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THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROTESTANTISM.

A REJOINDER.



OUR readers will doubtless recognize the above title as that of an article which appeared in a recent number of THE OWL. It was hardly expected when we

wrote that imperfect review of the great question of the Reformation, that it would be the be all and end all of controversy on that subject. It was our object merely to give a brief appreciation of that event from a Catholic standpoint. And as it is a subject upon which neither historians nor dogmatists agree, we were not surprised at finding a criticism of it in a subsequent number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*, of Montreal. But while the event of a criticism did not surprise us, we must admit that we were somewhat astonished at the criticism itself, and the revelation of logic made therein. The author complements our article on its clear and concise manner, which renders it easy for him to examine; nevertheless he has misinterpreted so many portions, has missed the point in so many cases, and has, we think, made such an unfair criticism of it that we deem it worthy to vindicate our premises, and to point out some of the flagrant errors which have formed the standard of the criticism. The article is a somewhat lengthy one, and its details many. But as many of his conclusions are based upon a common principle, we will be able to curtail a great deal by confuting the radical error and leaving consequences to be inferred. Many of the objections involve points too important to be done full

justice in one essay, in which cases our arguments shall be on general lines, and not always fully developed.

The original article had a triple object, first, to prove that at the breaking out of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century affairs had reached a crisis and needed but a trifle to precipitate that movement; secondly, to prove that that movement was the result of vicious principles; and thirdly, that being itself a sedition against lawful authority, it was not capable of effecting a reform in the Church. In the reply which we are considering, this much is clearly comprehended, and, with some inconsiderable caution, the first point is admitted. The burden of the criticism is directed against the second point, to which we shall now turn our attention.

The reader will remember that in the original article four accounts of the Reformation were outlined. The first of these was the one most commonly given by Protestants themselves, that it was the birthday of liberty of thought and conscience; the second was one erroneously held by some Catholics, that it was the result of Luther's disappointment and Henry VIII's divorce; the third, that it was the outcome of a feeling of general repugnance to spiritual authority and of a spirit of independence of some two centuries' growth; the fourth, admitting the efficiency of the two latter causes added a third, namely, the odiousness to Germanic nations of submission to a foreign authority so Romanic as the administration of the Church then was. After sketching these

four views, we dismissed the first one as wrong and indicated the grounds on which we disproved it. As to our own view, here are our words: "Of the three views held by Catholics, the last most nearly covers the ground as it comprehends the other two and adds a third cause which must have played an important part in producing the conditions favorable for the inception of such a movement." From this it would be difficult to discern that we did not adopt the first or the second. The third we said *most nearly* covered the ground, but even it we did not entirely support. After considering the causes proposed under this third view, we gave additional causes which we thought exercised a deep influence, and which with those previously admitted constituted our estimate of that revolution. To disprove our premises it would not suffice to take each of the causes enumerated and show its inadequacy by itself, but to take the sum of these causes and prove the result insufficient. This, it will be found, our critic does not do; he takes up each of three causes, and acting on the presumption that we made it a direct and sole cause, attempts to prove their inadequacy or utter inefficiency. We shall examine the methods he employs in so doing. Before beginning, however, he enters a complaint against us for not considering the Protestant view. Our object, he says, "is to prove that the so called Reformation was the effect of vicious principles, and as the Protestant affirmation is virtually the direct denial of such a charge, his first duty is to disprove this account." Now we know not under what obligation or duty we stand to disprove or even state the Protestant view. It is not necessary for him who would prove a theory to disprove all others. By establishing his own he virtually disproves all contraries. To our mind this view offered no feasible explanation and we rejected it. We, however, did state the Protestant view and indicated, without going into a formal demonstration, the grounds on which we disproved it, namely, that it gave rise to license, not liberty. Now besides this, while we stated what we believed to be the view most commonly held by Protestants, we by no means thought that it was necessary to dem-

onstrate its fallacy this late in the century. The foremost thinkers among Protestants have long since discredited it. We may go back as far as the historian Hallam and find this condemnation of such an idea. "The adherents of the Church of Rome have never failed to cast two reproaches on those who left them; one, that the reform was brought about by intemperate and calumnious abuse, by outrages of an excited populace, or by the tyranny of princes; the other, that after stimulating the most ignorant to reject the authority of the Church, it instantly withdrew that liberty of judgment, and devoted all who presumed to swerve from the line drawn by law, to virulent obloquy or sometimes to bonds and death. These reproaches, it may be a shame for us to own, can be uttered and cannot be refuted." As to how the Reformation could have given rise to license the writer offers this conjecture regarding our meaning. "The religious movement of the sixteenth century gave rise to license in that it was a successful struggle against an established authority." He draws from history to prove that such does not constitute license unless the authority disobeyed be a legitimate or necessary one. Now since we have sufficient reasons for considering this view, we shall take up the result of his conjecture and explain the reasons why we hold the Church to be a legitimate and necessary authority and that therefore dissent from her is license. When Christ established the new faith on earth, he founded one Church as the depository, guardian, and teacher of the Divine Word. At its head he placed Peter, and promised that head His perpetual assistance. There was but one Church, which was therefore a legitimate and necessary authority. The successors of Peter formed a continuous and unbroken succession, the form which Christ gave the Church, the dogma and faith practiced by the Apostles were preserved in the Roman Catholic Church and in Her only, which must therefore have been the One True Church, a legitimate and necessary authority. Dissent from such authority must be then, as he admits, a measure, not of liberty but of license. The rulers who recognized the Reform were eager to shake off the supremacy of

the Pope, that they might have fuller sway over their subjects. Under the spiritual commonwealth of nations they were subject to a higher authority and practically wielded their sceptres only during good behavior. This was of course odious to avaricious princes, who saw that they were restrained from absolute rule only by the authority of the Popes. They looked with eager eyes on the riches of monasteries and church benefices which became theirs by the rejection of the Church. Many of them were actuated by such immoral motives as were betrayed by the Landgrave of Hesse and Henry VIII. The dissenting clergy themselves, by their subsequent lives showed how odious had been the vow of celibacy, and what was the nature of the freedom they sought. But above all it is the principle of private judgment, the soul of the whole movement, that has led to license. What else than license can come of a principle which destroys all authority, which undermines the validity of state as well as church, and which, as everyone must admit, has fostered Anarchy in all the forms we witness in the world today? In religion this same principle has led to the abjuration, one by one, of every dogma of faith, to the denial of the inspiration of the Bible, and when carried out consistently, to absolute infidelity. Protestantism is rent into hundreds of sects, each with a different interpretation of the Gospel; in London alone there are one hundred and fifty denominations, each professing to be the True Church. The only liberty gained by such a principle is liberty to fit the law of God to varying inclinations; for if there is but one Gospel there is but one Law and only one interpretation of that Law. We still maintain that Protestantism has engendered license. It has destroyed respect for authority by its very first principles; it has led to the abandonment of the sacraments, by whose grace alone human nature can restrain itself; it has led, when carried out, to the abjuration of the Deity and of all moral law.

We pass on with our critic to consider the three remaining accounts of the movement in question. The first does not detain him long: "That such events as Luther's disappointment or Henry's

divorce can in any sense be termed causes of the vast movement which was spreading throughout Europe contemporaneously with them, only the narrowest and most superficial thinkers would assert." We deny that those events were contemporaneous with that movement; they were initiative of it in both Germany and England. The writer contradicts this himself elsewhere by calling them occasions. And to show that we do not enjoy those superlative epithets alone in making the assertion in question, we again quote Hallam, a Protestant historian, who has won the praise of being "the most judical of great modern historians." Hallam says "The proximate cause of the Reformation is well known. Indulgences or dispensations granted by the Pope were sold . . . Luther inveighed against this, etc." Our position with regard to this view of the causes of the Reformation was clear enough. Here are our words: "A momentary event, such as Luther's matter of indulgences or Henry's divorce could not have brought on such convulsions . . . had there not been a disposition of popular feeling favorable for its inception." They were at most but partial causes, and as the line between partial cause and occasion proper is indistinct, we allow him his word if he wishes, but he must admit that the Reformation could not take place without them or some similar provocation, and it is extremely probable that had these events not happened the actual reform effected soon after by the council of Trent, lawfully instituted for that purpose, would have tided over the disaster. "What," he asks, "had Luther's indulgences to do with the Reformation in England, France, or Switzerland." It had as much to do as any great revolution in the feeling of one country has to do with awakening sympathetic feelings in others. What had the American Revolution to do with the French Revolution, or the French Revolution to do with the kindred popular feeling in England and Ireland at that time?

The next view considered, traces the causes to a general repugnance to spiritual authority and a spirit of independence of at least two centuries' growth. In considering it, he keeps carefully in mind the point at issue, that the Reformation was

based on vicious principles. On the same ground as we have seen before, he maintains that repugnance to authority can not be termed a vicious principle unless that authority is a legitimate and rightful one. This objection we have already once solved, so it is needless to repeat the explanation. Up to this point of the criticism the writer has proceeded with quite ordinary processes of reasoning, but at this juncture, whether put to extremities for an argument, or seeking to avoid some imagined objection, he indulges in logical antics truly marvelous. We quote his own words, the italics are ours. "Now we maintain that this feeling or spirit alluded to was not the cause of that movement, but that *very movement itself*. We maintain that it is this very feeling, this very sentiment, that has to be accounted for, since it *constitutes one, though certainly not all of the principle features of the Reformation.*" There is no explanation offered. In the course of the criticism, the writer in *The Presbyterian College Journal* does not fail to make the customary fling at Catholic consistency. An imaginary defect he styles a "characteristic specimen of the logic of Romanism," thus showing that however dignified and composed the exterior, there still lurks within that spirit of animosity which has ever animated the futile attacks of all assailants of the Church. We would not attempt to classify the specimen before us. Logic of Protestantism we could not call it; we have never known such a species. Logic has been so little concerned with the growth and spread of that form of religion that the idiom does not exist. What the writer's conception of identity can be we cannot surmise. According to the wording of the statement, this spirit of repugnance was one and the same with the movement itself; but he hastens to say that that was only one, certainly not all of its features. It is itself, yet only a part of itself. We confess ourselves at a loss to meet the dilemma. Truly a subtlety worthy of a Hippias! In the former statement he confounds movement with motive, the actual carrying out of a project, with the purpose, the outward act with the inward thought. In the latter he contends that this repugnance constituted only one feature of the Reformation. He seems

here to make provisions for other features which are not indicated. This spirit, we contend, constituted the very soul of the Reformation, since that movement was essentially a negation of authority; the establishing of new dogmas was secondary matter, a measure of prudence to supply the place of those rejected. The writer does not recover himself immediately as his following remark shows: "This account of itself," he says, "gives us no insight into the real causes of the Reformation, and even if it did, it does not of itself prove that that movement was founded on vicious principles. The writer evidently saw this himself" he continues, "for . . . he proceeds to narrate the causes which produced this spirit of independence. . . . thereby endeavoring to give us an idea of what he means by 'vicious principles.'" This our critic evidently considered an admission of weakness. Now what could be more reasonable than that, in order to show this repugnance to be a vicious principle, we should qualify it by giving the nature of the circumstances of which it was born. He goes on to consider some of the causes we gave.

The first of our statements examined under this head is that "the times were immoral, licentiousness was becoming rife." We quote his words on discovering this "confession." "What have we here? Nothing less than an honest confession on the part of the writer himself. The times were certainly becoming immoral, licentiousness was certainly becoming rife. But why was this? It was because the Church to which had been committed the mission of spreading abroad the salutary effects of the Gospel of Christ, and thereby doing away with the immorality and licentiousness of heathenism had proved herself unfaithful and utterly incompetent for the task." What are we to think of such an announcement? Is this another instance of private interpretation of Scripture? Has it come to this, that a student in a Presbyterian College, where we believe the Bible is taken as the rule of faith, should profess such ignorance, if not disrespect regarding the Church of Christ? Does the author of these words fully realize the purport of this utterance? What else is it than open blasphemy, a

repudiation of the words of Christ! Let it be remarked he does not say the Roman Church, or the Catholic Church, thus leaving some escape for a possible alternative True Church, but unequivocally specifies the Church to which had been committed the mission of spreading abroad the salutary effects of the Gospel of Christ, thus identifying it with the primitive Church, with the Church of Christ founded on the rock. And against this Church, designated by such unmistakable notes, he dares to hurl the charge of unfaithfulness and incompetency, of contamination and immorality; this Church to which Christ the Son of God its divine Founder, the Incarnate Word solemnly promised: 1. That "He will be with her always, even unto the consumation of the world." 2. That "the spirit of truth shall abide with her forever." 3. That "that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." And in the face of these divine promises of our Lord himself, this writer contends that she is unfaithful, incompetent, defiled; in other words, that the spirit of truth abides no longer with her, that Christ has abandoned her, that the gates of hell prevail against her, in fine that Christ has not fulfilled his promises. Of what use is it to discuss the Philosophy of Protestantism with one who holds such ideas of the Church; we should rather discuss the first principles of Christianity, or the mission of Christ on earth. We can understand now his concept of the legitimacy and necessity of the Church, we have the key now to his logic, we appreciate his sarcasm on the logic of Romanism, and we are in a way to grasp his views on the unity and infallibility of the Church. With such ideas as these regarding the nature of the Church, he plunges into the alleged horrors of immorality practiced in the Church at the beginning of the Reformation, to prove, as it were, how ignominiously Christ had abandoned His Church. From the most rabid of partisan historians, D'Aubigne, "a practical Manichean," he quotes monstrosities that have been refuted hundreds of times and to which respectable Protestant writers of the present day spurn to give credence, as though to make sins *in* the Church sins *of* the Church. Abuses there certainly were in the Church, we ourselves pointed them

out, abuses there have ever been, and abuses there will ever be, for "scandal must come." If Christ promised His Church triumph over the powers of hell, he promised to her ministers no exemption from the infirmities of human nature. They are still human, and did the Church depend upon them her word would indeed be fallible. But were abuses even as flagrant as D'Aubigne asserts, or many times worse, they could not for all that effect the integrity of the Church. The Church herself as the Visible Word of God and teaching on matters of faith and morals was the object of Christ's promises, and she is and must be by virtue of divine promise uneffected by any irregularities of her members. She is beyond reach of human harm and must ever remain unspotted from the world, untarnished by its avarice, undefiled by its vice. Here is where Protestants are mistaken, in imagining that the Church can ever be proved fallible by heaping abuse upon her. They confound the Church with the members, and show a lack of confidence in the promises of Christ.

We shall go back for a moment to consider the statement itself which has been thus criticised. Immorality alone could effect a repugnance to the Church. In those who remained faithful, abuses roused indignation, but a greater devotion to the Church herself in affliction. Witness the scores of saints who adorned the Church during those troublesome times—Felix, Paschal, Benedict, Bartholemew, Ignatius, Theresa, John of the Cross; witness the founding of numerous monasteries and religious orders—the Camelite nuns, the Camelite monks, the order of Jesuits, and others, and we see that the Church still diffused the light of faith in all its purity. These it was who really desired reform. On the other hand, immorality produced, as it always does, a laxity in faith and the consequent loathing for the restraints of religious discipline. The writer says in one part of his reply "that King Henry should have been affected by the immorality of his age can hardly be surprising." It is not surprising; nor is it surprising that such men as he, impatient of the authority of the Church should magnify her abuses as a pretext for renouncing her altogether. The instance of Henry is an

instance of the sense in which immorality was a vicious principle. It was not through a desire for real reform, which they knew only the Church herself could effect, that they took up the cry of reform. Had it been, subsequent events would have proved far different; instead of immediate quarrels and dissensions among themselves, we should behold the Reformers united under one head, following what they believed to be the True Church reformed. The masses already weakened by immorality, deluded by false ideas of pagan thought, impatient of the restraints of religious discipline, were caught by the cry of reform, and made it a pretext for renouncing entirely the authority of the Church.

The reviewer next proceeds to examine the third and last account advanced to explain the religious movement of the sixteenth century. He calls attention to the fact that this account was based on the assertion that the Reformation was due to "an odiousness to Germanic nations of submission to a foreign authority so Romanic as the Church then was." Before attempting to refute this, he makes a slight digression to point out an apparent contradiction in some of our statements. Alongside of the quotation just cited he places other statements made by us in a different connection, which are as follows: "The spread of pagan ideas gave birth to a desire of returning to the Roman form of government of pagan days;" and again, "To the revival of pagan literature which took place at this time, can be traced a great deal of the change of attitude. After the diffusion of Greek and Roman literature, Europe abandoned itself to a base adulation of everything Greek and Roman." The critic considers this a flagrant contradiction. "The Germanic nations," he says, "had such a great dislike for a species of authority barely Romanic, that a mighty revolution of thought and feeling was produced as a consequence, and yet at the same time they had a desire to return to the Roman form of government of pagan days, and through the diffusion of classic literature abandoned themselves to a base adulation of everything Roman." In the first place we did not make the bare dislike for Roman authority the sole and direct

cause of the Reformation, as he says, but only one of the many causes which produced the conditions favorable. In the second place, the fact that the German nation disliked the Roman authority of that day does not prevent their admiration of the Caesarism of ancient Rome, or their adulation of the customs of that age fostered by pagan literature. The United States are to-day far from desirous of British domination, yet their constitution is founded on the principles of British Law.

Had the writer been less precipitous in discerning contradictions it would have occurred to him that we said "a desire of returning to Roman form of government of *Pagan days*," which is quite another thing from a desire of Roman authority. No more should the dislike for Romanic rule prevent their being infected with the licentiousness of Pagan Roman literature. France can hardly be said at present to have any liking for Germany or German authority, yet it is well known that her society is deeply infected with the errors of heresy and infidelity diffused by German literature. And when speaking of the influence of Pagan literature we spoke of Europe's adulation of everything Greek or Roman, it was plain we spoke of Ancient Greece and Ancient Rome. We left it to the intelligence of readers that pagan classical literature was not a product of the sixteenth century. Then in considering the first statement he asks, "Granted that there existed such an antagonism between Germanic nations and Rome, does it follow that the movement it is alleged to have caused was based on vicious principles?" Our meaning is misconstrued to be that "German nations in their struggle against Roman aggression were violating some code of morals, some standard of right and justice; and the writer wastes words in attacking a position we never held. We do not place the vicious principle in the fact that those people disliked Rome, we by no means defend Rome in the ancient struggle with the Teutons; but where we do place vicious principle is in the fact that they allowed their dislike to so far master them as to influence them in abandoning and attacking through their spleen the Church.

In considering the theory itself, of their

political atred having any influence upon the movement, the writer maintains that such a cause fails to account for the radical change in religious thought and feeling, doctrine and discipline, which was simultaneously brought about. That it was the direct and principle cause we do not hold, but that it had an influence in the creation of that movement we still contend. If not, how does the writer account for the fact that the line between Catholic and Protestant peoples coincided with that which divided them in politics; how account for the fact that Protestantism nowhere flourished except where encouraged and enforced by the state; how account for the fact that in England at the end of Henry's reign of prostitution the whole nation returned to the Church under Catholic Sovereignty? We do not attribute to Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, or Melancthon political motives—their motives were even worse. For them it was first of all rebellion against the Church of Rome. But the princes who embraced it had other motives. These were unwilling to acknowledge the primacy of the See of Rome and any reasons were sought as a pretext for a schism. A religious system which could not be established but by civil support, or, as Hallam says, by unlawful means, whose dogma was not in itself sufficient reason for acceptance, is not the Christianity of the Catacombs, and is not the outcome of purely religious thought and feeling. The critic quotes from Fisher, "Political agencies were rather an efficient auxiliary than a direct and principle cause." The efficiency was such, however, that that movement never would have spread without them; without political agencies it would not have become the widespread establishment that Protestantism is, but would have been numbered already with Arianism, Nestorianism, Gnosticism—an ism of the past.

With this ends the criticism of the second point of our article. Of the first view concerning this point he admits practically as much as we. We have already shown with what success he has refuted the second and third view. Now the reader will recollect that the third object of our article was to prove the Reformation a sedition and incapable of

reforming the Church; and the first argument in support of it was that of consequence from premises already proved—that the Reformation was based on vicious principles. With the greatest complacency our critic declares that as our premises have already been proved false, his conclusion is necessarily false also. How has he dissproved our premises? He has discussed the three causes contained in the three views, and attempted to prove the inadequacy of each alone, but he has not touched our view yet. We did not adopt any of these views as our own. The third, *most nearly* covered the ground, but in addition to those causes we gave others, three of which we treated at length, namely, the disregard for the authority of the Holy See, engendered by the scandal of Philip the Fair; the Wycliffe heresy in England, a forerunner of the Reformation; and the havoc worked in the faith of the masses by the great Western Schism. To the resultant of these causes we attributed the Reformation, and in them placed the vicious principles. The writer has not confuted our premises till he has considered all these in conjunction; this he did not do; he dealt with three of these separately and passed over the remainder without comment. Therefore, we hold that our premises are still valid and our conclusion as well. Another argument in support of our third point was "That it was a return to the primitive Church and that the Catholic Church had departed from the path of the True Church is illogical since it supposes the impossible case of a time when the True Church did not exist on earth." "Now" he replies, "this supposed illogicalness arises from a mistaken idea—from the idea that we maintain that the Romish Church had *wholly* departed from the doctrine and discipline of the primitive Church." He contends that there were still some within her pale who had not "bowed the knee to Baal"; and in addition to this there were "communities varying in size which held the truth of the gospel in greater purity than the Church of Rome, as for instance, the Culdees in the British Isles, and the Albigenses in Southern France. These were the ones who formed the True Church of Christ in these troublesome times." It is plain from this that the writer confounds the

Teaching Church with the individual members of her communion, or the Church taught. There must always be a visible teaching body in the Church constituting that authority which Christ established. Now if this body was not the Catholic Church in the sixteenth or any other century, where was it? History offers no possible clue to another. In claiming this for the Culdees and Albigenses the writer is defending a position long since pronounced untenable even by Protestant writers. The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, by no means a non-partisan work, says of the Albigenses, "It seems almost certain that the bond which united the Albigenses was not so much a positive, fully developed religious faith as a determined opposition to the Church of Rome. They inherited indeed certain doctrines of eastern origin, such as Manichean dualism, docetism in relation to the person of Christ and a theory of Metempsychosis. They seem like the Manicheans, to have disproved the authority of the Old Testament," and of the Culdees, "It was long fondly imagined by Protestant writers that the religious belief and worship of the Culdees supplied complete evidence of primitive truth having been preserved free from Roman corruption in one remote corner of western Europe. It is now certain that this opinion is entirely opposed to historical evidence. In doctrine, ritual, and government there was no difference between the Culdees and the monastic communities in the Latin Church, except that the former . . . were more superstitious and corrupt than their brethren on the continent. In ecclesiastical discipline and morals there was the same inferiority. The pure Culdees are familiar in poetry and legend but are unknown in history."

In conclusion, the critic considers our statement that though reform could only come and did come from the Church herself, as the highest authority on earth, nevertheless Protestantism proved a blessing to the Church because it was the purgative of the corruption in her members. "According to the writers own words," he says, "The religious movement of the sixteenth century was not the reformation of the church but the purgation of it and Protestantism the purgative.

Thereby also proving itself the Church's preservative. Is it not plain that the Church of Rome owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Protestantism for the preservation?" This is rather a strained conclusion. As to Protestantism being a preservation we make a distinction; that it was such formally and intentionally, we deny. It was not the object of the seceders to correct the Church of Rome but to destroy her, and by the persecutions and opposition brought upon her they accidentally did her good. The Church owes no debt of gratitude to Protestantism for benefit unwittingly and unwillingly done. Such a plea is absurd. If such were her obligation, for a much greater reason all Christendom should be indebted to the Jews who sacrilegiously crucified our Lord and thus consummated the salvation of of the world.

"What" he asks, has she done for those who for her preservation were cast out of the pale of the one True Church? Nothing, absolutely nothing." If he means by this that the church has never compromised a dogma of faith to conciliate dissenters, the charge is just. The Church cannot contradict herself by abjuring dogma, else she would indeed be fallible. But if the writer means to say that the Church has done absolutely nothing for the conversion of Protestants he displays an absolute ignorance of her history, and of the tenor of current events at the present hour. Does the finder of such an accusation forget that at the Council of Trent held at the beginning of the Reformation, the Church invited the dissenters to attend, giving them every assurance of safe conduct, staking her honor upon it that they would not be molested by Catholic princes; and that she urged them to submit their plans for consideration by the Church, to argue their differences and to see if it were not yet possible to prevent the loss of such a body from her fold? Is he unmindful of the solicitude of Pius IX., before the Council of the Vatican, who again invited, nay, even implored Protestants and Eastern Schismatics to come and negotiate for a reunion of Christendom? And if he says Protestants have labored and toiled for the enlightenment of those whom they believe to be in error, why did they not

embrace such opportunities for the conversion of the whole Church? Look at the controversial writings of Catholics, which in fact constitute the bulk of Catholic literature for the past three hundred years, and see if Protestants have ever for a moment been out of the mind of the Church, and if the best energies of Catholic thought have not been directed toward their conversion. Bossuet, the greatest light of the sixteenth century, in his "Variations of the Protestant Religion," endeavored to convince the seceders of their errors; and in recent times such men as Wiseman, Newman, Manning, Faber, Marshall, Brownson, are but types of the many who have devoted themselves to the enlightenment of Protestants. What of the missionary work of the Church, which has extended to every people on the face of the earth, and is truly the marvel of history? And can it be reasoned that the Church has been less solicitous for the salvation of Protestants than of heathens? Facts do not indicate it; results prove the contrary. In Germany itself, the very stronghold of the Reformation, where Catholicism was once nearly extinct, there are at present eighteen millions of Catholics. In England, conversions have increased with remarkable rapidity; converts are numbered yearly not by twos or threes, but by hundreds and some times by whole schools, and the least observing cannot help but remark the steady tendency on a large scale in that country, back to the Church of Rome. Such a charge against the Church is altogether unfounded; and cannot be supported in the face of most commonplace fact. It is especially inopportune at the present time when the attention of the whole Christian world is directed toward the negotiation now pending looking to the return of the sects. By his recent encyclical addressed to Christian princes and peoples, Leo XIII has attracted universal attention for the earnestness and tender anxiety which he manifests for the return of all dissenters. He has promised to all sects that their customs and traditions shall be respected to the farthest extent compatible with Catholic doctrine. And as a sign that his words have not fallen on barren soil, Lord Halifax, an eminent English Anglican in his recent conference with His Holiness, has asked

that another encyclical be addressed to Anglican Bishops urging their return; and remembering the religious tendency in England at the present day, that such an event will yet take place looks every day more probable.

The last remark of the reply, which we shall notice is that Catholics are content with "the exultation that their glory is not dimmed by the cession of so vast a number from that Church within whose pale alone we fear they believe salvation from sin can be obtained," which the reviewer considers the severest charge that can be brought against any Church. Catholics are not, as we have just endeavored to show, so easily contented nor do they *exult* that their glory is not dimmed. The perfect confidence with which Catholics adhere to their faith, may appear like arrogance in the eyes of those who do not understand the firmness of their convictions; but the attitude of Catholics toward their Protestant brethren is anything but that of exultation. The glory is not to Catholics but to the Church, and we do not "boast" that her glory is not dimmed by worldly opposition, but we consider that fact one of the truest marks of her divinity. And indeed who that has followed her career through nineteen centuries, has seen empire after empire rise flourish and crumble, has seen her enemies one after another dash themselves to pieces against the irrefragable rock on which she stands, has seen all else that is terrestrial change, while she, ever the same still rears her solitary, majestic form above the ashes of all that is human, who that reflects on this can resist the conviction that she is the One True Church of Christ against which the gates of hell are powerless. Far be it from Catholics to exult. That is not the spirit of the Catholic Church, who teaches her children humility in their gratitude for the gift of that faith without which they cannot be saved. And throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world the constant prayers of the faithful and the sacrifice of the altar ascend to the Throne of Grace petitioning the gift of faith for those that are in darkness, and welfare for our Holy Mother the Church.

IN THE DESERT.



HE waste my barb hath bounded o'er
 Is glinting palely to the east,
 Where dying night, grown faint and frore,
 Feels that her reign hath well-nigh ceased.

And from the orient breathes a wind
 Of wondrous sweetness o'er the sand ;
 O, surely Love treads there-behind—
 Treads toward me from the Happy Land.

Lo ! I have wandered far and wide,
 Awaiting still that princely Guest :
 And though He sate my tent inside,
 I saw not when the couch He prest.

For all along the earth I lay
 Before the glory of His eyes,
 Until He rose, and passed away
 Into the land of Paradise.

Oft have I heard His coming tread,
 And hasted out to meet my Lord ;
 Yea, and my Prince hath broken bread,
 And shared the salt, at my poor board.

Yet never have I seen His face ;
 And, when I pressed Him still to stay,
 Ever He said—"Nay, till thou grace
 A Stranger so as Me to-day.

For I will send a Messenger—
 A stranger coming in My Name.
 Seek till thou find, yet seek in fear,
 Nor haste the coming of the same."

But I have struck my Arab tent :
My barb is snorting for the waste :
The Stranger Allah hath not sent ;
I go to meet my Stranger Guest.

O fairest Maid ! and thou shouldst be
An oasis to draw me on
Over the lone immensity
Into the rose-red Heart of Dawn :

Thou Virgin Consort of the King,
Thou Princess whom He sends before,
Fair bearer of the signet ring
Which bids us wait Him at the door.

For there, I feel, in yonder Dawn,
The roses of thy face do light
That Stranger o'er a flowery lawn
Where I shall meet my Guest ere night :

The Stranger Guest whom I must fear,
The while my pulses mount above
Their level to a music clear,
That thrills of longing and of love :

A music clear, that seems to run
Through every pulse, through every breath,
Still singing—"Joy and fear ! For one
In three are Allah, Love, and Death."

FRANK WATERS.

WHAT IS TRUE POETRY?

“ Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
To the lives of honest men.

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

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

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

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

In these verses of James Russell Lowell, the distinguished American satirist and critic, we have a fair estimation of what constitutes true poetry. That kind of poetic composition which “ seeks the praise of art ” may, like all artistic works, present a showy appearance ; the language may be polished and graceful, the thoughts sublime, and the versification faultless ; but there is always something cold about it, something uncongenial to the true nature of poetry, which no amount of exterior ornamentation can supply.

Composing with no other intention than to gain reputation, the artificial poet is devoid of the native warmth of passion, which is the essential quality of true poetry. The words of the classic Horace may be applied to these cool composers, “ Poeta nascitur, non fit.” Man is a poet by nature, and as such he must be true to nature’s teaching.

“ The simple bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart ;
And, if inspired, ’tis nature’s power inspire—
Her’s all the melting thrill, and her’s the kindling
fire.”

Prompted and inspired by scenes and objects which have a particular charm for

him, or fired by events which interest his country, and those most dear to him, the simple bard pours forth the spontaneous effusions of his heart, the ardent conceptions of admiration, joy, or compassion, in their true and natural colors. His language, it must be granted, is devoid of artistic decorations, but it is the language of passion, the outburst of his imaginative faculties fanned to poetic fire by the inspirations of the muse. Artificial ornamentation, such as magniloquent diction and gracefulness of style will certainly give a poem an embellished appearance, but these external beauties and excellences do not impart to it the power of moving the passions, which is the essentiality of true poetry. The Epic is unquestionably of all poetic compositions the most dignified in character, the most finished in style, the most sublime in sentiment and consequently the most difficult in execution. It cannot be inferred from that, however, that the epic has a better claim to poetic excellence than any other species of poetry. In fact, it does not deserve the name of poetry unless we discard altogether the unity which should naturally exist as the predominating quality in every work of art, and we consider it as a connected series of short poems. Poetry, as has been said, is the language of passion and of enlivened imagination. Its effect upon the mind should therefore be to produce fiery enthusiastic emotions, or to melt it into raptures by some soothing and pleasurable feeling. But excitement, whether caused by pleasure or pain, is necessarily transient.

Who can read Milton’s “ Paradise Lost ” or Dante’s “ Inferno ” at one sitting without experiencing periods of depression, amidst others of a highly emotional character. While the grandeur and sublimity of some passages excite the mind to extravagant flights, the platitude and insipidity of others cool our admiration. It is in the ode, or what may be called minor poems, that poetry retains its primal form. It is in this form alone that it

goes hand in hand with music, which is its natural concomitant.

Long before polished nations began to write poetic compositions in artistic form, music and song existed contemporaneously among the rude and uncultivated tribes of antiquity. The celebration of gods and heroes and the calamities occasioned by the death of chiefs and warriors prompted those savage tribes to pour forth their enthusiastic strains or lamentations in uncouth and artless, yet melodious numbers.

Music and song lend a charm to poetry which even the most barbarous appreciate. Defeat, disgrace, even death itself in its most horrible form was lost sight of by the Indian warrior, impassioned by the pathetic dirge of his own death-song. Poetry began to lose its original vigor as men became more polished. The passion to which poetry owed its origin, and which the original bard poured forth as the ardent conceptions of his soul, was now affected or imitated rather than expressed. The cultivation of taste for the beautiful cooled the ardor of passion; the ornamentations of art alone occupied the mind of the poet, and hence he wrote,—

“Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.”

In Longfellow's beautiful poem the “Waif” we have an excellent description of poetry in its true nature.

“Come read to me some poem
Some simple heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime
Where distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,

Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.”

In the charming verses of Father Ryan, the “Song of the Mystic,” are blended together in harmonious combinations everything which constitutes the essentiality of true poetry. Without any ostentation or display of ornament, we find treasured up in these inimitable lines the most sublime conceptions, welling forth not as the result of prolonged labor, but as the spontaneous outcome of his exuberant imagination elevated by the inspirations of the muse.

“I walk down the valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.”

Who can read Campbell's “Exile of Erin” without feeling in his inmost soul that transporting passion which only true poetry can create? There is a sweet native gracefulness and flowing harmony in those pathetic verses which thrill the heart with emotion, and melt it into unison with the poem.

“There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repair-
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill. [ing

But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

* * * *

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motien,
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
 Erin mavournin ! Erin go bragh ! [tion,

The excellence of a poem is by no means proportioned to the amount of labor that is expended in executing it. The sculptor stamps the conceptions of his genius on inert marble, and converts it into a life-like image, for the admiration of posterity. Such a masterpiece cannot

fail to produce a profound impression on those who gaze upon it. But it is not exquisite workmanship, symmetry of proportions, or delicacy of coloring that produces this effect. Those external beauties, —the result of prolonged and tedious labor, are lost sight of in our admiration for its ethical beauty, which alone renders the sculptor's work the embodiment of perfection. The same is to be said of poetry. Its power of elevating the soul does not depend on prolixity and efflorescence of language, which should be considered subservient to the true aim of poetry. It is not from any exterior excellence, but rather as the creation of ethical beauty that poetic composition takes its name— aesthetic thought enshrined in verse.

JAS. A. GILLIS, '94.



THE HISTORY OF ARITHMETIC.



ARITHMETIC, one of the most useful sciences evolved by the human mind, has been gradually developed from the knowledge of the elements of simple numbers till it has now become a science and one of our most useful branches of education. Some of the greatest minds of antiquity have been attracted to it by the fineness of its reasoning processes; it has filled such men as Pythagoras and Aristotle with enthusiasm, and has enlisted their masterly genius in its study and perfection.

It is not the object of this article to go into the philosophy of Arithmetic, but mainly to note those who have contributed to the development of this science, and as far as possible to give a short account of their respective contributions. The writer is chiefly indebted for his facts to "Brook's Philosophy of Arithmetic," an excellent and comprehensive treatise on this subject.

The much vexed question as to who were the originators of Arithmetic in practically its present form has been settled, and the honor given to the Hindoos. It has of course, in the process of evolution which has brought it to its present perfection, undergone a great many varied and important changes, but nevertheless to the Hindoos belongs the glory of having first introduced Arithmetic to the notice of man. They, however, lay no claim to this honor but attribute it to a special revelation from the Deity.

The main source from which our knowledge of Hindoo mathematics has been drawn, is the *Lilawati*, an arithmetic by Bhascara who lived about the twelfth century. This author frequently quotes Bramahgupta who lived in the seventh century, and some of whose works are still extant; the latter author himself refers to Arya-bhatta, a writer on Algebra and Arithmetic of the fifth century, and probably of a much earlier period. Arya-

bhatta is considered the most ancient of the uninspired writers of the Hindoos. It is thus clearly established that the Hindoo Algebra and Arithmetic date earlier than Diophantus, a Greek mathematician of Alexandria who wrote at least four centuries prior to the introduction of these sciences among the Arabs and seven centuries before their introduction into Europe.

The Arabs themselves do not claim even the invention of the numerals which, in fact, they adopted only in the twelfth century, but ascribe it to the Indians, and there is little doubt that the Brahmins were the original inventors of numerical symbols and also of the denary system. The Arabs used the Greek numerals which were merely the letters of the Greek alphabet. They, however, had the honor of being the medium through which the science was introduced into Europe.

The denary scale according to which all numbers are built up by tens is easily understood now, but many centuries elapsed before this system became established; and even to-day we find in French the scale of twenty used for all numbers above sixty; *soixante-dix, soixante-dix-neuf, quatre-vingts*. In English there is a slight trace of this in *three score and ten*. It is thought even by high authorities that the scale of twelve would be more convenient than the present one, which is said to be "an unfortunate one both for science and art."

The earliest writers in mathematics of whom we have any definite knowledge are the Greeks. This must not be understood to conflict with the statement regarding the priority of the Hindoo writers; we have no definite knowledge of the writings of the latter before the work of Arya-bhatta and the Greek Diophantus wrote about the same time; besides Arya-bhatta is merely by Brahmagupta mentioned as a writer of the fifth century of whose works none are extant. The Greeks made considerable progress in the cultivation of

the science and distinguished clearly between the theory and the practice of Arithmetic. They called it "Logistic" considered in relation to its principles, but the "Art of Arithmetic" when considered as a collection of rules. Writers on the subject express surprise that the Greeks with their great intellectual activity did not invent our present system of a denary scale, since their method of notation was extremely difficult. "The ingenuity and varied resources of the Greeks," writes a commentator, "were the main causes which diverted them from discovering our simple denary system. Their ingenuity led them beyond the denary scale; the feeble genius of the Hindoos might just reach it without mounting into an excursive flight." We have since learned that this appreciation of the Hindoos is far from doing justice to that people.

Pythagoras, who lived about 600 B.C., was one of the earliest writers on Arithmetic. He regarded numbers as of divine origin, and the essence of the universe; he gave them distinct and peculiar properties designated as Prime and Composite; Perfect and Imperfect; Redundant and Defective; Plane and Solid; Triangular, Square, Cubical, and Pyramidal. He carried his theory to the extent of classing even numbers as feminine and odd numbers as masculine.

Euclid was the first writer on Arithmetic whose works have come down to us. His seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books treat on Proportion, Prime and Composite numbers. Dr. Barrow's edition is the only work which includes these books. It is supposed that Euclid was much indebted to Thales and Pythagoras for his knowledge of mathematics. He conducted a school at Alexandria, which was highly celebrated and at which the Egyptian monarch, Ptolemy Lagus studied. This King having asked him if there were not an easier method of learning, the great mathematician made him the following reply which has been handed down to posterity:—"There is no royal road to Geometry."

Archimedes, an eminent mathematician and physicist, made many discoveries in geometry, and found also the law which governs the specific gravities of bodies.

He, it is thought, added much to Arithmetical science, but in the few fragments of his writings which are still preserved there is nothing on the subject. At the siege of Syracuse, about 210 B.C., Archimedes by his knowledge of mathematics planned engines of war which worked havoc among the besiegers. When however, the city was captured he was found in his closet solving a geometrical problem. When summoned by a soldier who commanded him to come to Marcellus, the leader of the besiegers, the mathematician asked to be given time to finish his problem and to fully demonstrate it. The soldier taking this answer for an insult instantly killed him. Marcellus felt deeply grieved over this event, and later erected a monument to his memory.

Another mathematician who flourished about the year 200 B.C. was Erotosthanes; he invented a method of determining prime numbers, which is called Erotosthanes' sieve. The distinctions of numbers into plane, solid, triangular, pyramidal, etc., was also made by Nichomachus, who is supposed to have lived near the Christian era.

Diophantus, a Greek, who lived about the middle of the fifth century, wrote thirteen books on Arithmetic, six of which are extant. He is credited with being the first writer on Algebra.

Boethius, lived about the beginning of the sixth century. He wrote a treatise on Arithmetic which, though said to be a copy of Nichomachus, became the classical work of the Middle Ages. The work was entirely theoretical and gave no practical rules of calculation. He dealt mainly with the properties of numbers.

The book in which the Indian or Arabic notation was first introduced was written by Avicenna, an Arabian Physician, who lived in Bokhara about 1000 A.D.

Previous to 1484 all works on the subject of Arithmetic were in manuscript, but in that year Lucas Pacioli, an Italian monk, published his great work *Summa Arithmetica*. The claim that this was the first work containing the use of the Arabic symbols introduced into Europe, is disputed, as his work is said to have appeared at least ten years later than the time of their introduction. It is conceded, however, that his is the first text book on

Algebra, and probably the first on Book Keeping which was introduced into Europe.

In 1492 appeared a work published by Philip Calandri of Florence, in which rules for fractions and geometrical applications appear. His method of working Division is somewhat novel. When his divisor was 8 he considered it as 7, demanding, as it were, that quotient which with seven more like itself would make the dividend.

The rule for casting out the nines seems to have been first introduced by John Huswirt, who published at Cologne, in 1501, a short treatise on Arithmetic. This is the first work on that subject which appeared in the German language. John Kobel of Augsburg, in 1514 wrote a work on the same subject, explaining the Arabic numerals, but not making use of them. All the work in this book is to be done by counters and with the use of the Arabic numerals.

At Paris, in 1515, appeared a book published by Gaspar Lax, in which the author showed a wonderful lack of facility for dealing with large numbers. Throughout the work containing upwards of two hundred and fifty problems there is not a number exceeding one hundred. The book dealt only with the simplest properties of numbers.

John Schoner, in 1534, edited a work of Regiomantus, demonstrating the properties of numbers connected with Arabic notation. He laid down also the principle that the digits in the cube cannot exceed three times the number of digits in the root.

Practica Arithmetica, is the title of a work published by Jerome Cardan, at Milan, in 1539. This book contained a chapter on the mystic properties of numbers, one of which was their use in foretelling future events.

The introduction of the signs + and - to indicate addition and subtraction respectively, is due to Michael Stifel who published in 1544 at Nuremberg his famous *Arithmetica Integra*. Stifel treats of the proportion of numbers, surds, incommensurables, etc. To him is also due the introduction of the radical sign originally $\sqrt{\quad}$. the abbreviation of *radix* or root. The symbol of Division \div was

invented by Dr. John Pell, Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Braeda, and a mathematician of high order.

William Oughtred who, in 1631, wrote a work entitled *Calvis Mathematica*, introduced the St. Andrew's Cross, \times , as the sign of Multiplication, and employed : : to denote the equality of ratios. The sign of multiplication was used to show that the figure was to be multiplied cross-wise, thus: $\frac{2}{\times} \frac{5}{6}$ The oblique line over 1 indicating that the 2 and the 5 had to be multiplied by 1 and similarly the 2 and the 5 had to be multiplied by 6 as indicated by the oblique line over the figure 6.

A complete work on Arithmetic was published in 1536 by Nicholas Tartaglia, a great Italian mathematician. De Morgan, a learned writer on these subjects, says: "Of this enormous book I may say as of that of Pacioli, that it wants a volume to describe it."

Another mathematician of note, Steven Stevinus, published at Leyden, in 1815, a work on Arithmetic in which there is much originality and lack of respect for authority. Great men had made *the point* in geometry correspond to *the unit* in arithmetic. Stevinus says that (0) and not (1) is the correspondent. "And those who cannot see this" he adds, "may the Author of Nature have pity on their unfortunate eyes; for the fault is not in the thing but in the sight—which we are not able to give them."

Square Root as we have it to day, and continued fractions were first dealt with by Cataldi of Bologna in 1613. His method of solving continued fractions is however most complicated; he did not as we now do apply the principle that multiplying the numerator and denominator of a fraction by the same number does not alter the value of the fraction, which is obviously the simplest method and which has been developed since his time. He, however, showed himself to be an exceedingly able calculator. Square Root was worked by the Hindoos, the Persians and the Arabians, but in a much different manner from our method of to-day.

Cube Root was worked by the Persians and Arabians, and by them communicated to the Hindoos. The famous Cuthbert

Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, who wrote the earliest treatise on arithmetic published in England deals with cube root. The example in his book shows a very complicated process of work, indeed, much more difficult than our own way. His book is said to possess great value.

The posthumous work of John Napier was published in 1617, at Edinburgh. In this work Napier brought out his theory of Logarithms. The author claims to have invented the decimal point, but this is disputed by DeMorgan, who notes that 1993²73 is written 1993²7"3." Much discussion has been held as to who introduced the decimal point. Dr. Peacock maintains that honor for Napier; DeMorgan says *Recorde* used it four years earlier, that is in 1613. But it is believed that Gunter who was born in 1581 did more for its introduction than any other.

Albert Girard who published a work at Amsterdam in 1629, was another writer of consequence. He is remarkable as having used the decimal point only once throughout his book. Previous to the use of this dividing *point*, which separates the decimal fraction from the whole number, lines were used thus 35 | 24 and even 35 | 24 and also 35 24. Girard also substitutes the parenthesis for the vinculum.

The second volume of a work published by Robert Fludd at Oppenheim in 1619 treats of the *theological force of numbers*.

The first man to introduce the exponent, thus: A² to represent axa was Descartes, a celebrated French metaphysician, who lived in the seventeenth century. He was the inventor also of Analytical Geometry and devoted his vast genius to the perfection of the mathematical sciences.

England has furnished her share in the development of this great science. Robert *Recorde* published in 1540 a celebrated work on Arithmetic. He was the first to introduce the signs of equality (=). He gives the following reason for its use: "And to avoid the tedious repetition of these words, I will settle, as I do often in worke use, a pair of parallel or gemowe lines of one length, thus |=| because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

In 1583, "The well-spring of science. Which teaches the perfect worke and practice of Arithmeticke," was published

in London by A. Baker. According to this author only fractions can deal with fractions, thus instead of multiplying $\frac{2}{3}$ by 2, he would divide by $\frac{3}{2}$.

The earliest English work on Book keeping was written by John Mellis of London, in 1588. Its title was: "A brief instruction and maner howv to keepe bookes of Accompts after the order of Debitor and Creditor.

The old rhyme :

Thirtie daies hath September,
Aprill June, and November,
February, eight and twentie alone,
All the rest thirtie and one,"

is found in a translation from the Dutch by W. P. This book is entitled "The Pathway of Knowledge," and appeared in 1596.

In his "Key to Hutton's Course" Mr. Davies quotes the following well known verse which dates about 1540 :

' Multiplication is mie vexation,
And Division is quite as bad ;
The Golden Rule is my stumbling stul.,
And Practice drives me mad.

The first work in English containing tables for compound interest was written in 1613, by Richard Witte; he uses decimal fractions in this volume. The first head rule by which the decimal fraction of a £ is changed to shillings, etc, was formulated by William Webster in 1634.

"The Hand-maid of Arithmetic" appeared from the pen of Nicholas Hunt in 1633. He has a new explanation of "decimal Arithmetic." The following is an example of some of his rules which were mostly written in rhyme :

"Add thou upright, reserving every tenne
And write the digits down all with thy pen "

* * * *

"Subtract the lesser from the great, noting the rest
Or ten to borrow you are ever pressed
To pay what borrowed was, think it no paine
But honesty redounding to thy gaine."

A monk named Gerbert, who studied in Spain, and afterwards became Pope Sylvester II, was one of the most extensive writers on the subject of Arithmetic, and it is claimed by some that he introduced the Arabic symbols into Europe. This

system is found in use in many of the manuscript copies of his writings. Father Mabillon states however, that these symbols were in use previous to 1400 A D., and "Father Kircher," a Jesuit of vast acquirements, says that they were introduced by Alphonso, king of Castile in astronomical tables. It is quite apparent that these conflicting reports are caused from the want of telegraph or other good way of communication by which the whole country would immediately have been informed of their introduction.

The symbol which is justly considered the most important of our method of numeration is zero, for though looked upon generally as the most insignificant, on it depends our whole system of numeration. Without zero or some symbol corresponding to it our present system would be impracticable. The value of a symbol depending on its position, it is

clear that without zero we could not represent 1001 but by 11, which would in no wise express our idea. This symbol is found in *Lilawati*, and it appears to have been in us prior to the appearance of this work. Who invented it, we do not know. Doubtless some students wish it had never been known. Brooks says: "Were it known, (who invented it) mankind would feel like rearing a monument to his memory, as high and enduring as the Pyramids of Egypt; but now it can only raise its altar to the Unknown Genius.

This paper must necessarily be short, and cannot be expected to cover all the ground of the history of Arithmetic. Many illustrious names have unavoidably been omitted, but we have presented the great general outline of the progress of one of the noblest and purest sciences that the genius of man has ever conceived.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, 98.



THE CATHOLICITY OF EVANGELINE.



ENGLISH literature is so impregnated with prejudices directly opposed to Catholicity, and is on the whole supposed to be so entirely Protestant, that we are liable to arrive at the conclusion of the inferiority of Catholic effort, not only in English speaking countries, but in all literature, and to infer that Catholicity and higher attainments in letters are somewhat like contradictory terms. Notwithstanding many substantial proofs to the contrary, the idea of Catholic inferiority in literature has long prevailed, and, as is but natural to expect, its explanation is attributed by perverse persons to the evil influences of Catholicity itself. Such an opinion might possibly be the result of a superficial glance, (too often the only source of the bigot's knowledge), still we need not the keenest sense of vision, nor yet the most accurate powers of judgment to become convinced that it is even more erroneous than widespread.

Forgetting that the greatest poem the world has yet produced, Dante's "Divine Comedy," takes its whole inspiration from Catholic doctrine, and is replete with Catholic imagery; forgetting that Calderon the dramatist, whom Schlegel ranks amongst the mighty quaternion of literature, is himself a Catholic; forgetting that the immortal bard of Avon, is purely Catholic in the tone and treatment of his dramas, not to mention that he has never been proven non-Catholic in religion; forgetting all the glories of the Italian, French and Spanish literatures, most of which belong to the Catholic Church; and forgetting that Britain boasts of having such illustrious names as Pope, Dryden and Moore; if such prominent facts escape our memory, we may reasonably be pardoned for forgetting others of less importance. And among these

is the fact, that Longfellow while in many of his writings, unjust and bigoted, yet in the work upon which his fame mainly rests, and without which he might soon drop into oblivion, is intensely Catholic, almost in every line. I have reference, of course, to his "Evangeline," a beautiful tale of affection, most tenderly told. This work is the more enjoyable and the more remarkable, because Catholic topics and allusions are repeatedly introduced by the author, without showing the least disapprobation, either by open acknowledgment or by the slightest sneering remark.

The plot of the poem is laid during one of the most atrocious events in Canadian history, when the French Acadian colonists were forced from their humble but happy homes and borne into a miserable exile. Husband was mercilessly separated from wife; brother from sister; parent from child. The closest bonds of relationship were heedlessly broken by the heartless soldiery, and on the ground of a mere suspicion, the poor Acadians were scattered indiscriminately over a strange land, to find new homes where they might wear away their weary lives, ineffectually bewailing the loss of beloved relatives and the pleasant associations of their childhood.

"Scattered were they like the dust and the leaves,
when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean."

The author describes the unhappy lot of the exiles, but he deals chiefly with the mournful adventures of the two young lovers, Evangeline and Gabriel, who were to be united in marriage on the very day of the expulsion. When everything was in readiness for the long-wished-for nuptials, the inhabitants of the village, were, under false pretences, invited by the English to the church. Here their doom was announced and soon afterwards put into execution. In the hurry and confusion of embarkation, the two lovers entered different ships bound for different destin-

ations. On reaching land, Evangeline immediately went in search of Gabriel. Her persevering but fruitless travels are vividly described. At length, despairing of success, she entered a convent, and became a sister of charity. One day, many years after the expulsion, while tending to the sick in a hospital of Philadelphia, she chanced to come across a dying old man, haggard and wan and gray, whom she immediately recognized to be her lover. Shortly afterwards Evangeline followed Gabriel to the grave, and the remains of the two lovers, whom fortune so cruelly separated during life, now rest side by side within the one tomb. Thus sorrowfully ends the sad story which forms the corner stone of its authors fame, and which shall cease to be read only when the name of Longfellow shall cease to be remembered.

It is not my intention to make a critical examination of this work. I wish simply to show the purely Catholic spirit which runs throughout it, and the thorough absence of that bigotry which is so conspicuous in other works of the same author. For this end I shall give only a few of the many extracts most suitable to my purpose.

Almost at the beginning of the poem, in the description of the village of Grand Pré, the author introduces the venerable priest, Father Felician, in the following beautiful lines :

“ Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-
ate welcome.

Thus we see the great love and reverence in which the pious Acadians held that beloved pastor, whose task it was to lead them by the hand, from all earthly cares and sorrows to the unending happiness of their heavenly home. Throughout the story Father Felician is represented as a true parish priest, solicitous only for the glory of God, and the welfare of the souls entrusted to his care. Another character is also found, which is worthy of our attention, because he represents a body of

devoted men, who played no unimportant part in the early history of America. I speak of the missionary, whom Longfellow describes, in the midst of a secluded Indian tribe, teaching them the Gospel and performing the holy rites of religion.

Immediately following the above passage comes a description of evening in the village. It ends admirably with a short but true character sketch of the doomed inhabitants.

“ Then came the laborers home from their work
and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love, these simple Acadian
farmers,—
Dwelt in love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from
Fear that reigns with the tyrant, and envy the
vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to
their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day, and the
hearts of their owners.”

Does not the ringing of the Angelus bell, bring to our minds two lines from the same author, which charmingly complete the picture ?

“ And all the crowd in the village street, stand
still,
And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin.”

The whole character of the Acadian farmer, is summed up in one short sentence—a sentence which as truly illustrates the character of a duteous layman, as other passages of the poem truly illustrate the character of a Catholic priest. “ They dwelt in love of God and of man.” In those words is contained the foundation of all Catholic doctrine. He who is true to his God and to his neighbor, can not fail to be true to himself.

After the description given above, the poem proceeds to sketch the homestead of Benedict Bellefontaine, which includes a description of Evangeline, or “ Sunshine of St. Eulalie,” as she was affectionately called. In this is found a passage, remarkable for its truth, simplicity and beauty.

"Ah! fair in sooth was the maiden,
 Fairer was she when on Sunday morning while
 the bell from its turret,
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
 with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings
 upon them.
 Down the long street she passed
 But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
 Shone in her face, and encircled her form, when
 after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
 upon her.
 When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of
 exquisite music."

Here is introduced the fact, noticeable even to Protestants, that after confession a "more ethereal beauty" shines upon the countenance—a beauty which does not consist in a correct proportion of feature, nor in a faultless complexion, but in that placid and serene expression, which a person invariably exhibits, when conscious of having been relieved from the heavy load of his sins.

The author now introduces the chief characters of his story, with their conversations in regard to the object of the English, whose fleet has just anchored in the Basin of Minas. Following this comes the scene of violent commotion in the church, when the royal proclamation has been read. Here is found one of the most sublime passages in the poem. "In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention," caused by the words of the English commander, the venerable priest entered the door of the chancel, and awing the multitude into silence by a single gesture, he addressed them in those sublime and touching words:

"What is this ye do my children? What madness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
 and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred!
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father forgive them'!

Let us repeat that prayer, in the hour when the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now and say, O Father forgive them."

Chiding are his words, but how gentle! Eloquent, yet how simple! When the rude arms of the merciless soldiery were powerless to suppress the heated disturbance, the effect of the old priests feeble voice is thus exquisitely expressed:

"Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them."

Here, again, we see the pious reverence, love and obedience of the humble Acadians for their Minister of the Gospel. But this passage speaks for itself, and comment is unneeded. To praise it would be but

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 Or add another hue unto the violet."

The poem proceeds to describe the carrying away of the Acadian peasants, and the weary wanderings of Evangeline, in search of her lost lover. Skipping the many noteworthy features embodied in those descriptions, I shall select but one more passage, to show the thoroughly Catholic treatment of the work. This brings me to the end of the poem, where the heroine, loosing all hope of finding Gabriel, and being unable to transfer her affections to anyone else, resolves to devote the remainder of her life to the pious occupations of the nunnery. In the character of a Catholic nun, she is thus described:

"Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverend steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy frequenting
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
 Loud through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
 High, at some lonely window, he saw the light of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek pale face, returning home from
its watchings."

And further on when she was charitably
engaged in the midst of the destructive
pestilence, the author says of her.

"Thither by night, and by day, came the Sister
of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face and thought, indeed, to
behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city, seen at a
distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits
would enter."

What a beautiful picture! and how
different is Longfellow's opinion of the
nun, compared with that of the ordinary
Protestant! Here is found no life of idleness,
no hours of luxury and ease, but a
generous sacrifice of all earthly pleasures,
for the spiritual welfare of a dying pauper.

I might quote many other passages,
almost if not equally as notable as the
preceding but further selection is
unnecessary to show the religious tendencies
of this poem. Still, in order to be
fully sensible of its exquisite qualities,
considering them from a Catholic standpoint,
a complete perusal is required, for
from beginning to end, its lines beam
forth upon us the brilliant rays of our
religion. In this respect, *Evangeline* is
both positively and negatively beautiful.
Not only is it free from any undesirable
element, but on the other hand, its beauty
is immensely enhanced by a judicious
treatment of Catholic subjects, and an
unobjectionable representation of Catholic
scenes of worship. In fact, such is its
effect, that had we no other knowledge
of the writer, than what is found in this
work, we would consider ourselves fully

warranted in claiming him to be a Catholic.
As far as his treatment of our Church
is concerned, not a blemish is to be found;
not the slightest calumny; not the slightest
condemnation. His pen ran smoothly
on, without dropping on his pages one
offensive blot of bigotry. Unhappily his
other works are different. Not in all his
writings is such an unprejudiced treatment
given to Catholic subjects. Not in all his
writings are the priests such pious and
devoted men as Father Felician. But
there is no need of bringing the instances
forth, for they would only have a tendency
to diminish the happy influence exerted
upon us by our perusal of the poem
Evangeline.

In this work, while the author gradually
brought out his characters, they seemed
to divest him of all bigotry. They shaped
him as it were, and not he, them. The
result was that his pen gave us a story,
which, while it is eagerly read and admired
by the Catholic world, yet, nowhere does
it find a warmer reception than in Protestant
England. Day by day it is advancing
in popularity, while some of his more
uncharitable productions are, if anything,
receding. From this fact we can plainly
see, that a book in order to be lasting
must not necessarily adapt itself to the
prejudices of a people, and that immortality
is assured, only by such genuine
qualities as are to be found in *Evangeline*.

Circumstances may claim attention for
a work intrinsically worthless, but in the
long run it is as sure to fade from public
view, as real merit is sure to be acknowledged
and to endure. The tallest hills
remain longest within sight,—and the
greater the book the longer it will be
subject to the gaze of posterity. Abraham
Lincoln's words are as true in literature
as in politics; "You may deceive all
the people part of the time, and part of
people all the time; but you cannot
deceive all the people all the time."

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

EASTER.



HE rifted clouds sail parted now,
 Old caitiff Winter flees from sheen,
 Buds swell on every kindling bough,
 While showers of silver sprout in green ;
 Robins grow rife,
 Shrill blackbirds fife,
 Bright morning chases laggard gloom,
 And ardent noon makes fog take wing :
 Christ worsted Death and burst the tomb
 As heat rends cold in Spring.

The beams that brim the sapphire sky ;
 The breath that quickens earth and air ;
 Strong waters flowing broad and high ;
 The promise sprouting seedlets bear ;
 Each figures Him
 Who through the dim
 Of charnel murk and clayey grave
 Strode terrible, exuding light,
 And might showed more than ocean's wave
 Whose ridge shuts sun from sight.

Recruited Nature fast regains
 The Jewels Winter stole away ;
 Freed streams race singing, vernal plains
 Pant under loads of golden ray :
 Fine raptures roll
 O'er sod and soul,
 As if they ne'er had known the stress
 Of warping sin, and blanching snows :
 They feel the holy happiness
 That rich from Easter flows.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

CONFEDERATION AND ITS FOUNDERS.



Glancing over the history of the greatest political powers of all ages, we are everywhere accosted by the fact that no really powerful nation ever grew up suddenly and outshone all others by its glory and conquests. We find that Greece and Rome, the greatest powers of ancient times, rose to their might and grandeur, not by sudden jumps and starts, but gradually. Closing the portals of antiquity and turning to modern times, do we not find the same fact re-affirmed?

Béhold Great Britain and France! How many years, aye, even centuries have not these great rivals been gradually increasing in wealth and power. So it has been with all nations, and in virtue of this cannot we of fair Canada look forward to a time in which our country will rank equal with the greatest powers of the world! Our lamented countryman, Sir John A. Macdonald, expressed this hope admirably when, in the warmth of one of his patriotic speeches, he allowed himself to make the following prediction: "We are fast ceasing to be a dependency, and assuming the position of an ally of Great Britain. England will be the centre, surrounded and sustained by an alliance not only with Canada but with Australia and all her other possessions, and there will then be formed an immense confederation of freemen, the greatest confederacy of civilized and intelligent men that has ever had an existence on the face of the globe."

When Sir John A. Macdonald used these words he had in mind a fact that should not fail to attract the attention of every diligent reader, and that is that in the history of every people there has been a turning point, or an event which has been instrumental more than any other, in starting the onward march towards prosperity. Just as the securing of Independence in the United States gave new vigor and strength to the New England-

ers, so the Confederation of the Provinces of British North America gave a new impulse to Canadian energy and enterprise. This great event served as a foundation upon which to commence the formation of a strong and prosperous dependency of Great Britain, a scheme that had occupied the attention of every prominent statesman for years previous to its accomplishment. The fathers of Confederation looked forward with hope and exultation to that day when the land of their adoption would rank among the leading nations of the world.

When the scheme of Confederation was yet only in embryo the distinguished French Premier, M. Cartier, made use of these remarkable words, when pleading the cause after the Charlottetown Conference: "Glancing into the inexorable future we may see a great British-American nation with the fair provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as the arms of the national body to embrace the wealth which the Atlantic's commerce will bring; with Prince Edward Island as the regal head, and for a body the provinces of Canada stretching from the sea in the east to the shadow of the Rocky Mountains in the west." The scheme, as it has since been proven, was at that time thought feasible notwithstanding the many obstacles that lay between its inauguration and its realization. But when such men as Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, M. Cartier, Tupper, Galt, Howland and others, throwing aside their party prejudices and personal interests, plunged headlong into the colossal task of affecting a confederation, is it a wonder that the project was brought to such a successful issue?

Before recounting, however, the history of the movement which ultimately led to the adoption of a federal union, it would be well to take a retrospective glance at the state of the country during the few years previous to this change of government. The twenty-seven years during which the Act of Union between the

Canadas had remained in force might well be styled the "dark age" in Canadian politics. The two principal causes of this chaos in public affairs were the question of races and the cry for representation by population. When the Union Act came into effect the populations in the two provinces were about equal, but the tide of immigration into Ontario was so increased that soon the upper province boasted of twice the population of Quebec. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the people of Upper Canada raised the cry for representation by population. However, as already mentioned, the question of races was the real stumbling-block, and lay at the bottom of all the turmoil, and the opposition in the legislature at that time went so far as to assert that the Government held its majority through the French vote, and openly accused the premier, Mr. Macdonald (afterwards Sir John A.), of being bound hand and foot to the French.

During this reign of discord in the Canadas, the political situation in the maritime provinces was just as perplexing. The racial problem was not the source of trouble there, as none existed. But there was irresponsible government, as well as the existence of those evil scourges commonly known in colonial history as "family compacts." Thus discontent and ill-feeling towards the existing forms of government prevailed in a greater or less degree from one end of British America to the other. The lack of confidence in the "powers that were," and the contempt for the manner in which the government was being carried on, had reached such a point in Upper Canada that a great Reform convention, composed of delegates from all parts of the province, was held in Toronto. The relations between Upper and Lower Canada were considered, and the unanimous conclusion arrived at was, that the only remedy for the existing financial and political evils was representation by population, which, of course, at that time, meant separation. It was this entanglement of political parties that served most of all, perhaps, to facilitate and hasten the birth of the greatest event in our history. Both the Liberals and Conservatives in the last score of years, in endeavoring to govern

the country, had failed ignominiously, and all now surrendered to the inevitable. The leaders of both parties recognized that a crisis had arrived which could not be overcome by new elections, and Hon. George Brown, the political leader of the upper province, expressed the opinion that the time was a fitting one to settle "forever the constitutional difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada."

As to the originator of this step to union on the federal principle many have falsely attributed the honour to Mr. Brown, but it has been conclusively proven by contemporary politicians, that far from being the parent of Confederation, Mr. Brown was even opposed to the scheme when it was first brought forward by Messrs. Macdonald and Galt. It was only afterwards when he saw the great popularity the project was gaining that he lent his most hearty support. We must look elsewhere than to any mortal man for the parent of the scheme, since it was brought about by necessity, or, to use Bystander's apt epigram, "the Father of Confederation was dead-lock."

As early as the year 1810 the Colonists had already entertained the idea of uniting under one central government all the British possessions in America. But the political state of the country was so unsettled, and the population so scattered and different in their customs, that it was obvious to the political of the day that the movement was as yet inopportune, and would remain so for many years. The project was again revived in 1827, when the legislative council of Upper Canada proposed uniting the two Canadas into one province, controlled by one central government. Many were then in favor of a "union of the whole four provinces of British North America under a vice-Royalty, with a fac-simile of that great and glorious fabric, the best monument of human wisdom, the British Constitution." But this endeavor to bring about Confederation had but a short existence, and yielded up the field almost without a struggle. The rabid Tories and suspicious royalists imagined they scented a conspiracy on the part of the malcontents, to establish independence and sever all connection with the mother country. They hurled rhetorical thunder upon the

heads of the promoters of a project that meant life and prosperity to a people at that time groaning under the evils of party strife and turmoil.

But it was in 1864 that the first direct and decisive step was taken. The idea of uniting for mutual assistance and protection had been entertained by the people of the maritime provinces ever since the year 1854, when the first definite scheme of Confederation was proposed. In consequence of this drift of popular opinion towards union, a conference of delegates from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island was announced to take place in Charlottetown. The news of this proposed assembly for the purpose of discussing the advisability of Confederation spread like wild-fire and was welcomed as the long-desired panacea for the woes and evils of the Canadas. The political leaders of both the upper and lower province immediately enrolled themselves in the crusade against disunion, with its adjuncts, religious intolerance and sectional prejudices. Although the primary object of the conference was to affect a union of the Maritime Provinces alone, yet the western delegates although without official standing, were nevertheless, upon their arrival, invited to join in the discussion, of which courtesy they vigorously availed themselves. Indeed they took such a prominent part in the proceedings, that one of the Maritime delegates referring to the Westerners was led to remark, "The Canadians descended upon us and before they were three days in our midst, we forgot our own scheme and thought only about theirs." Another prominent delegate expressing the same idea said, "this scheme of Confederation like Aaron's serpent, has swallowed all the rest." Thus was the Charlottetown convention, assembled for the purpose of establishing union of the provinces down by the sea, changed into one for the grand object of forming a union of all the British possessions between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Before relating what immediately followed the inauguration of the project at Charlottetown, it is but just for us to cast a passing glance at some of the distinguished personages who played prominent roles in this political drama. One above all others, because of his untiring

energy and earnest devotedness to his country's cause, commands our immediate attention and admiration. Yes, at the head of the ranks we find his manly form crushing down the barriers of opposition by his commanding eloquence, and making smooth the rough road to success by his wonderful magnetism, tact and ability. And this champion of Confederation was none other than our late lamented Sir John A. Macdonald, who was afterwards to be the first premier of the Dominion of Canada.

None the less worthy of praise and flattering comment are the able men who were his associates in the toil and reverses of so arduous an undertaking. The names of Sir Charles Tupper, George Brown, Sir Etienne P. Taché, Cartier, McGee, and the other Fathers of Confederation, will be forever coupled with the statesmanship that raised Canada to the rank of a nation.

After the initiation of the Confederation project at Charlottetown, so completely had the grand scheme absorbed the mind of leading legislators, that another convention was called to take place in Quebec the very next month. Yes, it was on the 10th of October, that the ancient Capital of the Canadas welcomed the delegates from the provinces of that fair Dominion which was soon to bloom forth into a nation and occupy a position, humble 'tis true, but at the same time one not to be disdained. As was expected this conference surpassed the Charlottetown one in every respect. The assembly had been strengthened by the able representatives from Newfoundland, Messrs. Hon. Frederick Carter speaker of the Newfoundland House of Assembly; Hon. Ambrose Shea, leader of the Opposition in the same Chamber; also such men as Sir Etienne P. Taché and Oliver Mowat helped to swell the goodly number of legal lights. The one idea that occupied the mind of every delegate as he entered the hall of assembly was, "We want Confederation. We may have it, and we will have it," and they acted accordingly. Notwithstanding the opposition of a few at first, before the close of the discussion, it was almost unanimously recognized that Confederation must be effected.

The cry for union was foremost among

all questions of the day, and nothing short of a revolution could have hushed it into silence. The people had expressed their approbation, the delegates had advocated it unanimously, and all that now remained to be done was to have the scheme presented to the Provincial legislatures, and their decisions in turn submitted to the Imperial Parliament. Accordingly on the 19th of February, 1865, the Confederation scheme was presented to the Parliaments of Upper and Lower Canada. Many were the able orations delivered pro and con, by such distinguished men as Messrs. John A. Macdonald, Brown, Cartier and McGee on the one hand, and Messrs. John Sanfield Macdonald, Huntington, Dorion, Holton and Dunkin on the other. A good idea of the discussion that the bill gave rise to may be had from the words of Hon. John H. Gray in his work on "Confederation" "All that a well read public man, all that a thorough sophist, a dexterous logician, a timid patriot, or a prophet of evil could array, was brought up and pressed against the scheme." But notwithstanding all this, the project was carried, after a motion for its adoption, moved by John A. Macdonald. In the lower province the scheme fared equally well, where under the guidance of the brilliant Cartier, it was safely piloted through the stormy sea of opposition. However, while everything was progressing so favorably in the Canadas, a threatening cloud was slowly rising above the political horizon in the Maritime provinces. In New Brunswick popular orators thundered away and attacked every vulnerable part in the Confederation scheme, and startled the ignorant and credulous by accusing the advocates of union of aiming at separation from the empire and assumption of independent nationality.

The uproar in New Brunswick also affected the project's popularity in Nova Scotia. Yet even in the face of these difficulties, after stormy discussions in the legislatures, the bill was finally carried in both provinces. The immediate result was, that the month following Messrs. John A. Macdonald, Galt, Brown and Cartier were sent to England to confer with the Imperial Parliament, and to

insist on a Federal Government being given to the American Colonies. As was to be expected, the Canadian delegates were graciously received by the ministry, as well as by the Queen herself and Royal Family. Our envoys led by John A. Macdonald pressed upon the home government the necessity of union among the American provinces, and clearly showed that the time had now arrived at which the colonies, though individually weak, would nevertheless be strong and prosperous when once united by the bond of federation. The scheme was amply discussed and the keen foresight and statesmanlike views of our delegates were the subject of much favorable comment among the members of the Imperial Parliament.

No sooner had they returned to America than a consideration of their report was immediately entered upon by the legislatures. After having duly weighed the offers of the Imperial Government on behalf of her American Colonies, the provinces came to the conclusion that they could not do better than submit their acceptance of the terms offered. Accordingly in November 1866, the Canadian delegates, Messrs. John A. Macdonald, George E. Cartier, T. Galt, W. P. Howland, Wm. McDougall and H. S. Langevin embarked for England where they were met by Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, Henry, McCully and Ritchie from Nova Scotia, and Messrs. Tilly, Mitchell, Fisher, Johnston and Wilmot from New Brunswick. It was on the fourth of December that the envoys assembled at Windsor Castle to draw up the constitution that was to guide a new American Nation through numberless perils unto national life. Long and tiresome were the discussions over debatable points; but our representatives headed by Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Tupper proved themselves equal to all emergencies. Such able orators as Joseph Howe from Nova Scotia espoused the individual rights and privileges of their respective provinces and thus caused much contention. But here again the matchless tact and astuteness of a Macdonald and a Cartier brushed aside all differences, and by mutual concessions on the part of each of the colonies, the terms

of the long-talked of Confederation bill were finally agreed upon. In consequence on the 22nd of May 1867 "A Royal proclamation was issued from Windsor Castle giving effect to 'The British North America Act' and appointing the first of July following as the date on which it should come into force."

Thus was brought to a successful issue, the arduous task which our Canadian statesman had so heroically undertaken. Such then is the story of the birth of that fair Dominion which made its debut in the political world on the 1st of July 1867. Upon the phenomenal gain in power and influence that this master-stroke of statesmanship has brought our young Canadian nationality, it is quite unnecessary to dwell. Suffice it to say that the memorable date shall always occupy an honored place in the annals of our history, and shall be regarded by future generations as the day on which our forefathers quit the house of bondage and entered the promised land. It is but a score and eight years since that turning point in our history; yet we have already been unmeasurably benefitted by that providential change in our system of government.

The increase in our population, commerce and wealth has elicited the praise and admiration of all countries. And if such have been the results in a quarter of

a century, what can we not hope for in time to come?

Drawing aside the curtain and peering into the distant future, what visions of wealth and prosperity for our Dominion may we not picture for our imagination? For will any one deem it presumption to unveil and disclose to view the countless hidden treasures of our land? Travelling across three thousand miles of territory from the rocky coast of the Maritime provinces to the golden shores of the Pacific in British Columbia, the tourist is now confronted in the East by thousands of well cultivated farms, hundreds of prosperous towns and numerous flourishing cities, where not so many years ago nature reigned supreme, untouched by the hand of man. While in the West, he takes delight in ever gazing upon the virgin prairies profusely dotted with herds of grazing horses and cattle, where but yesterday, the redskin hunted the buffalo and smoked the pipe of peace. And if such have been the immediate results of Confederation, what panorama of wealth and plenty, will not be viewed by the octogenarian of the next century? Confederation was the finishing touch, the crowning edifice, and its founders, the architects of that mighty structure known to the world as the Dominion of Canada.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96.



THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.



It was six minutes past six p.m. when I stepped out upon the platform of a fourth-class railway station in the South of France. The Guard told me it was called St. Etienne—a piece of interesting information which was shortly afterwards confirmed by a large blue sign that hung out over the train-despatcher's office. I addressed myself to the martial-looking individual who occupied this apartment, or rather partially occupied it; for his whole head and shoulders now protruded through the open window; I wished to know the exact time at which the express was due. The train I had just left was the slow going Omnibus of the Midi, which I had taken at Toulouse some five hours before, mainly for the purpose of obtaining as good a panoramic view of the country as slow locomotion and a railway coach allow. But now night was drawing near; and as I was tired of the jog-trot rate at which I had been travelling all the afternoon and desired to reach Marseilles before morning, I determined to board the express, which, I was aware, must soon follow the Omnibus.

My chagrin may well be imagined, when I learned that the express would not stop at this station, and that the next local was not due for eight hours. I sauntered up and down the platform and tried to console myself with gazing at the picturesque scenery around me.

An August sun was just taking leave of the country of the Languedoc and was slowly sinking behind the purple peaks of the Pyrenees, whose gigantic proportions towered up in the south-western skies. To the northward, Mount St. Felix lifted his less-assuming head. From his brow, trickling down like beads of perspiration brought out by the intense heat of the climate, ran the scanty waters of the Cesse, only to be mingled not far from where I stood, with the more imposing current of the Ande, and borne on noise-

lessly to the great Father of seas. Vast tracts of well-tilled land stretched out in the same direction, broken here and there by a small grove, or even a single tree; while in the near neighborhood on either side of the Cesse, extensive vineyards purpled under the ripening product of the vine. A broad Roman road led up from the station, and seemed to terminate in a church spire, around which clustered a number of modest dwellings, that taken collectively, constituted the village of St. Etienne.

This fact, however, I learnt from the only unofficial person, besides myself, who now lingered at the station. He was a man of apparently not more than thirty-five years, slender and of medium height; he might have been pronounced tall, were it not for a contraction of one of his legs, which somewhat reduced his stature and gave a shambling motion to his body when he walked. His hair was black and curly; his complexion, sallow, even of a deeper dye than that of the native Southerner; but not, however, too deep to favorably contrast with the keen, dark eyes that lighted up the whole countenance. A certain touch of sadness about his features, more evident when they were in repose, only lent them a pleasing expression. As I approached the place where he stood leaning against a two-wheeled cart, he bowed with all the conventional courtesy of the Frenchman, and simply ejaculated: "Voiture, Monsieur?"

I did not pause long to deliberate: the only reasonable solution of my present difficulty stood before me. I must pass the night at St. Etienne and take the Omnibus train again in the morning. So I answered at once in the affirmative, and a few minutes later found myself seated in the two-wheeled conveyance and rattling along over the dusty road at almost as rapid a pace as if I had been in the express itself. It was then that my companion enlightened me as to the characters and customs of St. Etienne, acquainting

me with its more interesting features, and letting me into the secret of his own avocation, which was that of coachman, porter, cook and waiter in its only hotel. Among other things he told me that my host was a Mr. Leduc, a young man like himself but married. He himself had lived in the Leduc family from his childhood, having been brought from the banks of the Ganges by the father of the present proprietor, and ever since enjoyed the family name, with Joseph as a prefix, but as he added naively, none of the family rights and privileges. He had received a meagre schooling, but nothing that would admit of a higher ambition than that of becoming a good domestic. His natural abilities had brought many a franc to his young master's purse, which was nevertheless nothing lightened by the paltry pittance paid for the useful services of the faithful servant. "It was not always thus, it was not always thus!" he finally sighed and lapsed into silence.

Soon after, we halted in front of the hotel, an old-fashioned stone structure of two stories; and I was ushered with some ceremony into the little sitting-room. I was the only guest, it would seem; the dust upon the few articles of furniture was certainly that of more than one day's gathering. In justice, however, to the *personel* of the establishment, I must confess that all else exhibited a cleanliness and tidiness not altogether common in the Midi.

After supper, which consisted of a chicken, some white bread and a bottle of light wine, I lighted a cigarette and, to avoid the dust of the single street, set out through the field adjoining the house for my evening walk. The air was refreshing, and doubly so to me after my long ride of the afternoon, cooped up in a close compartment with seven other sweltering victims. The evening is notably short in the South. The sun had set but an hour before, yet the thick shadows of night began to creep quickly in on the surrounding country, and soon enveloped it in a deep twilight. The field through which I was walking came to an abrupt end in a stone wall, along whose sides ran a dense growth of low bushes. I stopped a few moments to cut one of the saplings for a walking-stick, when my attention was

attracted by some object that had suddenly made its appearance on the opposite side of the field, at the end of the wall. It was quite dusk now, but I could easily discern the figure through the dimness. It was that of a man, tall and clad in military garb. He held in his hands a gleaming sabre, with which he appeared to be digging a hole in the ground. When I first noticed him, his head was so turned away from me as to afford but a glimpse of his profile. I coughed once or twice to warn him of my presence, whereupon he turned fully around, stared at me for an instant, and, then, hurriedly covering the hole he had been making, disappeared in the direction of the bushes and the stone enclosure. At first I was surprised by so unexpected an encounter; but presently recovering my former composure, I remembered how common a sight it was to see soldiers in all the cities and towns of France, and how often during the preceding weeks, I had met them in large numbers on every train and at every station from Bordeaux to Besancon. It was nothing, then, to be marvelled at that a stray guardian of the republican commonwealth should find his way even to St. Etienne, or trespass upon the peaceful domains of the ancient family of the Leducs. Those who are thoroughly acquainted with the many and various forms which the motto of the French revolution at times assumes, and especially as interpreted by a student of the *caserne*, might not find reason for astonishment in what I had just seen take place; but, as I was not then so well versed in all those details of camp etiquette as I am at present, I could not help thinking the sudden appearance and disappearance of the soldier not altogether devoid of mystery, and was half inclined to attribute it to some hallucination brought on either by the fatigue of the day's journey or by the bottle of light wine I had drunk at supper, or by both causes in concurrence. Before retiring, however, I made up my mind to examine the spot on the following day and to discover why the ground had been disturbed by the strange soldier.

The sun was high in the heavens before I put in an appearance in the breakfast-room next morning. I found Joseph seated on a lounge in one corner, his head

resting upon his hands, which were in turn propped up by his knees. "Well, Joseph," said I, "are you tired waiting?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am now quite used to waiting," and after a brief pause added: "but it was not always thus." From his settled air of sadness I saw that there was some great grief pressing heavily upon his heart, but I did not venture to question him further. As I gazed on his pale cheek and sunken eyes, it struck me that I had seen something strikingly like them somewhere; but for the moment I could not recollect where. After breakfast I remained awhile in the dining-hall looking at the few portraits of various sizes that adorned the otherwise bare walls. One was a small oil-painting of a young girl with flashing, dark eyes and a bronzed skin. I thought I recognized some traces of resemblance between it and the poor cripple who still sat upon the lounge in his former attitude. Probably his sister, I thought to myself; but had scarcely framed the conjecture, when I heard his voice back of me: "Yes, yes; that is a picture of my mother. M. Leduc brought it with him from India, when he brought me. There is a picture of M. Leduc," he continued, pointing to a much larger engraving that hung over the side-board.

Upon casting my eyes in the direction indicated, I was on the point of uttering an exclamation of surprise; the portrait was that of a middle aged man, attired in a French uniform, whose peculiar decorations indicated that the wearer held the rank of a captain of infantry. But, checking myself, I simply asked if the portrayed soldier was at present living in the vicinity. Joseph hesitated a moment in seeming embarrassment, and then answered: "Ah! Captain Leduc is long dead; he fell when the troops of Versailles entered Paris."

This recollection seemed to awaken many fond memories; for, without being requested, he launched forth into a sketch of the dead hero's life.

He had entered the army early in life, and had served under Louis Philippe, rising to the rank of captain; but, upon the downfall of this unfortunate prince and the establishment of a republic, had quitted France and had gone to seek his fortune in India. Personal industry, favored by Fortune's benignant smiles,

won him considerable wealth, with which he returned to his native country. He settled in the village of St. Etienne, where he purchased the hotel building and the acres back of it, married a well-to-do farmer's daughter, and soon became the happy father of the present incumbent. He had brought Joseph with him, and the two boys grew up as brothers together, the captain's wife, a kind hearted woman, always showing a special tenderness for the poor Indian orphan, as he was ever regarded by the family and the people of the village.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Captain Leduc unsheathed his rusty sword and stood foremost among the defenders of the "Sunny Land" of his ancestors. The civil strife that followed in 1871, again found him in the field, from which, alas! as well-became so gallant a spirit, he never returned. His property, in accordance with the Gallic law relating to heredity, fell to his only son Eugene, while the unfortunate Joseph, who, up to this date had shared the captain's patronage, was left penniless. No disposition which the deceased might have made, except that of adoption, could have bettered the condition of his protégé. This measure, however, had been neglected; and although the son and heir, in deference for his departed parent, retained the Indian in his service, the latter's position ever since had been little above that of a mere drudge. Nothing was known of his antecedents, save that he had been brought from India when a child, and that the portrait of his mother, who was called Muriah, had hung on the wall in that dining room as long as he could remember.

This story, told with all the simplicity of an untutored countryman, seemed to relieve Joseph quite as much as it cast a heavy weight upon my own heart. I sincerely pitied the poor fellow, and endeavored during the rest of the morning to distract and comfort him as far as lay in my power.

The portrait of the deceased officer, I was almost persuaded, represented the person I had actually beheld near the stone wall on the previous evening. Nor could I help fancying that there was some great secret lying at the bottom of all I

had seen and heard. It was this persuasion that led me to postpone my departure for the present. In the meantime, I sought an opportunity of paying a visit to the scene of my mysterious adventure ; but finding no plausible reason, without divulging my real motives, for directing my steps thither presently, I turned into the little parlor, and, there sat buried in my own reflections, while I listlessly turned over the leaves of an antiquated album.

I had not been long thus engaged, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of Joseph's melodious voice that issued from the direction of the garden. He was humming an old ballad, the words of which I did not understand. I concluded, therefore, that it must be some oriental ditty, and curious to learn its meaning, I strolled forth to where he was sitting. He readily gave me its translation, a portion of which, as well as I can remember, ran like this :

"In health there's wealth, a name brings fame ;
There's beauty's charm in youth,
While hoary age begets the sage—
But freedom's born of truth."

His poor imprisoned spirit, it was evident, was thirsting for freedom. All else that he sang of—wealth and fame, wisdom and beauty, which nature had grudgingly denied him—seemed little within his reach ; but freedom, he loved to hope still, was not among the unattainable blessings surrounding but yet outside his humble sphere. Indeed, I more than once fancied that, if the truth which lay concealed in the obscurity enveloping his birth and parentage were only unveiled, might it not make him free,—ay ! and possibly procure him wealth and distinction.

This thought made me recur to my projected investigations ; and, seizing the opportunity which was now offered me, I was soon down the field to the very corner where I had observed the unknown soldier apparently digging, but, to my utter disappointment, I discovered no traces that would indicate his presence. On the contrary, the very spot was overgrown with long grass, under which the sod appeared to have rested unturned for years.

After this futile attempt to elucidate

matters, I retraced my steps, and, still bent upon prosecuting my search further, spent the rest of the day in a fever of expectant anxiety, while I awaited the approach of evening. When, at last it arrived, it found me at the end of the field again. I had not waited more than twenty minutes, when, to my increased astonishment, there stood the martial figure, sword in hand, as on the previous occasion. This time, however, he was facing me ; nor did he set about unearthing anything as before, but simply pointed to the ground near him and then in the direction of the hotel. Scarcely had he made this gesture when he vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

This second apparition fully convinced me that my first impressions were correct. That there was some hidden connection between his visit and the origin of the Indian servant forced its way upon me from the beginning ; this last manifestation only the more strengthened the belief. I made up my mind, at all events, to make a disclosure to Joseph of what I had now twice witnessed, and to engage him in aiding me to clear up the mystery if possible.

Accordingly the next morning, I communicated to him the simple facts I have just related. He was at first loath to believe my story ; but, having satisfied himself of my earnest sincerity, he seemed greatly astonished, and finally consented to accompany me, spade in hand, to the spot, where, at my desire, he began to lay bare the sward and turn up the tough sod.

His exertions were for a time attended with failure. Whenever the spade came in contact with a stone, the spark that flew out seemed to communicate some of its fire to his palid brow ; and his countenance would light up for an instant under the influence of this uncertain presage of success. Nor was he alone thus effected. Had I, perchance, enjoyed that power of which Scotland's poet spoke, and could have seen myself as other saw me, I must have beheld a vivid reflection of the transitory manifestation of his hope displayed in my own features. But this was of short duration ; and dull despondency quickly rushed in to take its place.

As I saw the patch of uncovered ground

grow wider and deeper under the shovel, I could not help reverting to the story of "Whang the Miller," and I began to fear that I had, after all, been made the victim of some figment of the imagination as wild and misleading as poor Whang's repeated visions. Perhaps, a like sense of the absurdity of his position, had already dawned upon Joseph's mind; for I now noted that he was on the point of giving up. All hope at length abandoned him, and, as a more emphatic intimation that he deemed further search a useless expenditure of physical force, he thrust his spade into the middle of the square he had just laid bare. In sinking into the soft subsoil, it struck some object that gave forth a dull clang. This was certainly no stone; so the shovel was again set in motion, and soon brought to light a small iron box, to the handle of which a rusty key was attached by a piece of not less rusty wire. All feelings of amazement at once gave way to our curiosity to know its contents. Opening it with all possible expedition, we found two bits of parchment carefully folded together and tied with a hempen cord. The body of both documents was written in the French language. At the bottom of each was a large seal. One of the papers certified the duly solemnized marriage of Captain Eugene Leduc to Muriah, an Indian lady belonging to one of the highest castes in the Chandernagor district. The other was a certificate of the baptism of their first born son, Joseph Muriah Leduc. Both papers were signed by a Jesuit Priest, and witnessed by parties who bore, one an Indian, the other a French name.

Here was a mystery indeed—but a mystery, at length, partially solved. Every circumstance so far left no doubt as to the identity of the Joseph mentioned in the certificate with him who now stood before me in perfect stupefaction.

Why had the captain concealed his

close relationship with the dusky youth? Why had he abandoned his first wife on the banks of the Ganges and entered into a second, perhaps an unholy, alliance on reaching his native soil? To these, and the many other questions that now presented themselves, only the silence of the tomb made answer. But justice, it would seem, demanded that the living should not forever suffer the consequences of the deceased parent's guilt. Was it a conscience stung with remorse over wrongs left unrighted that induced the captain, before his last departure for the battlefield, to conceal these papers where he hoped they might be discovered? Was it that spirit now divested of the flesh that had found no rest for a quarter of a century, that came back nightly in order to secure the execution of that justice it had neglected while it still inhabited this mortal coil?

Be this as it may, it might now rest in peace; for the discovery its visit had led to, wrought a wonderful change in poor Joseph's situation.

The case was brought before the courts; and, as the evidence of the Indian's rights to his father's estates, was admitted as uncontested, proceedings were immediately taken to establish him in his lawful claim. The second son, if, upon further investigations, he were found to have a legitimate claim upon the property, was to be apportioned what the law allows. In the meantime, however, Joseph became the acknowledged proprietor.

Thus had the truth made him free, and moreover, procured for him all the ameliorating influences of fortune.

When I left St. Etienne, it was with the sense of having been instrumental in bringing a ray of light into a sunless heart. And this thought alone more than sufficed to compensate me for any annoyance I might have suffered during my brief delay.

CECIL DRAPIER, '97.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

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

—Two Gentlemen of Verona

42—Certain newspapers, conducted by nominal Catholics, have grown so pestiferous as to challenge the condemnation, more or less outspoken, of intelligent Catholic laymen, and learned Catholic priests. Last year, that distinguished Catholic journalist and author, Mr. W. L. O'Reilly, printed a stinging article on the shortcomings of very many self-styled Catholic newspapers, laying special emphasis on the lack of competent editors. He wrote as a contributor. Mr. O'Reilly's paper naturally evoked much discussion, in which such experienced journalists as Mr. Condé, B. Pallen, LL.D., editor of "Church Progress," St. Louis, Mo.; the Reverend John Talbot Smith, formerly editor of the "Catholic Review," New York; and Professor Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., formerly editor of the "Freeman's Journal," New York, and at present of Notre Dame University, took conspicuous parts. That the Catholics of Canada, perhaps especially those of this district, have pressing need of a clear conception as to what a Catholic newspaper should be, as well as what is best to be done with the sheets which call themselves Catholic but are a disgrace to that religion, none can truthfully deny. Consequently we all have something to learn from the valuable opinions of the editors and writers just mentioned, particularly when they are supplemented by the judgments of capable Catholics of our own country, as I have herein essayed to do with them. The gentlemen mentioned above, except Mr. W. L. O'Reilly, have all been editors at some period in their lives, and they have allowed the calling to tinge their sentiments. Hence, they strive, with questionable generosity, to remove the onus from their own shoulders to those of their sorely-trying readers. Nevertheless, they are all constrained to confess that the Catholic reader is partial to the

big, magazine-like "Sunday editions" of the great American daily papers, and, by inference, to concede that the Catholic reader knows a good thing when he sees it. The Reverend John Talbot Smith is explicit on this point, though his conclusions are scarcely to be considered as ingenuous. "Just how far our popular press is from the standard demanded by the times," says Father Smith, "can be seen by an examination of the dollar and the two dollar weeklies sent out by secular publishers. Here is the weekly "Sun" for instance; eight pages, six columns of advertisements, fifty of reading matter, divided into news, editorials, book reviews, poetry, fiction and miscellaneous of the best quality,—*the world of last week in a nutshell—done by the best writers* at the highest prices: Subscription rate, one dollar. Here is the first-class story paper which has made its owner a millionaire with the aid of a hundred thousand Catholic readers; sixteen pages, illustrated, fifty columns of reading matter, as varied and strong in its way as that in the "Sun," *the work of the best writers* all paid for: Subscription rate, two dollars. Put beside these what may be considered the best Catholic weekly on the continent, and hang your head for shame and despair. Stale news clipped from foreign and native exchanges; local news, all names, contributed mostly by amateur reporters, poetry from Byron and Jones of Jersey; a serial story of a generation back without its dead author's name; a three dollar letter from no-man's land; a few decently prepared departments, but no book reviews outside of short incompetent notices, a respectable editorial page as such pages go in a Catholic journal—the only paid work in the paper and poorly paid at that." The italics in this quotation are mine, placed there to help out the contrast described in the

text. The shame is not the editor's! is Father Smith's lame conclusion. If not the editor's, whose is it? The publishers? If this is what Father Smith means I heartily agree. For such purposes there is little difference between editor and publisher. Does Father Smith mean the Catholic people? His words might be so construed. Father Smith tells us that Catholics flock by the hundred thousand to read the well compiled secular weeklies, prepared by the best hands who are decently recompensed for their labors. If the men of their own faith who take up the editing and publishing business have not sufficient decency and honesty to bring out their sheets under proper conditions; "capable management, financial, editorial, literary, first of all," to quote Father Smith, Catholic readers should be not only excused but encouraged and applauded when they buy newspapers filled with, to cite Father Smith once more, "varied contributions from the best writers of the day in every department of literary and scientific labor." In the next breath, Father Smith confesses that very little money has ever been put into Catholic newspaper enterprises, and that the failures, where money was plentiful, were due entirely to conceit and incompetency on the part of the editors. In either case the people as a whole stand guiltless. If Catholic men of capital do not think fit to sink their money in publishing enterprises that is their affair. Catholic capitalists are not often men of culture. Publication and literary production are unknown domains to them; therefore to be avoided. They know more about commerce, manufactures and mines than of printing presses and the binding of tomes, and their money follows their knowledge. When money was put into Catholic newspapers, we are told, those papers either succeeded, or failed through "conceited and incompetent editors." But the people are not to blame. On the contrary, they should be heartily and eloquently praised for their untiring and unrestricted generosity towards their often undeserving newspaper press. Very little money has been put into Catholic newspapers, yet Catholic newspapers are quite numerous, and the bulk of their sustenance comes out of the

pockets of the Catholic people. More than that, some of those papers flourish. The publisher or editor of each, one or both, toils to make his publication approximate to the true newspaper by not only expounding Catholic doctrine and defending Catholic interests, but by recording the events of the week transpiring all over the world, or in those places reached by telegraph; by taking some trouble to supply the reader with a choice feast of fresh literature; and by aiding in good and charitable local works, in business enterprise, and in obtaining rights for individual Catholics who suffer from oppression. The newspaper that works for all of that, or for even a respectable portion of it, deserves to succeed, and it will succeed. The people will take an interest in it, they will subscribe for it, and better, they will advertise in it, it will become a necessity in every house, and finally a power in the land. Except in the cases of such newspapers, it would be better for our Catholic people to keep their hard-earned dollars safe in their pockets. However, Father Smith made a mistake when he stated that first-class Catholic weeklies do not reimburse their contributors. The contrary is the fact. The payment of contributors is a virtue that earns its own reward. First class Catholic weeklies act on that truth, but the second-class and third-class Catholic weeklies do not, and the two latter classes form the major portion of the Catholic press.

In the United States and Canada, as a rule, no money is put into a Catholic newspaper. Otherwise the mode of starting a Catholic newspaper of the second class and the third class is almost invariably alike. Brains are rigorously excluded from the undertaking. Like Egyptian embalmers, the founders of such newspapers cast aside the brain as useless, but carefully swathe up all that is vile and heavier to ballast their refuse-boats. Somebody, whom Father Smith would not hesitate to term conceited and incompetent, without funds, intelligence, reputation or previous experience goes into the newspaper business, as a man might go into the rag-picking business, for the one purpose of taking as much money as he can out of the enterprise. His victim is the live, advertising merchant, but not for

love. His tool is the optimistic Catholic reader, whom, naturally, he can fool for a greater length of time than the wide-awake merchant. The bait with which he sets his hook consists of fulsome adulation for the clergy, badly worded complimentary personal notices for the influential laity, and "patent insides," redolent of virtue, and reeking with morality, but purchased at so much a pound from the enterprising American Jews who prepare such wares for just such purposes. This is your average Catholic editor's stock in trade. There are exceptions—of course there are exceptions; yet the exceptions only prove the rule. Frequently he contracts for his printing at the office of a secular daily, and this arrangement has its advantages for him as his "lead" is supplied, and the secular editor puffs his Roman Catholic confrere. Thus, without schooling, knowledge of the world or of books, without even brains, the scribbling Rogue Riderhood dubbs himself Catholic among editors, and proceeds to fleece the easy-going Catholic laity at his own sweet will. The editor of the "American Ecclesiastical Review" has recently offered some remarks on this phase of our subject, the opportune remembrance of which would save Catholic laymen a world of expense, heart-ache and nausea. He says: "A paper is not a Catholic paper because it assumes the name of 'Catholic'; nor because its editor is a Catholic and even a priest; nor because it manages to obtain a card of recommendation from a Church dignitary at home or abroad; nor because the gossip with which it fills its columns turns about Catholics and Bishops and Priests." Then he tells us what a Catholic paper should be, and his words are well considered. "The essential test of a *Catholic* paper is its orthodoxy in matters of faith, its elevated and elevating manner of treating all questions that have a moral aspect, its loyalty to legitimate authority both in Church and State." How many "Catholic newspapers" peculiar to this locality would stand that test? One needs no exceptional gift of numbers to compute.

I have striven to indicate what an incompetent, and consequently unworthy "Catholic editor" generally is. Let Mr.

W. L. Reilly name for us the characteristics of a superb editor. The ideal editor, called for by Mr. Reilly, "to natural ability for literary work and a thorough college course—including two years of philosophy—should have added a special course of study in theology, church history, social economy, physical science, education, American history." How our fake editors would smile at such a description! Yet it is, I hold, in no way extravagant. Catholic editors are daily and hourly called upon to reach conclusions on questions that require an amount of deep academic knowledge for their elucidation. As to knowledge of history it is a prime requirement in every editor who is not a fake. But, as Mr. Condé Pallen excellently remarks, while such an ideal editor actually in harness would be a genuine source of strength and benefit to any journal, his erudition and his scholarship should be invisible; foundations, but unseen. This remark applies to most men as well as to ideal editors. The man who airs his knowledge cannot be acquitted of deplorable vanity. Great knowledge, like electricity, is best shown in splendid results.

A resident of Ottawa for very many years, I have seen "Catholic newspapers" edited by men who were no better than Pagans. I have known of "Catholic newspapers" to be conceived in viciousness, nurtured on viciousness, and sustained by the systematic blackmail of Catholic public men. Ask the Catholic public man, and he will tell you, if he considers you worthy of the confidence, to what straits he has been put by the cowardly and mean impecuniosity of your "Catholic editor." If he condemned those low-living thieves openly their columns would ring with abuse of him. He must comply with their dastardly exactions and keep mum. His money must be handed over to the ink-slinging Paul Duval, but no word of reproach can go with it. It is not so long since the compiler of these Notes was shown a begging letter which was a covert threat in case of refusal by one of the most popular of Catholic public men. It bore the name of a "Catholic" editor. Could that document be printed here in full, it would throw a lurid side-light on

the baser grade of Catholic journalism, and create an immense sensation in Ottawa as well. Undoubtedly it was a knowledge of the existence of this detestable kind of literary Dick Turpinism that forced the editor of the *Calendar*, published in connection with St. Patrick's Church (Ottawa) to write words that burn by reason of their plain, unvarnished truth, under the suggestive heading: "A Sinless Omission." This article is so opportune, and at the same time, so excellently conceived and vigorously expressed that I need make no apology for quoting it entire:

"Every now and then certain journals which purport to form part of what is called the Catholic press break forth in a chorus of complaining against the Catholic people because they do not accord them a more zealous and generous support. Complaint at times gives place to fulmination; but the patient people bear wailing and invective in peace. When, however, it has come to be accounted a sin not to support every newspaper that attempts to make up what it lacks in ability and principle by flaunting the term "Catholic," patience ceases to be meritorious, and it becomes a duty to protest against this prostitution of the Catholic name and to state that to refuse to support such publications is a virtue rather than a crime.

The Catholic press, like all that is mundane, is powerless to command success. It can only deserve it. And it will be found that in the measure in which support is deserved it will be accorded. The very writer who thinks it a sin not to rush to the aid of every newspaper calling itself Catholic gives in one pithy sentence the cause of the neglect which he inveighs against, though it would appear he was unconscious of the full import of his statement. Contrasting the encouragement given by Protestants to their publications with the apathy of Catholics in respect to theirs, he says:—"The Protestant market is a business like market—a market that buys and pays for what it buys." Very true. The publishers of Protestant and secular periodicals of standing buy and pay for first-class matter, and when they offer it for sale in printed form people purchase it because they consider it worth paying for. Too many Catholic publishers

expect the buying and the paying to be all on the part of the Catholic people.

Someone takes it into his head to run a Catholic paper. He hires for a wage about equal to that given for stone-breaking, an editor who can neither use a scissors with discrimination, nor a pen with a decent regard for the requirements of our language; hunts up a fragment of some Papal or Episcopal pronouncement on the power of the press; and forthwith a sheet appears claiming, nay demanding the moral and material support of every Catholic who does not wish to have himself branded as unworthy of the name. This is in brief the history of many a so called Catholic journal.

Does it seem like an exaggeration? Then here is proof that it is well within the mark. Not long ago a rather pretentious Catholic weekly wanted an editor. The salary offered was three hundred dollars a year. The man was to board and clothe himself. And the managers of this weekly, who were prepared to invest the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a month in procuring mental pabulum for the Catholic people, expected that every priest and layman privileged to live in the country to be enlightened by this journalistic luminary would run to aid the noble work with subscriptions in advance. Why a man of brains and character would rather saw wood than edit a paper for such a pittance. And the plain truth is there are men essaying to edit papers who would make a better success at wood sawing.

The spirit which animates the publishers of a certain class of Catholic papers was well bodied forth in a complaint made recently. It was stated that Protestants bought their papers because they were the organs of their sect, and that they paid their subscriptions, though the papers often remained in their houses with the wrappers unbroken. Now it should be clear to anyone that this benefits the Protestant publisher, not Protestantism; and if the Catholic journal which published such nonsense wishes Catholics to buy and pay for papers whether they read them or no, it is evident that it is the benefit of its publisher's pocket rather than that of the Catholic cause which is sought.

Catholic newspapers and periodicals

whose publishers use judgment and money in procuring high class matter for their readers never indulge in whining at or abusing the Catholic public: nor do they meanly take advantage of the postal law to force their publications on the people and coerce them into subscribing. The Catholic people know a good thing when they see it; and it is to their credit that they do not lavish encouragement upon every sickly sheet that dubs itself Catholic. It is better to take no paper than any of these shoddy productions of the printing press; for they vitiate the taste and lower the mental tone of their readers, while leading many to think that they are fair samples of Catholic thinking and Catholic writing. It may not be a sin, but it certainly is not in the interest of our religion to support them."

The editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, as quoted before, overlooks at least one prime requisite of real and worthy Catholic newspapers. The editor of a Catholic newspaper should know people, and he should be sensitive of coming changes, so as to advise his people beforehand. His columns should reflect his knowledge of the world and contain the fruits of his prevision. Professor Maurice Francis Egan most justly counts those two capacities editorial essentials, and mentions among the weak points of the Catholic press "a false promise that a religious paper must keep itself apart from the every day life and thought of the people, that it must be an ecclesiastical organ, with a cylinder set in and arranged to play certain tunes composed without regard to the tastes of people who are not compelled to listen to them." Why, one would suppose that while Professor Egan was writing those words he had his eye fixed on our own *Catholic Proser* and *Catholic Poser*, the two grave and weighty weeklies with which we are all acquainted, which measure out dead-house morality by the mile to the good Catholic people of Ontario. A man may have a poor knowledge of the world, and no sane prevision to mention, and still be eminently respectable. But, like so many people in private life to which that latter epithet almost applies itself, the Catholic editors who have neither knowledgable foresight nor knowledge of life, run a terrible

danger of being insufferably dull, notwithstanding all their eminent and pre-eminent respectability.

I hold that our Catholic press permits of being divided into two great divisions, much as Charles Lamb allotted all the people in the world into two classes—the borrowers and the lenders. There is, first, the scoundrel class of which so many strong condemnations have been already given. There is, secondly, the stupidly respectable class to which our best weeklies belong, though they float at the top like the beautiful foam on the dense sea wave. Both classes multiply too rapidly for their own good, although the wicked ones have that supremacy which their brethern hold everywhere on earth. This development, by the way, furnishes a striking comment on Father Smith's ingenuous insinuations concerning the apathy of Catholic readers. Dr. Condé B. Pallen, who quotes Latin and is profoundly philosophic, "rises in charity" to borrow a phrase from William Watson, when dealing with this phase of the subject. He assures us that: "There is one practical measure that could be taken . . . to materially strengthen the Catholic press, and that is, the limitation of the number of Catholic Journals. One journal in each arch-diocese, or at least at each great Catholic centre, would be ample provision. Catholic patronage is largely wasted by the support of numbers of journals that fulfil their functions but indifferently with the means they command. If these means, which they thus divert from the larger and more influential journals, could be put into the service of the latter, Catholic journalism as a whole could take an auspicious stride forward. Here is the first step in the way of advance." Thus, Dr. Pallen clearly indicated the benefits which would accrue from the employment of the "sinless omission" process. I hope that neither his incitement nor the gentle hint given by "The Calendar" of St. Patrick's Church will be lost. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to find the "sinless omission" process rigorously enforced in and around the Capital City of the Dominion till all the scoundrel class of self-styled "Catholic" journals had gone up, or down. As for the stupid class,

they should be inoculated with the virus of "sinless omission" until they become impervious to the attacks of the bacteria of stupidity and dullness. The newspaper press is the most reliable index to the intellectual status of its clientele. Let Catholics, therefore, insist upon newspapers which shall be fairly representative of their endowments and aspirations instead of the rags that stamp us as depraved blackmailers, nerveless droners of an indane theology or utterly unworthy dolts with brains of butter embedded in heads of cabbage.

43—Arthur James Balfour obtained a high place in the British House of Commons chiefly by family influence, although it was treachery to the late Lord Churchill, that gave him his first upward impulse. His status in politics lends his writings a purely metricious interest. As a coercionist in Ireland, Balfour earned for himself the proud title of "the plaster Cromwell." His speciality was the imprisonment and slow starvation of old and decrepid Nationalists. He was also a terror to old women, though it is on record that a native Sairy Gamp totally discomfitted him and put him to rout. Even young men, especially young consumptives, became his prey. Balfour so little understood the Irish that he imagined they would lick the hand that smote them and love himself. They tell a story in Dublin about Arthur James and an eminent bishop who had fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two met for the first time at a public dinner, and in the course of the talk Balfour said: "But, after all, I fancy that newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?" "Ah! Mr. Balfour," said the bishop, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone." Before enacting the last conquest of Ireland (perhaps) Balfour published a volume of theological speculation. Nobody understood the work, and many, consequently, looked upon it as a manifestation of genius. It was as hazy as a Scotch mist. Balfour has now presented another theological puzzle to the world—*The Foundations of Belief*. Let us listen to what Mr. A. F. Marshall has to say

concerning the ultimate value of this new marvel, in one of those polished occasional articles of his in the Boston Pilot, which never fail to awaken general interest. It is not necessary to warn the reader that Mr. Marshall is an Englishman and not likely to keep a too keen eye for Balfour's lesser failings.

"As all the world is talking about this book, it is only natural we should inquire what is the value of it? Now, I cannot see that it has any value at all. Mr. Balfour's conclusion if he can be said to have any, are that the human reason cannot accept religious dogmata, without a fearful amount of (rational) difficulty; that all reasoning must be more or less irrational, and all experience more or less delusive; and that, while religious creeds ought to include scientific creeds, so scientific creeds ought to explain and satisfy the highest aspirations of the intellect. But these highest aspirations are all left undefined. We are, of course, aware that the aspirations of a cultured gentleman are distinct from those of the ploughboy or the costermonger, but which of the two sets of aspirations may lie the higher, in the sense of their relation to immortality, is a question outside natural culture. The ploughboy or the costermonger may have a "foundation" of true belief which is but dimly apprehended by the scientist; and the great defect of all Balfourian philosophy is that it presupposes the imaginarieness of the dogmata which are to be reared upon the imaginarieness of their foundation. Now, what is the use of worrying intellects about *why* we are to believe, when *what* we are to believe must be indefinable? Nothing can be more evident than that Mr. Balfour's philosophy can lead us to nothing better than the poetical enjoyment of a 'passing gleam' the truth concerning God; it never could give us the starting principle on which we could secure Christian dogmata; indeed, the mind is always turned back while reading this book, so that we ask annoyedly, if not angrily, "Well, but if your foundation is speculation, how on earth am I to proceed onwards to demonstration?" Had Euclid written, "a straight line may just possibly be that which does not lie unevenly between its

extreme points," or "a whole is perhaps ordinarily, and except in rare instances, greater than its part," we should have found all his subsequent contentions mere muddle; and that is what we find in this "Belief." Mr. Balfour always writes like a gentleman. He is too well bred to be despotic in his opinions; his refined tastes lead him to admire what is beautiful, and his natural piety leads him to believe there is a God. But while we recognize all these merits we cannot see that, as a philosopher, he is secure on what he would assume to be first principles; that as an idealist he is sure of his aspirations; or that as a theologian he has studied the great doctors. We are tempted to ask at intervals, as we read through the clever pages, "What is the point?" We admire the protest against Naturalism, but we do not see how Supernaturalism is advanced. We are struck here and there with a certain richness of eloquence in disposing of the absurdities of the Naturalists; and if there be nothing that is positively new, there is a great deal that is well said in the sincere combat with Materialistic assumptions; but we do not seem to get any forwarder in the laying of foundations; we are only occupied with the clearing away of rubbish. Perhaps it may be replied that, in this sort of objection, there is rather a quarrel with the title of the book than with its processes, its inferences, or its results. Had the word "Foundations" not been printed on the title-page, but only some such word as "Enquiries," it would have saved us not a little disappointment. For there is no denying that not a few of the "enquiries," are stated with cogency and with warmth. All those passages in which the Naturalists are rallied for their inability to explain man's higher instincts; all the pregnant sentences in vindication of free will (on which, however, much more might have been said), and perhaps especially the argument from the insufficiency of the human reason to help to carry out so much as one plan of the Creator; these and other points are very effective; and though not original or profound, are written with vigor and fidelity. That Naturalism, or as it is commonly called, Materialism—which is the reference to purely physical causes of all that we do,

think or desire—is self-contradictory and ridiculous, is demonstrated successfully by the author; but when he passes on to the arguments for the credibility of theology, we get into a maze of speculation. Yet here also there are passages which command our admiration. For example: though the truth has been stated a thousand times, it is well to state it a thousand times more:—"If men need to have brought home to them that, in the sight of God, the stability of the heavens is of less importance than the moral growth of the human spirit, I know not how this end could be more completely attained than by the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation."

44.—The "Lætare Medal," the token of recognition, annually given by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, for distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic public, has this been awarded to Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, of Montreal. In the justice of the choice made by the University of Notre Dame all Catholics will agree. Mrs. Sadlier is a lady who devoted a long and active life to the betterment of Catholics. She lent her rare talents to the task of improving the Irish emigrant in America. By the gentle suasion of well-considered advice, she strove to make the Irishman and the Irishwoman, thrown among strangers in a foreign land, wise and good. With an eloquence born of love she pleaded the cause of her countrymen when that cause had fewer friends than it has to-day, and with all the strength of her soul defended that ancient faith which is the immortal glory of the Irish race at home and abroad. For this untiring good work we Catholics should keep the memory of Mrs. Sadlier green in our hearts. She has placed each of us under a distinct obligation to her by defending our religion in the dark days gone by, when its friends were few and its enemies innumerable. The Irish owe her an enormous debt which, contrary to their wont, they have been somewhat chary in acknowledging. Were the talents of Mrs. Sadlier only a small number of those she actually possesses, her heroic devotion to faith and to fatherland should secure for her the admiration and affection of every Irish

Catholic worthy of the name. Long may the whole-hearted author of *Willie Burke*, the *Confederate Chieftains*, *Father Sheehy*, and *New Lights*, be preserved in health and happiness to give dignity to the high honors which she has received.

Mrs. Sadlier, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Madden, is a native of Cootehill, in the County Cavan, Ireland, and was born on the last day of the year 1820. Her father was Francis Madden, a man of refinement and literary tastes, and a highly respected merchant. Her mother, who died while her talented daughter was still a child, shared her husband's love for poetry and the legendary lore of ancient Ireland. Business embarrassments and financial troubles hastened Mr Madden's death, and gave a new direction to the career of his daughter. In 1844, Mary Ann Madden came to New York, and in November, 1846, became the wife of Mr. James Sadlier, one of the original partners of the publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., and came to Montreal to reside, her husband being then the representative of his firm in that city.

Mrs. Sadlier's first literary ventures were sent while she was still in her teens, and a resident of Cootehill, to "La Belle Assemblée," a London magazine of that time, of which Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson was the editor, and Mrs. Norton, the poetess, one of the chief contributors. After her marriage, she resided in Montreal for fourteen years, and it was during that period that her most successful stories were written; at that time she also contributed to the New York Tablet.

Her first book to appear was a collection of short stories entitled "*Tales of the Olden Time*," which issued from the press of John Lovel & Co., and met with a flattering reception. This publication proved financially successful, and was followed by *The Red Hand of Ulster*, one of her best romances, and *Willie Burke*, a tale for boys, that won praise from Dr. Brownson, a critic by no means profligate of his favors, and *Alice Riordan*, a companion tale for girls, which first appeared as a serial in the Boston Pilot. Mrs. Sadlier also wrote for many Canadian and American periodicals and newspapers such as the Literary Garland and The True Witness, of Montreal; The New York Freeman's

Journal, then edited by the learned James A. McMaster; and the American Celt, the editor of which was the brilliant Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who proved a life-long friend and literary admirer of Mrs. Sadlier.

In 1860, his business interests compelled Mr. Sadlier to return to New York, and he accordingly removed his family to that city. The *Tablet* was a weekly publication controlled by the Sadliers. Before Mrs. Sadlier departed from Montreal she had, in addition to her numerous other literary undertakings, contributed copiously to its columns. After her removal to New York her connection with the weekly became closer, and she was directly instrumental in gaining for it much of the general acceptance which it received as an exponent of Catholic thought and desires.

Mr. James Sadlier died in New York in 1869, deplored by a wide circle of personal friends, and lamented by the entire Catholic world. Some time after this sad event, Mrs. Sadlier returned to Montreal, where she has since resided. The well-known New York Jesuit, the late Father Sadlier, was her second son, and Miss Anna T. Sadlier, who contributes to the "Catholic World," and other periodicals and magazines, such as "Donahoe's" and the London "Month," is a daughter of the venerable and distinguished subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Sadlier has written more than sixty original novels and shorter tales. No a few of her books were produced at the request, or upon the suggestion of eminent ecclesiastics or distinguished laymen, who, recognizing what a powerful agency for good her writings were, naturally desired to see new additions made to her books in the direction towards which their own interests tended. Says the Montreal "True Witness: "

"Aunt Honor's Keepsake," for example, was undertaken at the instance of Dr. Ives, with reference to the then vital issue of the New York Protectory, in which, as the prime mover of the institution, that distinguished convert, took an intense interest. "Bessy Conway" was prompted by some conversations the author had with the late Father Hecker; and it was at the request of Archbishop Hughes that

our author translated the Abbé Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin," as a companion volume to which she subsequently rendered into English De Ligny's "Christ." Among her other devotional works, the greater part of which were translations, may be named: *The Year of Mary*, Collot's *Doctrinal Catechism*, and *The Catechism of Examples*. Mrs. Sadler also compiled a *Catechism of Sacred History*, which is still used in Catholic Schools.

And it is when her writings are viewed as auxiliaries of Catholic effort that Mrs. Sadler stands pre-eminently forth, and is justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactresses of her people in the English-speaking lands. The request to help from such men was a compliment, and as the work thus mapped out for her accorded closely with her own aspirations, she performed it in a worthy manner. But task-work always carries a clog. Mrs. Sadler's ability should not be estimated by undertakings entered upon at the dictates of others. Her genius should be measured by her original work at its best. Those who desire to know Mrs. Sadler at her best, then, should read *The Confederate Chieftains*; *New Lights, or Life in Gatway*; *The Red Hand of Ulster*, *Father Sheehy*, and *The Blakes and the Flanagans*. A perusal of those volumes will show that Mrs. Sadler has nothing to learn from the most popular of present day Catholic novelists, or, for that matter, from any novelist whatsoever.

The Boston Pilot, recalls the fact with pleasure, that many of Mrs. Sadler's stories were given to the public through its columns. It adds:

"Mrs. Sadler was essentially conservative in her social point of view, and did not always appreciate the readiness of her country people for the emergencies arising out of the battledore and shuttlecock games which fortune loves to play in our great American cities. But the

tone of her stories is always wholesome; her sense of humor is keen and her scholarship and refinement are as evident in her fiction as in her graver work."

Among her best known works are: *The Confederate Chieftains*, *The Blakes and Flanagans*, *Confessions of an Apostate*, *Daughter of Tyrconnell*, *MacCarthy Moore*, *Mawreen Dhu*, *The Hermit of the Rock*, *Bessy Conway*, *Elinor Preston*, *New Lights or Life in Gatway*, *Con O'Riordan*, *Aunt Honor's Keepsake*, *The Old House by the Boyne*, *Old and New*, *Father Sheehy and Other Tales*.

It was to warn Catholic against the dangers of the public schools "The Blakes and Flanagans" was written. The Pilot testifies that the novels by Mrs. Sadler which depicted life in the American cities met with more favor than the romances which turned on the Irish National movement.

45—Mr. Du Maurier's (see note No. 39) new story has progressed far enough to have received a name, and it will be called *The Martians*. As to the character of the story, the author of *Trilby* is non-committal, except that he acknowledges it will be a story of French and English life. As it is to be a very long story, no date has been fixed either for its completion or publication. It is not likely, however, that the story will even be commenced in its serial publication this year. Du Maurier is beginning to realize what it means to be the author of such a successful story as *Trilby*, and the expectations which it arouses towards the author's next book, and he is taking the utmost care in the writing of his new story. He is giving almost every afternoon to the work, his mornings being devoted to his drawings for Punch. The new story will, of course, be liberally illustrated by the author. "Make that plain," says Du Maurier, "illustrated by the author, not by the author's wife."

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AS OTHERS SEE US.

The *Annual*, published by the students of the University of Ghent, Belgium, is a volume of over 350 pages and is divided into two parts, the one academic and the other literary. Its editors have had the happy thought of furnishing their readers with information regarding university thought and student life in every quarter of the world. The amount of research necessary to reach the results obtained must have been prodigious, and reflects the highest credit on the energy, ability

and perseverance of the devoted band of students who undertook the task. The universities of Canada and the United States receive their full share of attention, and the accurate knowledge displayed regarding them is not the least remarkable feature of the work. Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Cornell claim separate notices among the institutions of the United States; Dalhousie, Queen's, Victoria, Toronto and Ottawa among those of Canada. The college press of America is made the object of special study, and the conclusions offered are based on personal examination of the various periodicals published by the students of our educational establishments. The praise bestowed upon the *Owl* is so flattering that we at first hesitated to publish it, but after reflecting that it was the conscientious expression of an opinion obtained through observation and comparison, and that it came from an absolutely disinterested source, we thought it but right to show our readers the esteem in which our college journal is held by representative students of the University of Ghent. Here are the words of the *Annual*: "L'organe des étudiants est *The Owl*, paraissant tous les mois sous forme de brochure d'une cinquantaine de pages environ. C'est incontestablement la publication la meilleure, la plus caractéristique, la plus vraiment universitaire de toutes celles que nous avons reçues. C'est un véritable magazine, où à côté de ravissantes poésies et de nouvelles gentillemeut racontées, l'on trouve des articles sérieux (philosophie, histoire, religion), des études littéraires, des relations de voyage. Les choses universitaires y trouvent aussi leur place, mais elles ne remplissent qu'un nombre de colonnes relativement restreint, mais suffisant pour pouvoir donner de la vie universitaire une esquisse complète."

The Owl returns its most sincere thanks

to the editors of the *Annual* for their intelligent and lengthy review of the work and aims of the University of Ottawa, as well as for their very favorable appreciation of our rank in the field of college journalism.

NICKNAMES.

There is certainly no more displeasing result of the intimacy formed among students in college than the disagreeable tendency to brand each other with vulgar and oftentimes offensive nicknames. That these should be a prominent feature of the language of those whose aspirations soar no higher than the street corner is perhaps not to be wondered at; but it is extremely surprising that they should find a place in the vocabulary of one who would lay claim to the title of gentleman. And that they should be tolerated within the halls of a university, where, in addition to receiving a classical education, good manners and refined tastes are supposed to be cultivated, is as astonishing as it is deplorable.

Nothing is more unbecoming an educated person; nothing betrays more extreme vulgarity, and indicates a greater lack of respect for the feelings of another than this uncharitable and disgusting habit of calling nicknames. It must be a source of discouragement to him who at every turn is accosted with an appellation no less distasteful to him than derogatory of the good breeding of those who take a delight in thus wounding the feelings of a companion. Nicknames may have a fascinating sound for some, but for the average person, who does not exhibit such intensely blunt sensitiveness and whose aim is not to gain notoriety through the medium of an uncouth title, they are extremely distasteful.

In the degenerating influences they exercise, they may be deservedly styled a

sister evil of slang, and should be as carefully avoided. Among the vicious tendencies to which they expose one addicted to their use is an inordinate and extremely dangerous desire to indulge in false wit—the delusion of so many whose ideas of an educated and a witty person seem to be identical. They encourage a disrespect for companions, and beget a carelessness in addressing others, which, like all bad habits, is much more easily acquired than overcome.

The student should bear in mind that a mere knowledge of Latin and Greek and an acquaintance with the sciences do not constitute a truly educated gentleman, and that while everyone should do his utmost to gain proficiency in his class matters, he should look upon his studies in these not as an end, but as a means to produce refined manners and cultured tastes. One may be skilled in many tongues; he may be conversant with all the theories of scientists; he may be an able mathematician and a profound philosopher, and yet lack the qualities which distinguish a gentleman from a boor. The character of the ordinary person, and in fact of everyone, is to be found in his everyday, undisguised conversation, and it may be assumed that so long as he persists in indulging in vulgarities or takes delight in receiving vulgar appellations—even though he be possessed of great intellectual abilities and scholarly attainments, he shall be numbered among the vulgar.

THAT ODISIOUS WORD "VARSITY."

In a letter in *Queen's University Journal* of March 30th, "Propriety" objects to the use of the word "Varsity," and expresses his inability to understand "why Canadians should delight in plumage stolen from English cads and bargees (sic)." "Propriety's" intentions are, doubtless, the

very best, but we are of opinion that, in this instance his remonstrance is *ultra vires*. In the use of words of low or doubtful origin, we are amenable to the High Court of "Purity" alone, to which we shall try to make a satisfactory explanation.

True it is that the word "Varsity," in the theft of which "Propriety" tells us we are an accomplice of Toronto University, cannot boast of a long list of family pictures, yet we hold that, on account of the company it has kept since its arrival on this side of the Atlantic, it can fairly lay claim to the rights of citizenship.

An ardent lover of sound and genuine English, "Propriety" is not unaware of the change in meaning many English words have undergone. Through historical influences, combined with other causes, some have been degraded, others, elevated. A miscreant in Shakespeare's time was a misbeliever. Villain, originally meant a serf on the villa or farm of his Norman master; similarly, boor, "a farmer"; knave, "a servant" have acquired their present meanings.

A word may become improved in meaning by the lapse of time, and also, as in the present case, though respectability of association. The word "Christian" was originally a nickname invented by the people of Antioch as a term of reproach. On the page opposite "Propriety's" letter we noticed reports of meetings of the Y.M.C.A., and the Y.W.C.A., yet we do not for a moment believe, that the worthy young ladies and gentlemen belonging to these societies feel bound to "apologize" for the use of the word "Christian," in the titles; nor that they would be willing to admit that its use is an offence "against the good breeding and good English which Universities are supposed to cultivate."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Baron Nicotera, a distinguished mason, at one time Minister under Victor Emanuel, and later under King Humbert, and a revolutionist all his life, died recently, reconciled to God and the Church.

Writing of the life and labors of Pope Leo XIII, to extend the domain of harmony and peace, the Philadelphia *Record*, a Protestant paper, says: "Blessed, indeed are the peace-makers, and that blessing the world will, forgetful of sect, bestow upon the aged and fast-fading Roman Pontiff."

Lord Roseberry, Prime Minister of England, in answer to the arguments against disestablishment, declared that the right to the church property of England, so far as any right exists, rests not with the Anglican body, but with the Roman Catholics.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, a New York clergyman, in a recent sermon to his congregation, the subject of which was "The Savannah Riots and Religious Intolerance," made a remark which nicely applies to these ex-priests, monks and nuns, who are "doing the country," for what their miserable filthy tales, of the horrors of Popery, are worth. The Rev. gentleman said: "When a priest leaves his church and goes out into the world and vilifies it, there is something radically wrong with him."

Cardinal Moran is able to boast that, whereas, in 1882 the scholars in Catholic schools in New South Wales numbered 16,595, in 1892 they totalled 31,217. In the same period the attendance in Church of England schools went down from 11,927 to 3,221.

A recent writer in the *Revue Illustrée*, of Paris, pays the following telling tribute to the diplomatic and statesmanlike genius of Leo XIII:

"A sovereign who has no police to compel obedience from his subjects, nor any army which would enable him to give additional force to his opinion by the

irresistible argument of bayonets, such a sovereign is placed in a very unfavorable position when he wishes to negotiate. The Holy Father, nevertheless, is the only diplomat of our times who did not allow himself to be deceived by M. de Bismarck. Energetic, supple and tenacious, he gave the German Chancellor as good as he got."

We clip the following paragraph from the *True Witness*. It shows how dear are the memories of his *Alma Mater* to the editor, Dr. J. K. Foran :

The *London Universe* says that "Father Tabb, a Canadian poet priest, is about to issue a volume of poems, through Mr. John Lanes, the eminent London publisher." While Canada would be proud to own Father Tabb, yet we must, in justice to the neighboring Republic, inform our London contemporary that the poet is an American. By the way, we never read or hear of "Father Tabb," without a strange feeling of something very familiar in the name. There are hundreds in Canada and the United States to-day who will remember the old times at Ottawa College when Brother Cooney was porter and "Father Tabb" was superior. So accustomed were we to hear dear old Father Tabaret called "Pere Tab," that when first we read the American *litterateur's* name we felt inclined to think that some former pupil of St. Joseph's was launching out over a *non de plume*.

In the February issue of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. W. T. Stead, under the guise of a condemnatory criticism, reviews Grant Allen's latest novel. This work contains an attack on the Christian theory of marriage; all the objectionable passages are printed, thus giving them a wide circulation. The controllers of news stands on the Irish railroads, deeming this immoral literature, refused to either distribute or display the magazine and promptly returned the entire edition sent to Ireland. Stead remonstrated, and wrote to Mr. Eason, head of the book-stall concern in Ireland, from whom he received the following reply :

"We have considered afresh the character of the February number of your Review

so far as it relates to the notice of Grant Allen's book, and we are more and more confirmed in the belief that its influence has been and is most pernicious. I do not doubt that the topic of free love engages the attention of the corrupt Londoner. There are plenty of such persons who are only too glad to get the sanction of writers for the maintenance and practice of their evil thoughts, but the purest and best lives in all parts of the field of Christian philanthropy will mourn the publicity you have given to this evil book. It is not even improbable that the perusal of Grant Allen's book, which you have lifted into importance as 'the book of the month,' may determine the action of souls to their spiritual ruin." This Irish firm who are Catholics are to be commended for their refusal to make profit out of the sale of objectionable and demoralizing literature. They very properly declined to distribute among the people a magazine containing such noxious doctrines.

Froude has often been called to account for his unjust attacks on the Church, and condemned for his prejudices against Ireland; but that gentleman certainly deviated from his wonted course of injustice to the Irish when he penned the following extract: "Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe. There is less theft there, less cheating, less robbery of all sorts, than in any other country of the same size in the world. For this absence of vulgar crime, and the exceptional delicacy and modesty of character of its women, everlasting honor is due to the Catholic clergy."

Below is a table showing the relative numbers and salaries of the Protestant and Catholic officials of the several Irish government departments:—

Chief Secretary's Office—Protestants 20; salaries, £10,442; Catholics, 3; salaries, £1,281.

The Justiciary—Protestants, 14; salaries, £47,000; Catholics, 3; salaries, £13,100.

Legal Officials—Protestants, 27; salaries, £18,403; Catholics, 7; salaries, £3,548.

Local Government Board—Protestants, 20 ; salaries, £12,700 ; Catholics, 7 ; salaries, £6,300.

Fisheries Department—Protestants, 3 ; salaries, £2,100 ; Catholic 1 ; salary, £306.

Public Record Office—Protestants, 9 ; salaries, £4,477 ; Catholics, 2 ; salaries, £450.

Public Works Office—Protestants, 5 ; salaries, £4,100 ; Catholics, 2 ; salaries, £1,857.

The total number of Protestant officials is 98, who get £99,222, and of Catholics 25, who receive £26,842. The Protestant officials, therefore, are in the ratio of about 4 to 1, although the Catholics number about 75 per centum of the population, or 3 to 1 of all other denominations which means in plain words that the Catholics have only one-twelfth of their equitable representation.

SCHOLASTICATE NOTES.

The three great festal days of last month—the feasts of St. Thomas, St. Patrick and St. Joseph—were celebrated here with becoming solemnity. High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction marked each day with the seal of religious festivity. On the evening of St. Thomas' Day the theologians invited the community to an entertainment that proved to be a very enjoyable one and one that certainly reflected much credit on the manager, Rev. Father Campeau. Rev. Bro. Couterier pronounced in French the panegyric on the life and work of the Angelic Doctor.

Additional solemnity was given to the feast of St. Joseph by the ceremonies attending the perpetual oblation of Bro. Albert Kulavy—the first occasion of the kind since the opening of the present scholastic year.

A beautiful Irish drama was announced some time in advance for St. Patrick's night, but unfortunately, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it was abandoned at the last moment. However, it was decided that the festival should not pass unhonored, and the very morning of the feast preparations for a musical entertainment were recommenced. The result was eminently satisfactory, considering

the exceptional circumstances and the few hours afforded for preparation. After the overture by the band Rev. Bro. Flynn stepped forward and in an amiable address proved the right of St. Patrick to the title of *glorious* and his claims to the love and gratitude of every one of his (the speaker's) hearers, whether he were Teuton, Frank or Gael. He briefly retraced the "via dolorosa" of Ireland through the centuries of persecution and oppression until that glorious day, harbinger of a brighter future, when the great O'Connell rose up between the tyrants and his native land and forced from their niggardly hands a measure of justice for his fellow-countrymen. The speaker pictured Ireland in a few glowing words as she should be and as she will be when she takes her rightful place among nations of the earth. In an eloquent peroration, he prayed that Ireland in the days of her freedom might ever remain steadfast in the faith bequeathed by St. Patrick and that the tide of prosperity might never strand her on the sands of unbelief. Immediately after the address, followed a character song by Bro. Chatillon ; a comic reading by Bro. McKenna ; an instrumental quartette by Bros. Wm. and Albert Kulavy, Droeder and Chatillon, and a pantomimic farce completed the first portion of the program. In the second part our accomplished violinists Bros. Wm. and Albert Kulavy delighted the audience for a time that seemed only too short by their clever performances upon their favorite instruments. Next succeeded a duet by Bros. Droeder and Lebert, of whom the latter is the happy possessor of a tenor voice of enviable purity and compass ; and finally, the entertainment closed with a solo by Bro. Ronzeau, whose singing was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic outbursts of applause. During the course of the day several visiting fathers honored us with their presence, amongst others, Very Rev. Father Guilliard, Provincial of the United States, and Rev. Father Patton, of the University. None of our visitors, however, remained for the concert, but in the evening the juniors arrived in full force, and their numbers added to the seventy members of our own community formed quite a large audience.

SOCIETIES.

THE DEBATING SOCIETIES.

On March 15th a "mock parliament" was held in which the members of the Senior and Junior Debating Societies took part. A bill to prohibit the use of tobacco was brought before the house. Mr. J. Fallon as leader of the government, with Messrs. J. Foley and M. Hackett defended the bill. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. T. Ryan, and Messrs. J. Ryan and T. Smith opposed it. After a lengthy discussion a division was called and the government defeated.

The final meeting of the Senior Debating Society was held on March 30th. The debate "Resolved that the modern doctrine called Woman's Rights removes woman from her proper sphere in society" was on the programme. For the affirmative Messrs. J. Ryan and J. Foley and for the negative Messrs. J. O'Brien and M. J. McKenna. The vote decided in favor of the affirmative.

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

The debate of March 20th: "Resolved that the Irish uprising of '98 was justifiable" provoked a warm discussion. For the affirmative Messrs. C. O'Neill and J. Copping, while the negative was well supported by E. McDonald and A. McIntee. The decision stood in favor of the affirmative.

On March 30th the final meeting for this season took place. The debate was: "Resolved that Chinese immigration to America should be stopped." Messrs. J. Dulin and J. Quijilian for the affirmative, Messrs. D. McGale and J. Harvey for the negative. The debaters showed that they had studied the question carefully. The vote stood in favor of the negative.

On Easter Monday the members of the choir and of the Altar Boys Society were treated to a grand banquet by the University authorities. The Rev. Father McGuckin, rector of the University presided, and there were present several other reverend gentlemen, among whom were: Rev. Fathers Coutlée and Lambert, and Rev. A. Hainault, A. Lajeunesse, J. Duffy, L. Raymond and J. A. Lemonde.

When full justice had been done to the

dinner the Rev. Superior in a neat little speech congratulated the members of the choir and pronounced the singing the best that had been heard in the chapel since he had assumed the rectorship of the University. Speaking of the altar boys he congratulated them on their execution of the ceremonies during holy week, and generally on their work throughout the year. Each of the other reverend gentlemen delivered a short speech. The remarks of Rev. Father Coutlée and Rev. Father Lambert, as director of the Altar Boys' Society and of the choir respectively, were especially appreciated by those present. Rev. A. Lajeunesse reviewed the history of these two organizations for the last twelve years.

After the speeches, music was called for and several songs were sung in becoming style; among others the song by Master O. Lachance was highly appreciated. Messrs. Vermette and Gookin also favored the audience with songs, but the treat of this part of the programme was the duet "Les Dindons Perdus Retrouvés," which called forth rounds of applause. This brought the pleasant gathering to a close, and with cheers for the reverend directors, the banqueters dispersed. Rev. Father Coutlée, as master of ceremonies, performed his duties in a manner highly creditable to himself and to the complete satisfaction of each and every one.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Rev. John R. Craig, ex-'91, was ordained priest in Erie, Pa., on March 24th last, and celebrated his first mass in Pittsburg.

Rev. J. Moriarty, '91, received the sacred order of Deaconship in Buffalo on March 9th. We expect to soon hear of our reverend friend's advancement to the priesthood.

Mr. Edward D. Beatty, who left us in '90, has now the privilege of appending M.D. to his name, having successfully passed his final examination in McGill.

Among the other old Ottawa students who are upholding the honor of their

Alma Mater at old McGill are Messrs. Thos. Tetreau and P. Brunelle, who enter upon their fourth year's study of medicine with a clean sheet, having been decidedly successful in all the subjects of the third year. Mr. J. A. Tierney was also successful in his primary examination.

Mr. W. F. Kehoe, '89, late of the Free Press, Ottawa, is at present associate editor of the Syracuse Courier.

The Hon. E. P. Morris, '78, was one of Newfoundland delegates to negotiate the entrance of that colony into the Canadian Confederation. In company with his old fellow-student Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General of Canada, he visited the University and renewed old associations. Mr. Morris reports another Ottawa graduate, Mr. Alex. McLennan, '77, as among Newfoundland's prominent citizens. The latter is Chief Engineer of Railways for the Newfoundland government.

Mr. Thos. Tetreau was elected President of the McGill Athletic Association at its recent annual meeting. The McGill students have evidently the rare faculty of putting the right man in the right place. We shall begin to fear the McGill fifteen now.

University graduates resident in Ottawa held a joint banquet on March 21st. It was a pronounced success. Ottawa University was represented by Very Rev. Rector J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., Hon. J. J. Curran, L.L.D., and Messrs. J. A. McCabe, L.L.D., F. R. Latchford, B.A., M. J. Gorman, L.L.B., W. H. Barry, B.A., A. Charron, B.A., and J. U. Vincent, B.A.

Rev. J. J. Griffin, '81, the father of the Owl and who is at present professor of chemistry in the Catholic University of Washington, has contributed an interesting and valuable study on the new gas Argon to the current number of the University Bulletin.

A recent welcome visitor to the University was Mr. A. W. Reddy who left us in '89 to study law in Harvard Law School. Mr. Reddy is at present a leading attorney in Amesbury, Mass., and enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

At the Easter morning service in the chapel the choir sang "Messe de Ste. Therèse," (Theod. de la Hache) in B flat. The singers have won well-merited praise for their performance of this difficult piece of music. At Benediction the following selections were rendered: *Ave Verum* (Battman), duct by Messrs. Taillifer and Mackie; *Regina Coeli* (Lambillotte), and *Tantum Ergo* (Lambillotte), by the choir. The altar was most brilliantly lighted up at both services, and the ceremonies were very impressive. Rev. Father Boisramé officiated at High Mass assisted by Rev. Father Gauvreau and Rev. A. Hainault, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. At Benediction the Rev. Father McGuckin officiated assisted by Rev. A. Hainault as deacon, and Rev. J. Duffy as sub-deacon.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association held its annual meeting on Easter Monday. There was a large attendance of members, and unusual interest was manifested in the proceedings. The President, Mr. C. Mea, in his opening remarks congratulated the members on the distinct advance that had been made by the Association during the past year. The Dominion championship in football and the local championship in hockey belonged to the wearers of the garnet and grey. The prospects were bright for similar success in baseball and lacrosse. He could only hope that the future would but add to the glory of the past. Mr. E. L. Fleming, Recording Secretary, was then called upon for his report. It was lengthy, interesting and complete, and discussed the achievements of the members of the Association in every branch of Athletics. Several times during the course of its reading and at its conclusion it received well-merited applause.

The report of the Treasurer, Mr. W. Lee, followed. It was simply a matter-of-fact statement of receipts and expenditure; but it spoke volumes for the careful and earnest work that must have been necessary to conduct the affairs of so extensive an organization with the relatively slender resources on which to depend.

The election of officers was next proceeded with and resulted as follows:

President, T. F. Clancy, 1st Vice-President, J. M. Foley; 2nd Vice-President, E. P. Gleeson; Treasurer, J. P. Fallon; Recording Secretary, E. P. Fleming; Corresponding Secretary, T. P. Holland; Councillors, W. W. Walsh and J. J. Quilty.

After the transaction of some routine business the meeting adjourned.

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The association is to be congratulated on the choice it has made of officers to guide its destinies during the coming year. The members of the executive committee are able, experienced and energetic and the Owl expects to see athletics prosper under their management. Yet they must not forget that the proper fulfilment of their important duties will entail no end of trouble and considerable personal sacrifice. They will frequently have to run counter of popular feeling and to suffer from misrepresentation and unreasoning opposition. Their greatest mistake would be to suppose that their services will be rewarded by any exhibition of merited gratitude. Such is not the way of the world. If they take as the fundamental principle of their philosophy, that

"It is the one as does the best
What gets more kicks than all the rest."

they will be likely to follow the path that leads to success. Above all let there be no popularity seeking. The popularity hunter is the most dangerous enemy that could be turned loose on the association.

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They have had some difficulties recently at Notre Dame University in the management of their athletic clubs. The *Scholastic* gives the following definitions, based presumably on local circumstances, but which are more or less true everywhere.

"*Athletic Association*: An organization in which the members subscribe for more than they pay, in which the dues are always due, and in which he who gives the least, votes oftenest and has most to say; *Manager of Athletic Association*: An individual who does all the work and receives abuse for his labor; *Captain of the Athletic Team*: A person who is forced to keep quite in order to allow the players to manage the game."

One of the most remarkable points in the Treasurer's report was the evidence of the total absence of financial encouragement from our alumni. Our graduates are scattered all over Canada and the United States; in their own day here they must have realized how our different clubs are ever hampered through lack of funds and they had probably to deplore the forgetfulness of many on whom they had been taught to rely. Possibly, also, they formed well defined resolutions that such would no longer be the case when they were once numbered among the world's successful men. But the old old story repeats itself. Our athletic teams struggle along as best they can. One of them, against fearful odds and in face of discouraging difficulties, takes the first place in Canada in what is the distinctive American college sport; its phenomenal success is the subject of almost universal comment. But from our alumni it draws only the usual stereotyped congratulations and the periodic expression of the hope that "old Varsity" and "the garnet and grey" may always triumph, etc. All of which is, of course, only the veriest twaddle; the friendship which takes tangible form, which aims at aiding us in our efforts, we appreciate and value. Anything else is really not worth the time taken to express it. Shall we ourselves, the actual strugglers, imitate our predecessors, when we too shall have passed out from the college halls? Perhaps so. Who knows? But, at all events, on one thing we are now agreed—that such a course is neither loyal nor manly.

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There is commendable activity visible in every branch of field sports. The baseball players are hard at work and intend to make all the local clubs look to their laurels. There is no reason why the end of the season should not see the nine in the position it once occupied—the leading amateur baseball team of the province. In lacrosse also we look for a revival of interest. A large number of young and promising players are at our disposal. With attentive and persevering practice they should be more than a match for any district club. But, after all, it is football that raises the enthusiasm of the student body. Everybody is now talking

about the spring games, the arrangement of the schedule, the relative strength of the opposing teams, and the probable winners of the coming series. It is a good omen for the future of the champions of Canada to see seventy-five players actively and enthusiastically at work to prepare for the struggle of next fall.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The unfavorable weather of the latter part of the month of March and the beginning of the month of April always renders the doings of the juniors comparatively quiet. The gymnasium and hand-ball alley are the chief scenes of activity during this part of this year. Among the most proficient in hand-ball are Girard, Gosselin and Turcotte.

The juniors have displayed commendable enthusiasm in forwarding the spring games. Already two baseball teams have been organized, and judging from present indications the season will be an interesting one. The teams are made up of the following players:—

First team—J. Smith, Captain; Fletcher, Mac, Roger, McMahon, R. Barter, McDowell, Dupuis, L. Roger, A. Barter.

Second team—F. Clarke, Captain; Twohey, E. Barclay, Fallon, Bawlf, Girard, Alleyn, Costello, Gosselin. The season was formally opened on Wednesday, April 17th, when the first team defeated the second by a score of 24 to 5.

One of the pleasantest events of this year was the banquet given by Rev. Father Coutlée to the members of the Altar Boys' Society. The junior refectory was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After doing justice to the excellent dinner the participants spent an hour in speech-making and singing.

On Tuesday, April 16th, the outside-windows were removed from the "small" study hall; and George Washington Fletcher got his annual hair-cut—two infallible signs of the approach of summer.

Owing to a severe affliction of the pedal extremities the member for Calgary has

been compelled to postpone the completion of his topographical chart of the North West Territories.

The Hon. T. F. Finnegan has opened up a ready-made clothing establishment in wardrobe 10, dormitory No. 3.

Up to May 6th tenders will be received by the undersigned for work on a pair of boots, as follows:

- (1) Heels to be straightened;
- (2) Soles to be renewed;
- (3) Uppers to be sewed;
- (4) Tongues to be put in;
- (5) Eyelets to be mended.

The boots may be seen on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons until above date, in dormitory, No. 3. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Signed:

SHOLTO SMITH.

After the Xmas holidays Joachim was very loathe to barter his seat in the 3rd grade class-room. He is satisfied now that the exchange was a *good one*.

Present indications point to a serious outbreak of spring fever. The Minister of Agriculture has ordered that the Second Grade class-room be used as a quarantine hospital on congè afternoons.

The following held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of March:

Firs. Grade.	{	1. J. Patry.
		2. A. Martin.
	}	3. H. Bissonnette.
Second Grade.	{	1. J. Neville.
		2. H. Denis.
	}	3. J. Twohey.
Third Grade B.	{	1. J. Coté.
		2. M. O'Brien.
	}	3. J. Murphy.
Third Grade A.	{	1. B. Girard.
		2. J. Cassidy.
	}	3. A. Rouleau.
Fourth Grade.	{	1. H. Desrosiers.
		2. J. O'Neil.
	}	3. L. Pigeon.