why it was, we might not fathom : that it was, full well aware,
All our souls within us burning testified through voiceless prayer.

Was it that from every feature breathed an effluence Divine ?
Was it that a Godhead through Him like a veiled sun did shine ?
Was it that His heart's low pulses woke the echo, in our own,
Of a music such as, theretofore, man's life had never known ?

Nay, in truth we thought not on it, questioned not ourselves at all :
'Twas enough to kneel before Him, *feeling* Him celestial ;
Seeing Him as truly human as were we, the dust o' the sod ;
Knowing Him, with simple heart-faith, none the less akin to God.

Hush, my children ! Is it morning ? What is this ? Or, do I dream ?
O, the Orient ! O, the Sunrise ! O, yon far-off golden gleam !
O, that Voice from distance calling ! It is His, the Crucified !
Now I know He liveth surely ! Now I know a GOD hath died.

FRANK WATERS.



MODERN AESTHETICS.

By Henry H. Glasmacher, LL.D.

ESTHETICS, or the philosophy of the beautiful, has assumed a strange position in modern life, at least that school of aesthetical writers which has sprung from the soil of modern materialism and rationalism. Its representatives have cut lose not only from religious traditions and restraints but have also claimed independence of all moral obligations. They have boldly proclaimed to the world that Art is self-poised in its means as well as in its end, that consequently it must be entirely untrammeled in its flights and aspirations and acknowledge neither master nor guide in the pursuit of its phantom-shapes of beauty. Some of the most audacious of those so-called aestheticians have not hesitated to draw from these premises their last legitimate conclusion in maintaining that "that which is against the laws of morality is, as such, not unfit for artistic representation, unless it be, at the same time, contrary to the laws of aesthetics," or in other words, that between the immoral and the beautiful there exists no incompatibility.

The modern artist has not been tardy in profiting by the instruction, and thus we see the art galleries and salons, as well as the literatures and the stage, among the civilized nations of our day, filled with images expressive of modern life and thought that would have called the blush upon the cheek of a pagan Greek or Roman, provided, of course, that he had lived at the time when Greek art was in the zenith of its glory.

And yet, strange to say, these modern apostles of the "art of art" heresy have always claimed that they find the strongest support for their pretensions in the lessons derived from the arts of the classic nations of antiquity. Our Christian aesthetics and criticism, they say, has ever been characterized by a "gloomy asceticism and a narrow minded zelotism," whereas in the times of classic Greece the artist enjoyed full liberty and scope for the display of his noble faculties.

We, on the contrary, maintain that Grecian and Roman thought, in its noblest representatives, has been quite as severe and intolerant of the display of obscenity under the disguise of art, as our modern Christian censors.

We are aware, of course, that the artists themselves, in the exuberance of their youthful power, as yet unchecked by sober judgment, have at all times been prone to transgress the limits drawn by the moralist, and to paint in colors too realistic the glowing images of their wayward fancy. But it was reserved to our age, enlightned by two thousand years of Christian tradition, to see their doings supported, and their principles formulated into system, by serious and able critics. And when those who assume the responsibility, and who, by their talent, hold the authority, to teach and guide others, give their high sanction to practices that poison the tree of Art at its very root, the situation is certainly a grave one.

Among the ancients the Socratian school, consistently with its ethical tendency, was the first that raised its warning cry against a false Art. Plato, in his second dialogue "On Laws," after having proved that bad books, like bad company, will gradually undermine a virtuous character, expresses the opinion that it is against all reason to hold that, in a well regulated state, Art should have full liberty and be permitted to teach the young whatever it pleases and to train them to vice as well as to virtue. "We smile," says Lessing, in reference to this passage, "when we are told that among the ancients even the arts were subject to civil law; but we are not always right in smiling. . . . . For the end of all Art is pleasure, and pleasure may be dispensed with, therefore the legislature may rightly regulate its enjoyment."

This reflection, although eminating from a modern source, is here introduced because Lessing is by some consider-d

the father of modern aesthetics, and is certainly the author of most that is excellent, and also of some principles that are reprehensible in this modern school of thought.

But to return to the ancient Greeks, Plato, in another dialogue "On the Republic," is even more explicit on the relation of art to education. In the second chapter of this famous treatise Socrates himself, one of the interlocutors, after discoursing on the importance of guarding the youthful mind against the evil impressions received from bad books, enjoins upon mothers and educators the duty of bestowing even greater care upon the formation of the heart than upon those things which relate to the bodily wants. "For," says he, "whatever man receives into his soul in youth will there produce an indelible impression and is apt to determine his sentiments and his conduct during the rest of his life. It is all important, therefore, that the works of the poets which he is to study during that time, should be in perfect accord with the requirements of morality and religion." The philosopher then proceeds to point out in detail those pieces and passages of the great Greek poets, Homer, Hesiod and Aeschylus, which he considers injurious for young people, and with which they, therefore, should not become acquainted. The principles, however, on which he bases his discrimination, may be summarized under the following two heads:

First, injurious to the young and therefore to be withheld from them are those works of poetry which produce a false, a low and an unworthy conception of the gods, because they destroy the religious sentiment. "Whenever a poet," with these words Socrates concludes the second dialogue, "utters unworthy things of this kind about the gods, we must protest against him with all our might, and reject his work; and under no circumstance should we permit that such works be used by teachers in the in the instruction of our children, if we wish them to honor and fear the gods, and to strive to become like them, as much as it is possible to mortal men.

Secondly, injurious to the young, and, therefore, to be studiously kept out of their reach, are those poetical productions in which false moral principles are either openly expressed or tacitly implied, and thereby the more effectually spread and inculcated. Thus, if the hero of the piece be cowardly or effeminate, a slave to gluttony or lust, if he be greedy or cruel, treacherous or unjust, and if, in spite of all this, the poet has no word of censure for his turpitude, but, on the contrary, represents his character as noble and worthy of our admiration and sympathy,—the reading of such works must naturally destroy or at least blunt our moral sensibility. And no matter how great their poetical value and their popularity with the crowd,—for our children their danger will increase in exact proportion to their aesthetical excellence. For they will thereby be taught to condone their own shortcomings, because those who are exhibited by the great masters of art as models of virtue, and worthy of their admiration, were affected by similar faults. Therefore, works of this kind, says Plato, must be sternly rejected, or they will cause the certain ruin of our children."

"But Plato," we are told, "was a purist and a rigorist of the extreme kind, and his extravagant and almost utopian views on the morality of Art were not shared in by other writers of the age. The Romans especially were more liberal on that point."

It is true that Aristotle, in discussing this important subject, is less sympathetic and less explicit than Plato, yet his utterance is at times more trenchant because it is more concise. Thus, in the 10th chapter of his Nicomedian Ethics he expresses the opinion that "virtue is the standard measure of all things and so is the good man, because he is virtuous; therefore only those enjoyments should be considered as true ones, which are acknowledged as such by the good, and as truly agreeable only those things which give pleasure to them." And Quintilian, the greatest critical writer that Rome has produced, in his treatise on oratory, delivers himself of the following reflection: "I must especially emphasize the fact that the minds of the young, because they are still soft and like empty vessels, are more deeply impressed by everything that affects them. We must therefore take particular care that the works which they

study be not only noble and elevated in style, but far more, that they be pure and morally good. The reading of the dramatic and lyric poets is to be recommended, provided that a careful selection be made not only with regard to the writers themselves, but even concerning the parts of their works. The Greek poets are often too free, and there are even many compositions of Horace which I should not like to read with young people."

It must thus be evident to every one that the foremost critical writers of pagan antiquity refused admittance in their educational institutions, to some of the works of their noblest writers, which pass unchallenged in the curriculum of our Christian colleges and universities.

But here we are confronted with the objection, that all the strictures, so far adduced, have reference only to the education of the young, whereas Art in its highest expression addresses itself to those who are mature in knowledge and experience. This objection, however, is aptly disposed of by one of the ancient poets himself, one, moreover, who will not easily be accused of a "narrow minded zelotism." Aristophanes, in his comedy entitled "The Frogs," introduces Aeschylus, violently accusing his brother-poet Euripides, about the laxity of his works, which has had an injurious effect upon the morality of his fellow citizens. In his wrath the older dramatist asks the pointed question:

"*What is the reason, tell me, that the people honor the poet?*" and Euripides is forced to confess that it is:

"Because he is skilled in warning the people, and because *we make men better.*"

Aeschylus thereupon gives ample evidence, that he himself, in imitation of the noble bards of old, has labored for that end, but that Euripides has "changed good and noble-minded men into evil ones," by introducing upon the stage such scandalous stories as that of his "Phedra." Euripides attempts to excuse his conduct with the explanation that he has represented Phedra in accordance with the popular tradition. Aeschylus readily admits this, but holds "that the poet must conceal evil and not place it on exhibition:"

"*For what the teacher is to the child, that the poet is for adults.* Therefore we must say only that which is moral and good"

What a splendid defense. Euripides might have made, had he been acquainted with the axiom of the modern aesthetician concerning the independence of art.

But texts could easily be multiplied in proof of the fact that this view of Aristophanes, concerning the noble mission of poetry, was entertained by the most celebrated poets as well as philosophers of antiquity. A few of the most striking passages will suffice for our purpose, and in order that we may not incur the censure of only selecting such writers as exhibit decidedly "*purist*" tendencies, we shall begin with Horace, who, we venture to affirm, has never yet been suspected of "gloomy asceticism." Concerning the influence of Art during the prehistoric ages of the human race, Horace, in his "Art of Poetry," furnishes us with an eloquent testimony. He represents it as the generally accepted belief of the ancients that the primitive peoples honored poetry and music as heavenly powers bestowed by the gods upon the sacred bards, such as Orpheus and Amphion, in order that thereby they might wean the wandering tribes of the earth from barbarism and win them to a nobler and purer mode of life. "For," says he, "it was the wisdom that flowed from the poet's lips which drew the fierce races from their forest-homes, and infused into their hearts love for an ordered life and fear of the gods. It established the chaste bond of matrimony, founded cities and sanctioned laws. And thus, because the magic powers of song were the means through which these blessings were obtained, the veneration of the poet grew among the people, and the belief that he received his inspiration from the gods, shed a divine halo around his own brow."

In another passage, in praise of his beloved Muse, Horace strikes a still more exalted chord. In the first epistle of the second book, the only one that is addressed to his imperial patron Augustus, he calls the poets "*the sacred guardians at virtue's shrine,*" "aeditues virtutis."

"For" says he "it is the poet
Who forms the infants tongue to firmer sound,
Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound
His tender ears. Then with the word of truth
Corrects the passion, and the pride of youth.
Th' illustrious dead, who .l his sacred page,
Shine forth examples to each missing age;
The languid hour of poverty he cheers,
And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.
Did not the Muse inspire the poet's song,
Who else should teach the maiden pure and the chaste boy
To raise their voices in prayer to the gods!"

"*Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti*
Discret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset!"

We have subjoined to our translation the latin text of the last two lines, because the sentiment therein expressed is so strange and unexpected on the part of a pagan poet, that we fear the correctness of our re-addition might be doubted by those not intimately acquainted with the author.

Poetry, however, was not the only art thus esteemed by the ancients; music was considered an equally potent means for ennobling the hearts of men, and the term music with the ancient Greeks, generally implied poetry conjoined with song and some instrumental accompaniment. Of music, thus accepted, Aristotle, following the doctrine of the older master Pythagoras, taught that it should be used for the Katharsis or purification of the soul, and as an important factor in the education of the young. He admitted, however, that it might also serve the purpose of pleasure and recreation. Plato, on the contrary in his Timaeus, expresses the view that "not for the services of sensual pleasure have the gods given music to men, but rather for the purpose that by its help we may bring unison into the tumult of our warring feelings and passions, and thereby establish, in our inner life, that harmony and beauty which too often is wanting."

Even in the earlier times of Greece, Timaeus the Locrian, in the oldest Grecian prose work that has come down to us, speaks in the following lofty strain: "Musie and her guide philosophy, according to human and divine appointment, serve the purpose of elevating the inner life of the soul. For they induce our low desires to obey the dictates of reason, and sometimes even force them to do so. They subdue our sensual instincts so that they will neither become excited without the consent of reason, nor will fail to respond when reason calls upon them to act or to enjoy." In commenting upon this passage Stollberg points to the fact that the ancients were wont to praise music as "a priestess of the gods," as "the giver of wise counsels" and "a messenger of peace and concord." This was especially the case with the music of the races of Doric origin, which on account of its simplicity and power, was often employed to soften the disposition of rude men and to check the storm of passion in the fierce. It attempted not only to affect the emotions but also to develop virtuous sentiments in men.

This array of testimony from the leaders of ancient art and thought might be extended almost indefinitely, but the selections here presented will suffice to convince every candid mind of the truth of our proposition, that, concerning the noble end of art, ancient thought was in perfect harmony with our christian teaching, and although it fell far short from a full comprehension of our lofty christian deal, yet, with the limited light it possessed, it pointed in the right direction.

A LOVE STORY.

From the Italian of M. Reynell.

RE you fond of love-stories?"—It was at Coeli Montana, Rome's charming villa, in the little alcove just beneath the spot where — so the marble tablet says—Saint Philip Neri discoursed with his disciples about the things of God. Below us lay the beautiful Murcian Valley, diversified by the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct and the Baths of Caracalla, and shut in on the other side by the Alban mountains. Along their base a straggling row of houses stretching far out into the Campagna Romana, formed the outworks as it were, of the two pretty, typical Italian villages—Frascatti and Albano—that nestled snugly to the sides of the hills. Away at the top of the highest hill, and on cloudy days almost hidden in the settling mists, stood a solitary building, large, beautiful, majestic—in other and better days a Trappist monastry, the home of two hundred members of the Silent Brotherhood, till the paternal government of Victor Immanuel came, and the lazy monks—who had transformed the barren hill-sides into fertile gardens—had to leave. But no matter. Even robber-kings cannot alter nature, and the landscape remains one of the finest in Italy, an unfailing attraction for tourists and the delight of the artist's brush. My silent admiration of this enchanting scene was rudely broken in upon by the startling question—"Are you fond of love-stories?"

I suppose there must have been something inquisitively affirmative about my unspoken reply, for my companion—we were only two—continued. "You are. Well that old monastry over there reminds me of one I heard long ago and which touched me deeply at the time. You know when a young man—clever, accomplished, with a bright future before him—abandons all to become a Trappist or a Carthusian or a Capuchin, simple, unthinking folk are highly edified and apt to talk of vocation, sacrifice, and the like. But the wise world with a shake of the head, or a shrug of the shoulders or a wink of its sly old eye, says with a smirk: "Bah! Its love; disappointment, a love affair—that's all." And the world is generally right. Of the case in question there cannot be a moment's doubt.

Father B——was curé of the parish of M——. One day while sitting at his study window he saw a peasant open the little gate and come slowly up the gravelled walk towards the presbytery—a young fellow less than thirty, strong and vigorous, with a fine open countenance that announced frankness, integrity, manliness.

"What! It's you Paul?" said the Curé heartily, right glad to see again one of his old parishioners. "How are things over at A——? Does the harvest promise well? All the family in good health?"

"Ah! M. le Curé replied Paul with a certain embarassment, but disregarding the questions and coming straight to the point, "I've a serious business on hand. I'm going to join the Trappists at P——"

"Going to join the Trappists?"

"Mon Dieu, yes M. le Curé. You used to tell us so often we could not do too much for the good God, that in the end I've decided to give up everything for his sake."

"But you are necessary to your mother. You know she is a poor widow, and farming is difficult over your way."

"That's why I was not in a hurry, M. le Curé. It is more than five years since I first thought of becoming a monk. I was waiting till my young brother John had passed the conscription. He has drawn a good number and is free from military service, so I thought that at last it was time for me to go."

"And your good old mother, who loves you so dearly and whose support you were—how did she take your decision?"

"Ah! M. le Curé. My heart still bleeds at the thought. It seemed that the agony would never end. To think that we must go through such things! You see, she suspected me this many a day of having something on my mind that I would not speak out. She was hurt by this seeming want of confidence. In the winter-time, as we sat together before the hearth, she knitting, I thinking, her needles would sometimes suddenly stop and she would rest her chin upon her hands, and sigh. Once she turned and looked straight at me for what I thought an age. I tried to speak but it was impossible. My lips trembled, my whole body shivered as with the cold. I could not utter a word. My poor mother pitied me, I could see. "Paul," she said to me, "Paul, my son, if you are not happy tell me. Do you wish to take up house for yourself? We are not rich but our reputation is good, your father lived and died a saint, and any family in the neighborhood would be proud of your proposal." But the oftener my mother pressed me the more I feared to tell her that I was thinking of something entirely different and wished to become a monk. At last, the other evening after we had finished the prayers of the month of May, she and I remained alone in the room. It struck me that that was the moment to speak and my secret escaped me without a word of warning. 'Mother,' I said trembling, 'if you allow me, I will go to join the Trappists. I will pray for you and do penance.' Mon Dieu, M. le Curé! that one must say things like that! My mother gave a start as if she had been shot and turned pale. What a long time she remained there before my eyes without speaking, almost without breathing! Then, still on her knees and with her eyes turned towards heaven, she said quietly but in a heart-broken tone—'Paul, the good God is your first Father; our holy religion your first mother: their claims pass before mine. Go, since you hear their call in your heart. If I hindered you for a moment when your soul is in question I should die of grief. You have always been a loving son and a great assistance to me. From my heart I bless you.' Then fixing her eyes upon the crucifix she began again to pray. I could stand it no longer, and rushed out to breathe more at ease in the open air. But they were just bringing in the cattle and the very dumb beasts seemed to wish to retain me. Poor Watch, who was never so happy as when by my side, jumped about as for joy, but when after patting him affectionally on the head, I forbade him—for the first time in years—to follow me, he looked pitiously up into my face as though to ask—'Master, why are you going away?' I turned from him and there was the old homestead before me, barring the way—the house built by my grandfather, where my father had lived and died, and where I was born. It was I who had planted and guided the spreading pear-trees that crept up its sides, and were now white with promising blossoms. What years of care I had given to those bushes now one cluster of roses—and then the surrounding fields, green with young grain, whose seed I myself had scattered. Mon Dieu, M. le Curé, how deeply our hearts are rooted here below. I was about to yield I ran down towards the road and threw myself on my knees. There with my crucifix pressed to my breast I asked for help, and looking at our Saviour on the Cross I was ashamed of being such a coward and the struggle was over. I did not sleep at home last night. I had no wish to see again what had so nearly conquered me, and so I set off this morning before daylight. When I reached the parish church the first mass was just beginning. There I became quite calm and happy, and here I am to say good-bye and thank you for all your goodness to me in my youth."

"May God bless you, Paul, for you are following His Will. But why do you choose the monastry of P——when you have that of M——so near to you?"

"I often thought of that M. le Curé, but you see I am so weak-willed! If when once I had put on the white robe—my relatives had come to see me, would I remain true to my decision? When one gives himself to the service of God, he should do so joyfully and entirely, and so it is better that I should go far away, beyond the reach of those trials."

"Yes, Paul, yes. But perseverance is what we must aim at. You are young and strong, and life among the silent, austere Trappists may seem long and——."

"Ah, M. le Curé, as to that, it's sooner over than any of us thinks. Besides I've often thought of the words I saw over the gate of La Trappe.—'Here it is hard to live but easy to die.' Everything around us tells us that life is short. And then M. le Curé, long life or short, everyone comes just the same to the last hour. You used to explain it so well for us. Bless me then, M. le Curé. Life passes away quickly and I am in hurry to do something for the good God."

The Curé blessed Paul and saw him start off on the road to his new home Then he came in and wrote down an account of this striking example of how divine grace works in the souls of the elect. When he read it for me years afterwards he called it "A Love Story." Don't you think he was right? And the wise world also—that "love affairs" fill the monasteries?

I made no answer, but kept looking over at the Albans and at the old monastry on the top of Monte Cavo. The vision of a white-robed monk rose in my mind—such as I have since seen—aged and feeble and silent; worn out with long fasting and protracted vigils, but supremely happy, with an angelic countenance, and an expectant, eager look in the deep, lustrous, smiling eyes—as though their owner always beheld his Beloved and was only waiting the sign that would beckon him quietly away.

Reflected in the lake, I look
To see the stars of evening glow.
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the waves below.
Thus heavenly hope is all serene.
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this change of scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

—HEBER.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

MERRILY through the leafless trees
Come the sounds of hope and love;
Christmas music on the breeze
Falls from throbbing bells above.
Hear them telling
In their swelling
Of joy shared half by earth and heaven,
And a nearing,
Soothing, cheering,
Peaceful moment to be given
Unto the woe-worn race of man.

Joyful news to all that languish
'Neath the shadow of sin's shroud.
To learn that now their weary anguish
Shall vanish like an April cloud.
The babe's sweet voice
Bids man rejoice.
Round Bethlehem's crib throng choirs sublime;
Angels winging,
From God bringing
All pardon at this sacred time,
The gladdest fête-day of the year.

Hear those buoyant strains this morning,
You that hold of wealth a store;
The rich they bid, with gentle warning:
Aid ye the needy at the door—
Share your treasure
Without measure,
And with your gifts let good-will go;
Assist His poor
Who must endure
The biting frosts and chilling snow
In squalidness with pangs of pain.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

"THE OWL WAS A BAKER'S DAUGHTER."

Hamlet: Act iv., Scene v.

NCE upon a time I was sitting out a presentation of Shakespeare's supreme play, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. It was in the single paltry theatre of a little northern capital, and the time, though still mellow with autumnal influences, was near enough to Christmas to bring the glorious festival full in view. Nay, indeed, one needs no better reminder of the Lord's Advent than the beautiful words spoken, by Marcellus to Horatio in the beginning of this very play,—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Never losing a chance of witnessing this mightiest achievement of dramatic power, full many a Hamlet had I seen, of all varieties of excellence and mediocrity and mere fustian, from Irving himself down to Dickinson; and I could not but admit that the young actor there before my eyes showed a conception of the part not unworthy of some splendid traditions of the stage. Yet the unwholesome chilliness of the shabby theatre, the squalor of the mounting, the uneven character of the support, by degrees wrought me into a state of fitful fretfulness. Little by little, save when the melancholy Dane himself was on the boards, my attention wandered from the play and I gradually fell into a fit of musing.

Christmas was coming? Ah! yes: that time so happy for the blissful, so pitiful for the wretched, was coming round again. And I thought how false it is to paint, as is too often done, everything at this season in colours of the rose on winter's snow, when for so many Christmas brings naught but melancholy retrospect and the dreadful pain of contrast between the then and the now. For surely if one has been happy, perfectly happy, and is not, there can be no time more fraught with memories that rive the heart than the Christmastide. So many ghosts of Christmas in the pleasant bygone days come crowding on us, to recall those reunions by the home fire-side and round the old table, with the mother's careworn but sweet and gracious face beaming joy on all, and all the brothers' and sisters' chairs set ready for them,—not one to be vacant, save only that of the little boy who died years and years ago and is looked upon as the angel of the house. And then that other face enshrined in one's very heart of heart Christmas after Christmas and all the year round, day and night and night and day, that 'nearer one still and that dearer one yet than all other,' alas! what of it now? In the grave, perchance, or over seas or turned away from us. No wonder that big tears fall upon the Christ-child's little hands, tears of wonder at His beauty, of pity for His helplessness, of joy for His infinite love, tears, too, for our own loneliness and grief and mourning. At Christmas more than at any other time, the bereaved and the forsaken sit with sorrows even as Constance did, as were she on a throne, but unlike her they call not aloud for kings to bow to them. What would that boot? Since things are even so, better the majesty of Silence, the poor balm of solitude. Behind their closed doors they have that hunted look of the animal sore wounded, that something without a name, that look which the old gravedigger saw on the face of the Master of Ravenswood, that something which is, believe me, nearer akin to death than to wedlock. Out of their eyes there is the dumb agonized appeal to the Invisible Might which sitteth at the centre of this universe of things, and before which the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. It is the sad office of mental pain to make its own analysis in a dazed and blundering way. The poor mind goes up and down,

back and forth, hither and yon, even as Mariana in the moated grange. Out of its windows it looks, even as she looked, moaning "He cometh not!" Mere human philosophy will not help such as they; it will be vain to echo the words with which Monte Cristo closes, "*Wait and hope*;" nor will it avail aught to remember the words quoted by Bulwer-Lytton, "To bear is to conquer our fate." But even for them there is the great central truth of Christmas. The Messiah has come, and everyone, saint and sinner, the wretched and the happy, can make an act of faith in Him in the sublime words of one who suffered all loss and who turned away from the sympathy of man which he could not have to the everlasting testimony of God, crying out, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and . . . in my flesh shall I see God." And, therefore, as I got deeper into my reverie, the thought came to me——

But from these and other such meditations I was all at once violently roused by the voice of the understudy who had Ophelia's part uttering, with terrifying distinctness,—

"*They say the owl was a baker's daughter.*"

I can give no idea of the effect produced on me by these words. Every time, of course, that I had seen Hamlet played, many, many times in fact, I had heard them but never h[illegible] had they affected me as now. They had seemed just a part of Ophelia's mad utterances, for beyond peradventure Ophelia was mad. Many a disquisition has been given to the world as to whether Hamlet's madness were real or feigned, but no critic or commentator worthy of the name ever yet ventured to question the madness of Ophelia. Yes, Ophelia was mad. But Shakespeare was not, "It is impossible," says Charles Lamb, "for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare." He assures us, a thing which is most true, that even when Shakespeare abandons himself to that severer chaos of "a human mind untuned" and is content awhile to be mad with Lear and with Hamlet and with Ophelia, that madness is not unchecked, and that even then he never lets the reins of reason wholly go, when most he seems to do so. Therefore, there was a method in Ophelia's madness; her disjointed raving turned on her father's death, on her lover's loss. In all she said there was some sort of coherency, save in this most distracting sentence. What in the world could have put it into Shakespeare's head? What connection positive or putative could there be, even in insanity, between an owl and a baker's daughter? My thoughts diverted into this channel rushed fretting vainly on its uncompromising stones. What dignity methought might forsooth inhere in a baker's daughter that the concept of her should find a place in the august mind of Shakespeare? For myself, I knew a great deal more about an owl than I did about a baker's daughter. My acquaintance with the latter was limited to the pages of Ollendorf and Fasquelle, where one meets "the shoemaker's physician's wife's brother," "the grocer's son's cousin," "the shoemaker's nephew's friend" and similar distracting relationships and connections. From this it was in thought an easy transition to a song not unpopular in a certain part of the United Kingdom, which begins with the comforting assurance, "*Priests' nieces are surely in heaven.*" I could have no such certitude though regarding bakers' daughters. As to the former ladies, the ecclesiastical environment of their reverend uncles might be supposed to conduce to their own translation to realms of perennial bliss; but it was not so certain that the floury precincts of the oven would be similarly helpful. Nor, to be candid, did I care a pin. What was Hecuba to me or I to Hecuba that I should weep for her? Then my mind reverted to the owl with an added distraction, remembering Ophelia's emphasis. "*The* owl," she had said, "was a baker's daughter." Then it was some particular owl, not *an* owl, but *the* owl. What one, in the name of common sense? Despite all my bewilderment I rejected the idea that it could be the University "Owl," as that would involve a too terrifying anachronism. Nor could I conceive of that wise bird as standing in such relationship to a breadmaker. Then my mind went out to the entire family of owls, the barn-owl, the wood-owl, the little-owl, the hawk-owl, and others far too numerous to mention. This brought no relief. Then I told the roll of their learned names, *strix flammea*, *strix stridula*, *athene*

noctua, sarxia funerea, and so on and on until I began to fear I should myself become as mad as poor Ophelia, especially as I recalled the words used by her immediately after the enigmatic phrase, "Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be."

I glanced across then at the understudy, Ophelia had re-entered, with her daisies and with her woful weeds, but the sight gave me no clue to the enigma and a solution I knew there *must* be. Down in the deeps of memory there was a vague stirring. Again I looked at Ophelia. Well, she had known great sorrow She had had two crushing blows, each sudden and awful as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Her father murdered, her lover lost! No wonder she had gone mad. Reason might have survived one such shock, but could not keep its seat under two assaults so deadly. This is the way of grief. When the blow falls sudden as on poor Ophelia it stuns. Momentarily there is a heavy, dull, almost stupid sense of monstrous loss, mixed with frantic incredulity. How perfectly Shakespeare understood that, as all else! One feels how natural were the words of Constance,—

> "It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
> Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again;
> It cannot be: thou dost but say 'tis so.
> I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
> Is but the vain breath of a common man:
> Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:
> I have a king's oath to the contrary."

Then the soul swells almost to bursting with a terrifying, an overwhelming, an oppressive sense of its own wretchedness, so that all thought of everything outside its own agony is crowded out. And all this it feels with a sinking and long-drawn woe is but the preliminary to the struggle of the years to come, that struggle so finely indicated by Nathaniel Hawthorne,—"To-morrow would bring its own trial with it. So would the next day and so would the next, each day its own trial and yet the very same trial that was now so unutterably grievous to be borne." Then I thought of the mysterious dispensations and permissions of Almighty Power which permits His poor creatures to live through all that all the pens of all the poets could never tell. But He pities them and has a special beatitude for whomso pity them. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Ah! that thought brought it back, the elusive story of the owl and the baker's daughter. It is a tradition of punishment for lack of pity. I remembered that I had heard it twenty years before on a night in June from a blue-eyed, fair haired English boy from Gloucestershire, spending his summer holidays with friends in Ireland. Doubtless I could have found it since in the learned notes of Steevens, Malone, and Francis Douce, but I had no recollection of it in their lucubrations. But now I remembered the quaint legend as it had fallen thus from the lips of Rupert Strong:

When the Saviour of the world went about among men doing good and breathing blessings everywhere, he once at nightfall foot-sore and weary and weak with hunger, entered a baker's shop and asked for a piece of bread for his evening meal. Now there were in the shop the baker's wife and the baker's daughter. The former, a good soul, touched by the wanderer's appeal and won by the gracious beauty of his mien, wayfaring man of grief that he was, at once put a generous piece of dough into the oven to bake for him. But the baker's daughter, a heartless and sordid creature, began to scold her mother, crying out that the piece of dough was far too large. Forthwith she took it out of the oven and then put it back again wofully reduced in size. But wonderful to tell, the dough swelled and swelled to a huge bulk and presently became a monstrous loaf. Terrified and amazed, the baker's daughter began to cry "Heugh, heugh, heugh," as were she an owl, and the Saviour, to punish her lack of pity, at once changed her into the shape of that bird of night.

* * * * * *

But what was this? There was a great bustle in the theatre. The curtain was down. Men and women were putting on overcoats and wraps. The orchestra was calling on Almighty Power to save the gracious majesty of England. The play was played out. Whoso might be a baker's daughter there could be no doubt who had been the owl, that had not seen the tragedy going on under his eyes. *Actum est.*

J. F. W.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS TIMES.

THE classical age of English literature embraces the 18th century and is noted for the polish of style and correctness of diction which are characteristic of that epoch's writers. It is remarkable that English literature is periodical in its display of brilliancy, that during certain times it possesses authors pre-eminent in all branches of polite learning while again it presents a striking dearth of native genius. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the literature of a country is reflective of the national condition, rising to great heights with the nation's prominence and prosperity, or falling to its ebb when public dangers threaten and misfortune is in the land. The glorious success of English arms and valour during the reign of Elizabeth infused a new life into the national aspirations and arts, heralding the dawn of an era which gave to the world such men as Shakespeare, Johnson, Bacon and Marlowe. Then came a long space illumined only by the genius of Milton, whose literary powers shone without the need of external props. With the restoration of the Stuarts a new impetus was given and Dryden looms up as the most conspicuous figure. A French spirit was introduced into England's court and manners and with it came those ideas of refinement and elegance, which were brought to their maturity in the classical age.

The writers who have contributed in a special manner to make this period so brilliant are Pope, Addison, Steele, Defoe and Swift. They are said to be classic, not precisely on account of the manner in which they clothed their thoughts but rather because they professedly gave themselves up to the imitation of classic models.

Among the celebrated writers of his day Jonathan Swift occupies a foremost rank and can well be cited as a typical example of the time, combining as he did in his works those qualities and peculiarities of matter and form which then prevailed. He was a political writer rather than a poet, and his works furnish us with interesting memorials as to how political and personal strife was waged in those days. Jonathan Swift was born at Hoey's Court, Dublin, November 30th 1667. His family, like that of Pope, was of Yorkshire origin. The father of the future Dean was not much burdened with the goods of this world, and it would seem that he had considerable difficulty in eking out an existence. The mother, Abigail Ericke, of Leicester, was a lady of ancient descent, but unfortunately like her husband of limited means. His father died in 1667, the year of Jonathan's birth. It is said that the widow Swift was for the moment unable to pay the expenses of burial. Young Swift appeared in the world then under most unfavourable circumstances, being dependent upon the charity of his relatives, especially an uncle, Godwin of Tipperary, whose allowances were, for some reason, of a parsimonious nature. It was owing to this, no doubt, that he was so embittered towards his Irish kinsfolk. When but two years old he was taken to England by a nurse who had conceived an affectionate regard for him. After three years spent there he returned to Ireland.

In 1682 he matriculated into Trinity College where he failed to distinguish himself in his studies. In 1685 he received the degree of B.A., but only through a "special favor" as it was called. As a student he was "wild, witty and poor." Three years later, through the influence of his mother, he was received into the family of Sir William Temple where he performed the duties of secretary and learned Whig doctrines. Here he came in contact with the great men of the day and did not fail in after life to profit by what he saw. Here, too, was laid the foundation of his literary career, for he is said to have read regulary for eight hours a day. After some years, as a result of a disagreement with Temple, the secretary left his patronage, going to Ireland resolved

on entering the church. Some difficulty was experienced in this owing to the questionable nature of the young man's moral character. However, on the recommendation of Temple he succeeded in securing an Irish chaplaincy. His ambition was not satisfied with this and he returned to his former position, remaining until Temple's death in 1699. Two years previous appeared "The Battle of the Books" which was a lively satire on the prevalent controversy regarding the comparative merits of ancient and modern works and in which he took occasion to show his resentment against some of his literary friends. Following this work came the publishing of the posthumous writings of Temple which won considerable praise for the editor.

Swift, although recognized as a power, through the force of his writings, was unable to procure the preferment in England which his ambition craved for, so he once more crossed the Channel. Here he was rewarded with the rectory of Laracor. About this time appeared "The Tale of a Tub," wherein is shown perhaps his fitness for politics rather than for the church. A great portion of the time from 1701 to 1704 he spent in London where he was the intimate friend of Steele, Addison and Pope. Swift was soon regarded as a strong factor in political life and was the avowed champion of Whig interests. A large part of his time he devoted to the publishing of pamphlets of a nature not altogether conformable to what should be expected from a minister of the gospel. The object was the advancement of self in the eyes of those who had patronage to bestow. It is not altogether unlikely that about this time Swift, keen-sighted as he was, foresaw the downfall of the Whig party and was meditating on that change towards the Tory side which has been the subject of so much diverse criticism. In 1707 was published "The Argument against Abolishing Christianity," which brings to light the consummate irony of which the Dean was capable. In the same year he produced what has been judged by some his best poem, "Philemon and Baucis." Much of its worth he acknowledges as due to Addison's supervision. For the succeeding few years he devoted himself especially to pushing his claims for recognition of services to party before the ruling powers. He was unsuccessful, however, in procuring any considerable reward.

In 1710 the Whig party began to totter to its fall. Our author probably saw that no more favors could be obtained from that source and he made a complete change of front. He allied himself with the Tories and became their staunch defender. In this it would appear that motives of self-interest alone actuated him, for when that party was placed in complications by the approaching death of Queen Anne he demanded his reward from it. In this way he is said to have extorted the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Previously he had taken upon himself the direction of "The Examiner," wherein were to be found the leading Tory views. It was also the vehicle of virulent and cruel attacks on those who had formerly been his friends, among whom was Steele.

The new Dean of St. Patrick's, when he went to assume his duties, was far from being enthusiastically received by the Irish people. He remained in Dublin during the most of his after life. Of all his works "Gulliver's Travels" is undoubtedly the best known and most universally read. It is allegorical in form, fictitious characters being employed, though political in bearing, to show the weakness and folly of mankind. The scenes are finely drawn and show the wonderful tact and vigor of the author. It is an irony against mankind, going to prove that Swift looked darkly upon his fellow-beings. "Polite Conversation" and "Advice to Servants" in the same sarcastic vein as by one from a superior position.

"The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne" hardly reaches the peculiar standard of his other political works. The publishing of the "Letters of M. B. Drapier," whose object was to show the justice of Irish claims in exposing the iniquity of a proposed coinage scheme caused a great sensation. These won for him the admiration of the people of Ireland, who now looked upon him as their special champion. The letters were marvellous examples of the Dean's powers as a controversialist. They are composed in a style to catch the popular fancy, clear

and vehement, touching the very points at issue, and boldly demanding that justice must be done. The desired object was attained.

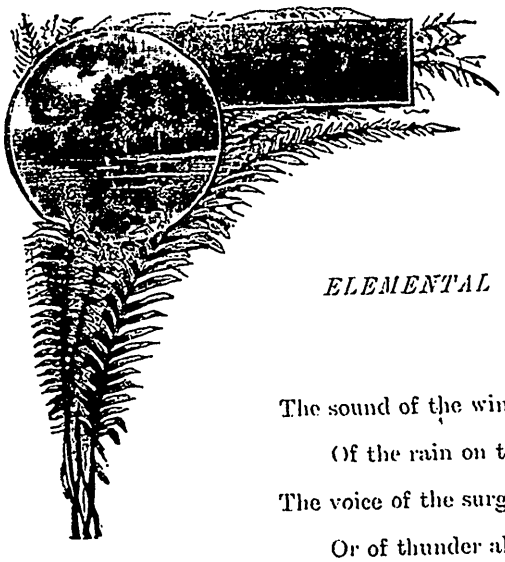
As a poet, Swift does not reach a very high degree of prominence, although Hazlitt claims that his "Imitations of Horace" and still more his Verses on his Own Death place him in the first rank of agreeable moralists in verse. He wrote on the most trivial and common-place topics, treating them in an artfully graphic manner.

The best evidence of his poetical genius, if such he possessed, is to be found perhaps in "The Rhapsody of Poetry." The dignity of the work is not sustained throughout. The faculty was in him of reducing what he touched to a homely basis. The same cutting satire which seemed part of the man runs through his verses. According to Jeffrey, in most of what he has written, Swift's object was not literary fame, nor did he write for posterity or the instruction of humanity, but rather for the promotion of special practical effects.

The style in which his thoughts are rendered has come in for much praise. It exhibits a wonderful command of language in its idiomatic forms. Those words are used which are exactly suited to the thought to be conveyed. All is marked by a commendable neatness and simplicity. The Dean's life offers a strange admixture of qualities and emotions. He had full confidence in his own powers, which no doubt gave rise to his consuming ambition and selfishness. He is said to have been overbearing and tyrannical in character. He had little respect for those ties and prejudices which man holds so dear. In Gulliver he argues on the folly of love and marriage. In another portion of his works he advocates the fattening of and eating of children to prevent them from being a burden to their parents. His actions are on a par with his principles as is shown by the ruthless manner in which he treated "Vanessa" and "Stella" both of whom were infatuated by him.

In religion he was cynical, satirical and even perhaps to a degree sceptical. One critic, in fact, goes so far as to say that "Thoughts on Religion" left after him was a set of excuses for not professing unbelief. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, harboring feelings of rancour for those whose opinions differed from his, as many of his contemporaries knew to their sorrow. Thackeray thus sums up the Dean's career:—"His youth was bitter as that of a great genius bound by ignoble ties and powerless in a mean dependance; his age was bitter like that of a great genius that had fought the fight, nearly won it, and lost it; and thought of it afterwards writing in a lonely exile."

LOUIS J. KEHOE, '94.



ELEMENTAL VOICES.

The sound of the wind in the tree,
Of the rain on the roof,
The voice of the surge of the sea,
Or of thunder aloof.

What thought or remembrance is mine,
Unprobed, as I hear;
The touch of a passion divine,
Remote and yet near.

A dream of the spirits that wrought,
When life was unfurled,
A yearning immortal upcaught
From the birth of the world.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

IN THE PATH OF PIONEER PRIESTS.

By J. K. Foran, LL.B.

HE *Ave Maria* of the 21st of October, continues the series of articles under the above heading, from which, in our last number, we took an edifying account of Father Reboul's work among the shanty-men and Indians of the Upper Ottawa. The sketch to which we give space to-day, graphically describes hardships undergone by Father Telmon, and other devoted priests in the same work. Father Reboul, Father Telmon, and nearly all the other heroic missionaries, who labored so successfully in Northern Ontario and Quebec, were members of the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. All our readers should know that it is not only in the wilds of the Upper Ottawa, but throughout the length and breadth of British North America, that the Oblate Fathers have labored for the past fifty years, and still labor to convert and civilize the Indians. Several of our exchanges, especially some of those from our own land, proudly publish lengthy accounts of what has been done among heathens, by missionaries connected with the institutions from which they hail. We think it really regrettable, that our readers hear next to nothing of the work and success of the hundreds of self-sacrificing Oblates —brothers in religion of our professors, and many of them graduates of the Divinity School of Ottawa University—whose field of labor embraces the most uninhabitable parts of our vast Dominion. Hence our departure from an established rule not to present articles which have appeared in other publications. We wish we could in every issue, give our readers a few pages like editor Foran's charming description of

III.—The Blessed Virgin's Shanty.

We had gone on a hunt, Simon and I, and had brought down a moose in the very depths of the forest. The long strain and effort had wearied us almost to exhaustion, but there was still work to be done. We must first bleed and skin the moose, and afterward cut it up into portable pieces. It would be imprudent to leave the carcass there all night, exposed to the wolves and foxes, so I asked Simon what was to be done. He said that at a distance of four hundred yards from Lake Mocassin was an old shanty, a small building that hunters and trappers had repaired from time to time. There we could safely leave the meat until the morning, when we could return for our load. At the depot that night Simon told me the story of that peculiar little log hut; it is an interesting tale, and one well worthy of repetition.

The shanty was rather small, but very compact. It had evidently been built for a special purpose; for it was as solid as an ordinary log-house. It was not intended as a timber-maker's shanty: it was too small for that purpose; it had not been built by hunters: it was too large for their use; ii was not within reasonable distance of any depot, and could hardly have been erected for the stowing away of provisions. As I have said, it was situated a few hundred yards from the Lake; and there, about the time I speak of, lived and hunted, a band of Tête-de-Boule Indians. They have long since migrated Northward, and many of them have already paid the debt of nature. These Indians were within an hour's walk of the Coughlan Creek, where they went to meet the *portageurs* and to sell their furs. Of all the Northern territory this spot was, in the Forties and Fifties, the central point of all that region. It was therefore chosen as a rendezvous for the Indians, the travellers, the shanty-men and their missionaries.

It was an hour before sunrise, on the morning of the 16th of December, 1849, when Father Telmon, O.M.I., and a companion priest left the stopping place on the Dumoine, where Mr. Retty keeps the

present Shantyman's Refuge. Each priest had a load of some thirty or more pounds upon his back. Indian fashion, they carried their provisions, vestments, and other necessaries wrapped in blankets, and suspended over the shoulders by a "thumpline," resting upon the forehead. Clad in their rough tweed and deer-skin mocassins, the Fathers started out when the stars were still abroad and along the western slope the pale moon shed her soft, mellow light. The smoky column, from a chimney behind them, arose like the "pillar of Israel," straight, round and sky-piercing. The dry pines cracked like pistol shots, and the ice upon the neighboring lake boomed, like the solemn knell of the "minute-gun at sea." Gradually the flush of dawn broke upon the eastern sky, but even when the sun rose the air seemed laden with a biting frost. The glass registered 36° below zero as the two priests trudged along, with their heavy loads and their warm hearts, towards the rocks of the Mason Creek.

There is no rougher road across the Laurentian hills than that of the Mason Creek. For hours they toiled upward, each succeeding hill seeming the last; but no sooner was the summit gained than away beyond, as far as the eye could scan, towered mountain over mountain. Perhaps no country in the world can offer a colder or a bleaker prospect than that portion of Canada when the topmost hill of the Mason Creek range is reached For miles upon miles nothing is to be seen save white and blue hills alternating. Even the green pine, the ever-verdant balsam, has disappeared. A low growth of white poplar and alders constitutes the only sign of vegetable life.

After climbing these hills during two long days, after sleeping in the snow during two weary nights, the missionaries, on the morning of the 18th of December, descended the rocky path that led from Coughlan Creek to the shores of Mocassin Lake. Need we say that the Tête-de-Boule Indians rejoiced when their two "long-robed" friends walked into their encampment, and flung down their heavy loads at the great central wigwam fire? That evening important projects were conceived, and on the morrow they were put into execution. It happened at that time that John Egan had a shanty on the Dumoine, Joseph Aumond had two or three shanties on the Black River, and Daniel O'Meara had one or two on the Moose Creek. Indians were sent to each of these—some ten, some twenty miles distant—with invitations to come to Mocassin Lake to celebrate Christmas. Meanwhile a number of men, going up for Egan, had stopped over at this point; and they "turned to," and built a log church for the priests. This church was the original of our shanty.

On Christmas Eve, 1849, the men came from all parts—some of them having traversed a distance of twenty-five miles. The Indians were there in numbers, and the congregation must have been very earnest and devout. There were Tête-de-Boules, French Canadians, Irish and English Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, and members of other religious denominations. The priests were kept busy hearing confessions until after eleven o'clock. And even then, as Father Telmon, O.M.I., was preparing to say Mass, a whole-souled, fervent Celt, Larry Prout by name, came in and insisted on "going to the priest." Poor Larry had walked eighteen miles, and had fasted since midnight. Still he was not too late; and after his confession he volunteered to assist in the service. He was a good singer, and knew many hymns by heart. Larry sang these hymns, while the priest said the three Masses, and the congregation knelt, closely packed around the altar. It was the assistant priest also an Oblate Father—whose name I have not been able to ascertain—that preached the sermons. He spoke in English at the first Mass, in French at the second, and in Tête-de-Boule at the third.

That eventful Christmas Day was the first on which the Divine Sacrifice was offered up in that wilderness of pines; and, in honor of the sacred ceremony, the little shanty was named by poor Larry Prout—God rest his soul!—"The Blessed Virgin's Shanty." There had been no special dedication of the forest chapel to the Mother of God; but Larry thought that an appropriate name; and, having a great devotion to Our Lady, he persisted for years in speaking of the shanty as if it were the special property of the Blessed Virgin. There it stands unto this day, as a land-

mark of the past, as a mile-stone along the path of the early missionary priests.

Let us reflect for a moment upon the hardships through which these missionaries had to pass, and the dangers to which they were ever exposed. To-day even those who frequent that region can form but a faint idea of the toil and exposure that awaited the priests some forty or fifty years ago. In the first place, they were obliged to walk from station to station, from depot to depot. Lucky indeed were they when a shanty or an Indian camp happened to be upon the line of their journey. They carried their food, their vestments, their altar vessels, and their blankets twenty and even thirty miles, over bleak rocks, across storm-swept lakes, and through trackless forests. And what awaited them at the end of their day's journey? Not repose surely. If they were obliged to sleep in the snow, they made a fire of fagots, and, wrapped in their blankets, they snatched a few hours' slumber. When they reached a shanty or depot or Indian camp, the evening was spent hearing confessions, teaching, exhorting or praying; and the early dawn found them with their Masses said, and, perhaps, two hours of priestly work performed.

Needless to say, these early priests had no salary from which to draw. As a rule, each shantyman contributed, according to his means, from twenty-fivs cents to a dollar. But the priests did not receive the money: it was marked in the shantyman's account, and a store-order for the amount was given to the missionaries. Then, after four or five months' travelling, when the priests returned they had their orders cashed at the company's office. The money—which amounted to about two dollars per day—was then handed over to the Bishop for the support of the ecclesiastical seminary, or for the establishment of parishes and missions in the vast and thinly-populated diocese.

I am not speaking here of the martyrs for the faith, nor of the extraordinary missionaries whose heroism still shines as a halo of glory over the early history of this continent. These are humble lives and unknown facts of which I tell, but they bear striking evidence to the spirit of sacrifice that has ever animated the true children of holy Church. The hardships endured by these early priests may not draw down upon their saintly lives the applause of this world, but the Recording Angel has long since written them in letters of light that will shine through all eternity.

Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

—DRYDEN.

FROM FATHER BENNETT'S PEN

AMONG the manuscripts of the late lamented Father Bennett, is a number of brief sketches well worthy the perusal of any reader for their beauty of style and sentiment, and for the happy way a moral is often pointed in them. To old students, we believe from what has been said to us of the short essay from Father Bennett's pen which appeared in our last June number, a few paragraphs of these sketches in the OWL, from time to time, would be most welcome reminders of a professor for whom all had sincere affection. Under the heading; "From Father Bennett's Pen," we shall occasionally fill a page or two with selections from our venerable old professor's note books. Those which we present in this number, were all penned well-nigh half a century ago.

A CANON FOR SERMON STYLE.

Writing the phrase "erred egregiously" it occurred to me that not the third part of the auditors would understand the word "egregiously." I began to consider whether I should not erase it, and resolved to retain it. This was my motive. That word, used in that particular place, will either be understood by all, confusedly at least; or, at least, will not render the sense of the sentence doubtful or obscure, on account of the series of thought in the context, which decides the meaning of the sentence. My positive reason is this. People of education must be humoured. Elegant phrases attract their attention; and, if not bombast, cannot withdraw their attention from the subject. Wherefore I make this canon. It is proper and even advisable to employ elegant phrases, when they do not obscure the sense to the vulgar, and win the attention of the educated without diverting it to the style.

POETICAL SUBJECTS.

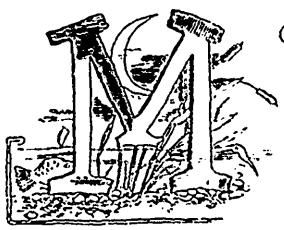
The sky was calm and bright the eagle sat upon the rock to which he had come weary, he feels drowsy, his eyes begin to grow heavy, they close and open by turns, see he nods, he hangs his head, he sleeps. Meanwhile the sky darkens, the clouds gather round his nest, dark, huge, livid, they burst at last in thunder, the eagle starts, he eyes his foe hemming him round on all sides, shall he remain a but for his sport? He shakes his wings, he plunges into the thunder cloud and cleaving his way with indignant wing, dives away through the hissing air fleeter than the thunder bolts that pursue him in his flight, he leaves the storm behind, and hails the sun. . . . . Thus some wearied soul slumbers after much exertion in virtue, temptations come, the powers of darkness come, and, ere he is aware, hem him round, they thunder, he awakens. "Ah I slept, but now I am awake, supernal power guide me in my struggle!" he says and rushes through the dark array of his foes and wings his flight heaven-ward to the Sun of Justice.

SPEAKER AND DEBATER.

The good speaker is he who unfolds the whole of a question in its affirmative aspects, who presents these aspects in their just proportions, and according to their orderly and symmetrical deductions from each other. But the good debater is he who faces the negative aspects of the question, who meets sudden objections, has an answer for any momentary summons of doubt or difficulty, dissipates seeming inconsistencies, and reconciles the geometrical smoothness of a *priori* abstractions with the coarse angularities of practical experience. In this our own parliamentary distinction of the good speaker as contrasted with the good debater is found the radical and characteristic idea concerned in the term "polemic."

WAS LIBERTY BORN OF THE REFORMATION?

By John K. Barrett, LL.D.



OST history since the Reformation is a vast conspiracy against truth," said the Count De Maistre. Parodoxical as this may seem, the truth of it gradually dawns upon any careful student of history. It is especially true of almost all non-Catholic histories and literature. The Catholic Church is so identified with the rise, progress and Christian development of the human race, that her history might be appropriately called the history of all humanizing efforts during the last nineteen hundred years.

She found the vast majority of mankind in slavery and serfage, and, by her influence and example, had succeeded in completely abolishing slavery in Europe before the commencement of the fifteenth century. Her efforts against slavery had been so successful that, at the time of the Reformation, the enslaved populations in nearly all Catholic Europe were emancipated and great progress was made toward putting a stop to serfage. The history of the Church in England as well as on the Continent, was a continual struggle against the exacting cruelty of the governing classes, and never did she fail to cast the vast influence of her authority in favor of the oppressed. No impartial reader of history can honestly deny this fact. When, therefore, we see nearly all Protestant and anti-Catholic historians, not only ignoring the claims of the Catholic Church in this regard, but boldly asserting, as an indisputable aphorism, that liberty was born of the Reformation; that before that time it was unknown, owing to the baneful influence of the Church, which, they allege, was hostile to every kind of liberty, religious, political, civil and individual, are we not justified in quoting De Maistre's definition of such history as "a vast conspiracy against truth"? Protestantism and liberty; Catholicity and despotism, in the opinion of non-Catholic scholars, are convertible terms. A few general considerations prove that the very opposite is the truth. Because the Church has always opposed lawlessness and set her influence against revolutions for either king or people, must she be charged with favoring despotism and opposing liberty? Because she has always favored orderly liberty, the only true liberty, and opposed license, passion or caprice, liberty's greatest foes, must she be accused of wishing to destroy liberty? Because she has always insisted, alike for ruler and for ruled, that laws should be just and supreme, fair and equitable, must she be proclaimed the enemy of liberty? Because she has sometimes submitted to arbitrary power and despotic authority, is it fair to charge her with approving of such rule as the best?

These charges against the Church arise either from ignorance of her history and position in society, or from pure malice. The Church has not received her commission and her constitution from man but from God; therefore, she is bound to assert and vindicate the rights of God in the government of men; hence Her claim to be called the Kingdom of God upon earth. The rights of God are the foundation of all human rights; He is the fount of all justice; without Him rights and duties are mere words. The Church being the representative of God and the infallible custodian and interpreter of His laws has the right to insist, and Divine Wisdom advises her to insist, that justice be done alike by all men to all men. Hence the Church has always vindicated the rights of God and, in doing so, has asserted and protected in the fullest manner possible the inalienable rights of man, opposed with her divine authority, all arbitrary power, all wrong, all oppres-

sion, all despotism, every form of slavery and asserted the fullest liberty, political, civil, social and individual, that is possible without running into license or violating the laws of God. And, as the state has no right to legislate except by the authority of God, it follows that such legislation must accord with the laws of God, or it becomes an abuse. This abuse of the authority of God, by His creatures, has been the fruitful cause of all those accusations of despotism, made by states and individuals, against the Church. Because the Church interposed her authority to prevent the despotism of the state, and denied its right to legislate against the mind of God and the rights of His creatures, she is charged with despotism! If liberty be liscense to do as you like without regard to the laws of God; if it mean the freedom of the people unrestrained by the rights of God, to govern as they, or the demagogues, their masters, direct; if this be liberty, then it is useless to attempt to prove that the Church favors liberty in such a sense. Such liberty is the worst kind of despotism, the arbitrary rule of an irresponsible mob.

But let us examine into the pretentious claims of Protestantism to a monoply of liberty. Let us turn on to its alleged title deeds the full light of history, and see whether those claims are real or fictitious. Prior to the Reformation and during the feudal ages, there was, under the influence of the popes, the bishops and the monastic orders, a gradual and constant amelioration of society. The whole tendency of those middle ages, so little understood and so sadly misrepresented, was toward the establishment of true christian liberty. Absolutism in the state was unknown, the royal power of kings was limited by the higher nobility, and their authority was in turn limited by the lesser nobles and by laws, and usages having the force of laws. Sir Walter Scott bears testimony to the spirit of liberty which characterized the middle ages He says in his *Anne of Geierstein*; "We may remind our readers that, in the feudalized countries, (that is to say in almost all Europe during the middle ages) *an ardent spirit of liberty* pervaded the constitution." This ardent spirit of liberty was due to the encouragement and assistance of the Church and whenever it was opposed, that opposition invariably came, not from the Church, but from the secular sovereign. A striking example of this is found in the struggle which gave '*Magna Charta*' to England. Protestant historians tell us that this monument of English liberty was wrested from a cruel tyrant by the barons of England, but they ignore, whenever they safely can, the fact that those *Catholic* barons were headed by Archbishop Langton, under whose leadership '*Magna Charta*' was won. Oh! no. It would never do to give the Church credit for winning for England the foundation upon which the liberties of her people have ever since rested. What is true of England's '*Magna Charta*' is true of the growth of religions, civil, political and individual liberty in every country in continental Europe, prior to the Reformation, As we said before, up to the commencement of the fifteenth century, absolutism was unknown in christian countries. With the fifteenth century came the revival of pagan literature, and with it, pagan politics, which sought to subordinate the spiritual to the secular authority, that is, God to His creatures. The splendour and power of the spiritual authority of the Church had, up to that time, been the impregnable shield which protected the people from the tyranny of the secular power and conserved their liberties.

But the Reformation changed all this. That revolution was born of a rebellion against the spiritual authority and, as a logical result, it marshalled all its forces around the only power on which it could count for support, the secular authority in the various states where it took root. This, coupled with the secular development of the age and the pagan revival, introduced Caesarism into the state and enable sovereigns to declare themselves the absolute rulers in things spiritual as well as temporal. In every instance the Reformers began by defying the spiritual authority, and for sustenance had to become the tools of the state. The friendship of princes was a paramount necessity to their very existence and that friendship could be obtained only by ministering to their love of power and submitting to their supremacy; hence those rulers who favored the Reformation

became, with the consent of the Reformers (a consent which they dared not refuse) absolute sovereigns over the lives and consciences of their subjects. Thus the Reformation, instead of advancing the liberties of the people, destroyed, in as far as it could, the very foundation-stone of these liberties, and fastened upon the people the principle of absolutism in the state.

So far from founding, or even conserv ing liberty, the Reformation stopped its progress and gave the movement in its favor, which for centuries was steadily advancing, a contrary and fatal direction. Before the Reformation the Church was powerful to restrain the arbitrary will of the sovereign and protect the liberties of the people, and she frequently did so. After the Reformation, the princes who protected the Reformers and used their military power to crush the Church, at once became the absolute arbiters of the new religion, which they reduced to a sort of Gentilism, and its clergy to minister to their will. The reformed religion at once assumed the character of a national religion, was absorbed by the state and became one of its functions, with the secular prince as its spiritual head. The people were robbed, as in England, of their faith, despoiled of their liberties, and made the victims of the brutal and arbitrary power of as cruel and inhuman a monster as ever disgraced the pages of history. Uunder Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and the two Stuarts immediately succeeding her, England saw her parliament practically annulled and it took years of revolutions, insurrections and civil strife to recover some portion of the liberties, civil and political, of which those fathers of the English Reformation had despoiled her. During a whole century (1640–1740), England was in a state of turmoil, the result of those false principles of government which she inherited from the Reformation. Did space permit, we could quote page after page of history to bear out our assertions on this subject. To any who takes the trouble of reading impartial history, the proofs of what we say will be found writ large on the pages of those troublesome times.

Lord Molesworth said in 1792, that "in the Roman Catholic religion, with the supreme head of the Church at Rome, there is a principle of opposition to unlimited political power. It is not the same with the Lutheran (he might have added the Anglican) clergy, who depended on the Crown as their spiritual and temporal superior." Precisely so. The one is a *national* while the other is a *Catholic* religion; the one is of human origin with no higher commission than to conform to the changing modes of its political and spiritual masters and to obey them with obsequious promptness, while the other is charged with the responsibility of teaching all truth, of wielding all spiritual authority, and of conforming herself in all things to the will of her divine Founder. Among her prerogatives is that of Catholicity. She is universal, and is therefore, not confined within the limits of any one nation; she is independant of the state and superior to it. The state has no right to legislate in religious matters, not even in non-essentials. These are principles vital to her very existence and for which the popes have unceasingly contended in their long struggles against the encroachments of secular authority. She represents an authority superior to and independent of the state. This is the vital principle of liberty; for it interposes, as we have shown before, the rights of God, represented by the Church, as the limits of the rights of the state.

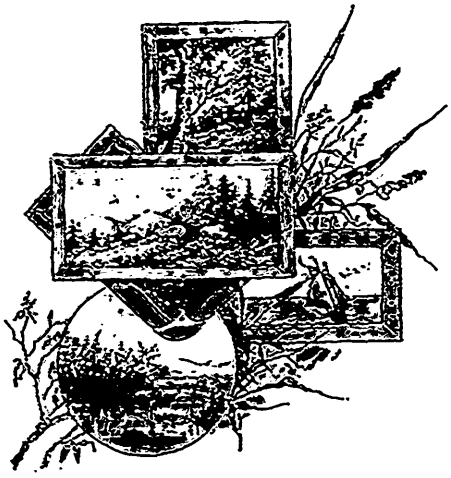
At the time of the Reformation, we have shown how Protestantism destroyed the liberties of the people by abandoning them to the absolutism of the sovereign. To-day where absolutism is an impossibility, Protestantism has abandoned the true liberties of the citizen to the whims and caprices of the majority. This, again, has a similar result, in as much as it destroys the only true basis of liberty, the assertion of the rights of God as bounding or limiting the power of the state. The secularism of the present day is just as objectionable as the absolutism of the fifteenth and later centuries, if not more so, for although it does not place absolute power in the hands of one man, it places it in the hands of many who use it to thwart the laws of God and give the force of law to unjust and tyrannical acts. In the sixteenth century sovereigns embraced Protestantism because it removed the

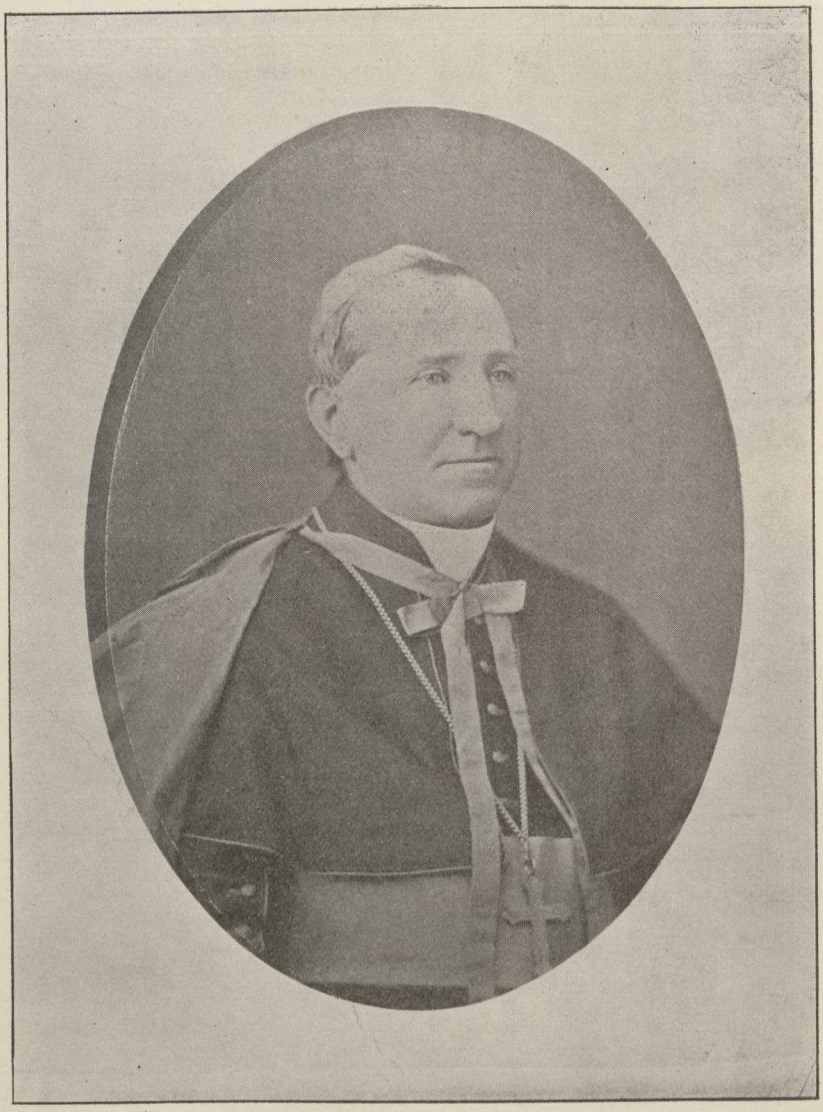
restraints which the laws of God, speaking through the Church, placed on their arbitrary will, and because it made them absolute masters of the destinies of nations. In this nineteenth century, demagogues glorify Protestantism for the reason that it removes the same restraints and enables them to make their will supreme in the state by exciting the worst passions of an ignorant and unthinking multitude. It can make little difference to the reign of justice, just laws and, therefore, of real liberty, individual, civil, political and religious, whether these rights are violated by an absolute individual or by a collection of demagogues. In each case the Church sets her face against such violation as against a breech of the eternal laws of justice and therefore, of the rights of God.

If there is any reliance to be placed on the deductions of reason, or any truth in history (that is, true history) we submit that the Catholic Church is now and always has been the true, and we may add, the only guardian of liberty.

There can be no true liberty where there is no authority competent to assert and maintain it, or where there is no authority derived from God. The Catholic Church alone possesses that authority in its plentitude; She, therefore, is its only true guardian. Nothing is more ridiculously untrue than the Protestant pretention that liberty was born of the Reformation. On the contrary, the so-called Reformers, far from advancing the cause of liberty, as claimed by their historians, have actually done more to destroy it than any other force in history, either ancient or modern.

Winnipeg, Nov. 21st, 1893.





MOST REV. JAMES V. CLEARY, S.T.D.,

Archbishop of Kingston, Ont.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

THE Archbishop of Kingston's graceful address in the Academic Hall on the 19th ult. won him such golden opinions among the students of the University, that we are certain they will be pleased to see his portrait and a short sketch of his life in our Christmas number. The little time and data we have, do not permit us to prepare for this number of the OWL the lengthy and elegant article on the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary's remarkable career, which we feel many of our readers would be glad to see; these few lines, however, will show that the subject of this sketch is a model for all engaged in imparting or acquiring higher education, and an ornament and a tower of strength to his country and to the Church.

James Vincent Cleary was born on the 18th of September, 1828, in Dungarvan, a seaport town in the County of Waterford, Ireland. He received his early education in a select private school of his native town. The Latin and Greek classics, prose and verse, were studied more diligently in that and similar private schools in Ireland in those days than in many colleges of high repute at the present time. The future Archbishop was early noted for his assiduity and brilliant parts. He completed the classical curriculum of studies in Dungarvan School at the early age of fifteen, and was then sent by his parents to the Irish College in Rome to begin his ecclesiastical studies.

Under the guidance of Dr. Cullen, subsequently Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin, then rector of the Irish College, the talented young student from Dungarvan distinguished himself in the Eternal City. He was recalled, after a few years, by the Bishop of Waterford, to whom he was subject, and placed in the Royal College of Maynooth. Here he passed five years in the pursuit of ecclesiastical sciences; philosophy, history, dogmatic and moral theology, Scriptural exegesis and canon law constituted the curriculum. During his course in the renowned Irish institution, he won the highest prizes of the college in each department of study. He was still too young to be admitted to the priesthood when he finished the course in Maynooth, and so returned home, and was later on ordained priest in his native town, the day after he had completed his twenty-third year, which is the prescribed age.

Immediately after his ordination, Father Cleary proceeded to Spain, where, for three years he further stored his mind with sacred science in the famous University of Salamanca. On his return to his native land, he for some time occupied the chair of dogmatic theology and Scriptural exegesis in St. John's College, Waterford. Soon his health gave way under the strain of excessive labor, but in 1863 he had regained sufficient physical strength to enable him to go through an exceptionally severe ordeal. The authorities of the new Catholic University of Ireland, to silence the objections of those who argued that that institution should not receive a charter from the British Government because it was without graduates and without a faculty, resolved to exercise the papal charter of conferring theological degrees, and to make a public demonstration in connection with it. The professor of dogmatic theology in St. John's College, Waterford, was selected as a candidate for the degree of divinity, and required to pass a public examination in the entire curriculum of Catholic theology, on three successive days. Friend and foe were invited to attend and controvert any thesis. The profoundest interest was manifested in the intellectual contest; the scholarly candidate successfully disposed of all objections, and on the third day, in the presence of all the Bishops of Ireland, and amid enthusiastic plaudits, the Rev. James Vincent Cleary was solemnly decorated with the cap, ring, and other

insignia of the doctorate in divinity. Seldom or never in our times has a degree been conferred with the same severity of test or solemnity of circumstances.

In 1873 Dr. Cleary was appointed president of Waterford College; in that capacity he did much to elevate the standard of studies in that centre of learning. He had become known throughout Ireland as a ripe scholar and an eloquent preacher, and bishops of different dioceses not unfrequently invited him to fill their pulpits. In 1876 he was promoted to the living of Dungarvan and received a most warm welcome from the people who had known him from infancy and were justly proud of him. Whilst a professor Dr. Cleary manifested no interest in politics, but as a pastor he deemed it his duty to direct his parishioners in the discharge of what he propounded as a high conscientious obligation—the honest exercise of the suffrage. In this reference, he published some letters anent the grave criminality of giving or receiving bribes in exchange for the suffrage. His teachings on this subject attracted considerable attention, and are still well remembered in all parts of Ireland.

An order from the Holy See reached Dr. Cleary in September, 1880, by which he learned that he was appointed Bishop of Kingston, Ontario. He had no voice in the matter; he had not been consulted; twice he remonstrated with the Roman authorities, pleading feebleness of health, the danger of facing a Canadian climate, and his unacquaintance with church affairs in Kingston. The sole reply received by him was an unconditional mandate to renounce his benefice in Ireland, and go to the see of Kingston. He went straightway to Rome, and was there consecrated Bishop on the 21st of November, 1880, in the chapel of the Propaganda by His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni.

Kingston is the oldest diocese in the Dominion after Quebec, yet, during the last thirteen years it has made great religious progress; new parishes and missions have been established, the clergy has been multiplied, convents, schools, and many new churches have been built, and the stately cathedral has been completed and handsomely adorned. The great advancement of the diocese warranted its being divided three years ago, the parishes of the eastern portion becoming the diocese of Alexandria. At the same time the first pastor of the diocese of Kingston was raised to the rank of Archbishop.

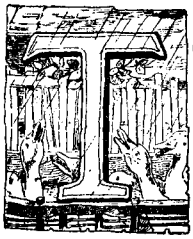
Outside of his diocese, Archbishop Cleary has ever been considered one of the most scholarly and saintly prelates in the land. He generally eschews politics, but when the rights of Catholics are attacked, scheming or bigoted politicians have learned to dread his trenchant pen and forcible eloquence. He is, as he should be, a staunch supporter of the claims of his native country to self-government.

Long may the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston be spared to champion the noble causes of Old Ireland, of the land of his adoption and of the Church Universal!

W.

READING AND THINKING.

"Thought is so rare."—COWPER.



TOO much cannot be said as to the desirability of acquiring a taste for reading. To the man who has it not, life will bring many more dreary hours than to him who has; and, as hands that are idle find many things to do which were better left undone, so minds unoccupied by reading are apt to have for tenants dreams that had better been undreamt.

But, if a taste for reading is to bring forth more than negative results, it must be accompanied by the habit of thinking. Now, thinking seems to be so much a part of reading that it looks somewhat absurd to insist that a man should think as he reads.

"Thought, to the man who never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries * * * *
* * * that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought."

Thought is the product of the active exercise of the intellect. It demands concentration of mental energy. It implies noting and comparing, weighing and judging, deducing and summing up. If every one who read thought over what he read, there might be less reading, but wisdom would much more abound. For thinking develops and builds up character; while indiscriminate, unmethodical and thoughtless reading rather distends than develops, and begets turgid fancies rather than well-knit thoughts. Bacon tells us that "reading maketh a full man." So does eating. But as it is the assimilation of food that makes a well nourished man, so it is the digesting of reading that tones and strengthens the mind.

Not only can we read without thinking, but man is so constituted that he can speak and write with very little expenditure of mental energy. On what other hypothesis can be explained the wonderful dearth of ideas which frequently characterizes a marvellous outpouring of words? How else account for barren books and sterile newspapers?

Reading stores the mind with ideas only when it is winnowed by reflection; just in the degree in which it begets ideas is it a means of true mental culture; and in exact ratio to his power of transmitting ideas is a writer or speaker effective.

Take Archbishop Ireland's recent sermon at Baltimore. Compare it with a sample of the addresses too common on occasions of gratulation. The one is narcotic, the other stimulating. The one, like a cradle song, soothes into inactivity and lulls to satisfaction with things as they are; the other makes

"Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise;"

fills us with noble ideals and urges us on to their realization. And why? Because the one is but the decking out of borrowed thoughts in tinkling phrases; the other is an array of ideas springing ripe from a mind richly cultivated by deep and independent thought.

Look along the record of the past and pick out the men who led the march of progress. They were mostly men of few books. They were great thinkers rather than great readers. They charged not their minds with the bulk results of reading, but seized on the kernels of truth and made them the food of meditation. And when they spoke or wrote they gave forth from the treasure houses of their minds golden thoughts that illumined and uplifted the world.

Reading is good and is to be commended. But thinking is better, and is to be encouraged even when the thoughts are crude. We cannot all be great and original thinkers. Only a chosen few can

"—soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere."

but between the heights and the common level there are many places; and we all of us should strive to go up at least a little higher. Desire of knowledge is the parent thereof. "I wished," says the inspired writer of the Book of Wisdom, "I wished and understanding was given to me; and I called and the spirit of wisdom came upon me."

J. A. J. McKENNA.

A LEGEND OF BETHLEHEM.

IN lowly Bethlehem's darkling cell
King David's harp in silence hung,
So sadly mute, its chords ne'er tell
Of joy, since he who oft it strung,
From earthly regions called away
Left none who might his loss repay.

But when one thousand gliding years
Their rapid course had noiseless run,
The One besought by nation's tears,
God's uncreated, equal Son,
Within that cell on winter's night,
As man first saw this world's pure light.

Unknown, unloved, e'en by His own
A score of days the child had dwelt
In that retreat and stronger grown
The wind's chill cold no longer felt:
And on His Virgin Mother's knee
Passed the long hours in childish glee.

A playful linnet flitting through
The humble cell, tipped with its wing,
As 'gainst the silent harp it flew,
A long untouched but thrilling string
Which gave a sweet melodious sound,
Whilst charmed and scared the bird flew round.

Again its glistening pinion wakes
A tender, low and lulling note,
The bird moved by the sound it makes
With rapid wings the still chords smote
And sang to Mary while they play
This simple, short, but dulcet lay.

"In every land, o'er every sea,
Thy blessed name shall be extolled
While thousand suppliants bend the knee
To honour her, whom God foretold
As one whose virgin heel should tread
And crush the wily serpent's head.

"The mourners round the bed of death
Sad gazing on the loved one there
Warned by the sufferer's shortened breath
Shall turn to thee in earnest prayer,
And thou wilt stay the parting soul
Or guide it to its final goal.

"When children call upon thy name
To help them on the road to God—
To keep them from the depths of shame
To guide them on the path thou trod;
A loving mother, thou wilt fly,
With help in answer to their cry."

Thus sang the linnet as it flew
Around the harp; and Jesus smiled;
"Thy tuneful words—" he said, "are true,
"Each one must be my mother's child
"Who serves her here in childlike love
"Shall reign with her and me above."

+ C. O'Brien,
Archbishop of Halifax.

IRELAND'S SONG.

EVERY nation has its music and its song. Every nation has breathed forth in spirited verse the glories of sire and son from generation to generation. It is the language of the heart, and appeals most forcibly to the heart. The songs of a nation are often its truest history, for in them we read with greater truth and exactness the story of the people, their virtues and vices, their aspirations, hopes and successes. This history often fails to tell us, and instead of presenting a faithful picture of a people, with their most salient characteristics clearly defined, rests content with displaying before our gaze their brilliant achievements by land and see, their glories past and present. This is not history as properly interpreted. It is at best but the result, of various causes, which are to be found in the people themselves, and which history so frequently disregards. True history is philosophy teaching by example, the tracing of events to their proper sources, the exposition of concomitant and often fortuitous circumstances, which change the nature of actions, and which condenm or justify according to the light in which they are viewed. There is no country which presents to the historian a fairer field than does Ireland, for no where else are historical facts, when separated from their causes, proximate or remote, so utterly meaningless or disparaging. Do we ask the cause of Ireland's condition for the last four hundred years? Do we seek to know why she has submitted to such long-continued persecution with heroic constancy and sublime endurance? Let us look to the cause. It has to-day won the support of every enlightened and unprejudiced mind, as well in Great Britain as in every quarter of the globe. In that same house, where in the memory of man, Ireland's voice was forbidden to be heard, to-day it rules England, changes the political aspect of Europe, and wafted by gentle breezes across the broad Atlantic gladdens the hearts of thousands who never beheld the Green Isle. What a conquest of truth and righteousness. What a scope for the future historian! Ireland once the University of Europe, anon in chains and apparently forgotten, to-day the watchword of princes, the theme of nations. Can the history of such a nation be neglected or unknown? For us, on this continent, it would seem so, had we to depend solely on our knowledge of history received at school, for there the history of Ireland is totally disregarded. Our Irish parents are also much to blame, for forgetful of the multiplied examples of piety, learning and patriotism, which every page of their country's history affords, suffer their children to sacrifice it for a knowledge of England and other countries. But her history is not unkown to us, for we have learned and loved her songs, so pure, so sweet, so enobling, so distinctly national, that history seems but a useless repetition. It matters little on what aspect of Irish character we dwell, whether we meditate on the bravery of her sons on the field of battle, their patience and fortitude in trials and miseries, their gratitude for favors, their forgivenness of injuries, their love of country, justice and honesty, their deep-rooted admiration of honor and virtue, and above all their unparalleled strength of faith, we will ever find that Ireland's song is a truer and more faithful mirror, than her history can ever hope to be. In a recent number of this magazine the ballad poetry of Ireland was dealt with at length in an able article, all that remains for us to do is to show the effects of this poetry on the minds and hearts of the sons of Erin. The history of Ireland, may for the sake of convenience, be divided into three great epochs, marked by the exodus of her children to foreign lands. The first the exodus of *faith*, occupied most of the sixth and seventh centuries. It was a voluntary exile, endured for the sake of man's salvation. It tells the history of

Ireland for nearly five centuries, the history of a people glorying in the light of the true faith, learned, pious, and filled with hope and zeal for the spread of Christianity. Ireland raised from the darkness of paganism sets forth to enlighten Europe. St. Gall raised the standard of Christ in Switzerland, Columbanus in France, St. Killian in Germany, St. Cataldus in Italy, St. Columbkille in Scotland, and the Hebrides, and a whole host of Irish Monks in England. Scarcely a country in Europe but is indebted to Ireland's saints and scholars for priceless boons. This was her "golden age", the age when all Europe drank at her pure fountain of knowledge. It was her age of peace and plenty, of splendor and harmony of glory and holiness. Fearless, tearless and often penniless, went forth those sainted children of St. Patrick, to wage war on the powers of darkness, to raise a continent to the enjoyment of God's grace.

The second was an exodus of a far different kind. Already the curse of foreign invasion and unjust occupation is upon the land. In an evil hour, England's aid was sought to defend the act of an adulterer. That aid was not wanting, for when was England slow to mingle in the disputes of others, where there appeared the least prospect of gain? What follows is briefly told. For five centuries English troops waded through Irish blood, and history records no more savage or bloodthirsty treatment than that meted out to the Irish by the victorious Saxon. Then was drawn up the Irish Code, or British laws by which Ireland was to be governed. Of this code, Lord Brougham once said. "It was so ingeniously contrived that an Irish Catholic could not lift his hand without breaking it" Edmund Burke thus describes it:—"The will of man never devised a machine to disgrace a realm or destroy a kingdom so perfect as this." But the description of of Montesquieu, the great French statesman, surpasses even these. "It must" says he, "have been contrived by devils, it ought to have been written in blood, and the only place to register it is in hell." Rather than acknowledge as just such laws as these, the truest and best sons of Ireland, chose to leave their country, with the hope of one day returning to avenge the wrongs of their cruel foe. But alas how vain the hope! How many thousands yes, tens of thousands of them could say with Patrick Sarsfield as he lay dying on the battle-field at Landen. "Oh God! that this blood were shed for Ireland." When Sarsfield landed in France in 1691, he found there thirty thousand of his country-men serving with honor and distinction in the army of King Louis, while twenty thousand more were fighting the battles of Austria and Spain. This was the exodus of *hope*. These were the men whose hearts burned with desire to return to their native land, to retrieve past losses, and to free their country from the hand of oppression. But for the great majority of them this day of return never came. The land they loved so much and for which they were ready to die, the homes, though poor they may have been, around which circled their fondest and most endearing recollections, the friends of their youth, parents, brothers and sisters, they were destined never to again behold. And now we come to the third and saddest exodus of Ireland's sons and daughters. It was not the voluntary exile of the soldier of the cross, filled with zeal for the propagation of the true faith, nor yet of the warrior, sustained by hopes never to be realized, but it was the involuntary exile, which want and famine and cruel coercive measures combined had succeeded in producing. How bitter and heartrending must have been the separation. The strongest ties on earth are severed, the brightest and fondest hopes blasted. We look in vain in the history of other nations for sufferings to equal theirs. Whatever then tells most faithfully and forcibly the history of these great periods, is the true history of Ireland, for interwoven with them, depending on them as effect upon cause, and following from them as natural results, are all the events which touch most closely the Irish heart and impress most indelibly the Irish mind. But such is the song of Ireland. "It presents," says Thomas Davis speaking of National Poetry, "the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passion in the language most familiar to us. It magnifies and enobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our country

men ; binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by example and by aspiration. It solaces us in our travels, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind and at all times." For Ireland it has done more. It has kept warm the nations life-blood for centuries, and has sustained the national spirit, when all things else seemed hopeless. It has travelled beyond Ireland and opened the hearts and purses of millions, who before were strangers to her cause. Even England herself has felt the softening influence of Ireland's plaintive strain, and thus is verified the words of Moore.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er the plains ;
The sigh of the harp shall be sent o'er the deep :
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause, at the song of their captive, and weep."

What volumes of history are bound up in her simple yet soul-stirring songs, what love of country and honor, what hatred of injustice and tyranny are here contained ! Let us cite a few examples. Moore knowing, the history and traditions of his country, carries us back to the days of the good King Brian, and by that exquisitely simple poem "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," tells us of a people at once prosperous, wisely governed, inspired with a love of honor, virtuous and religious In "Remember the days of Brian the brave" we see Ireland undisturbed by internal dissensions, and united to a man, defeat those fierce conquerors of England, whose joy was battle and whose pride was plunder. No Dane-gild was needed to bribe their invaders, no cowardly massacre was proclaimed, no deceit or treachery was used. It gives us the history of a war, extending over three hundred years, and involving the ruin or preservation of all that a nation holds most dear. Well might the bard exclaim :—

"No ! Freedom whose smiles we shall never resign ;
Go tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but one moment in chains."

How different are the feelings which arise within us by the bare recital of that sadly sweet poem. "The valley lay smiling before me." Centuries of the direst persecutions arise before us. The dungeon and the block at home, the nameless tomb abroad became plainly visible. Nor is there wanting some spark of joy, to lessen the sadness which such a recital produces, for we are forcibly reminded of the time, when an adulteress and her paramour could find no home or protection among the children of Erin. 'Twas for this reason, that England's aid was sought, and to her everlasting shame be it said, she espoused the cause of him who had violated the sacred ties of marriages. "The Exile of Erin," though written by a Scotchman, is the truest picture we have of the pangs of involuntary separation from home and friends. The exiles Campbell met while sojourning in Germany, are but types of the Irish exile in every other land, at least so far as love for home and fatherland is concerned. "Fontenoy" by Davis, is a history of the second exodus.

"How fierce the look these exiles wear, who are wont to be so gay
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day,
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone."

In this poem, as in all the poetry of Davis, the strength and beauty lies in its simple passion. We more than see the past, we feel it too. The execution is unparalleled, and though the critic may discover points of weakness, and "unmusical verses" ; still we will look in vain elsewhere, for anything approaching it in simplicity, force and manly feeling. John Mitchel in his introduction to the poems of Davis, says : "It is not distracting from any man's just claims to assert, what all admit, that Davis, more than any other man, inspired, created and moulded the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in '43, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king, and—

Placed the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand."

And though the Nation's editor and

country's bard is long since sleeping beneath the green sod of Mount Jerome, his memory still lives, and influences the actions of his successors. Wendell Philips never spoke truer words than when he said—"there is not a leaf of the laurels on the brow of Gladstone (and it is fairly covered with laurels) there is not a leaf there that he did not steal from Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell." The same may be said of the present Irish leaders with respect to Davis. True his cause was lost. His noble aspirations never became realities, but the lessons he taught have been profited by, and the seed he sowed have taken root, and even now are producing abundant fruit.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend!
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end!

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTMAS.

H! noblest season of the year!
Oh! day of mirth congenial!
Oh, time! when self must disappear
Before thy face and festival!
Beneath thy cloak of ice and storm
A heart doth beat so large and warm,
It bids each generous feeling start
And flow a river from the heart!

Glad date! though short must be thy stay,
I hail thee tallest of the year!
Impatient at thy long delay,
Lo! I, thy ready vassal, wait—
I wait thy coming and thy cheer!
I wait thy green and berried bays!
I wait, as one who stands in dreams
Beside some long-forgotten gate,
And sees with eager eyes the streams
And meadows of his boyish days!

Dear Christ! to every joy that springs
From out the blessings numberless
Thy birthday universal brings,
Make my full heart responsive call!
And bid it overflow for all!
Grant me the earnest wish to bless!
Grant me the love that sets aside
All self and sordidness and pride!
Grant me the strength to do, that breeds
But sweet and charitable deeds!
Grant tenderness in all I say
To those with whom I speak to-day!
So that to nobler duty grown,
I, too, may breathe the earnest grace
Of him with dwarfed yet angel face,
Who prayed: "God bless us every one!"

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE NATURE OF CANADA'S PROGRESS.

WHILE ardent supporters of both political parties, expatiate on Canada's progress in general, and deduce conclusions to suit themselves, it would perhaps be interesting to view the growth of our country, not as it is set forth by huge volumes of statistics on immigration, on finance or on manufactures, but as it is seen in our history of the last two centuries. Something very amusing is the extreme degree of confidence with which one party tells the people of Canada they are prosperous, and the other party that they are on the high road to ruin. This state of things may exist in other countries, but it would be difficult to find where it is carried to such excess as in Canada. If we believed one party, this Dominion of ours would be another Eden. Everything flourishes, from the government itself to the corner grocery; in fact no adjective adequately qualifies progress going on from Atlantic to Pacific. Railroads are found everywhere; population increases at a marvellous rate; so does the public debt, but of course it is to be left as a legacy to those who will come after us. The farmer and manufacturer unite in proclaiming the virtues of the government; and in the government organs both are cartoomed as rolling in the fruits of their labors, and waxing fat on the bounty of the land. Yet what a sad array of facts the opposite party gives us with similar good faith; and what is wondrous to see, they also have statistics to prove the truth of their assertions. According to them desolation reigns supreme. First of all the government is dishonest; our population is decreasing; immigrants though coming in by the thousand get out again as soon as possible; our young men are leaving us: the miserable farmer is taxed for the benefit of monopolist manufacturers; and in the cartoons he is represented as an ill-fed and ill-clothed creature. But whether this is done on the parliamentary principle of exaggerating your wants in order to get a hearing, it still remains that the Canadian, who wishes to know if his country is progressing as it should, must listen to sounder arguments than those produced by our politicians.

Many interesting features in Canada's progress from the year 1700, to the present time may be noted. How she had progressed under French rule; how under English rule, when it was more direct than at present; how she has advanced in comparison with her great neighbor to the south; whether confederation has proved itself the best remedy for her troubles. On these and other important questions much can be said; the object of this essay is to examine these points, but our paper will be necessarily short and imperfect.

At the beginning of the 18th century we find Canada under French rule. She was recovering from the effects of continued warfare with the English colonists and the Indians. The struggle with the former, however, was not relinguished for any length of time until 1713, when by the Treaty of Utrecht, England was given Acadia, Newfoundland, and Hudson Bay, and a long period of peace ensued. The fur trade was yet too remunerative to allow agriculture to gain much headway. Yet Canada began to enjoy closer relations with Old France, to make many internal improvements, such as building roads, and in fact to experience a degree of prosperity heretofore unknown to her. In 1721 her population was given as 26.000; forty years later it had reached upwards of 65,000. It should be remembered that nearly all the growth took place along the St. Lawrence, especially in the vicinity of the oldest settlements, Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers. The present Province of Ontario was still a wilderness; indeed it boasted of only two or three small settlements, more properly called forts, for over twenty years after the French régime ceased. If we estimate what Canada

would have become under the guidance of France, by her advancement during these years, the result is fairly creditable, when we consider the difficulties with which France herself had to contend. Yet the value of Canada was never rightly appreciated by France. It is true that in the days of de Courcelle and Talon, France did all she possibly could, both by sending out colonists and protecting them: but later the wars in Europe engaged her attention: this together with the natural apathy of her people to leave "la belle France," explains in a great measure why the colony was neglected. Besides, France could in no way see what advantage either immediate or remote, could accrue to balance the great expense which would necessarily have to be borne, in order to bring Canada to a very prosperous condition. She had other more pressing demands on her resources.

On the whole it is generally admitted that Canada lost nothing, but rather gained by becoming dependent on England in 1763. According to Dr. Withrow, a strong supporter of everything English; "The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of Middle Ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government for abject submission to a foreign power, and a corrupt court." But it will be seen that, though the ruling of France over Canada was not what we would wish, the success of England has not been as phenomenal as Dr. Withrow believes. The colony would have undoubtedly made much advancement under her old rulers, but, at the same time, it must be admitted she was fortunate to escape the effects of the terrible disaster which befell France at the end of the last century. It is quite possible, moreover, that had Canada belonged to the French in 1803, she would have shared the fate of Louisiana, and have been sold to the United States by Napoleon I, in his desire of making a powerful enemy for England.

Although there can be no doubt that Canada was safer in the hands of England during these trying times, it cannot be admitted that England's attitude towards her was perfect. England granted much; but she did so not through a desire for justice, but because her own interests were best served by such a course. A Catholic colony in a miserable state, due to continued warfare, and captured from her greatest enemy, was not an object of any special love from Britain in those days. She conferred on the French Catholics of Canada, privileges which were denied her own Catholic subjects for half a century later. The pressing invitations which Canada received, to join the United States in their struggle for independence, led to the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774, which guarranteed many benefits to the French Canadians. Much praise has been given to the people of Quebec, especially by English historians, for their loyalty to George III; but according to many they made a great mistake, by not sharing in the struggle of the Americans, to throw off all British connection. "What a flourishing and highly important part of the United States, Canada would now be," the annexationist says. "Instead of five millions, our population would be twenty-five; her resources would have been opened up long ago; and she could boast of being freer than she is at present." Indeed, if it is to be Canada's destiny to join the great Republic some day, it was a great pity that annexation was not accomplished at this time.

In a few years it became quite evident that a better form of government than that afforded by the Quebec Act was necessary. The English minority openly expressed their dissatisfaction. In the meantime the colony had advanced very much in agriculture and commerce. After the American war, over twenty thousand U. E. Loyalists settled in Ontario, then called Upper Canada; many others went to the Maritime provinces. Subsequently a great many emigrants from the British Isles came to Canada. In 1783 our population was reckoned at 120,000; in 1790, at 150,000. Upper Canada now began to grow at a wonderful rate; in fifty years she had as large a population as her sister province. The discontent which showed itself among the French, as we have noticed, now prevailed among the English also. Several writers have imputed evil motives to England in her management of the colony But these assertions seem unfounded Britain was guilty of great faults in her treatment of Canada, but it seems evident that, though her policy had engendered

ill-feeling, though she might have done better, not only on this but on subsequent occasions, yet England always desired nothing but the welfare of her subjects. She had been taught too severe a lesson by the conduct of her colonies along the Atlantic, to be wanting in her duty towards Canada. The result was that in 1791 a new constitution, based on the separation of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, was granted the colony. The measure was a wise one; for it gave each province a government of its own; and thereby a better opportunity to work out its own interests. This new order of affairs continued until 1841; holding sway for just half a century. The first fifteen years' experience of the constitution of 1791 proved to be very encouraging; in both provinces causes of discord were carefully avoided; and greater hopes were held out for the future. Unfortunately the conduct of the legislatures in both provinces was far from being exemplary. Great abuses sprang up. Unprincipled persons had charge of money and provisions granted by the British Government to the Indians; judges and magistrates made a perverse use of their power; in fact all persons connected with the government, openly showed that they cared much more for the aggrandizement of their own and their friends' fortunes than for those of the colony. The War of 1812 interrupted this progress of discontent. Canadians forgot their petty grievances, and promptly obeyed the summons to defend their country. The result of the struggle reflected gloriously on the young colony; although it retarded progress for a time, yet the example shown by our countrymen may yet prove to be worth many years of quiet advancement. Had the conduct of Canada's legislators been proportional to that of her people, the next twenty-five years would have formed a much brighter page of her history than they do. No sooner had the war been concluded, than the old causes of complaint broke out with even greater intensity. With the Clergy Reserves and Family Compact in Upper Canada, and the dead-lock between the Executive and Legislative Councils in Lower Canada; with a certain number of agitators urging the people by violent speeches to take action, events came to a crisis at last, and the regrettable rebellion of 1837 was brought about. How much England was to blame for these proceedings has been a mooted point. The leaders of the rebellion laid all the blame to her neglect of Canada; they instituted comparisons with her treatment of the United States, and declared that their only remedy was the formation of a republic. There can be no doubt that Great Britain could have done better for her colony on many occassions; her representatives often acted in manifest opposition to the best interests of the people; yet it is generally conceded that England sincerely wished the prosperity of Canada. But whether the fact as due to carelessness on the part of the mother-country in selecting her representatives, or to her ignorance of what measures were really best for Canada, or to a lack of ability in the governors themselves, the fact remains that during these years our country was badly managed. England was at last driven to a new line of action, and the union of the two Canadas was effected in 1841. The following year another striking instance of Great Britain's mismanagement was seen in the New Brunswick boundary line. On this subject Sir Charles Dilke says; "More than half a century after the treaty of peace between the mother-country and the revolted colonies, a President of the United States made a fair proposal to the British Government, and its rejection, and the subsequent Ashburton Treaty, with the result of the creation of the present boundary, form a monument of that ignorance and neglect of national interest which have often unfortunately characterized the action of our imperial representatives. Had the ordinary diplomatic skill been made use of by us in 1842, we should have obtained a tract of territory, the importance of which to Canada has only been realized since the development of railways."

Yet between the years 1800–1850 the progress of both provinces was remarkable; especially that of Upper Canada, which in 1850 began to gain steadily on her sister province. The affairs of the country seemed to run more smoothly under the new system of government, which was the third change given to us by Great Britain in less than a century. Great

internal improvements were noticed : commerce and education made noticeable progress ; and many of the old causes of dissention were banished forever. Yet strange to say the people were heartily tired of the union of the two provinces before a quarter of a century had passed ; agitation began again, and the union of all the British provinces in North America was declared to be the best solution of the difficulty.

But before examining the effects of Confederation in 1867, it might be interesting to compare the progress of Canada with that of the great Republic, and see if we are really so far behind her as many would have us believe. Fifty years ago our country's growth was equal to that of the United States ; since that time however the difference has been very marked. As regards population which in a young country is generally a good sign of its advancement, we have not been able to show an increase equal to one half by percentage that of the U. S. Some suppose that this state of affairs is explained by the fact that our rival being an independant nation it should necessarily advance in a much greater degree than a dependant country like Canada. There is a good deal of truth in the answer ; but we would be sorry to admit that the restraints placed upon us by the mother-country, have been sufficient to cause such a slow increase in population of late years. Others say that it is not just to compare ourselves with the Republic to the South ; compared with other countries our progress has been extraordinary. But why not compare our country with one which started out similar in many ways to ourselves ? Moreover we envite a comparison between them, when we ask foreigners to settle here in preference to the States.

Between the years 1800-1840, North America annually received a great number of immigrants, of whom Canada got a larger share proportionally than the United States. Indeed these years have been truly called the most prosperous in her history, if not in harmonious feeling among her people, at least in general advancement. Had Canada held her own since this time in attracting emigrants, our population would be nearer ten millions than five as at present. The opening of the rich valley of the Mississippi in 1830, and the Western States a few years later drew nearly all the immigration in that direction. Hence comes the great difference between the immigration returns at Canadian ports, and the actual settlements in the country. The immigrants come to Canada only to pass through to the Western States. Moreover there was a large immigration of Americans into the country during these years ; and what is remarkable these immigrants being tainted as it was supposed, with republicanism, were the special objects of official dislike, and many adverse laws were passed against them. Many other events like this make it evident that the affairs of the colony were entrusted to incapable persons. The last forty years have seen a complete reverse of immigration. The United States receive the lion's share of European settlers and what is still sadder for Canada, they attract a very large number of her own people. It is only by considering this continued emigration from Canada, that we can believe the Washington Census Bureau, which says that there are close on a million native Canadians in the United States. Indeed it has been asserted that the greatest evil our country has suffered is her inability to retain her population. Of what use to Canada are her great area, her recources in farming land, in lumber and in minerals, if she lacks the capital and people to develop them ? Nor is the evil only a few years old. Some of our most talented statesmen have tried remedies but without avail. Sir John A. McDonald in the 70's spoke of the "Crying shame that though this country had a fertile soil and a healthful climate, 500,000 of our people not being able to find employment, had crossed the border." Yet here we are twenty years later, and the exodus shows no signs of decreasing.

Another way to view the relative advancement of the two countries is by a comparison of their national debts. At the conclusion of the Civil War, or in 1866 the United States owed three thousand million dollars, on which the annual interest was $150 000.000 Since that time extroardinary progress has been made in all directions, and yet this debt has been wiped out. Canada started out in 1867 with a gross debt of 93 millions or

about $30 per head of the population, whereas that of the United States was $90 per head at the same time. We have made much progress since then, but in no way like our great neighbor, and we find with this advancement, not the payment of our national debt but its increase to 240 million dollars, or $50 per head. Our progress has been dearly paid for during the last twenty-five years. Some persons assert that the great growth of the United States has taken place only in the Western States; and that these have been built up at the expense of older Eastern States. But such is not the case. The percentage of increase in ten years (81 '91) in the New England States was over twice as great as that of the Dominion. Nor would our case be so bad if the loss which our Eastern Provinces suffer, went to build up our West; but the fact is that it nearly all goes to the New England States. We were warned years ago, that the day of wrath for Canada would begin when the United States should have a smaller debt, and be in fact a better country to live in. It is useless for us to disguise the fact that Canadians who expatriate themselves, do so to better their condition. No matter in what light we view the progress of the two countries, the superority undoubtedly belongs to the great Republic. Nor do we assert this, which is admitted by impartial minds, through a lack of patriotism, or in order to disparage or support either political party in Canada: but the stern truth remains, be it due to too much or too little government, to our inability to retain our population: to the severence of the country from its natural market by a protective tariff. But although our advancement has been slow compared with that of our great neighbor; it is still true that Canada's growth since 1867 has been considerable.

Confederation had not been suddenly invented as a remedy for the unsettled condition of the provinces. As early as 1808 the union of all the provinces belonging to Britain was proposed in the Legislature of Nova Scotia; a similar proposal was introduced in that of Quebec in 1814, and in Ontario in 1822. It counted amongst its supporters some of Canada's ablest sons; men who have since become statesmen of renown. Yet many supposed that it was destined to be another rash adventure which the people, before twenty years had elapsed, would wish they never had sanctioned. The most encouraging views of the new measure were held out; but the obstacles seemed insurmountable: Nova Scotia was offended by the manner in which the measure was brought about; the provinces seemed too distant; the interests of one portion would necessarily be sacrificed to benefit another, and it has been said that on the day of Canada's birth, "faces were dull, spirits were low, the powder was damp, and enthusiasm was wanting; the wiseacres declared that the remedy for our political troubles was worse than the disease." Despite the unpromising circumstances under which Confederation was ushered in, it has seen a quarter of a century pass away and if we judge by the aspect of affairs at present, it will very likely double its age at least. Everybody except the annexationist admits that after all the union of the British provinces in North America was the best course to be taken. Nevertheless, in accordance with the old maxium, it was a benefit which carried with it a few evils. Our rulers set to work and with the coöperation of gifted Englishmen, they determined that if young Canada did not prosper, it would not be for want of government. We were given a most elaborate framework; a structure which could admit of all kinds of additions in the future. Be it said to its credit, the Imperial Parliament hinted at the great expense envolved in running so much machinery. The truth is that we have been and are paying for more legislation in proportion to our population than any other nation in the world. In 1867 our population was about 3,400,000; according to some of the hopeful ones it was to be 10,000,000 in 1881, and possibly 15,000,000 in 1891; whereas the census of 1891 declares that we have not even 5,000,000. Our politicians saw that the next thing to be done was to open up the great resources of the country. Railways were subsidized; canals and harbors opened up; in 1870 the North West was purchased from the Hudson Bay Company. We have noticed before how our national debt rose from $90.000,000 to $240,000,000; that there has been a great deal

accomplished for the outlay no one will deny; but it must be lamented that, after such expense in opening up and uniting the provinces of Canada, so many of her own children leave her.

Moreover, Confederation began with a great change in the trade relations between Canada and the United States. A reciprocity treaty had been in force since 1854; in 1866 the Americans terminated it. It is admitted on all sides that during these years we made marvellous progress in commerce. Matters have changed so much since then, that between a heavy national debt and the so-called necessity of protecting our manufacturers, we are obliged to keep up a high tariff, or resort to direct taxation. From these and other considerations which could be advanced, there can be no doubt that Confederation has not come up to expectations; yet in more ways than one it has paved the way for great possibilities in the future. It was always the hope of her early settlers that Canada would some day become a great and distinct nation; and Confederation by uniting the provinces of British America, and thereby fostering a certain feeling of national unity, has done much to consummate this hope. A vigorous and united nation was impossible under the the old order of things. Nor can the promoters of continental union prove that the advantages would balance the losses in a satisfactory manner if their wishes were carried out. The United States are not anxious for it; while that country made wonderful progress, it would seem that it is not entirely free from evils And Independence while offering many enticing benefits, is a state into which Canada cannot hope to enter for many years yet. As a whole there is nothing radically wrong with the jurisdiction of of England over us. She has of late done all that was possible for our prosperity; she has evinced a spirit of carefulness in all her transactions with us,—a decided contrast to her conduct fifty years ago. Her legislators have even expressed their willingness to see Canada choose her own position among the nations of the earth, when her strength admits of such a course. We have heard it said that "The ideal Canada will become an accomplished fact when she succeeds in attracting the population of Europe, and filling up her broad acres with a prosperous people,—a source of strength to the empire." But let us sincerly hope that, while endeavors are made to attract foreigners, measures will also be taken to keep her own children at home,—a far greater source of strength to the empire. Let us remember that out of our population, four-fifths are native Canadians; a race not inferior to any on the globe. What a splendid nucleus to begin with! Many of our failings belong to all men; our other shortcomings and defects in government are matters which we ourselves may remedy.

That Canada has a great future in store for her, there can be no doubt. "Of all the lands under a temperate climate to which European emigrants can go, North America is by far the most accessible, and until that continent is completely filled, it is unlikely that in great numbers they will go elsewhere." A spirit of hope and contentment then should animate all worthy sons of Canada. No amount of complaining will ever set aright those evils for which we alone are responsible; "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars. But in ourselves." He is a poor patriot that sees only his country's failings.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.

DEUS DESCENDENS.

1.

WAKE! Awake! with glad exultant sound.
Proclaim the tidings to the world around.
The King is come! All glorious within.
In perfect beauty, conquering o'er sin,
The King is come.

2.

Not now, in lowly garb, with patient mien,
In humble posture, is the Saviour seen;
Not now the Man Christ—but, with Saints attending,
Behold the God-Christ in all power descending.
To Earth again.

3.

Ten thousand Alleluias rend the skies,
From mountain, sea and valley Earth replies
With thund'rous welcomings: A grand acclaim
To Him who saved us by His bitter shame,
But now proclaimed o'er every other name——
The Dayspring from on high.

4.

For Thou, O Prince of Peace, art come to bless,
And lead us forth from out the wilderness
Of our own fears. We'd tread the Narrow Way,
But Evil close beside would ever stay
And bar the pathway to the brighter day
Except for Thee.

5.

Sing out, ye gleaming stars, that sit on high,
Sing out, ye glittering armies of the sky,
Ecstatic praise; for now, to Power allied,
The Bridegroom cometh forth to greet His Bride
For whom he lived and suffered, yea, and *died*——
The King of Love.

HENRI B. SULLY.

THE CENSUS OF 1891.

VERY few there are who fully understand how vast and complicated is the labor involved in the carrying out to a complete and successful issue a work so extensive as that of a census. A striking illustration of this fact is that, after nearly three years of constant labor by a staff of experienced and competent officials, the Canadian census of '91, has still to receive a few finishing touches before being presented to the inspection of the people of Canada. For, one must reasonably suppose that the same attention be given, the same care exercised, just as the same accuracy is required in taking the enumeration of five millions of inhabitants as for fifty millions, with this restriction, however, that on this continent, census operations are far more difficult than in many European countries, owing to:—firstly, the differences of social organization, and mode of administration; and secondly, on account of the different proportions of territorial area to population, thereby requiring more painstaking application on the part of the census officers of all grades, as well as more active aid and co-operation on the part of the people at large.

But some may ask: What is a census? What is its object? A census is "an official enumeration of persons and their property, generally with such facts as tend to show their moral, social, physical and industrial condition."

A census is taken, therefore, to ascertain as exactly as possible the population and resources of a country, thereby furnishing a true and reliable statement of its wealth and progress, as well as an approximately correct idea of its relative position among nations, and thus affording legislators that information upon which they can legislate with exactness and with wisdom. "The great object of a census," says Dr. Jarvis, who is a recognized and accepted authority on the subject, "is to develop those points that best show the human status, the measure of vitality, the personal, domestic and social conditions. It is important to make this analysis of nations as minute as possible, to learn as nearly as may be the exact measure of all the elements of force in each individual, and know what and how much he has in him, and can contribute to the sum total of national power and wealth."

The census then is not taken, as some may suppose, for the purpose of taxation. For, no information therein contained could be turned to such account. On the contrary, the results it exhibits like those of any other statistical inquiries are directly connected with the science of government, numerically presenting the products, the actual condition, the advancement and wealth, as well as the deficiencies and the requirements of the country and its people. Census-taking, we must bear in mind, is not a modern institution; no, for its origin dates back to the remotest ages of antiquity; and even long before the Christian era, statistical records were taken and kept. With the succeeding ages, it has undergone such radical changes, has passed through such wonderful transformations, due to the introduction of new methods and systems, that statistics have developed into a science as intricate in itself, as it is wide in its scope and useful and instructive in its results.

One of the most ancient of statistical records known is that relating to Moses and the Hebrews. There is also that of a census ordained and taken in China in the year 2042 B.C.

In the census of Greece, taken under the

constitution of reforms of Solon, the citizens of Athens were divided and registered into four classes, according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census originated with Servius Tullius, who divided the whole population into six distinct classes, based upon property qualifications. The latter was a very important institution, and was taken in a most solemn manner on the Campus Martius, where every citizen had to appear, and to declare upon oath, his name and dwelling, the number and age of his children, the value of his property (his slaves coming under this head), and this, under penalty of being scourged and sold as a slave.

The next census, and the most important perhaps ever taken, for it marks the beginning of the Christian era, was that ordered by Augustus, who enlarged the scope of the census and improved the method of taking it. In so doing he unintentionally fulfilled the promises of the prophets concerning the coming and the birth of the Messiah. For it was in conformity to the imperial decree that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph went to Bethlehem to be inscribed on the lists of the town to which the tribe of Juda belonged.

Such then were the methods of enumeration adopted by the ancients. In the early years of our era, we are not aware of any definite and authentic way of census-taking. The Church, perhaps, was the only institution which then preserved records of any kind, for she established the practice of keeping registers of births, marriages and deaths. Out of this grew and came into vogue the modern systems of recording the movements of the people. Of course, in nearly every century, especially from the 14th up, a species of enumeration was made at more or less irregular intervals; but it was solely for the purposes of revenue and military conscription. At the present time all civilized nations have a somewhat different mode of census taking, no uniform system having as yet been accepted. The periods also at which a census is taken vary considerably. In some, it is triennial as among the German nations; in others, it is quinquennial as in France, while in England, the United States, Holland, Ireland, Italy, etc., and here in Canada it is decennial. One of the best and most reliable systems, and one that is rapidly coming more and more into use, is the establishing in every country of central and permanent bureaus of statistics, which are in charge of men thoroughly conversant with statistical work, upon whom devolve the digesting and publication of all returns connected with this branch.

The above reforms date back to the beginning of the present century, only that they have from time to time been re-organized, to meet, and to be in touch with, the actual requirements of the age. Germany, Russia, Italy, France and the United States are all in possession of these statistical bureaus. England has a registrar-general's office with a special statistical service for the preparation and publication of all reports upon the various interests of the kingdom. In Ireland the constabulary force performs this work. Turkey has the most imperfect system of all nations; the object of the census there being to provide the basis for taxation and conscription.

Formerly, the range of inquiries was very limited, and even at the present time it differs very much, because, in the schedules of some nations, questions which are considered essential and indispensable, are thought superfluous by others and are in consequence entirely omitted.

It would be useless to enter into the comparison of the diverse methods in use to show wherein they agree or disagree. Suffice it to say that from the examination of the census of twenty-four nations, no two are alike in their full purposes. Of thirty-four personal inquiries, sex is made by all countries, and those questions relative to civil condition, religion as well as physical infirmities by nearly all. The majority of nations take their census by means of printed schedules containing all the information that they require. Specially appointed officials, in some places civil, in others military, perform the task of enumeration; or even in some countries the clergy, in conjunction with the civil authorities of each locality, act in the capacity of enumerators.

The subject of census systems has, in

recent years caused much discussion among statists and publicists of all countries, with a view of adopting such methods as will make the census of each nation, the most comprehensive and accurate exhibit of the social and industrial condition of its people. The importance of such information in promoting the usefulness and happiness of a nation has been fully recognized. And for the consideration of these and kindred questions, international statistical congresses have been held at different epochs in nearly all the capitals of Europe, beginning at Brussels in 1853. The recommendations given and the conclusions arrived at in these assemblies were mainly as follows: — That a census should be taken by means of a prior schedule at least decennially, on a single day, when the smallest number of people are away from home, and should be by names and based upon the principle of actual population. They also decided upon a list of inquiries which they considered an absolute necessity where they were practicable. That the results of these congresses were benificial goes beyond the shadow of a donbt And if all their valuable suggestions have not been immediately acted upon, they will be so, let us hope, in the near future, when a uniform system will be adopted by all nations. Having then defined a census, its object, its importance, and the mode of procedure followed by the different countries, and, leaving aside the treatment of census work in general, I will confine myself to a short description of one that has a particular interest for our Canadian people, I mean, the census of Canada of the year 1891.

Canada yields to no other country in its system of census taking, which is governed by a special act called "The Census Act." It is an excellent one; as extensive and at the same time as comprehensive as any in vogue. The Census Act calls for an enumeration every ten years, it besides provides for the details of information, the forms to be used, and the manner in which it should be taken. The Governor-General in Council has the appointment of all officials in connection with this work, Canada having no permanent bureau of statistics. All officers are under the instruction and direction of the Minister of Agriculture, who at this census placed everything connected with its carrying out, under the control and direct supervision of a specially and permanently appointed official, the "Dominion Statistician" from whom came all the reports etc., bearing on this subject.

The "Census Act" is very strict in its enforcement dealing both with the duties of the officials, who are bound by a solemn oath to the utmost secrecy, and whose neglect can be severly punished, as well as with persons themselves, who are liable to a heavy fine if they refuse to answer rightfully and truthfully all the questions put to them by the enumerator. The Canadian system used in '91 may be summed up as follows:

The territorial divisions for the census were the same as the electoral divisions. That is to say, every province had its districts, which were sub-divided into sub-districts. The inquiries were contained in a series of printed schedules, eight in number and dealing with the following subjects:—Schedule No. 1, having reference to the nominal return of the living. Schedule No. 2, relating to the nominal return of the deaths within the last year, and also to the public Institutions. Schedule No. 3, giving the returns of the real estate, orchard products, nurseries etc., and schedule No. 4, those of the farm products. The information contained in schedule No. 5, was about live stock, home-made fabrics, furs and labour, whilst the "industrial establishments," came under schedule No. 6. And numbers 7 and 8, dealt respectively with the "Products of the Forest and Shipping and Mining" Thus did these schedules cover and include the different products and resources. as well as the various industries of the Dominion.

Fourteen persons well adapted, both by knowledge and experience, to statistical work, were selected as "chief census officers," they being assisted by "commissioners." The former spent some time at the seat of government, studying census matters generally; and after learning the requirements of their respective provinces, each went to the census district set apart as his field of operation; and there, conferred with his "commissioners," imparting to them the results of

his labors and studies, to obtain thereby as exact returns as possible from the territorial divisions assigned to them. The "commissioners" in turn, thoroughly conversant with the details of census taking as well as with the knowledge of the schedules, held conferences with the enumerators of their districts, putting them through the same process of instruction, and by so doing enabling them to carry out their duties faithfully and correctly.

Thus it was that, thoroughly instructed in the nature of their work, and well-drilled and equipped, on April 1st, 1891, a staff of enumerators numbering 4300 persons, a small army in itself, set forth to take the third census since Confederation. They went from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay, from Halifax to Vancouver, traversing in all its length and breadth the immense area of inhabited Canada by every imaginable mode of locomotion. Hills, mountains and valleys were crossed, lakes and rivers navigated, some by steamboats, others in mere frail bark canoes. Every house and hamlet was visited by the enumerator, the palatial residence of the rich, the miserable hovel of the poor, as well as the smoky wigwam of the Indian. Many a perilous adventure of the Canadian census-taker, if related, would prove quite an interesting tale.

Some had to endure great hardships, especially in the northern portion of the Dominion, where habitations are distant from each other. Pack-horses were called into requisition to carry the enumerators and their portfolios through the valleys which lay among the hills of the Rockies. Dog trains were a necessity in the Saskatchewan district. Nipissing and its islands required the use of the bark canoe, while along the Straits of Belle Isle, and along the different points around the Isle of Anticosti, sailing vessels were employed, and in many districts, like Algoma, slow, toilsome pedestrianism was the only means of transportation. Such were the difficulties encountered by some of the census enumerators. But, remarkable to say, though delay was inevitable in the returns, yet none were lost, all having come in due time.

Hardly had the enumerators started on their journey when a large staff of officials were engaged here in the Department of Agriculture to compile and tabulate the different schedules as fast as they were returned, a task not wholly devoid of difficulties, owing to omissions and errors, but, though some discrepancies might have been found here and there, yet the work in general was accurate enough, and therefore very satisfactory, as the public may have been able to judge from the reports or bulletins issued by the Statistician as rapidly as the results could be ascertained and arranged in their respective statistical order. These bulletins are very useful and instructive, accompanied as they are by interesting comparisons and analyses, which greatly facilitate their perusal.

One of the most notable features, and perhaps the most notable, of the census of '91, was the introduction of electricity in the compilation of the population statistics; an entirely new departure from the previous methods adopted for this kind of work. Undoubtedly this innovation, which has entirely revolutionized census work, marks the dawn of a new era in statistical science, and is besides an evident and conclusive proof of the wonderful progress which it has made. This invention, due to the ingenuity of a German called Herman Hollerith, is named after its maker, "The Hollerith Tabulating System." It has been patented in all the leading countries of the world and was utilized by the United States, Germany, Spain, Austria and Canada, in their respective census, and it is only a question of time before all the countries will employ this system in their statistics.

Among its manifold advantages are: 1st. The accuracy with which statistics are compiled. 2nd. The rapidity with which it performs its work. The instrument is not lazy nor dishonest, is most impartial and therefore absolutely reliable. A lengthy and detailed account of this remarkable piece of mechanism would be beyond my abilities; but perhaps a passing and imperfect sketch would give a slight insight into its arrangement and working.

The system is divided into two distinct instruments. The first, called the "puncher," is not worked by electricity but by hand.

The function of this apparatus is the punching of holes in thin paper cards

about 7 x 3½ inches. For every individual in Canada registered by the enumerator, there was such a card upon which was stamped a number corresponding to the one in the latter's schedule. This was for the purpose of identification. A series of punched holes at the left end of the card indicated the province, the district and sub-district to which the person belonged.

Another such series scattered over the card showed, in the following order, the sex, the age, the civil condition, the place of birth, nationality (French-Canadian or other), father's birth place, mother's birth place, religion, the occupation; also whether the individual was an employer or wage-earner; then the educational status (whether the person could read and write, could neither read nor write, or could only read); and lastly, physical infirmities (whether deaf, dumb, blind or insane.) In this manner the card was an exact reproduction of the enumerator's answers to the twenty-five questions in schedule No. 1. A card board, called a "test board," enabled the operator to see whether he was correct or not, and a duplicate card could be used to rectify his mistake.

These cards were then passed through the second and most important portion of this system, the "electrical tabulator," which, by ingenious contrivances and a complication of connections, recorded the answers on a number of small dials. The figures as registered were then transmitted to large sheets specially prepared for this purpose. In dealing, for instance, with religions, the tabulator was so adjusted as to separate 4,800,000 cards by sub-divisions of electoral districts into twenty-five different religions.

Each time the circuit-closing device (which was a thick, square perforated plate on which were inserted long steel needles that entered small holes filled with mercury, each needle and corresponding bowl having their respective dial), was brought down by means of a small lever upon the card (it being placed over a brass plate containing the mercury-filled openings, the needles of the circuit-closing device fitting exactly in the latter), the hand of one of the dials moved, and as it did so a small bell rang, telling the operator that the religion had been registered.

Four different changes or "runs," as they were called, were required to tabulate all the details furnished by the cards. The first "run," which included the religious denominations, was accomplished in the remarkably short time of about forty days, the Canadian operators beating the record of other countries for the average days' work on the same machine.

In many cases several facts could be recorded simultaneously, as in the second "run," for instance, which included the registration of these facts: 1st. Whether the card was that of a French speaking or an English-speaking Canadian; 2nd. The age, the sex; whether married, widowed or single; and 3rd, the place of birth of the individual, whether in one of the Canadian provinces, in one of the sub-divisions of the United Kingdom, or in some foreign country. The same movement of the circuit-closing device which registered these facts on the dials also lifted for each card one of a number of lids in a box attached to the instrument, thus indicating the receptacle for that card, so as to separate all the cards according to ages, the children's cards being divided for each year up to five, and the others by five-year periods. The third "run" registered the birth place of the father of the individual, the educational status, and the physical infirmities, and the fourth and last "run" reckoned the mother's birth place as well as the individual's occupation or professsion.

A striking feature with regard to marking the occupations on the card was that the alphabet was called into use. A combination of a "capital" letter (J omitted), with a "small" letter (as far as letter "p,") was symbolic of a profession, trade or otherwise. In this way the operators were able to register the 333 different occupations found in the Dominion. "A," for instance, with "d" or "G" with "n," and so on, meant a certain trade or profession, etc. "Ad," for instance, meant a "farmer," whilst "Gn" signified a "clerk." To assist the officials in this somewhat difficult memorizing feat, an index with all these abbreviations was used for their guidance.

Such is very imperfectly and very briefly

"Hollerith's" system and its advantages. It is needless to expatiate upon the merits of this invention, for they readily present themselves to the mind of the close observer. All that can be said is that the expenditure incurred for the use of this machine (for it is very costly), is fully repaid by the speed and correctness with which it performs its work.

To enter into a minute examination of the reports and their contents, issued in connection with the Canadian census, could not be circumscribed within the narrow limits of an essay of this kind. But religion and education are factors of such vital importance and interest in Canadian statistics, that they cannot be entirely overlooked even when writing only cursorily on this subject.

In perusing the bulletin on religious denominations we find the following striking facts:—

That the Methodists have made the greatest proportionate increase in the Dominion, as a whole, followed by the Presbyterians, Church of England and Roman Catholics, in the order just named. Two denominations have increased their strength in every province of the Dominion, viz.: The Roman Catholics and the Methodists, the Church of England having decreased in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and the Presbyterians in the latter with the addition of Nova Scotia. If we consider the denominational elements of the four older provinces, we find here again that the Methodists have increased more rapidly than the Roman Catholics, and besides, that the Presbyterians, Church of England and Baptists each form a smaller component part of the community than they did in 1871 or 1881. The only cause that can be ascribed for this decrease in Catholicity in some provinces, is that, as a rule, emigration to the United States is mainly composed of its adherents rather than from worshippers in the different Protestant denominations, and this is very noticeable in the Maritime Provinces, where the exodus is composed principally of Roman Catholics. For it is an undeniable fact that a larger number of members of outside beliefs enter the fold of the Catholic Church than there are members of our creed leaving to join other religious sects. As for the growth of Protestantism in Manitoba and British Columbia, it can be attributed to this cause, viz.: That the larger proportion of settlers in the west being of Scotch or English descent, are adherents to Protestantism rather than to Catholicity. So much for religion. Let us now take up education.

Education, in the census of '91, was classified under these heads:—

1st. Those who could read and write.

2nd. Those who could read only.

3rd. Those who could neither read nor write.

The population of Canada by the last census was 4,833,239 of which a little over half belonged to the male sex. To simplify and facilitate this work the population was divided into groups, classified in accordance with their age into the adult, the youth's, and the children's.

A very interesting point disclosed in these statistics, is that the adult population of the youngest group shows a great advance over the older ones, thereby evidencing the spread of educational facilities during the last ten or twenty years. Sixty-six and one half per cent. of the whole population can read and write.

Manitoba is the banner province in the educational status of its adult population; the only outside countries excelling it being Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland. The results, with respect to both male and female education in the different provinces, are that, with regard to elementary education, here again Manitoba holds the supremacy.

In Ontario and New Brunswick the sexes are on an equality in this respect. In Nova Scotia the proportion of males being able to read and write exceeds that of the females, whereas in Quebec it is the "fair sex" that now predominates.

Education is therefore fast spreading. And under the magnificent system of our Canadian public schools in general, and of that of Ontario and Quebec in particular, which won the highest admiration, and received the fullest endorsement at the hands of the best and most eminent authorities on educational matters in this and the European continent at the World's Fair; and, with the facilities, special inducements, and high standard of excellence prevalent in our Canadian

colleges and universities, education will receive renewed impetus, so that, at the next census the decrease in illiteracy will be still more marked, and consequently the educational status of our people higher.

Such then is, in conclusion, the importance of a census, its object, its antiquity, its advantages and characteristic features; its gradual developement and progress until to-day statistics have become a study, nay, a science, difficult and intricate but productive of the greatest good.

As for the Canadian census of '91, it can compare favorably with that of any other country. Though its results may not have reached our anticipations, and have therefore been subject to much adverse criticism; yet, discarding all partisan views and giving a fair and unbiased judgment, we are forced to conclude that, though some of its figures be somewhat disappointing, yet with regard to its preparation and publication, it has from a statistical standpoint been very satisfactory.

A work of this kind cannot be faultless, but considering its nature and extent, its defects are more than counterbalanced by its other redeeming qualities. The wider range of inquiries made and information required; the greater facilities given to ascertain more accurately the educational status of the Canadian people; the introduction of electrical tabulators, an innovation unheard of in any of our previous census; all these contribute to make the census of '91 a remarkable, nay, a memorable one.

What will be Canada's fortune during the next decade, no one knows nor can tell. Let us hope, that with the rich and inestimable resources which she possesses and places at the disposal and within the reach of all; with her inexhaustible mineral wealth remaining as yet nearly undeveloped; with her vast regions of virgin soil still unexplored and untouched; under the guidance of just and equitable laws; and inhabited by an industrious, peace-loving and God-fearing people that, our fair Dominion will make wonderful strides. And that with the tempting inducements and numberless advantages, which Canada and its people offer to foreigners, its population will greatly increase, and proportionately with the latter, its wealth and industries, so that the returns at the census of "1901" will be characterized by the motto "Progress and Prosperity."

ALBERT H. CHABOT, '94.

A SONG FOR ALL.

ILL I sing you a song, a Christmas song,
That must be for the young and old?
That will nerve the weak, that will guide the strong,
That will honor right and will censure wrong,
That will reach the ear of the giddy throng
And the hearts that are growing cold?

A song will I sing of the holy night,
A song of that Orient star
That shed o'er the hills its celestial light,
Like an angel's glance in its glory bright,
Conducting the kings to the *King of Might*,
In the land where His footsteps are.

A song will I sing like a lonely wail
That will come on the winter's wing;
Like the deep, sad moan of the mid-night gale,
When the stars grow dim and the moon grows pale,
And the ghosts of our mem'ries seem to sail
On the wind, as I strive to sing?

Or one that will sound like a gush of tears,
Or mighty stream in giant sweep,
Bearing the weight of our hopes and our fears,
The thoughts of the dead and the vanished years,
Widening and deepening as it nears
The shores of eternity's deep.

"*Sing a song for all!*" It is hard to sing,
For some are old and some are young.
The one likes the notes with a mournful ring,
The other tunes on a livelier string.
And to please them all I would fain now bring
All the songs that were ever sung.

But there is a song that was sung for ALL
In the years of the long ago.
The harps were first tun'd in the Father's Hall.
And the song on the ages seem'd to fall
Like the sweet refrain of the sweetest call
That the listening world could know.

Then I sing no song! No *Glorias* I
Can entone for the world to-night;
For we hear, in the vault of yonder sky,
The chant of the centuries long gone by,
A hymn that shall ring 'till eternity
Sheds over time its golden light.

"Peace," sang the angels, "to men of good-will;"
"*In Excelsis Gloria Deo!*"
Though past are the scenes on Bethlehem's hill,
Let us kneel, when the mid-night hour is still,
And the vaults of our temples let us fill
With a pray'r to God for Leo.

Vicar of Christ; in this golden year,
'Midst the rush of his jubilee,
He speaks to the world, and the nations hear
And bend to his will, as in accents clear,
Devoid of all pomp and devoid of fear,
He ordains that true "Peace" must be.

Let our Christmas song be a song of praise:
Oh! May God, in His bounty, send
To our Pontiff great both health and full days
To guide his Church through the gathering haze,
'Till the cross shall shine in the golden blaze
Of a triumph to never end.

J. K. FORAN.

MONTREAL, Nov., 1893.

MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, ONT.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

THOSE who attended the impressive ceremonies of the dedication of New St. Joseph's could not have failed to have been impressed by the appearance and the preaching of the prelate whose portrait fills the page to the left. The Rt. Rev. John J. Walsh, the present Archbishop of Toronto, is certainly one of those who find a place in the category of striking personages. Standing fully six feet, if not more, in height, and of development proportionate to his height, His Grace's appearance is certainly such as to favorably impress one. His well cut features denote strength of purpose and manliness, not of the stern and brusque type, but a strength tempered with a kindliness that his countenance does not fail to show. Those who saw and heard him during his short visit to Ottawa will perhaps find it interesting to hear of his past.

Archbishop Walsh was born on the 24th of May, 1830, in Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He comes of an old and respected family. The family dates back to 1171 when two of its members accompanied Earl Strongbow from Wales and settled in Kilkenny. The Walsh Mountains, which derive their name from the family, were once the family property, but during a troublous period of Irish history they were confiscated to the Crown. Some members of the family emigrated to France and Austria and won distinction in the military service of their adopted countries. Two of the family embraced the Church in their native Isle and suffered martyrdom for their faith. Members of the family were for generations prosperous farmers in Leinster, and it is from this branch that His Grace is descended. He was educated at St. John's College, Waterford, where he made a brilliant course standing first in his class of philosophy. After a year's theology in Waterford he emigrated to Canada, being filled with the holy desire of engaging in mission work. Completing his theological course in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, he was ordained to priesthood on All Saints Day, 1854. Ontario at that time was poorly settled and the young priest's duties consisted of going from one mission to another, and tending to the spiritual wants of the people. After a year thus spent, the young priest was appointed to the Brock mission on Lake Simcoe. Here was a trial for the young levite. The district was altogether unsettled and his work lay among the backwoodsmen and settlers. Shut out from city life, and its comforts, he devoted his energies to his by no means easy task. Any spare moments he had, he spent in the company of those most genial and profitable companions, his books; and as he himself has since remarked, much of his extensive reading was done by the "light of the log fire and the tallow candle." In 1857 he was given charge of St. Mary's Church, Toronto. For two years he faithfully discharged the duties of pastor of a city Church Then Bishop Lynch removed him to St. Michael's in the same city. That was in 1859, the year of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada, with an incident of which Father Walsh was prominently connected. Every one knows the character of a reception a certain portion of Toronto's citizens wished to extend to the representative of the Sovereign. It was of such a nature that Catholics could not, in consistency with their principles, either participate in or approve of it. Father Walsh's stand in the matter was one to which no fair minded person could object, and he was mainly instrumental in preventing the reception from assuming an aspect such that Catholics would in respect to their religious convictions, have been obliged to refrain from extending that hearty welcome which they otherwise gladly would have

given, and afterwards did give to the visiting heir apparent to the British throne. After two years at St. Michael's, Father Walsh was appointed Vicar General and sent back to St. Mary's. During the Provincial Council in Quebec in 1863, Father Walsh was theologian to the Bishop of Toronto, an appointment which in itself reflects creditably upon his Grace's ability as a theologian. After a year spent in visiting the land of his birth, and the Eternal City, Father Walsh returned to his Canadian home. In 1867, Dr. Pinsoneault, the then Bishop of Sandwich, was in failing health, so much so, that his retirement was rendered necessary, and he was succeeded in the episcopacy by the pastor of St. Mary's. The episcopal see was changed in 1869 from Sandwich to London.

As Bishop of London, Archbishop Walsh did much to further the cause of Catholicity in Ontario. He began his administration by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the conditions and wants of his diocese and then having ascertained the nature and extent of his task, he entered upon it with an unbounded zeal and enthusiasm. When he assumed charge of the diocese there was a debt of $35,000.00 to be wiped out. In three years this was all paid off. Then the clergy was reorganized, new parishes and missions were established, schools went up, presbyteries were built, hospitals, orphanages and poor-houses were erected. In all these commendable undertakings the new Bishop was ably seconded by a zealous clergy and a devoted and generous laity. Nine years after he entered on his task his lordship was able to point to a quarter of a million dollars' worth of work that had been done for the benefit of the sick and poor and for the propagation of the Faith. The crowning piece of his great work, was the building of the magnificent cathedral in London. The edifice which is described as being an excellent one whether judged from a standpoint of architectural utility or of architectural beauty is a fitting monument to both the energy of the Bishop and clergy and the devotedness of the laity of the diocese of London. In 1889 His Grace was forced to sever his connection with afore-mentioned diocese. He had been in Rome attending the Pope's Jubilee in 1887, and it was during his homeward voyage, that Archbishop Lynch of Toronto departed this life to receive his reward in the hereafter of happiness. In 1889 Bishop Walsh was appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, and in November of that year the Catholics of that city pulled out a holiday, "to grace the chariot wheels" of the prelate who in the years of his early manhood had made their homes the scene of his labors. From that day to this, Archbishop Walsh has proved himself a worthy successor of the late lamented Archbishop Lynch. In a city like Toronto, where a majority of his fellow citizens are of a religious persuasion different from his own, the incumbent of a position like that of His Grace is liable at times to give offence to his dissenting fellow citizens. Archbishop Walsh has however, been able to live in harmony with all, and this is due, not so much to tact but rather to the manly stand that he takes on all questions, and the generous tone of his utterances.

His Grace did not abandon his studies when he left his college and his seminary. The hours spared from his sacerdotal and episcopal duties, he spent in the acquisition of knowledge and in the improvement of his mind. His pastoral letters are described as having a style of their own. In 1869 though he was prevented from attending the Vatican Council he published a pastoral on "the magisterial authority of the Church in matters of faith and the nature of General Councils and their importance and bearing in Catholic theology on articles of faith."

This pastoral has received the high compliment of being said to present the matter in a manner unusually interesting to the reader. When Mr. Gladstone gave to the world his famous essay on the "Infallibilty of the Pope," he was given an able reply from the pen of Archbishop Walsh. But it is through the pulpit and not through the press that Archbishop Walsh has gained most fame. Nature has lent much to his success by giving a fine appearance and a rich sonorous voice. To the latter, the Emerald Isle has contributed what many regard as a great improvement. a

rich Irish accent. His own industry claims credit for the rest, his well-formed ideas, his breadth of knowledge, his forcible expression and his ornate style. Those who heard him preach and speak in St. Joseph's Church and in our Academic Hall will endorse these tributes to his oratory. Of such a man as Archbishop Walsh his native Isle and his adopted country are justified in feeling proud. May the Master he serves spare him for years ere he calls him to the reward of "the good and faithful servant."

J. P. S., '93.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned; but music won the cause.

DRYDEN.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.—MONTAIGNE.

19.—In a previous issue of these notes (see paragraph No. 12), treating of the influence of national character upon literature, I strove to convey an idea of the most remarkable features of the character of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and by implication, of their descendants in America. In the present paper I propose briefly, but I hope with sufficient copiousness to trace the effects of the national traits already designated upon the literature of the English language.

It is well constantly to bear in mind, that the excellences of English genius derive some of their brightness and vividness from the infusion of French influence at the Norman Conquest. Yet it would appear that that this influence was not very considerable. For nevertheless the characteristic excellences of English genius are quite different from those of Celtic genius. The strong points of the Celt are the weak ones of the Saxon. I allude, as the reader will surmise, to fancy, wit, and sense of general effect. Fancy and wit connect thoughts with each other by superficial analogies, and they are, therefore, natural to the quick mind which passes as lightly as the humming-bird over subjects, noticing principally their most obvious and external qualities. Sense of general effect, too, needs that the parts shall be thought out quickly and lightly in order that they may be comprehended in one connected whole. In these powers, accordingly, Celtic genius excels by reason of its quickness: English genius fails by reason of its comparative slowness and cumbersomeness. When Saxon genius takes flight one pinion always beats the earth. But Celtic genius is like the lark which "from heaven or near it" gives forth its heart-song—a simple lay it may be but a music nevertheless which seldom fails to charm the human hearing and to touch the heart of man.

There was, indeed, a long period during which French genius dominated over England. Such was the period when the glory and splendor of Louis XIV captivated the imagination of Europe. In Johnson's time French influence was much on the wane, but still quite perceptible. From Dryden to Cowper and Burns, taste was wonderfully uniform, and the character of English genius, surprisingly different from what it had been before or has been since. The lengthy domination of French genius in England, was caused, I have convinced myself, by the continuance of the reaction against the glum Commonwealth and the gloomy death-dances of the Puritans, which carried with it as it did at the Restoration a dislike for deep thought and earnest feeling of every sort.

French imagination delights in making its own world, a world which differs from the earth or the sea or anything beneath the waters of the sea. The English writers who fell under French influence tried to make their own world also, but their success at its best was only partial. During most of this French period wit was the general name for genius. Elegance was the quality most prized, and nothing was admired but what was light in thought and harmonious and correct in language. The English writer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Irish writer, Count Hamilton, may be accepted as a prose classic of this period, and Pope was, perhaps, its best exponent in poesy.

The characteristic qualities of English genius are to be sought outside of this period. As my time is limited, I shall pass over it all, so far as England is concerned, confining my observations to authors who have flourished before or since, and in their ranks noticing only the poets and among them those alone who have had the greatest influence in giving a character to English poetry. Now, in passing thus abruptly from the early to the late poets (as want of time and space more than inclination

compel me to do) I am conscious of a great change in the subjects of poetry, and in the mode of their treatment. As this condition of things might suggest the idea, that the English national genius had in the interval, in some degree, changed its character, it is necessary to make one or two observations on what seems to be a natural order of progressive change in the subjects of poetry. Literary genius, on its first awaking into life, finds society so unsettled that every man has to hold himself ready to repel hostile violence by force, and to defend his rights with his life. At such a period, it is action which moves genius with the deepest interest. Afterwards society becomes more settled. The civil power quells those internal broils. But the spirit of man is only partly reclaimed. He still possesses all his native irregularity of disposition and passion, and is to be seen in all his natural variety and character. The principal interest which is fit to engage the energies of genius in them found, not in the action, but in the actor, in man its irresistable impulse. At a sub-equent period the spirit of man itself is reduced to comparative order, and as the turmoil of passion is abated, and the need of violent exertion ceases, sentiment and feeling assume a finer character. The gentle virtues are recognized as well as the sterner virtues. Mild reflection becomes a motive of genius. Nature, the scene of man's life, enters as a main element into his literary creations. It is natural, then, that English literature should follow this order, and successfully idealize action, man, and nature, without at all indicating therein any change in the character of the national genius. Whether that character has all along continued permanent may appear clearest when we have endeavored briefly to estimate the characteristic genius of some of the principal English poets of the periods most pure from foreign influence. It is not to be expected that each one of these authors should possess every English excellence. It is seldom granted to a single mind to hold dominion at once over all the faculties of the soul. With human limitations well in sight, the question to be asked is, whether the excellences and defects of each author, in his peculiar province, exhibit the salent features of the English national mind.

This is most distinctly the case with Chaucer, the great father of English song; character and humor are his perfections. His lesser lights are to be sought after in the minor details of the Canterbury Tales. He found English an assembly of dialects and he left it, if not exactly a national language, at least the plastic material out of which such a language could be modelled and shaped. In the works of Ormin and Robert of Brunne, we have evidence of the great capacity of English for literary purposes. Wicliffe and Gower added considerably to its importance, but in the hands of Chaucer it attained to the dignity of something closely approximating to a national language. He represented and identified himself with that new life which the English people were just beginning, and his works reflect not only his own immitable genius, but the spirit, taste and feeling of his age. Now, the English particularity of thought and fidelity to nature appear strikingly in the idealization that there is in Chaucer's characters. Each one is the embodiment of an ideal, but of a very particular ideal. He does not draw the most perfect specimen of a soldier, but of a knight, a squire, and a yeoman; not of an ecclesiastic, but a monk, a friar, and a parson. In drawing these portraits, though he imagines each as perfect after its kind, he never goes outside of the special characteristics which are peculiar to each in order to give them a perfection which might as well belong to another. Consequently, there is here not only the flow of mind which dwells with attention on its subject so as to take a deep impression, but the outer mind which keeps true to the object, and whose thoughts are strictly controlled by it. There is not, in truth, much strength of genuine passion. This was not Chaucer's province. But, though, there may not be much passion, there is true and touching tenderness, there is fine imagination, although much of its accessories are borrowed, and there is a humor without bounds of depth.

Chaucer exhibits, in a remarkable degree, one power which peculiarly corresponds to the character of English genius, I allude to the power of allegory. At first sight, allegory may seem to be identical with

fancy, a faculty which my reading has led me to ascribe rather to the Celtic mind than to the Saxon mind. But fancy, at least in the sense in which I use the term, consists in associating together through the medium of a superficial resemblance which does not enter deeply into the essential nature of either. Such is the fancy which sparkles throughout the deathless poetry of Moore. What fancy does not, it is the very purpose of allegory to do. Allegory takes a mental principle, or an ideal existence, and gives to it a bodily shape and substance. For this it is necessary to dwell in thought on the ideal object in order to form a full and strong conception of it. This progress, it is not difficult to conceive, needs a slow and careful habit of mind. And as ideal objects are apt to be shadowy and indistinct, there is further needed a mind which will be tenacious of its object, and not mingle with it any musings or abstractions of its own, one which by its outer tendency can transport the ideal into the material. Allegory, then, of this full and minute kind, belongs properly to the slow outer mind, and Chaucer's success in this department of literary creation in his "Vision of the Temple of Fame" is in harmony with the character of English thought.

There is, I believe, no need of accumulating proofs and instances under this head, but if either or both were wanting they might be easily procured. A glance backward or forward reveals them. Indeed, the first conspicious effort of English genius which precedes the works of Chancer, "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," was an allegory, characterized apparently by English humor and shrewdness of observation. And the great poet Spencer who succeeded "the morning star of English literature," after a long interval, has exhibited in the same form all the highest gifts of English genius. I have space here only to remark that the external form in which the "Fairy Queen" is embodied, is due in a considerable degree to that Romance literature, which, created by the Gallic genius of the Trouvères, for the entertainment of their Germanic masters, gave a French brightness of objectivity to the deep motives and pleasures of German adventure, and so was qualified to fire the southern genius of Tasso and Ariosto, as well as to strike deep into the English soul of Spencer. We are therefore to look for the individual character of his genius, not so much to this romantic element which was the common property of Europe, as to the peculiar treatment which it received at the hands, and to all that spiritual story of the poem which is entirely his own. Though Spencer is so admirably successful in the image or outer part of the allegory, yet his thoughts are more occupied throughout with the inner meaning. This note it is that brings the "Fairy Queen" well within the broad limits which I have ventured to accord to English genius. This characteristic indicates such a slowness of mind as gives depth, because it loves to dwell on an object till it takes it all in, with all the meaning appertaining to it.

Next to his quaint stateliness and the beauty and melody of his numbers, which have had more to do with the abiding success of the "Faery Queen" than the intrinsic nobleness of his general aim, or his conception of human life, at once so indulgent—next to those qualities in Spencer, that which strikes one is his wonderful and admirable elaboration of details. Every feature in his characters, every movement in their adventures is full of deep spiritual meaning. Now this is not at all a necessary or universal quality in allegory. It is the treatment of allegory which we should expect from the slow and outer English mind, but we should not expect it nor do we find it in Swift's allegory. More than that, Spencer's allegory is frequently not only double but triplicate. A character which fits one person puts on the marks of another as rapidly as the "instantaneous change" artists doff and assume dresses and costumes. In Swift, they are all principal incidents in his story, and the story itself moves rapidly. The characters are sketched with a free hand in a few touches. But in Spencer every detail is brought out. His figures are perfect in every item of countenance and dress. His combatants have numbered for them every blow. His types are of the most minute sort. In short his is a Dutch picture, but how beautiful are the colors with which it glows! It is as fine a specimen of what the English mind can do by reason of its depth as is any-

where to be found among the manifold and marvellous works of the English poets.

The quick mind keeps nearer to the surface. It is a swallow that skims the mirror of a lake. Accordingly, if we compare the "Fairy Queen," or that other eminently English allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress," with Swift's admirable allegory, the "Tale of a Tub," we shall find this racial difference beautifully illustrated. Swift was by birth and early education an Irishman, and he wrote during the period when French influence was predominant in English literature. We may expect in him the superficial characters of the quick mind, and accordingly it may be said with truth that Swift thinks more of the image than of the meaning; the humor lies rather in Peter, Martin and John. Spencer and Bunyan, on the other hand, concentrate their interest rather in Truth, Temperance, Faith and Hope.

The baptism of blood and fire through which England passed by reason of the eruption of Protestantism raised both Protestant and Catholic to a newness of life. That mighty working of heart and mind with which the apostate nation then heaved throughout, went through every man and woman and tried what manner of spirit they were of. The loss to morality was great, but what a preparation was this for that period of our literature in which man, the greater actor of the drama of life, was about to appear on the stage. It was to expected that the mimic drama of the stage should then start into national life—religious life it long possessed. It might have been foreseen, also, that human character should speak from the stage with a novel vigor and depth of energy. But who could have imagined Shakespeare? It is needless, indeed it is impossible for me to dwell on the varied characteristics of his mightiness. My eyes are too weak long to gaze upon the sun. I shall content myself with observing that if sense of character and richness of humor, if depth of feeling and fervor of imagination, if minuteness of detail and living fidelity to nature, be English excellences, then the genius of Shakespeare was in strict conformity to English thought. If deficiency of true wit and a certain inattention to that general effect which is produced by a regular and skilful composition of the whole, be English defects, then Shakespeare is the very type of English genius.

In Milton, on the contrary, there is a striking absence of English characteristics. There is in him no elaboration of details, no deficiency of general effects. His characters are, indeed, admirably drawn, and his descriptions shine with the incandescent light of genius, but we are struck rather by the poetry and the truthfulness of the whole rather than by the life and fidelity of the particular touches. He had in common with all the born kings of human thought, the divine gifts by which they hold their universal and eternal dominion over the soul of man, but in him those gifts were specialized, not as national, but as individual. He "gave up to party what was meant for mankind," to use a famous line of Goldsmith. Perhaps where he most exhibits his English nature is in the majesty of his conception, which is always found combined with consummate though somewhat austere harmony and grace. But the very qualities for which Addison and Macaulay have praised his poems are those the least frequently found in conuection with the English character. This singularity can be accounted for with almost entire satisfaction if we but remember how very much Milton was beholden to the Latin and Italian languages and influences. In his case the creeping blooms of sunny Italy covered and frequently concealed the English oak. For the rest, his poetry, as has well been said, is like his own Eve—a consummate type of loveliness, uniting the severe yet sensuous beauty of classical sculpture with the ideal and abstracted elevation of Christian art.

And now passing, as I said I should have to do, over all the middle portion of English literature, I must touch very briefly the character of English poetry of the modern period, which may be said to owe its origin to Cowper's and Wordsworth's vehement protests against the conventionalities into which the verse of the preceding period had sunk in its decay. Cowper and Wordsworth turned from the world of the individual imagination to the world of nature, the world of God. In doing this they answered English instincts the sense of the practical and the love of the real. But the reform was not confined to Words-

worth. Scott painted the vales and mountains of Scotland in colors which have not faded. Byron went forth and pondered in an English fashion on whatever of grandeur Europe had to show. Thus, Celt and Saxon shared in a common distaste of the artificial. For an explanation of this uncommon unity of sentiment in the representatives of divergent and opposed races, we have only to remember two facts: First, the time had long come in that order of poetic subjects which I have mentioned, for the poetry of nature. Secondly, the disappointment and scepticism into which he was thrown by the issue of the French revolution drove Wordsworth and his school to nature for the renewal of faith and the revival of hope. This entire devotion caused him to have little sense of human character, but it gave his genius such power that we still feel the strength of its impulse.

Passing over the lesser poets of this fruitful period of ours, we come to the great artist who has but yesterday taken his departure from our orb. Tennyson shares with Wordsworth an earnest, faithful devotion to nature. But this is not his only English characteristic. Indeed, I know not any more striking indication of the permanence of the national character of England than the familiarity of Tennyson's genius to Spencer's. We see in Tennyson the same minute truthfulness of detail, and even love of allegory, similar beauty and sweetness of poetic sentiment breathing through his ideas the breath of life, similar beauty of language and exquisite choice of words. In all those features the likeness between Spencer and Tennyson is great. And all those characteristics bespeak that English sensibility and elaboration of details which I have so frequently mentioned as marks of the English genius. Tennyson is not a poet of wit or fancy. There is more of the latter quality in a page of Moore than in a volume of Tennyson. As to wit, a third rate French poet could produce more and better in thirty minutes than Tennyson manufactured in a long lifetime. So far from moving on the surface is he, that his meaning sometimes goes so deep that it is beyond reach. It must be confessed also that the general effect of his poems is sometimes not good. "Maud," for example, has strength, but it is doubtful if one educated person ever considered it an exceptionally fine piece of art. Again, the "Princess" is, notwithstanding the unrivalled beauty of many parts of the poem, an odd sort of story even for poetical purposes. But this only fixes more clearly on his genius the predominating character of essentially English thought.

Having thus traced that character down the main current of our literature which has come from England, we shall, on a future occasion, consider, in the same point of view, the most prominent features of the contribution made to British literature by Scotland and Ireland.

20—Though *Punch* has become a synonyme among Americans for flat humor and dull fun, it is nevertheless, fairly representative of all that is best in English wit and fancy. This periodical has been a mine of wealth to its owners and has never had to fear a rival. Yet, there are hosts of bright and witty writers never represented in its pages. It is a close corporation, and Tenniel, Burnand, Du Maurier, Sanborne, and a limited few, furnish all its illustrations and humor from week to week. Every Wednesday night there is a reunion of these writers and caricacturists. The habit was begun in the golden days of Doyle and Mark Lemon and has continued ever since. They all sit at a round table, like the fabled Knights of King Arthur. Then and there current events are discussed, suggestions given, and cartoons mapped out. The most prominent figure at the table, which now seats fourteen, is Mr. F. C. Burnand, the playwright and humorist and chief editorial writer of Punch. He is a Roman Catholic, and it is chiefly to his influence is owing the comparative delicacy with which this comic journal now refers to Church affairs. Burnand was at one time a barrister. He proved far too funny for the law, a profession which requires gravity. He tried to defend a woman in a forgery case, and muddled matters so much that his client flung a boot at him. The boot missed his head, but it made its mark nevertheless, as this little unpleasantness convinced him he was unsuited for legal work. At present he controls *Punch* and contributes regularly. His criticisms of

dramatic doings occupy much of his attention, at the same time he is active in the composition of plays, chiefly burlesques.

21—The first systematic historian of Ireland is as picturesque a figure as is to be found anywhere in the annals of literature. Born at the little hamlet of Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, Ireland, about the year 1570, Geoffry Keating lived to be a great divine and a celebrated historian. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and in the College of Salamanca he studied for twenty-three years. On his return home he was appointed to the ministry of his native parish, Tubbrid. He became famous for his eloquence in the pulpit, and crowds came to hear him from long distances. In a discourse on the sin of adultery he gave great affront to the wife of a gentleman and the particular friend of the lord-president of Munster. The woman made loud complaints of the preacher to the lord-president, who gave orders for apprehending him, intending to have him punished with all the rigor of the law. Dr. Keating, warned by some friends, fled before the soldiers reached his house, into the Gatlee Mountain near at hand, in which seclusion he began to formulate the historical materials he had been collecting for years. His famous *History of Ireland* was written in the native language, and ultimately completed about the year 1625. In 1603, however, Keating was enabled, owing to the recall to England of the lord-president, Sir George Carew, to return to his parish. He found a coadjutor, and the two zealous priests, among other good works, built a chapel. The spectacle of this great divine, hiding among the fastness of the mountains, sitting down to write the history of his country in the majestic Irish language, will, it is to be hoped, furnish a subject for the brush of some Irish artist. Keating's writings prove him to have been an eloquent preacher, a ripe scholar, a graceful versifier, a skilful writer in Latin and Irish, and a patriotic and patient collector and student of the ancient annals and bardic works of his country. The leading faults of his history is an over-full faith in legends and an extravagant trust in traditions. But those defects do not go without excuse, as the author very clearly declares in an early part of his work, in giving the legend of the settlement in Ireland before the flood—"nor have I inserted it in the beginning of this history with any desire that it should be believed, but only for the sake of order, and out of respect to some records of the Kingdom that make mention of it." Remembering this and other like statements in his history we cannot join in charging the author with unbounded credulity. Geoffry Keating died probably in 1650, but there is great difference of opinion as to the strict accuracy of this date.

22—In London on the 4th of December the death of the famous Professor Tyndall was announced. Several weeks ago he began to suffer severely from insomnia and rheumatism, to which dread maladies he finally succumbed. Tyndall was, as all the world know, a great exponent of physical science, and his lectures and other publications have found a place in English literature, which fact brings them and their author within the domain of those notes. John Tyndall was born in 1820, at Leighlin-bridge, Carlow, Ireland. His parents were poor, but, with the zeal for education which is one of the best characteristics of the Irish people, they managed to have their son taught well. He early acquired a sound knowledge of mathematics. His first employment was as "civil assistant" of the Ordnance Survey in his native land. He subsequently performed some railway engineering operations for a Manchester firm. In 1847 came what was probably much more congenial occupation, when he received an appointment as a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, England. Here he formed the friendship of the celebrated chemist, Dr. Frankland, and with him Tyndall began that career of physical investigation in which he has since gained such a fame. For his discoveries in connection with chemical and other phenomena he received the Fellowship of the Royal Society. In 1853 he was elected professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution, and was successor of Michael Faraday as Superintendent. He has been President of the British Association and received high honorary degrees from the Universities of

Cambridge, Edinburgh and Oxford. When the honorary degree of D. C. L., University of Oxford, was conferred upon him, he was objected to by Dr. Heurtley, Professor of Divinity, on the undeniable ground that he had "signalized himself by writing against and denying the credibility of miracles and the efficacy of prayer." In 1872 he went on a lecturing tour in the United States. By thirty-five lectures on scientific subjects he realized $23,000, upward of $13,000 remaining after the payment of all incidental expenses, which sum he nobly devoted to the encouragement of original research. In 1876 he married Louisa Claud, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton. Professor Tyndall is best known to the general public as a lecturer. But his published works are numerous. Most of them are on purely scientific subjects, but occasionally he was led to produce a volume on such matters as Alpine exploration, wherein scientific knowledge was blended with observation of the picturesque and sublime. His style possesses wonderful clearness, brightened with humor and apt illustration. While we deplore the wrong judgement which made Tyndall turn from physical research to attack dogmatic religion, concerning which his knowledge was not great, we do not feel called upon to refrain from admiring him as an instance of native Irish genius and energy raising themselves to a lofty reputation in spite of early difficulties, and by worthy means.

A BETHLEHEM LULLABY.

Mary, the Mother, sits on a hill
And cradles child Jesu, that lies so still;
She cradles child Jesu, that sleeps so sound,
And the little winds blow the song around.

The little winds blow the mother's words,
"Ei, Jesu, Ei," like the song of birds;
"Ei, Jesu, Ei," I heard it still
As I lay asleep at the foot of the hill.

"Sleep, baby, sleep, mother watch doth keep,
Ox shall not hurt thee, nor ass, nor sheep;
Dew falls sweet from thy Father's sky
Sleep, Jesu, sleep! ei, Jesu, ei!"

Mary, the Mother, sits on a hill
And cradles child Jesu, that lies so still;
She cradles child Jesu, that sleeps so sound,
And the little winds blow the song around.

JOHN PHILIP VARLEY.

THE HAUNTED OAK.

E had planned a sleigh ride and dance for Christmas eve weeks ahead, and all looked forward to the night's outing as likely to be fraught with much merriment. There are always associations entwined about Christmas that render that season's joys more sweet than those of any other. And so, when to the pleasures which ever accompany a driving-party was added the fact of such an event taking place on Christmas eve, it was only natural that we should all have literally pushed ourselves through the intervening days to come up with December 24th—or rather the evening of that day. At last it came, and just as our fondest hopes had pictured it, an ideal Canadian winter's night, with the moon at the full gleaming silvery white from a sky of darkest, deepest blue, shedding such a bright effulgence as to completely blot out the minor luminaries, and make the more pretentious stars look dim, and their incessant twinkling to seem but continuous spasmodic efforts to attain a greater brilliancy. The air was crisp and frosty, but was quite still, so that the intense cold was scarcely noticeable to a native. The dry, fleecy snow crackled under the feet of the pedestrian, and creaked beneath the runners as the 'busses dashed up to the door, the horses blowing clouds of frosty breath from their nostrils, and prancing impatient of detention on such a glorious night. It was a merry throng of lads and lasses that crowded into the vehicles, muffled in wools and furs. Each soft cheek was round and rosy that brushed against a circling boa, and every eye sparkled bright that looked out from a saucy hood. The fellows were a right jolly sort, all eager for the fun, and everyone willing to do his share towards rolling on the ball of merriment. So there was every prospect of a good time.

Nellie Burleigh was one of our number. She was pretty,—very pretty. Her style of beauty does not matter here. Vivacious, sprightly, ever ready for pleasure at a moment's notice, she was a general favorite,—perhaps I should say a favorite generally, for her superior charms awoke the spirit of jealousy in more than one of her companions. These characteristics also may be disregarded in the present instance. She was very much the practical in all things. There was little of the super-sensitive in her composition, little of the super-anything in fact,—but superbravery. This quality she possessed in a degree far above the majority of her sex. Besides she had a supreme contempt for the supernatural in general and ghosts and beings of their ilk in particular, ever scoffing at the idea of their existence. Now this fact and the further one that Harry Fielding was a fine fellow all round, with but a single failing, a love for practical jokes, are the data whereon the incidents of this tale mainly hinge. He also loved the beautiful Nellie with all the strength of an honest, generous heart. In fact these two were engaged to be married. Not anything very extraordinary in itself, truly, but worth knowing. Those who knew prophesied a flower-strewn, sunlit path through life for Harry and Nellie, for there was not the trace of a cloud in their clear sky. But the windows of the future have panes of clouded glass, and the figures on the other side are somewhat indistinct and indefinite in outline.

When a woman possesses any admirable quality in a marked degree above her sisters, she is sure to come into disfavor with certain of them not so gifted, and these will loose no opportunity of minimizing her special excellence in the estimation of others. This is to be regretted, but it is nevertheless true. Nellie's comrades were forever quizzing her on her scepticism, and were at all times on the lookout for an opportunity of putting her to the test. The chance came this night. The drive out had been given to laughter, song and general gayety, and now the dance held sway. Several of the ladies

were seated in an alcove of the room, and among other delightful topics of conversation that of ghosts came up.

Now about half a mile from the dancing-hall was a little cemetery, and in the centre grew an old gnarled oak, whose leafless, withered branches had swayed over an unknown grave since beyond the memory of man. About this old oak were woven many legends by the simple country-folk, and round their firesides, as the evening shadows fell, manifold tales were told of ghostly apparitions that had taken place, and uncanny sights that had been seen round the Haunted Oak. Many stories more or less true had been retailed this night, and one was just being related of the Haunted Oak when Nellie Burleigh happened along and joined the ring of listeners. The tale ended, our heroine spoiled its solemnizing effect by her rippling laugh, and was running away with some sceptical comment upon the veracity of the story, when some person remarked that one so brave and incredulous should prove her temerity and disbelief, and suggested as a good test that Nellie should leave the dance, go to the cemetery, and return with a branch from the Haunted Oak. Not a girl objected,—because she herself was not called upon to make the journey,—all thought it a capital idea, and applauded it heartily. When Nellie heard the proposition she at once agreed, for the night was bright, the walk comparatively short, and she feared no spiritual interference.

It so happened that in a recess close by where these things were going on, a crowd of gentlemen, among whom was Harry Fielding, were gathered, and they by some chance overheard the scheme for denuding the old tree of a branch. At first they looked serious, and were about to protest against such an errand on such a night, when Harry with a laugh said a bright thought had come to him whereby he could have some fun, scare Nellie a little, and perhaps strengthen her belief in the supernatural. Leave everything in his hands and all would be well. He then left his companions and hurried out of the room. No one thought any more about the matter, doubtless concluding that Harry and Nellie would have a walk together in the moonlight, and enjoy the opportunity thus afforded of having half an hour by themselves.

In a couple of moments Harry had snatched a sheet from a bed, donned coat and cap, and was flying down the road in the direction of the cemetery, while Nellie was leisurely putting on her wraps, making ready for her novel expedition. A breeze had sprung up from the east, and grey banks of cloud formed on the horizon, while the heralds of the coming storm in the shape of patches of snow-clouds drifted slowly across the sky, dropping now and then a few flakes to earth. By the time Nellie was well on the road Harry had reached the oak by a circuitous route, so that his footprints would not be noticed in the light snow,—for this had been the first snow of the winter,—and concealed himself, clothed in the stolen sheet, behind its massive trunk. Here he awaited Nellie's advent, occupying the time in picturing the girl's sudden fright when he in ghostly garb should rise before her with outstretched arms; the little scream, the ghost's disrobing and dissembling, Nellie's feigned anger, his calming her fears, smoothing her ruffled temper, and then the pleasant walk back beneath the stars. He was in the midst of these reflections when suddenly the well-known figure of his sweetheart entered the little gate and glided briskly along the path toward the tree. As she neared it her pace slackened, and he could see in the moonlight that her face was paler than usual, and that she looked cautiously here and there as if expecting something to happen. A graveyard at midnight is not the most pleasant place in the world, especially when the visitor is a female and it is her first experience. Brave as Nellie was the white faces of the tomb-stones, the mournful sighings of the wind through the leafless branches of the trees, and the long, dark shadows stretched along the snow seemed weird and unnatural. She felt like an intruder among the dead, and stopped for a moment within a few feet of her goal, undecided as to whether she would turn back or advance. Her nerves were strained to the highest tension, and her imagination wrought up to such a degree as to give voices to the breeze and motion to the objects about her. But her sterner nature won the

battle. A few rapid steps and she was on the mound under the shade of the old oak. Just then a cloud obscured the moon's face. As Nellie stretched out her hand to break off a twig a spectre slowly rose from the other side and extended its long arms towards her. To a firm believer the apparition would have given a terrible fright, but to a sceptic such as Nellie, and in her present frame of mind, the reaction was too great. Everything chimed in so harmoniously, the marble slabs, the trees, the snow, all so white and still, were apt surroundings for such a being. Even a groan from the pretended ghost might have brought her to herself and discovered the deceit. But no; merely the outstretched arms. As one spectral hand shot up to protect the twig she was about to grasp, the very blood froze in her veins. With a shriek such as her lover had never heard before, she fell forward on the ground, and there lay as motionless as a corpse. With a bound Harry was by her side, and in a moment the bloodless face was turned to the skies, her name was being pronounced by trembling lips, and a countenance pale as her own looked down upon her. Her brow and hands were chaffed with all the power at Harry's command, and a few flakes were forced between the pallid lips. But all to no purpose. She was in a dead faint, and after a quarter of an hour's fruitless efforts to bring her back to consciousness, Harry muffled her garments about her, and started as best he could to convey her to the hall. He had succeeded in frightening her, but the consequences were more serious than he had anticipated; and it was with a whirling brain and loudly-beating heart that he began his backward journey.

For half an hour or so after Nellie's exit the rest of the party were engaged in the merry dance, and little heed was given to the two ghost-hunters, but when that time had elapsed and there was no sign of their returning, comments upon their absence began to float around, and at the end of an hour, some of the gentlemen decided to take a walk towards the cemetery, and escort the truants back.

They found Harry with his burden about half way down the road, and with an ashy pallor over his face, and frightened looks he related the occurrences of the past hour, and cursed himself for a brute in playing such a joke on his beloved. The limp, unconscious form was carried by strong arms to the hall, medical aid was summoned, and every means to restore the poor girl to consciousness was resorted to. All that night the work of resuscitation went on, and throughout the long vigil, Harry bent with anxious face above the couch where Nellie lay, eagerly scanning the quiet features for the slightest sign of returning animation. It was a useless watch, for Nellie Burleigh slept, never to awake again on earth. When the sun rose from a bed of brightest crimson and richest gold, her soul had passed far beyond the skies to a happier, better world than this, where Cherubim and Seraphim held jubilee, and the vast, eternal courts rang with the grand refrain of "Gloria In Excelsis."

There is little more to tell. Harry, from the jovial, sunny fellow he was of yore, became morbid and taciturn, shunned society altogether, quickly wasted in health, and in a few months went off no one knew whither. A couple of years afterwards he drifted back, a poor, broken wreck, to die. The end soon came, and he was laid beside his bride that was to be, in the tomb. And now in that neighborhood, when the yule-log burns, and story-tellers draw their chairs around, this tale of the Haunted Oak is sometimes told, and there are many who aver that on Christmas Eve, at midnight, be the weather as it may, a woman's scream is heard upon the air, and a form is seen to rise, white and still, from behind the ancient tree, and leap into the shadow out of sight.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

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THANKS AND GOOD WISHES.

Once more a year draws to a close, but, before becoming a thing of the past, brings us the most gladsome festival of any season. Thanks and good wishes are too often expressions rather of formality than of sincerity; Christmas-tide, however, reverses the rule; then, who has a heart speaks from it.

Though the OWL has more than once during the course of the year, sincerely acknowledged its debt of gratitude, and extended wishes for success and happiness to its patrons, we heartily embrace the occasion which the holiday season offers, to repeat these assurances in our last number for 1893. We have much to be thankful for; during the year we have met with encouragement from the University authorities, generosity from contributors, indulgence from readers, and enough honest, healthy criticism to show us that we were expected to keep our college journal up to a high standard. Favorable comments on the results of our editorial efforts have poured in upon us, and have been accompanied by such tangible aid from subscribers and advertisers as to permit us to look back upon a year successful in all respects. Thanks, kind friends. We can well afford to forget all unpleasant or harsh words that have been spoken of us, feel at peace with all men and cordially wish all men of good-will whom this number reaches: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

BENEFITS OF CRITICISM.

To the majority of persons nothing is more distasteful than criticism. Most of us are prepared to admit that benefits, many and great have accrued therefrom, yet we are naturally averse to having it applied to ourselves. We should persistently combat this inclination, for in every branch of human industry, criticism has been an important factor of development. It enters into our daily life, and while sometimes it discourages, it generally stimulates to greater exertion.

True criticism is the application of taste and good sense to the productions of human endeavor, with a view to point out what is true and what is faulty in every performance, whether of hand or brain. It is an art founded, generally speaking, on experience, on the observation of such qualities as are pleasing to the public taste. The true critic seeks to point out the faults that are to be avoided; and as human talent is, more or less, imperfect,

there is no one but may receive valuable help from honest criticism.

None of us are unaware of the immense influence of the press at the present day. In so far as its columns are open to the free discussion of public affairs, just so far is it a power for instituting justice for injustice, for establishing right where there is wrong. The careful student of history cannot fail to observe that in those countries where the greatest freedom of criticism has been permitted, the most progress has been made and the highest degree of civilization has been attained.

As to the progress of nations, so also to that of individuals, has criticism been most helpful. It is true that some of the greatest works of art were comparatively unknown during the lifetime of those who produced them. This fact, in many cases, may be regarded as a momentary triumph of the prejudice of a few, rather than an indication of the vitiation of the public taste. Eventually, however, as their beauties were far in excess of the blemishes which they contained, these works found their true, place, in the estimation of the people.

Nothing is more illustrative of nobleness of character than the good part in which we accept honest criticism; such acceptance is after all nothing more than an admission of the possibility of our being wrong. It is a law of human nature that we must either advance or recede. They who reject criticism bar the way to further progress and oblige us to admit the truth of the words: "He who never changes his mind, forces us to believe that he has no mind to change."

VERY REV. DR. DAWSON.

The members of St. Andrew's Society, most of whom belong to the Presbyterian creed, recently did a very graceful act in electing as their chaplain a Catholic priest, Very Rev. Dr. Dawson. Dr. Dawson delivered the usual annual exhortation to the society, on the Sunday preceding the festival of its patron saint, in the opera-house. The Reverend gentleman found himself before a very large audience, embracing many of the capital's prominent citizens, as with a step quite steady, considering his eighty-three years, he advanced to the front of the platform. His stirring address, delivered in a clear, sonorous voice that was heard in the remotest corners of the vast hall, showed that age has not yet enfeebled the venerable Doctor's mental vigor. His persuasive and fervent words on the love of God and brotherly feeling, will be long remembered by all who heard them.

Few men in the Dominion enjoy as high a place in the esteem of all classes as does Rev. Dr. Dawson. He has the happy quality of winning and retaining the attachment of all with whom he comes in contact. He is well known throughout the land as a scholarly writer. Splendid tributes to his high and varied attainments are the honorary degrees he has received from several of our universities—Laval, Queen's and Ottawa.

All honor to St. Andrew's Society for its display of patriotism and tolerance! To its distinguished chaplain we would say: *Ad multos annos*!

IS THIS TRUE?

An abuse too common in our time is fault-finding. Even college students do not seem to be exempt from its evil influences. In their own sphere there are always to be found some students with a grievance to vent. It may be the claim that personal favor is shown, that injustice is done in the distribution of privileges, that rules are made which bear unneces-

sarily hard on some few and so on, to the end of the chapter. In many cases these plaints are, to a great extent, imaginary and groundless. Actions must not be entirely judged by their exterior circumstances. What appears unjust, if fairly examined in the proper light, may be altogether sound at the core. Certain rules in personal instances may strike us as being rather severe but this does not prove their injustice. We must bear in mind that rules are not framed to suit each individual taste, but have for their object the good of the whole body. If we formulated them they might be different, but it is very questionable if they would conserve as well the public harmony.

Besides there are petty feelings of annoyance and fancied private wrongs, the sooner the indulgence in which is discontinued, the better for those concerned. If we faithfully attend to the performance of our duties we shall not have time or occasion to habitually complain that defects exist on all sides. For it is remarkable that "tales of woe" are largely to be heard from those who are far from foremost in the fulfilment of their appointed tasks. He who is wise knows that flaws must exist and realizes that if a remedy is not practicable, the sensible plan is to give in to circumstances without unnecessary murmur. It is always easy to discover imperfections if we set out with that intention. But such work is not ours.

Remember that our surroundings are pretty much like a mirror and will reflect dolefully or pleasantly according to the manner in which they are viewed. If the spectacles of moroseness and dissatisfaction are used everything will, of course, appear distorted and faulty; but if, on the contrary, we look through the glasses of charity and cheerfulness objects will assume a bright and pleasing hue. Let everyone do his utmost to diminish the army of fault-finders and grievance-seekers. If we convert but one into a peaceful and contented citizen a considerable work will have been accomplished.

RUGBY CHAMPIONS.

"The King is dead, long live the Queen." King Osgoode is dead, and the bay leaves of football supremacy now bedeck the brows of the men of Queen's. Vanquished though we were, by the stalwart champions, still, now that the battle is o'er and the honors so decisively and creditably won, we extend to the men of Queen's our hearty congratulations and hail them by the titles for which they have fought for years; Champions of Ontario. Champions of Canada. Theirs has been a record unique in the annals of Canadian football. Other teams have met as much as they, and even more. Other teams may point to more one-sided scores for a season through, but no team in Canada ever had such exasperating disappointments as that same Queen's team. For years they had a strong team, a team that played close games with the best teams in the country, but somehow or other, hard and stubbornly though they fought, they never survived the semi-finals. In the days of the challenge system they came within an ace of beating our own champions, but they never beat them. Such fate as that was certainly enough to discourage any ordinary team, but Queen's men were doggedly persevering, and their honors of to-day are the reward thereof. Defeat is said to be the best training for victory. From their successive and tantalizing defeats, Principal Grant's students learnt their weakness and discovered a remedy. Each year they improved their style of play, and renewed their determination to win the coveted trophy. Perseverance at last won the crown.

The men of Queen's have earned the crown by hard work and perseverance. Their record as a team furnishes a healthy moral, and one which we would wish our own players to observe and to profit by. The team that can make use of defeat, to discover its weak points, is bound to win. For the determination to win that is born of bitter defeat is the determination that must some day win the sweetest victory. Seven years is a long time to keep up on trying, but each year's defeat must enhance the sweetness of the victory that Queen's men now enjoy. We have had our years of victory, we have also had our years of defeat. But as our years of defeat have followed our victories, there is no reason in the world why they may not also be made the years of defeat that precede our victories. Let us be guided by the moral that is to be drawn from the career of Queen's; let us, in defiance of defeat, persevere with redoubled determination to win back our erstwhile honors, and success will one day be ours. The fight may be an uphill one 'tis true, but the harder and the longer the fight, the greater and sweeter the victory.

DECORUM OF STUDENTS.

Much is said and written in our times of the unseemly conduct of students on public occasions. We cannot deny that there is some ground for these strictures passed on college men, in most cases, however, we venture to say, the statements made regarding the misdeeds of students are gross exaggerations.

By a certain class of fault-finders any disturbance which occurs in an assembly, is attributed to students, if there happens to be a college in the neighborhood. On one occasion the writer whilst assisting at the presentation of a Shakespearian drama heard numerous disparaging remarks about noisy students, when a disturbance was made in the gallery. Now as a matter of fact, there were only three students in the building and we were all three seated near the prejudiced fault-finders. This is only one among many cases we might cite.

At a banquet in Ottawa lately, there was considerable uproar during the replies to some of the toasts. As usual, irascible individuals were not wanting, who attributed the disturbance to students. Facts are stubborn things, and it is a positive fact that in the part of the hall from which the disturbance came, there were scarcely any students. We must admit that, unfortunately a few, a very few students were among the disturbers. We emphatically deny, however, that such men could be classed as representative students. It is not surprising that out of five or six hundred, a few are found who are not what they should be.

What we strenuously object to, is that anyone should be so unreasonable as to judge the student-body by the wrong-doing of an insignificant minority. It is an undeniable fact, however, in almost every institution, that the unseemly behavior of the few produces an unfavorable impression which the gentlemanly deportment of the many fails to offset. We maintain that the overwhelming majority of college students are gentlemen thoroughly imbued with the idea, that "rowdyism" is incompatible with good breeding and true education.

Students of other institutions may be greater offenders against decorum than we are. We find it strange indeed when we hear of convocation addresses being drowned in the din raised by students; of a president being insulted when he addresses undergraduates. Reports of such scenes, we regret to say, cannot be doubted as regards at least one of our sister-universi-

ties, since we find them confirmed in the journal of that institution. Yet we feel that nowhere is such unseemly conduct indulged in or favored by the majority.

We agree with the college contemporary cited above, that the best means self-respecting students can take to silence the imputations that they have to bear on account of the misconduct of a few thoughtless or ill-bred comrades, is to form a "family compact" to frown down every semblance of undignified behavior on public occasions. Let the majority ostracize all who will not conduct themselves as gentlemen, especially let upper-classmen do so, and we feel certain that in a short time, all talk of "student rowdyism" will be a thing of the past, except, of course, among peevish pessimists.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of the 2nd of November, to celebrate the Canadian and American Thanksgiving Days, we were given an enjoyable entertainment by the members of the Dramatic Society. The several items on the programme were well chosen and their rendition reflects great credit upon those who took part. Much ability was displayed by the manner in which Messrs. H. Bisaillon, E. Tessier, H. Prénoveau and A. Tallifer assumed the different characters in the French farce, "Les Ressources de Jonathas." The College Glee Club, composed of Messrs. M. McKenna, E. Donnegan, T. Holland, J. Shaw, E. Fleming, J. Walsh, T. Clancy and A. Kehoe, so charmed the audience that they had to respond to an encore. A violincello solo by Mr. Walter A. Herckenrath, a declamation by Mr. M. J. McKenna, and a song by Mr. J. Clarke received well merited rounds of applause. The last and principal item of the programme was the farce, "A Sea of Troubles," acted by Messrs. McKenna, Ryan, McDougal, Clarke, Quinlan, Laplante, Holland and O'Malley. Each of these gentlemen deserves praise for the excellent manner in which he performed his part. The College Band, under the direction of Rev. Father Gervais, played some choice selections during the evening.

SOCIETIES.

READING ROOM.—Some time ago the members of last year's Reading Room Association met for the purpose of selecting officers for the present year. The attendance was unusually large and after the satisfactory financial standing of the association was made known by Mr. Jas. Murphy, secretary, the following gentlemen were chosen to fill the offices of trust: President, Jas. Murphy; treasurer, A. Bedard; secretary, A. E. Burke; librarians, M. Abbott and T. Lévêque; curators, J. B. McGarry, Ed. McCabe and E. Mousseau.

The membership is large and already the leading papers of Canada and the United States are on file. Everything points to a successful year.

SOCIETY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—A meeting of the above society was held on Sunday the 26th Nov., to elect officers for the coming year. In the absence of last year's president; Mr. A. E. Burke took the chair. The nominations were then proceeded with and resulted in the election of the following: President, A. E. Burke; 1st asst., A. Bedard; 2nd asst., J. McGarry; secretary, M. Abbott; treasurer, J. Murphy; councillors, E. O'Malley, T. Clancy, E. McCabe and E. Bolger; sacristans, J. Foley and J. Fallon.

Great interest should be taken in this society by the students, for its pious object makes it one of the most important of our societies.

ST. THOMAS' SOCIETY.—This society which exists among the members of the graduating class has for object the discussion of philosophical theses. In the past it has been productive of much good among the students in philosophy. Each week a thesis is discussed and every student is given an opportunity to exercise his polemic abilities. For the present year the members elected the following officers: President, J. Murphy; vice president, Mr. A. Bedard; secretary, Mr. A. E. Burke; councillors, Messrs. J. McDougall and L. Kehoe.

THE VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES.

LARGER and more representative audience never gathered in the Academic Hall than that which filled it in answer to special invitations, on the evening of the 12th inst., when Their Excellencies paid their first visit to the University.

A number of prominent citizens and the members of the faculties of theology, philosophy, law and arts, in their academic robes, were presented to their Excellencies in the University parlors, at 8.30. Enthusiastic was the applause which greeted the distinguished visitors as they entered the hall with His Grace the Chancellor and the different faculties, and took their seats on the dais placed in front of the stage. When the applause had died away the students, who crowded the galleries, made the hall ring with the inimitable college cheer; the cheer was repeated several times during the course of the evening and the spirit and crescendo with which it was given received a graceful compliment from His Excellency. The curtain rose, and a murmur of satisfaction, then, long, loud applause told how all admired the tastily decorated stage and the appropriate "Welcome" formed by incandescent lights on a background of red and blue satin.

The City Band Orchestra opened the programme with the overture "Bonnie Scotland" which was highly appreciated, Their Excellencies joining heartily in the applause. Then came a song of welcome by a chorus of thirty voices accompanied by the orchestra. The song, composed for the occasion, was sung to a rollicking, lively air, and pleased the honored guests so much that the Earl remarked, when speaking later, that he would have insisted on an encore, had he not feared to convey the idea that he was thinking more of the sentiment of the song than of the excellent manner in which it was rendered.

Mr. James Murphy then read the address which follows:

To the Right Honorable Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada.

May it please your Excellency:

The students of the University of Ottawa heartily rejoice at the privilege which is theirs, in having the representative of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, and the noble Countess of Aberdeen as honored guests this evening.

Any representative of Her Gracious Majesty would receive a loyal welcome in these halls, but we feel that our welcome should be more than usually warm and hearty, when it is extended to one, who, whilst he was its Lord-Lieutenant won the proud title of Friend and Benefactor of a country, once the home of the fathers of many here, and a land dear to us all. The interest which Your Excellency took in the development of the Dominion, and your residence in our midst before being called to the high position of Governor-General, gives you a claim to the gratitude and confidence of our people, and for this reason also we are happy indeed to have this occasion of joining in the assurance of high personal regard which you have already so often received from Canadians.

The scholarly attainments which Your Excellency brings to the first station in the land lead us to hope that higher education possesses much interest for you, and will ever be encouraged by you. Our Alma Mater was granted the privileges of a University, little more than a quarter of a century ago, but already her sons occupy many elevated positions in the Church, and in the liberal professions; they are to be found in parliament, and even among Your Excellency's responsible advisers. Every province in the Dominion is well represented in the University of Ottawa to-day, and among those who welcome you enthusiastically are many students from the neighboring republic, and a few

from the Old World. One and all, we are proud of our Alma Mater's past and present, and feel that Your Excellency's visit and wise counsels will cheer us on to manly efforts in the acquirement of learning and discharge of duty.

We thank Your Excellency for the honor your presence here this evening does us, and assure you that our best wishes will accompany you in all your future undertakings, and especially in the administration of this vast and important portion of the Empire. May the great and good God grant you many happy days, and the fullest measure of success—to quote your own noble motto "Fortuna Sequatur."

To the noble Countess of Aberdeen we would also tender a cordial welcome. No Ottawa student, wherever his home, has failed to hear, before coming to this institution, and since, the highest praise of the Countess of Aberdeen's earnest efforts in behalf of the least fortunate of Her Majesty's subjects in the British Isles. We appreciate her generous acts, and trust that they will be rewarded here as well as in a better world. Her Excellency's booklet "Through Canada with a Kodak," and other pages from her gifted pen, have afforded many of us much pleasant and profitable reading. What she has written of Ottawa has especially interested us. Most particularly do we recall her charming description of the two little stuffed owls, which she procured in the Capital of the Dominion, and to which she gave a place of honor on her book-shelves. We are bold enough to assure the noble Lady that her book-shelves will contain the wisest and most interesting of Canadian owls, after she allows us to send her the Ottawa University Owl, our college magazine. We hope Her Excellency's stay in Canada will be a pleasant one, and that when she has left us, she will have none but kindly and fond reminiscences of our land.

As students of Ottawa University we assure the noble Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, that we shall never forget the auspicious occasion on which they first graced with their presence our college home.

An address in French, read by Mr. Jos. Vincent, expressed about the same sentiments.

His Excellency arose to reply amid great applause. He heartily appreciated the cordiality of the welcome tendered to himself and Lady Aberdeen. It was no surprise to him, nor would it be, he felt, to the large and distinguished audience, to find that the University of Ottawa was not behind any public body in loyalty and public spirit. Were it not impolite, he would be tempted to disclaim the gratifying allusions made to him personally, but he felt no inclination to offer any disclaimer to the kind references to Lady Aberdeen. His Excellency dwelt upon the auspicious and interesting fact, that in this institution were to be found students, not only from every province in Canada, but also from the United States. Such a fact was not only a tribute to the excellence of the equipment of this University, but interchange of acquaintance, sympathy and good will between citizens of our own country and those of the neighboring republic, must be productive of happy results. He was happy to hear that the name of the college magazine was "The Owl," as he thought that title indicative of sagacity, acumen and many other excellent qualities. He wished the magazine success, and looked forward with pleasure to perusing it. Before closing, his excellency spoke in French in response to the address in that language.

His excellency's utterance were warmly applauded, and his witty allusions to his own college days, and to a grave, solemn owl which found its way into the house on the night his youngest son was born, caused much laughter.

After Lord Aberdeen had concluded his reply, the remainder of the programme was proceeded with, the first number being a clarionet solo beautifully rendered by Mr. A. Powell. The quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar followed, the characters of Brutus and Cassius, being well presented by Messrs Jos. McDougal and M. J. McKenna respectively. The Dream of Clarence, (Richard III.) was rendered in excellent style by Mr. Jno. Clarke as was also the song "Canada." Master Leo Garneau gave a pleasing declamation in French: "La Chanteuse." A violin solo, "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer," was so charmingly played by little Miss Camille Hone, that she had to respond to

an encore. A Greek dialogue by Messrs W. Walsh and J. Holland was the last item.

His Excellency once more arose and made a few happy remarks regarding the "Green Isle" and the noble efforts in behalf of Irish industries made by Lady Aberdeen at the World's Fair. He would be pleased, he said, to follow the example of his predecessors, and annually present two medals to be competed for in the manner determined by the Very Rev. Rector. He remarked that the presence of Lord Ava, at this reception, recalled the fact that his distinguished father, the Marquis of Dufferin was the first of Her Majesty's representatives to present a medal to the University of Ottawa. A mighty cheer greeted His Excellency when he announced, that, at his request, the University authorities would accord a holiday.

The orchestra struck up the strains of the National Anthem, and the happy gathering dispersed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

President Cleveland has signed the act passed by Congress allowing the State of Illinois to place a statue of the heroic French missionary and explorer, Father Marquette, in the Capitol at Washington, where space is allowed each state for the statues of two of its most illustrious citizens.

Travellers can now go from Joppa to Jerusalem by rail. The train stops on the west of the road to Bethlehem about half a mile outside of the city on the side opposite Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives.

The *Toronto Mail* of the 20th of November, contains the following hint which applies to rich Catholics as well as to rich Protestants in Canada. "There is one redeeming feature about the average American millionaire, namely, he occasionally comes down handsomely to found a university, or to increase the usefulness of such an institution. Wealthy men in Canada might do well to pay more attention to our higher institutions of learning. Some of them do their duty, but they are few in number."

Mgr. Ropert. of the Picpus Congregation, who was recently appointed Vicar-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, and was consecrated at San Francisco, by Archbishop Riordan, has been received with remarkable enthusiasm by his flock. The crowd which gathered around him was so great that he was able to make his his way only with the utmost difficulty. Of the 90,000 inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands 25,000 are Catholics. The best known mission in Bishop Ropert's diocese is the leper station, Molokai, the scene of Father Damien's heroic labors.

Mr. James Redpath, the great Canadian sugar millionaire, has donated to McGill University a new building known as The Redpath Library. The building which cost over $100,000, was opened by His Excellency ,Lord Aberdeen, on the 31st of October.

Harvard University has just established the highest meterological station in the world according to word just received at Cambridge from Prof. S. J. Bailey, in charge of the astronomical station at Arequipa, Peru It is located on the top of El Misto, a nearly extinct volcano of the Cordilleras, 19,200 feet in altitude, or almost 3,500 feet higher than the station of the French Academy on Mount Blanc.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

It is a long time since the Capital has been honored by the presence of so many and such noted ecclesiastics as those who recently visited Ottawa on the occasion of the dedication of new St. Joseph's. Archbishops Duhamel, Walsh and Cleary and Bishops Lorrain, MacDonald and Emard and numerous other ecclesiastical dignitaries took part in the dedication ceremonies in the new church on Sunday, the 19th of November. During the afternoon of the same day these distinguished personages, accompanied by Sir John Thompson, Solicitor-General Curran and other prominent citizens visited the University by invitation of the Faculty. Shortly after two o'clock the visitors entered the Academic Hall where addresses were presented to them in English and French by the students. The address in English which here follows was read by Mr. Jas. Murphy:

Right Rev. and Rev. Lords:

It is indeed with feelings of the purest joy and admiration, that we, the students of Ottawa University, are assembled here this afternoon to bid your Lordships a hearty welcome. Well may we feel honored, and well may we rejoice for have we not to-day in our very midst the leading lights of the illustrious Hierarchy of this great Dominion? As Catholic students who have enjoyed from our infancy the precious privilege of a Catholic education we owe your Lordships a lasting debt of gratitude. You, one and all, have been highly instrumental in founding and maintaining churches, schools and other religious institutions throughout the country. The noble object for which you have assembled on this auspicious occasion admirably reflects the eager solicitude, warm love and untiring devotion which you have at all times manifested towards the welfare and prosperity of Mother Church.

We congratulate you, my Lord Archbishop Duhamel on this the occasion of the dedication of a magnificent house of worship in your arch-diocese. The massive grandeur of the new St. Joseph's Church, the ability and wisdom displayed in its erection are highly emblematic of your Grace's episcopacy. You have worked zealously and heroically in behalf of those under your spiritual direction. You have built up for them churches, schools, convents, hospitals, aye you have crossed over the stormy ocean and obtained for the members of your arch-diocese the honor of having in their midst this Catholic University acknowledged and blessed by the Pope himself.

We are highly delighted, Right Rev. Archbishop Walsh, to have the pleasure of beholding you in person. Your name is familiar and dear to us, intimately associated as it is with the great work of Catholicity which is being carried on in the western part of this fair province. We are often pleased to learn through the columns of the Catholic press of the abundant success with which your saintly labors are being crowned. The fact that a goodly number of students come yearly from your arch-diocese to this institution convinces us that you are a true friend to our Alma Mater. Be assured we fully appreciate your good-will and desire to tender you our sincere thanks for the same.

Your eminent talents and profound knowledge, my Lord Archbishop Cleary have long ere this made of you an object of pride and admiration, not only to the students of this institution, but also to the whole Catholic population of this vast country. Our University is indeed greatly honored by the kindly feeling of encouragement which your Lordship has ever manifested in her behalf. Thank you, my Lord, for your kindness and may we often in the future have the pleasure of your distinguished presence in our midst.

When we behold you, my Lord Bishop McDonald, we are thrilled with feelings of pride and hope. We remember that you have travelled the same path which we are now travelling, that by your untiring industry, perseverance and especially by your entire confidence in Him who is the Lord of Lords you have reached your present exalted position. We feel confident that the prayers and sacrifice which you offered up this morning in our chapel will be productive of exceeding good fruits in our midst. Accept, my Lord, the homage of our best wishes and earnest prayers.

My Lord, Bishop Emard, if we mistake not, this is the first visit with which you have honored us since you have been raised to your present lofty position of trust and dignity. We say to you welcome, a thousand times welcome. We feel that you are doing and will contine to do all in your power to advance the best interests of Ottawa University. May God grant you a long, useful and happy life.

My Lord, Bishop Lorrain, we are pleased to tell you that the good advice, wise counsels and kindly encouragement with which you favored us some fourteen months ago, have proved exceedingly beneficial to us. We rejoice to have you with us to-day and we are anxious to hear more words of wisdom and kindness from your lips.

Once more, my Lords, the students of Ottawa Univsrsity wish to express the feelings of love, gratitude, honor and admiration which they entertain for you and they earnestly pray and confidently hope that the great and good God will long spare each and every one of you to preside and watch over the affairs of the Catholic Church in Canada.

After the conclusion of the English address, Mr. Vincent read an address in French which contained sentiments somewhat similar to those expressed in the former.

Rephes were made by the Archbishops and Bishops in the order in which their names were mentioned in the address, except that Sir John Thompson, at the common request, made a few remarks after Archbishop Cleary. The Right Honorable gentleman caused great laughter when he said that, though in the past he had been called upon to fill many responsible offices, this was the first time that he had taken the place of an Archbishop or Bishop. The remarks of the visiting prelates were highly eulogistic of Ottawa's Archbishop, of the University authorities and of St. Joseph's parishioners.

To the students they extended encouragement and sympathy, for Toronto's Venerable Archbishop said, though they now look back upon their college days as the most joyous and untroubled time of their lives still the monotonous labor of study made them in their younger days look forward with eagerness to the time when their studies would be completed. For this reason Archbishop Walsh proposed a grand congé for the students, the rules and regulations of which were definitely laid down by the Archbishop of Kingston. After the students had left the hall, delegates from several societies in the city paid their respects to the distinguished visitors.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"THROUGH CANADA WITH A KODAK" is the title of a booklet fresh from the gifted pen of the Countess of Aberdeen. It is made up of articles taken from "*Onward and Upward*" on the occasions of two trips to Canada. On a hurried trip through such a vast country as Canada, observations are necessarily superficial, but the writer has shown herself to be a very keen observer and has given a fairly true and impartial estimate of the people of this country.

The principal centres receive passing notice. Quebec, the interesting; Montreal, the grand; Hamilton, the ambitious, which having been the home of the Countess for some time receives more than its share of praise; Toronto, the Queen City, with special reference to its "Fair," and Ottawa the Capital, all come in for mentions which do credit to the good taste and discrimination of the Countess. Then comes the long transcontinental trip with its interesting descriptions and its happy "kodak snaps." Meetings with old Crofter friends from Scotland are described and afford Lady Aberdeen an opportunity to give timely advice to intending immigrants, and also to pay a deserved compliment to the sterling qualities of the Scotch element in Canada which has done so much for the development of the country. An appendix-sketch of the late Sir John A. MacDonald concludes a very readable book. If a few months' sojourn in this country has left such a good impression on the mind of Lady Aberdeen we may hope that she will find her stay in our midst as first lady of the land, a pleasant one and make it the subject of many more charming pages.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.—This publication reflects great credit upon the graduating class of Princeton College. The table of contents discloses an agreeable variety of articles in fiction, poetry, and general literature. In the number before us "The Puritan in Literature and Art" is treated in a very able manner from the writer's standpoint. In "Tennyson An Earnest of the Future," the dictum of Lord Macaulay that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines" is proved to be groundless and contrary to the facts of history. The writer throughout is decidedly optimistic, and in this respect recalls to our memory the words of the famous critic Stedman, who, in his "Victorian Poets," contends that there is no inherent antagonism between science and poetry for "science kindles the imagination with new conceptions and new beauties which it has wrested from the unknown and thus becomes the ally of poetry. The latter, in turn, is often the herald of science through what is termed the intuition of the poet."

KATOLIK ANAMIHE-MASINAHIGAN NAKKARWEWINING.—A manual of prayer in the language of the Sauteux, written by the Rev. Charles Camper, O.M.I., Master of Novices at St. Laurent, Manitoba. The Oblate Fathers are reaping an abundant harvest in the vineyard of the Lord in the far west, amongst the Indians. This is due to the fact that they spare no pains or labor necessary for complete success in the field of action. Father Camper, after years of study and research has compiled this manual in which may be found familiar explanations of the chief ceremonies and doctrines of the Catholic Church, the prayers to be recited by the faithful attending Mass, the commandments of God and of the Church, and the principal hymns sung during service on Sundays and holidays.

Father Camper, we learn, has prepared in Sauteux a translation of the greater part of the Bible. The Indians, our correspondent informs us, listen eagerly to the Sacred Word, read from the pulpit in their own language, and express great disappointment whenever they do not hear a chapter or two of the Old or New Testament read to them on Sunday. Unfortunately lack of funds does not permit the devoted missionaries in the North-West to publish all their works in the Indian languages. The generous Christian who would help them to do so, would contribute to multiply a hundred fold the missionaries' power for good.

VIEWS OF EDUCATION, by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.—A paper read before the World's Congress of Representative Youth in Chicago on the 18th of July, 1893. This paper will amply repay careful perusal, for all can draw from it many practical hints concerning the aims and object of a true education. The author ridicules the popular idea of education which holds our schools, colleges and universities to be establishments founded to fashion our young men into money-making machines. He deplores the fact that teachers too frequently endeavor to turn young students aside from the path in which God intended them to walk; instead of stimulating and directing their energies in their natural groove. He claims that the tendency of our age to place the education of youth in the hands of women is wrong because the young require that encouragement and stimulation which men alone can impart. He urges all to persevere in their studies for "the stayer wins whether the weapons be brawn or brains." In the closing paragraphs of this instructive paper the writer turns his attention to the influence exerted by books upon the moulding of the thought and character of an age and states that "the best books are praised by many, read by some, and studied by few." We should read good books for they bring us in touch with the choice spirits of the mighty past and the all-important present. "Books," says Emerson, "are the best of things, well used; abused among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire." The author gives expression to a grand and noble thought when he writes "As the miser lives ever, in thought with his gold, the lover with his beloved, so the student lives always with the things of the mind, with what is true and fair and good."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR, by the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Robert Seton, D.D. The

oration of the day delivered at the forty-ninth annual commencement of the University of Notre Dame. All should read this very interesting and instructive paper for all will find in it many beautiful sentiments. It is issued in pamphlet form from the office of the "Ave Maria" The oration fairly bristles with thoughts replete with sweet consolation for the despised laborer. The orator proves the exalted dignity of the great army of toilers by reminding us that, "On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made." He shows a glowing picture of the golden days of the past when kings, queens, and emperors were not ashamed to direct their servants and aid them in their work. He traces the degradation of labor consequent upon the introduction of slavery, and shows how the church regenerated labor and raised the workman to his proper position in the social fabric, by impressing upon the minds of men that our Lord was called a carpenter. "Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?" The humble and down-trodden workman who reads this oration will not fail to glory in his proud title of "an honest workman."

THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, in its last number, contains some verses headed, "*In the Street Where I Live*," from the pen of Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers of Ottawa. Rarely have we seen such a happy blending of humor, pathos and beautiful description in so few lines as is shown in these verses.

PICTURES AND RECORDS OF THE GREAT FOOTBALL TEAMS.—The College Publishing Company of 1122 Broadway, New York, has issued a handsome booklet containing beautiful half-tone group pictures of the 1893 Football teams of Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Yale and statistics and records of the individual players. The booklet also contains fine half-tone plates of the Harvard and Yale 1893 crews and the athletic teams of Columbia, Harvard, Princeton and Yale with statistics and records for the year. The players in the football groups are numbered, so that by reference to the text each ones name can be ascertained. The pictures are 4x6½ inches, printed on heavy plate paper 6x9 inches, and altogether the booklet makes a most delightful and interesting souvenir of college athletics for the year 1893. It will be sent post-paid on receipt of ten two cent stamps.

EXCHANGES.

In an editorial, the *Phœnixian* says: "The editor of a college journal is narrow who lauds his own society, or societies, or fraternities, totally ignoring the existence of other organizations in which he is not personally interested, or if he mentions them at all, it is only to criticise or represent in a feeble light." It would seem that the evils of fraternities and college secret socities are becoming daily more apparent to the student world.

The jubilee number of the *Niagara Index* was a decided success.

The Earl of Beaconsfield once said: "It is much easier to criticise, than to be correct." In our opinion the ex-man of the *Dalhousie Gazette* might learn a lesson from the noble Earl's words. Our talented brother seems to have mastered the art of writing up criticisms without even reading the matter he criticises. He devotes considerable space to the consideration of two articles which lately appeared in the OWL. He admits not understanding anything about the first, and on glancing over his remarks on the second we are convinced that he gave but little time to the perusal of its contents. He brings his criticism to a close thus: "But, in our opinion, political matter should be left to the newspapers." We are at a loss to know what connection exists between this opinion of his, and the article under discussion. In the article nothing political is dwelt upon. It has been often said that the exchange column in college journals is a sham, and in this special case the assertion is supported by facts.

The *Red and Blue* still furnishes its usual quota of spicy, original verse. In the issue before us, considerable space is devoted to foot-ball.

At Harvard, now, students may receive a B.A. at the end of three years, and an M.A. after having completed the four years' course, Ex.

Yale's freshman class this year, numbers 580 members, Ex.

The *St. John's Collegian* is fairly interesting. Its column entitled Inter Collegiate is spicy and newsy throughout.

The University of Chicago opened with an attendance of over 1,000. Harvard reports 2,804 students, University of Pensylvania 1,950, Princeton 1,130, Oberlin 1,300, Cornell 1,600, Columbia 1,552. Ex.

The *Bates Student* is filled with short interesting criticisms of characters which figure in the standard works of English Literature. Simplicity, conciseness and neatness characterize the *Student*.

SPORTING NOTES.

On the 13th of November 'Varsity played out the series for the championship of the city. The game took place on the Metropolitan grounds. After a hotly contested and stubborn battle the 'Varsity men were declared victors and champions by a score of 19 to 3. The Ottawas, elated by the great victory they had gained over the McGill students, the preceding Saturday, proved themselves strong opponents and made things very interesting particularly in the first half which ended in their favor by a score of 3 to 1. In the second half 'Varsity played with something of its old-time dash, piling up a score of 18 points whilst the Ottawas were unable to increase their tally. There was no material change in the winning team except that Jimmy Murphy again appeared in his old position as half-back.

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At the annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union, which took place Saturday, the 19th of December, a few changes were made in the rules of the game. The position of umpire, had given rise to much dispute during the various games of the past season, so that it was decided to clearly define his duties by the following rule.

"The umpire shall have power to stop the game, by sounding his whistle, for an infringement of the rules of off-side play, charging, hacking or obstructing, and on his whistle sounding, the ball shall be considered dead. His decision shall be final. He shall inform the referee of the infringement of any rules."

This rule, while it does not take away any power from the referee, makes the umpire's duty definite and does not leave his decisions to the caprice of the referee.

Another decision of great interest to any club that had the pleasure of playing on Queen's Lawn, that paradise of footballers, is to the effect that the executive will consider the fitness of grounds for the purpose of a foot-ball match, and make out their schedule accordingly. Mr. Dewar the delegate of the Hamilton club, no doubt had in mind the beautiful hills and dales of the Queen's football field, when he proposed this motion; for the only championship game which Hamilton had this year was played on *The Lawn*.

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In the distribution of spoils, Toronto as usual took its share, by placing on the executive six out of ten from Toronto. This, however, is such an ordinary thing for Hogtown to do, that it needs no comment. What we do complain of, is the fact that neither of the Ottawa teams is represented on the committee, whilst Osgoode Hall is unduly favored with three representatives.

The following are the names of the committee for the coming year: President, H. R. Grant, Queen's University; first vice-president, B P. Dewar, Hamilton; second vice-president, W. J. Moran, Osgoode Hall; secretary-treasurer, R. K. Barber, Osgoode Hall; committee, Mr. Osler, Royal Military College; E. Chadwick, Trinity University; G. Clayes, Toronto University; N. Dick, Toronto; R. Martin, Osgoode Hall; A. Cunningham, C. I. Kingston.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

When these lines reach our readers the Xmas holidays will be almost at hand, and extensive preparations will be being made to spend this festive season around the family fireside. No portion of the whole year is so thoroughly enjoyed by the students, generally, as the time that intervenes between their leaving college and their arrival home. The success of the trip depends in a great measure upon the insurmountableness of the snow-banks, and the consequent bright prospects of the trains being many hours late. Advantage, too, is sometimes taken of visiting friends along the route, as the joyousness of the season, and the fact that the student has been absent from home during the past four months tend to make the fond parent look with more than his usual leniency upon any delays that may occur during the homeward journey. It is during this trip that hitherto latent elocutionary and musical ability is brought to light, generally to the extreme annoyance of the other passengers who anxiously sigh for the journey's end. In anticipation of the homeward trip which has been looked forward to so eagerly during the past few weeks, the junior editor wishes his readers *un bon voyage* and a most pleasant time during the Xmas holidays.

Since the present occupant of the junior editorial chair assumed the duties of this position it has been customary at this season to dwell at some length, upon the work accomplished on behalf of the juniors during the year. Our course this year, however, will be a departure from that usually followed. This may have been necessary when we were new in our position, but at present we have sufficient reason for believing that our influence is recognized in that quarter where it will be most effective, and that our efforts are being appreciated by those in whose behalf they are exerted. We might, however, without laying ourselves open to the charge of egotism, make known our attitude towards a certain grievance to which our attention has been directed. We refer to the recent tampering with the college clock. A report, based upon good authority, is current that this has been the work of the non-progressive element in our midst, who, becoming alarmed at the rapid forward-strides made by the juniors since the establishing of this department, have reversed the hands and are endeavoring to make the clock run backwards. Whether or not the rumor is a correct one we intend taking the matter up, and we expect, in our next issue, to be able to announce the removal of this crying grievance.

We take the liberty of suggesting that, if there are any addresses or presentations to the assistant junior editor in contemplation, it would be advisable to notify him as soon as possible, as his time will be pretty much occupied during the next few days.

In preparation for the hockey season "Timothy" intends staying over, and dieting on toast during the holidays.

The assistant junior editor will accompany the Massachusett's contingent this year. He expects to be able during the winter to supply us with a series of articles on reminiscences of the trip.

The Minister of Agriculture will spend the Xmas vacation in Haverhill. From there he will proceed to Washington with a view to having checker-boards placed on the free list.

The championship belt will be presented to "Donovan" on the evening of the 22nd inst. The presentation will be made by H. Gibeault and the address read by Sherman O'Neil.

Erratum : November issue, page 162, column 2, line 7, St Andre de Avellin read St. Andre Avellin.

The following is the rank in the classes of the commercial course for the month of November :

First Grade	1.	I. Vernon.
	2.	F. Howard.
	3.	J. Kane.
Second Grade	1.	J. Coté.
	2.	L. Latour.
	3.	A. Paquette.

Third Grade B	1. G. Casman. 2. C. Howlet. 3. P. Turcotte.
Third Grade A	1. J. Stuber. 2. P. O'Connor. 3. J. Dempsey.
Fourth Grade	1. E. Donegan. 2. D. Kearns. 3. J. Jacques.

SUBRIDENDO.

THE BILLS.

See the dudes' and chappies' bills,——
Tailors' bills!
What a world of agony their coming in instils,
How they mingle all together,
Some unopened, some unread;
Bills for shoes of patent leather,
Bills for boots for every weather,
Bills for clothes from toe to head,
On their pilgrimage diurnal;
Till their aggregate infernal
Poor chappie's mind—there's room for it—with frantic frenzy fills!
Oh! the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
From the tailor's stately William to the flowery florist's bills!

See the haunted housewife's bills,——
Grocers' bills!
What *account* of stuffing their well-fed column fills!
Bills for eggs, and bills for butter
That was made to *print*—oh, never!
Hear the murmuring housewife mutter
That she never saw such utter
Imposition whatsoever.
Bills for coal, and bills for plumbing,
Till poor hubby goes a-bumming
To find in jags a lethe deep for all these columned ills
Of bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Butcher's, grocer's, gasman's, milkman's, clothing, coal, and baker's bills!

See the milli(o)nery bills,—
Bonnet bills!
What an awful lot of paper their figured fancy fills!
How they seem to come a-grinning
From the debit of the dead;
Till they set the brain a-spinning,
And their total keeps a-dinning,
Fit – like hats—to turn the head.
Oh! these bills for hat and bonnet,
You can take my word upon it,
They will wreck your chance of Heaven through the words your temper spills
On the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Like hopes you held of Summer rest this bill forever kills!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

ULULATUS.

Ah! don't.

Baptiste has decided to devote his Christmas holidays to calisthenics and Greek.

"The coat came back" is the latest production.

The "O'——l Bros." complain that some fellows whom they kindly allowed to use the alley, have stolen a hand-ball.

Last week everyone was anxious to know if the city photographers were competing.

Off its base—the clock on the stairs.

Foul play—cock-fighting.

Requires pains—to put on double windows.

"Finis coronat opus."

"The Portage" boy waltzes in a somewhat *Lazy* fashion.

Frank says that he and Joe have introduced a new step.

Sport and *chose* are striving to organize the S.P.G. Worm lozengers are a help.

We would recommeud to our readers the new and startling novel entitled, "The raid or Hardie's prominence."

Why wasn't Tommy's five dollar cheque cashed C—— l--n?

His 'tache was thriving nicely when *the party* made a plot
And with the boys from Naugatuck poor Joe was foully caught,
The ruffians swooped upon him and freely used their shears
They robbed him of his treasure, then left him there in tears.

During the dancing season Charlie misses Jimmy M——y very much.

The picture of Patsy—His tin-type.