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OCTOBER WOODS.



THE tragic beauty painted by the hand of death
Is on the woods, and sadly thro' them sobs the south wind's
breath ;

“Why hast thou died, O maple sweet, and merry poplars all,
And dainty birch—'neath careless feet thy tender beauties fall.”

Like denizens of Eastern lands arrayed in many a fold
Of orange, rose and crimson, maroon and mauve and gold,
Seagreen and olive, rank on rank, in perfect order set,
Sylvania's gorgeous citizens in harmony are met.

But when the light of day is fled, their splendors blended seem
In beautiful confusion, like a picture in a dream ;
When in the violet valleys of the sky's unfading clime,
The moon's white glory blossoms in perpetual summer's prime.

E. C. M. T.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

A very small, but acrimonious portion of the Canadian press having permitted itself a most undignified reference to the Countess of Aberdeen, the Canadian Freeman, of Kingston, deals with the unmanful allusions to the noble lady in a style worthy the distinguished personage assailed and befitting the dignity of the Catholic press. The *Owl* learns with pleasure that the article is from the pen of an Alumnus of Ottawa University and is pleased to be able to reproduce it. EDITORS.

OF all the baseness that man may perpetrate, we know of none so dark and unforgiveable as that of attempting to belie and belittle a noble woman. To this unmanly and unchristian task a section of the Opposition press has for some weeks, with an assiduity and fervor worthy some noble cause, devoted itself, with one result, however, that of enthroning more deeply and lastingly in the national heart the illustrious lady who has without any fault of her own, excited such brazen, shameless and indecent hostility. Who is the lady assailed? None other than that eminent and most womanly of women, the distinguished and unselfish Countess of Aberdeen, a lady who, since her arrival in Canada, has devoted every thought and every purpose to the extending of the refining and elevating influences for good at her command, influences which this country, like all other countries, rejoices to see worthily brought into active exercise. We needed, and we need, let us say it with all emphasis, the amiable consort of His Excellency the Governor - General, in Canada, for know we not that

Woman's empire, holier, more refined,
Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen yet God-breathed
mind.
Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hopes and heaven.

The vice-regal home in Canada has been presided over, in turn, by ladies who by every womanly gift and grace and charm have endeared themselves

to our people. but safe are we, in saying, that not one of these illustrious ladies, and to their merits no Canadian can afford to be in the least blind, has left such an impression of goodness, self-denial and unselfishness as Lady Aberdeen has already stamped upon our national life. No sooner had the Countess of Aberdeen touched our shores than she resolved to do all that in her sphere lay-- (and who will deny the extent and comprehension of that sphere)-- to benefit the women of Canada. Not upon this high purpose did she enter to becloud the memories of other noble ladies, her predecessors, but to give scope to sympathies and to activities peculiar, indeed, to womanhood, but to whose exercise not all women are adapted or even called. Lady Aberdeen felt, in her own noble soul, the call to these refining and delicate duties, whose accomplishment, in season and out of season, and in the face of difficulties that had tried and tired a less heroic heart, marked her out as one of Canada's richest and best benefactresses. The Countess of Aberdeen's whole course in this country, in all her efforts to enlarge our women's usefulness and solidify their influence, has acted as a true Christian woman, We hail her presence to this country as the beginning of a new social era. We are a young people. We have much to learn and from whom can we learn it better than from so gracious, so kindly, so tender and amiable a lady as the

Countess of Aberdeen? In her every movement, in her every action, in her every discourse, we see in this noble lady that woman of whom the immortal Milton speaks :

O fairest of creation, last and best,
Of all of God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet !

Lady Aberdeen, by her modest, by her thoroughgoing, tireless services to her own sex, has benefitted the whole Canadian community. She has dried up many a tear, she has gladdened many a home, she has brightened many a life, in a word, she has made our homes more homelike and our hearts more humane and more Christian, too. It is Cicero who says: "Ignorantia rerum bonarum et malarum maxime hominum vita vexatur." Through the ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of man is indeed greatly perplexed. This very pernicious and baneful ignorance, condemned in terms so righteous by the very greatest of Roman orators, the Countess of Aberdeen has ever since her arrival striven to dispel. We are Canadians, proud of Canada's manhood and Canada's womanhood, unexcelled, we believe, on earth ; but we suffer from that self-same

ignorance of what is good and what is bad, which, according to Cicero himself, afflicted the most civilized empire of antiquity. This ignorance Lady Aberdeen has successfully combated. Her efforts for the good and the true in life have achieved very happy results. With regret and mortification we find that there are in this grand and noble and manful Dominion of Canada, persons so far forgetful of manhood's very first duties as to assail this illustrious representative of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. As the whole empire looks to Queen Victoria as the best of wives and noblest of mothers, so this Dominion of Canada looks to Lady Aberdeen as all that is good and true and gentle and holy in the charmed circles of Christian womanhood. To those very few who, in the bitterness of disappointment, have employed language towards the Countess of Aberdeen unworthy themselves and unworthy this great country, we will employ no language of severity, much less of vituperation. but say with Byron :

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast ;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips ;
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs,
Too often breath'd out in woman's hearing.



THE MONETARY QUESTION AND KINDRED TOPICS.

PART III.

GOLD OR SILVER.

TIS not the value of gold as a standard which the world discusses but the opportuneness of using gold or silver as a single standard or of using both concurrently.

There is an underlying principle that must ever prevail, whatever happens, which shall ever make of gold the basis of a unity of system because it is already either a legal or a conventional standard of value in all parts of the world, and because its steadiness of value is such that all things must adjust themselves by that value. It is of course undeniable that no currency system could be complete unless with a limited coinage of silver as a subsidiary or auxiliary money.

Bi-metallism may be well enough as it was in the United States, previous to 1873 when the mines were still undeveloped, but since that time the world's silver production has become so abundant as to disturb all calculation. Now with silver reduced to 50 p.c. of its recent value bi-metallism means a delusive money—a disguise for sound currency—and as silverites would have it the nullification of 47 p.c. of all American national and private debts which are not stipulated payable in gold coin. And that for the exclusive benefit, not of the nation, not of the state, but of the owner of the mine! !

The national government is the sovereign authority in coinage but the moment it undertakes to coin all silver offered, it absolutely divests itself of a royal and invaluable privilege which it foolishly delegates to mine owners who become the real coiners of the realm.

And the proposition of the silverites is, virtually, that the country should at its own expense coin silver to all com-

ers at a given ratio of 16 oz. of silver to one of gold when it should be at least 30 oz; the significance of which would be the enrichment of owners of every productive silver mine in the world at the expense of the United States of America! !

Silver adherents contend that other countries would necessarily follow should the Republic adopt free coinage. Yet it is well-known that the consensus of opinion amongst European political economists is favorable to gold with silver as minor money—coined to its full market value—on a parity with gold and in quantities restricted to local requirements on the basis of population.

The theory of bi-metallists reminds one of the fur trade with American Indians, when Wampum was the currency and which could be got for a measure of "fire-water." Traders bought furs with the Wampum and the Indians rejoiced in the accumulation of circulation, but their awakening was distressing when negotiations were over and they realized that the traders had all the furs and they all the Wampum. Should bi-metallism carry the day in the United States foreigners will gather in the American gold and Uncle Sam will have to content himself with his own depreciated offspring and may have to carry the silver Wampum of other nations as well.

No government can maintain together on an equality any two standards one of which is worth half of the other without causing depreciation in prices of other things and without creating general disturbance and confusion. Yet utopists believe this can be done

in the United States, in a country where the actual supply of money is $8\frac{1}{4}$ times over the per capita ratio of the largest silver nations with ten times its population and holding three times as much silver of which twice as much per capita lies dormant in its treasury!! I think that a sound practical question could be asked of silverites and that is:—Why is silver stored in permanence, by the million, in the United States Treasury if silver is so necessary to circulation?

The theoretical worth of an ounce of silver is \$1.29 and the real worth in the N. Y. market is only 69 cents, thus making the present silver dollar, actually worth only 53 cents. So, when Americans circulate one silver dollar really worth only 53 cents together with a gold dollar of full value, it follows that gold will either be exported at 100 cents in the dollar in payment of foreign purchases, or exchanged for silver to foreign and home purchasers at the rate of one dollar gold for about every two of silver, or it will be hoarded or go to the melting pot to serve better purposes.

We can readily imagine what fortunes would be in store for the mine owner should bi-metallism become the currency. And what immense profits to a country honeycombed with silver mines as Mexico and the United States, if they were permitted to pay their national indebtedness in silver under such a degraded coinage as that proposed.

The Mexican dollar contains 420 grains or 55 cents worth of pure silver and it freely passes at 50 cents in the United States. The American dollar contains only $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains and is now worth 53 cents, yet it circulates through the length and breadth of the land, amongst Democrats as well as Republicans as a good and sound dollar."

But then it must be noticed that it bears a device appropriate to the times—"In God we trust"—I pre-

sume our American friends do not consider this an emblematical expression and that they do not trust in God alone to indemnify the loser of the 47 cents?

We are told of a recent transaction in Mexican bonds, on behalf of some municipality, which were bought at 48 cents on the Mexican silver dollar and were paid for in American silver dollars. Now it so happens that although the Mexican dollar is a better coin and circulates at about 50 cents the inferior one circulates at a full dollar—the Mexican bond therefore actually realized only 26 cents of its nominal dollar value.

The dogma of free silver coinage has but few adherents in Europe and bi-metallism is losing ground. We have seen Russia and Austria discarding silver for gold and, were it not that the bulk of her trade is with China and India, semi-bimetallist Japan would ere this have been converted to the gold standard. If we were to measure the wealth of this silver group which contains more than one half of the population of the globe, or about 700 million people, by their actual money supply, I should say they were the poorest nations of the earth for its per capita ratio is only 2.85 whilst in the United States it is $8\frac{1}{4}$ times as much or \$23.59, and labor is as many times higher.

And if Japan has closer connection with the commercial nations and resultingly finds her trade improving and the price of labor and of commodities rapidly coming to the level of more advanced nations, it is because she now employs as much gold as either silver or paper. The fact is Japan has more gold than China and India together who have 15 times more population.

The contention of Bi-metallists is summarized in the sophism that gold means the enrichment of the money lending people at home and of the capitalist abroad, the prostration of industry and impoverishment of the people. But it falls to the ground when we compare labor prices, trade operations and the amount of money of all kinds

held in gold countries—with silver countries like India and China.

Public securities issued by gold countries invariably command better prices, and if Americans obtained money on their securities, under advantageous conditions it is simply because their monetary system is on a gold basis. A significant fact in connection with the apprehended adoption of free silver is that foreign investors are disposing of their American securities and those at home who lend on real estate stipulate that the money shall be returned in gold coin.

One of the great arguments of silverites is that gold is a British policy and that its adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. That Great Britain has a hold on the American system and that until the nation shall wrench Great Britain's grasp upon it, the country must suffer all kinds of miseries.

But Americans forget that if either Great Britain or France have honorably acquired invested rights in the Republic it is solely because the latter sought relief in foreign capital and found it on the strength and faith of a tacit national contract that the same good money would be honorably and loyally re-imbursed—an honorable contract which no honorable people should attempt to subvert or voluntarily repudiate.

It is estimated that the United States pay Great Britain, France and other countries no less than from 300 to 400 million dollars per annum in interest on loans and investments in commercial and industrial enterprises.

But silverites seem to care nothing for consequences so emboldened are they in their endeavours to succeed. They avowedly appeal to some of the least creditable feelings of the poor classes and proclaiming grand patriotic sentiments they inconsistently demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present ratio of 16 to 1 without awaiting the aid of other nations; they demand that the almighty American silver dollar shall

be a legal tender; and that the government be given the option of redeeming all its obligations in either gold or silver—which is a proclamation of repudiation in its most disloyal and disgraceful form.

From the organizing of the currency system in 1792 when the ratio was 15 to 1, the country was bi-metallist until 1873 when the gold standard was adopted. From 1792 to 1832 the coinage of silver dollars had only averaged \$150,000 a year; and from 1832 to 1859 the coinage was one half million, all of which, however, was exported when in the later years silver came to be worth in the market, from 3 to 5 p. c. more than the dollar. In 1859-60 as much was coined as in the previous 50 years and this also disappeared in exports. After the civil war mining operations were resumed and the silver production was considered as very large. The world's production had amounted to 64 millions in 1878 and this was considered as even greater but the yield increased yearly until last year when the production had more than tripled that of 1878, the unprecedented sum of 207 million dollars being reached.

The gold production of 1878 was 96 millions. It was twice as much last year or 207 millions.

In 1863 came the greenbacks which were so unpopular that they rapidly depreciated and at one time were scarcely worth a third of a dollar.

According to silver advocates the law of 1873 was the cause of all the financial and commercial evils which have since befallen the American nation. This law, which was discussed in Congress and Senate for three years before its adoption, enacted the contraction of greenbacks and the demonetization of the silver dollar which was then worth \$1.03. And silver men pronounce it a huge blunder, and say that both Congress and the people, at the time, entirely failed to see the inconsistency of the reasoning of those who favored it, which was that the government could get the gold to make a dol-

lar more than 3 p.c. cheaper than they could get silver to make a silver dollar; and that as the country had exceedingly heavy coin obligations to meet, it was wise to provide for the coinage of gold alone."

Then came the law of 1878 requiring a monthly minimum silver coinage of 2 million dollars with a maximum of 4 millions. But to the disgust of silverites who wanted the government to settle all its obligations in silver the administration wisely limited coinage to the minimum. Such an example to the world, silverites boldly exclaimed, would have been so wholesome and so commanding that the world would have followed it, and they add, the existing inequality between the value of the two metals as well as the injurious depression in prices would have been corrected.

And we are told how commodities have increased after the gold discoveries of Australia and California until a commercial crisis produced a reaction. But it is not said, as it should be that the reaction, was the result of, over-production, overtrade, over-credit and speculation, elements which generally follow the entry, into the greater marts of the world, of every important addition to the supply of specie.

And now it is asserted that the demonetization of 1873 reduced the price of commodities and produced a scarcity of gold which enriched the wealthy and therefore that the parity between money and production is lost. It is a curious fact to notice that in 1873 the gold production in the United States was 36 million dollars and that since that date, that is to say, during the past 23 years the same average was maintained though the world's production more than doubled during the same period.

In endeavoring to thus attach the responsibility of lower prices on legislation silverites allege that the depreciation is local rather than universal. They instance the price of Indian wheat which they say did not fluctuate of late years. I had no time to look up

statistics as to this, but I believe that India produced as much as ever but exported less for want of a market, and that notwithstanding the fact that freights, by ship or rail were lower than ever. Hence consumption was no greater than usual and therefore the wheat of India like that of the Mississippi valley and like that of our own North-West evidently had its erratic turns and is not now worth proportionately more than American wheat, And it should be remarked that the production of Russia and of Argentine has more than doubled the past few years.

Let us not imagine that the general decline in prices of late years has no cause of a wider range. Who can doubt that throughout the world every product of human energy, of nature and art, have fallen in value in response to forcible causes originating in the marvellous and astonishing development of progress, science and arts, the wonders of which not even the most imaginative of men could have ventured to predict? And underlying these money, credit and banking have operated wonderful changes. Another cause of the decline is to be found in the reaction which set in civilized countries after the opening of new avenues of production and of commerce brought on by the building and equipment of over 420,000 miles railway and the construction of miles upon miles of canal work, wherein hundreds of thousands of wage-earning men were employed the greater majority of whom have since sought life in agricultural and other pursuits. If we take all these things into consideration it is impossible to conclude that abundance or scarcity of silver could alone cause an increase or decrease in the general value of commodities.

Unrestricted coinage, in countries where silver mines are so abundant and productive as in the United States and Mexico would be like opening mills to the free manufacturing of flour regardless of the needs of consumption.

In my opinion it were better that an army be held on guard over every silver mine than to drain their treasures in such quantities as to vulgarize the use of silver. Instead of free coinage I should prefer a graduating royalty on all silver products.

Great stress is laid on the condition of the agricultural class because products are cheaper than twenty years ago and because a farmer must repay in good money the good money he may have borrowed when silver was worth more than to-day. And with conscious bias fault with the currency is found when it should be laid at the door of the borrower. If the borrowed money has not produced adequate returns and graduated upwards in its course as silver declined, the cause may be traced nearer the farmer's home and in 99 causes out of 100, it will be found that it is attributable to misfortune, mismanagement, inability or in the worthlessness of the farm. But it is neither consistent nor fair to consider such isolated cases as a criterion. If the price of products is cheaper so are other goods and there is compensation, and the farmer can borrow at cheaper rates.

And is a remarkable fact in connection with the supply of money throughout the world, that in all European countries with a gold standard, the rates of interest are lower. Money there is plentiful and cheap. In most of the continental cities the open market rate is close to 2 p.c. while in London the rate of discount is below one per cent. Russia alone is as high as $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, but Russia has only recently been converted to the gold standard, Germany changed in 1873 from silver to gold and sold out its silver abroad in good time. Berlin quotes its rates of interest at $2\frac{3}{4}$, Hamburg at $2\frac{3}{4}$ and Frankfort at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. An eminent American statesman says that "the greatest crime short of absolute political enslavement that could be committed against the workingman in this country would be to confiscate his labor for the benefit of the employer by

destroying the value of the money in which his wages are paid. This irreparable wrong can never be perpetrated under our system of government unless the laboring man himself assists in forging his own chains." Because of the higher standard of living now attained in the United States, where it is higher perhaps than elsewhere and more general, the workingman could not bear the strain of lower wages with an increased cost of living. The wage earner and the man of fixed income are restricted in their mode of living to the money they receive but as prices recede their dollar rises in value and purchases more. But the question, as regards the wage earner, is where to get the dollar? There is as a rule fair employment for the willing and deserving, and if we look over the statistics of wages we find that, save in silver countries, the average rate has improved and working hours are shorter.

If people are paid in silver dollars worth only 53 cents are they not literally defrauded of 47 cents to every dollar? Is it likely that commodities could shrink 47 per cent more to re-establish the proper equilibrium? Certainly not. Hence may we not ask with a feeling of alarm:—What is to become of the great majority of the people if salaries, wages, income, benefits, are reduced 47 per cent? What of the poor man's economies and of the millions of money under deposit in banks and other institutions should the mine owner become king of the land?

How Americans can hope to develop their trade at home and their commerce abroad with unsound banking, a depreciated currency and an impolitic fiscal system, it is difficult to surmise. The bulk of their commerce is with gold countries and foreign goods must be paid in foreign money. So if two metals one inferior to the other become current in the United States foreigners will naturally choose the best for them-

selves paying their own purchases in the coin of lesser value.

If I am guided in my judgment of the probable result of bi-metallism as proposed in the United States by the sophistic arguments and fallacies propounded by the advocates of free silver, I should certainly imagine that the country would soon become a real Eldorado. But if on the contrary I am guided by economic teachings and their influence I should say that the American people would seriously assail their commercial and national credit and that complications would threaten with novel dangers the stability and existence of their best institutions?

And therefore the Republic would be opening its doors to all kinds of disorders the least of which might not be socialism and lawlessness.

I should also say that the maintenance of a gold standard is maintenance of individual and public credit, that the greatest good of the greatest number cannot be promoted or safely guarded without it, unless silver be restricted to specific minor duties both in domestic and international affairs.

Hence I must conclude that the proposition discussed is one of the most insidious and bold attempts to disgrace a nation, to defraud individuals, to injure trade, to destroy commerce, to paralyse industry and to impoverish the

farmer, the working class, the man of income or of salary---all of whom constitute the great majority in the United States---for the benefit and advantage of a few silver monopolists, than was ever devised or dreamt of by human mind; a scheme which surpasses the conceptions of those who degraded coinage under royalty in older times.

If the United States were to adopt a system which would make of both metals a standard measure on a parity of value and of an unlimited issue, the greatest calamities and a series of irreparable losses would be apprehended. Free coinage of silver as proposed, would be the first milestone on the road leading to a series of unprecedented commercial and financial disasters.

Hence in conclusion I should say that the facts which statistics prove and which financial history records are of a nature to confirm the theory of political economists who believe in a gold standard, and confirms that of European nations where practical experience has proved its advantages. So it now remains to be seen whether this theory, which is regarded as one of the truisms of the science of political economy, shall prevail or whether the cupidity of the silver men shall outweigh the general interests of the American nation.

A. A. TAILLON '69.



THE RECONCILIATION.

(Adapted from the Catholic World.)

AH! IT was a dreary day --- a day that made one shiver and think of the poor, and shiver again. Was it the snow that Cranstone of Cranstone Hall was gazing at so fixedly out of the library window? What did he see out in the blinding snow driving down on his own meadow-lands, and draping the strong forms of his ancestral oaks in mystic drapery, while from the bottom where the river ran, stole up a snaky mist in curling ashy-gray folds? He saw no snow, no mist, no oaks: he looked through them, beyond them, straight out at a tall form striding along, its back to Cranstone Hall, and its face to the wide, wide, bitter cold world. It was Dick Cranstone whose figure his father was gazing at so fixedly, though that figure had been gone three hours, and was far out of sight---Dick Cranstone, his father's only son, the only relic of his dead mother, the boy on whom all the father's strong heart was now set, who was striding along through the snow and the mist out into the bleak world on that winter morning, cast out from his father's hearth and heart, driven away with a bitter curse.

What had Dick Cranstone done to bring down this curse and chastisement on his handsome young head?

Dick and his father had been companions as well as father and son, for Ralph Cranstone was still a youngish man, and bore such years as he had well. His heart and his hopes were centred in this boy, whose mother had been snatched away so early; and when he saw the bright-eyed, laughing lad ripen into a great, handsome, clever young fellow, who rode with him, and played cricket with him, and scoured over the country neck and neck with him, it would be hard to find

a happier man in this world than Ralph, or a more loving son than Dick; in fact, "Oh! they're as fond of each other as the Cranstones" had grown into a proverb in all the country-side. What, then, was Dick's great crime that left him in a day fatherless, and his father childless, and rent asunder with a fierce wrench two hearts which all their lives had run together?

The Cranstones were an old family, older than Elizabeth, though it was at her time that Cranstone Hall first came into their possession. The Elizabethan Cranstone was a Catholic. He had the choice of running his neck in a noose and dying a martyr for his faith, or renouncing the religion he believed in, and taking instead the goodly Abbey of Cranstone, with its river meads, and all its appurtenances. He did not hesitate long. Like most of his countrymen, he threw up his religion, and took to the abbey, turned out the monks, became a bitter persecutor of the church, changed the name of the place to Cranstone Hall, lived to a good old age, and the rich man died and was buried in Cranstone churchyard. The Cranstones remained from that day out a flourishing, wealthy family strongly devoted to church and state, fierce persecutors of the Catholics whilst persecution was the fashion; when not so, what Catholics call bigoted Protestants.

Ralph was no exception to the rule. He honored the Queen and hated the Pope and Papistry as genuinely as the old Elizabethan Cranstone had professed to do. And when his old friend and neighbor Harry Clifford who had been at Eton and Oxford with him, and whom Ralph had pronounced over and over again "the best fellow going" turned Catholic one fine day, as soon

as Ralph heard of it, and met Harry by chance at a friend's, he turned on his heel and walked out of the house, leaving the latter standing there with the old friendly hand outstretched towards him.

From that day out, all intercourse ceased between the Cliffords and Cranstones, and the old friends were as dead to each other as though they had never met.

In good time, Dick went off to Oxford with an Eton fame as a good bat and all round cricketer, a handy man at the oar, the best runner and jumper in the school, added to the lesser reputation of being able to knock off the best Latin poem in the college. He made one of "the eleven" that year against Cambridge at Lord's, and saved the game from becoming a disastrous defeat to his university by his plucky and cool play against that terrible left-hand bowler. How proud his father was of him that day! He could almost have gone up and shaken hands with Harry Clifford, whom he saw there with his wife and a beautiful young lady in the carriage, so divided in looks between Harry and his sweet wife that she could have belonged to no one else but to them. "A Clifford to the tip of her nose!" he kept repeating to himself, as he stole a sly glance at them now and then, and yearned for a grasp of his old friend's hand; but the stubborn Cranstone blood was too strong within him, and he turned away slowly to watch the game.

It was going badly for Oxford, in the second innings. All over the field flew the ball, sometimes in among the rows of carriages which lined the ground. "They'll never get him out" said the spectators one to another, as the Cantab struck away right and left as freely as though he were playing with the bowlers. "There she goes! Bravo! Well hit!" they shouted, as the ball flew from the bat right across the field straight and furious full at the carriage where were seated the Cliffords. "Look out there! Look out—look out!" they shout, as the carriage

party, conversing together, are utterly unconscious of the danger approaching them. It takes a long time to tell this here, though it was all over in half a minute. The cricket ball was flying at lightning speed straight at the head of the young lady, who at the moment was looking in another direction, inattentive to the warning cries that rose from all parts of the field. All saw the danger of the young girl, but no one could prevent it, when suddenly there is a rush of something white, a leap in the air, a bare arm flashes in the sun, and the ball is clasped in the hand of one who never missed a catch yet, as he falls back over the side of the carriage, right in among the party, holding the ball all the while, and the great Cantab is out.

"Bravo, Cranstone! Bravo, Cranstone!" What a shout from the Oxonians! What a shout and a rush from all sides of the field to applaud the young fellow whose Eton fame had not belied him for speed, and whose swiftness and agility, and that high leap in the air and splendid catch, had perhaps saved a young girl's life, while it rid his side of a terrible foe, and revived the hopes of Cambridge.

But Cranstone never heeded the shouts, he lay back there in the carriage, lifeless, his head on Harry Clifford's knee, his eyes closed, and his face white, while the frightened ladies, who scarcely yet knew from what a danger they had escaped, bent over him in terror. He had fallen heavily on the side of the carriage, and the shock caused him to faint. The crowd is parted by a strong man, who rushes wildly to the spot. "Dick, my boy, Dick, are you hurt? Good God! Harry, it's my son, Water, some of you water. Clear away there and let him have air!"

The water is brought and in a few moments he revives, to open his eyes on a pair of the tenderest blue eyes looking pityingly and frightened into his. A shake or two, like a strong mastiff, and he is all right again; the game goes on, and though Oxford was

beaten, that catch lives in men's memories ; whilst Ralph Cranstone and Harry Clifford were old friends again, and Mr. Dick Cranstone was reintroduced to his old playmate, Miss Ada Clifford.

Dick went back to Oxford that year with another feeling creeping into his heart side by side with the great love for his father which had hitherto possessed it. He was not over head and ears in love with Ada Clifford, nor since it must be confessed, she with him ; but his father and himself rode over often that vacation, and Dick found the family one of the most agreeable in every way that he had ever met, while Ralph atoned for his former rudeness in a thousands ways that come with such an indescribable charm from a strong nature. Dick took back this memory with him to the university, and perhaps it saved him from getting among the "fast men"—a society only too fascinating for young fellows blessed with health, strength, good nature, good looks, and money.

Without actually giving up his practices of muscular christianity, association with more intellectual minds brought him soon to perceive that there was a higher ambition in this life for a young man than being the captain of a cricket eleven, the "stroke" of a university eight, the best pigeon shot, or the proprietor of the most startling "turn-out" on the road. Association with intellectual men brought with it intellectual thoughts, inquiries, pursuits.

His Oxford course was drawing to a close, and he began to think of adopting some career, though the wealth and property to which he was heir necessitated no pursuit at all other than that of a quiet country gentleman living on his estates. During his last year particularly he had read and studied much, and the result of his studies and inquiries, all came home to him in the form of the old question of Pilate, what is truth ?

He was like his father a loyal Englishman, a supporter of the state, rather

because he found it there established, and could see no better, than for any divine right which, in his father's mind, and in the mind of so many Englishmen, the glorious British Constitution possesses. But the church was another affair. That question puzzled him sorely.

To his truthful mind, it dated from Henry VIII and Elizabeth, not from Jesus Christ ; it was simply in its present form an amiable machine of state, not a divine organization which should command the approving consent of all were it what men who believed in salvation ought to follow. Filled with thoughts of this description, he came home restless, dissatisfied, questioning ; too true and too earnest to throw quite overboard all belief as a sham, and take the world as he found it—a mixture of good and bad, inexplicable save as a result of chance and conventionality. He visited the Cliffords, and they found laughing Dick Cranstone an altered man, somewhat graver and evidently unsettled.

One day when his father was not present, he unbosomed himself to Mr. Clifford, who was a very intellectual man. The latter listened kindly to the boy, though he knew the story well ; he had gone through it all himself. He did not try to explain matters there and then ; he merely told him that what he was now experiencing was the exact counterpart of what he himself had experienced. "If you like to come over in a few days, I expect to have F. Leslie here, who is a convert like myself. He will explain matters to you much better than I can." It was the old story. After due inquiry and preparation Dick was converted and immediately after went straight to his father and told him all. To describe Ralph Cranstone's wrath at the news would be impossible. He only saw one terrible fact—his family disgraced forever in the person of their last descendant, his son, from whom he had hoped so much. A Cranstone a Papist ! And that Cranstone his son Dick ! He did not ask him to retract—he rose up and

cursed the boy and turned him out of his house.

Ralph Cranstone could have borne anything rather than this—that his son should turn a Papist. He might become an infidel, and believe in no God at all; he might join any one he chose of the sects, however low; he might even turn Mussulman or Jew—but a Cranstone a Papist? Good God! it were better that he had never been born.

And so Ralph sat there looking out into the storm, where the form of his brave handsome boy had vanished. He was conscious only of the storm raging in his own breast, of the terrible curse he had uttered out of his heart on the head of the one he had loved more, infinitely more than himself. That curse was ringing around the room still, and seemed to mock him like a fiend. He rose at last and staggered to his room, not noticing the tearful old housekeeper, who knew that something dreadful had happened, and who came timidly asking him to take something to eat, for the day had gone. His day had gone out with his boy, and the light of his life went out with Dick into the winter storm, to be swallowed up and buried away in it forever.

* * * * *

Dick had a hard time of it. He refused all offers of assistance tendered him by Mr. Clifford. He would not even go down to visit them; he would not appear in the neighborhood; for he could not meet his father again. He wrote to him many times but his letters were always returned unopened. He soon received news from M.: Clifford that his father had broken up his home, left the neighborhood, and gone no one knew whither. He could only pray for him to the God to whom, for the first time in his life, he found he could pray with a strong faith and earnest belief. He still would not go to the Cliffords, though he corresponded with them from London and saw them now and then when they came up. He had friends on the press, and with their assistance managed to eke out enough to live on by means of his pen. He

worked away, sustained, in his loss of father, fortune and place, by the religion of Jesus Christ, discovering each day new wonders in an exhaustless region. His father he never heard from, nor gained any intelligence of his whereabouts, nor whether he was living or dead. The trial was a sore one, but he felt that perhaps he was in some small degree atoning for all the evils which had followed that first defection of his family from the religion to which they belonged. And so he worked away, and rose; for he had talent, and soon attained a position which relieved him from all fears of absolute want, though still poor enough.

The Cliffords were a great comfort to him, and the thought of Ada often inspired the weary pen to fresh exertion when it flagged from sheer fatigue. The more he found the love of her growing upon him, the more he avoided the presence of the family; for his poverty set a boundless sea, in his imagination, between himself and her. He excused himself for not calling on them by a thousand reasons—press of business, and the usual excuses; till at last their intercourse almost ceased, and poor Dick became wretchedly miserable, and began to look upon the world as a poor sort of place after all, while Cranstone Hall would force itself upon his mind, dreary and deserted, the garden weedy, and the oaks lonely, with that terrible curse hanging over all.

One night while seated in his room thinking such thoughts as these, a hasty knock came to the door, and, opening it, the old housekeeper fell forward almost fainting in his arms, with the exclamation: "O Master Richard! Master Richard, dear? he's come back at last." Dick staggered as though the old woman's trembling voice had been a giant's arm which smote him. "Yes, yes," he murmured. "For God's sake and your dear mother's, Master Richard, fly! He's ill—he's dying—he's raving of you! At the Hall. . . . Yes, Go, go, or you'll be too late."

He rushed into the street, she following him. The snow was falling again as bitterly as on the day when he last saw his father. The train, though it flew along seemed to him to travel at a snail's pace. The snow blocked the roads leading to the Hall; the chaise could not advance. He leaped out, unyoked one of the horses bade the driver follow as best he could with the housekeeper, mounted the animal, and by what means he never knew found himself at the Hall. He was about to dash up to his father's rooms, when a light in the library window attracted his attention. Mother of God! Can that be his father?

The brown curls bleached to snow, the face white, and thin, and bloodless, the eyes staring wildly straight out of the window, the form shrunk, the mouth mumbling some incoherent words. The light of a candle shone full on his father's face, altered to that of a ghost.

Dick entered trembling, uncertain whether it was a spirit or his father himself whom he saw before him.

"I want my boy, my Dick, my brave, handsome son. Bring him back to me. You stole him away. Where is he?"

"Father, he is here. Look at me, father. Here I am, Dick—your own son Dick, come back to you. Do you not know me?" "You? You're not my son. I've got no son. He went away from me. He hates his father—his poor father. I—I cursed him, when I could have blessed him, and he believed me; Dick's gone gone." And the poor creature moaned, and covered his crazed head with his hands, while the sharpest pang that ever rent his boy's heart rent it at that moment with the thought that, perhaps, it was all his fault, and that, had he only forced himself upon him, his father might have forgiven him, all might have gone well, and he would not now have been

summoned to the side of the lost wreck beside him.

They bore him back to the bed whence he had stolen while those who should have watched him, had dozed a little. The next day the Cliffords came over, and took up their abode in the old Hall where Ada and her mother watched and tended the sufferer as only women can do. Dick was around them and about them, and in and out, and happy and miserable, and all contraries in a breath. Ada alone could set him right, and prevent him from going as mad as his father.

Ralph lay long between the two worlds. His strong reason once forced out, seemed sullen to return. But it did come at last, and his weak eyes opened on his son, while the heart of the father, with all the pent-up feelings of these years, gushed out over his boy. He had gone away and wandered every where. He drank till his brain gave way, and only enough reason was left to lead him home to die. But death seems a long way off from Ralph Cranstone yet. The saying is oftener than ever on people's lips, "They're as fond of each other as the two Cranstones."

Old Cranstone's face—the Elizabethan has taken a new scowl, for underneath his picture rises up an ivory crucifix which Ralph himself set there.

The snow falls merrily and cheerily; the old oaks smile in their winter garb; no mist rises up from where the river runs. Yes; that's young Ralph there dashing out of the hall-door to meet his uncle and papa; there he goes climbing up uncle's legs, and shaking him as though he were a telegraph-post set up there for him to shake; and if ever there was a happy couple, that couple is Ada and laughing Dick; and the old Cranstone frowns down on it all out of his dim canvas, for the Cranstone line has gone back to its old faith.

THE DISBELIEF OF MILCHO.

THE Disbelief of Milcho, is the title of one of the "Legends of St. Patrick," a little volume of poems from the pen of that eminent Irish Catholic poet, Aubrey De Vere. Whoever has become acquainted with the writings of this author must have noticed that he is imbued with a deep love for his race, his country, and his God. Especially is this manifest in the "Legends," and because the present legend, in addition, combines all the beauties of poetry with the interest arising from various incidents and tales united and subservient to the main idea, it may be regarded as a suitable subject for brief consideration.

The story of the disbelief of Milcho is full of interest. When St. Patrick landed as a missionary in Ireland he determined to go to his old master Milcho and convert him to Christianity. On his way thither the saint's preaching, aided by the many miracles he performed, effected numerous conversions. Milcho learns these tidings, but rather than bear the ignominy of being taught by his former slave, he fires his buildings and leaps into the flames.

Upon this foundation the poem is constructed. Replete with incidents and lively descriptions, and wrought out in the sweetest versification, it is a poem truly indicative of the high genius of its author. The poet's choice of words is correct throughout, and he is particularly happy in the selection of epithets. Appropriate similes abound, while beauties of expression everywhere clothe beautiful thoughts.

There are two parts to the poem. The first is occupied with St. Patrick on his voyage along the coast of Ireland to the land of Milcho. The scenes by which the Saint and his brethren passed as they sailed onward are graphically pictured, while the incidents

that occurred, as occasionally the crew went ashore, serve to lend a pleasing variety to the poet's narrative. The musings, thoughts, and doings of St. Patrick in the course of the voyage manifest his noble heart, warm with zeal for the work before him.

First St. Patrick lands at Imber Dea. The man who was to revolutionize the customs of the country has come, not with gorgeous retinue, but in a humble bark from which "he stepped forth and knelt and blessed his God." The place seems in harmony with the moment, for then was a blessing about to come upon Erin.

"The peace of those green meads
Cradled twist purple hills and purple deep
Seemed as the peace of heaven."

The saint spends the whole night in prayer before beginning his mission. His thoughts revert to Milcho whose slave he formerly was. He will speed to him first, and though he does not anticipate a failure yet he is

"Not ignorant that from low beginnings rise
Oftenest the works of greatness."

The little band of missionaries again set out on the voyage. At one place they land, and here De Vere takes occasion to describe the hospitality and sociable nature of the Irish:—

"Around them flocked at dawn
Warriors with hunters mixed, and shepherd youths
And maids with lips as red as mountain berries
And eyes like sloes or keener eyes, dark-fringed,
And gleaming like the blue-black spear.
They came with milk-pail and with kid, and kindled fire
And spread the genial board."

Continuing onwards the crew constantly behold the beautiful Irish scenery, and occasionally catch a glimpse of the inhabitants engaged according to the customs of the time.

"Again by grassy marge
They rowed, and sylvan glades. The branching deer
Like flying gleams went by them. Oft the cry
Of fighting clans rang out: but oftener yet
Clamour of rural dance, or mart confused

With many-colored garb and movements swift,
Pageant sun-bright; or on the sands a throng
Girdled with circle glad some bard, whose song
Shook the wild clan as tempest shakes the woods."

They came to a river "that shone like golden tress, severed and random-thrown," and whose mouth "was all with lilies white as April field with daisies." Here occurred a touching incident. As the saint was asleep under a tree on the river's bank, a beautiful child appeared from out the woods, and after being assured of the absence of danger, brought flower after flower to throw upon the bosom of the sleeping missionary. When the brethren would have stopped him, lest he might wake their master, Saint Patrick arose and said, "Forbid him not, the heir of all my kingdom is this child" even as Christ had once spoken to his disciples: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thereafter the child followed the saint "and for his sweet face they called his name Benignus."

Next Saint Patrick and his crew sail into a westward channel, and after tracking for nine miles "the gold path of the sinkingsun," they come to the land of Dichu, whose favor Saint Patrick wins by a miracle. From this man the saint strives to learn "the inmost of that people." Particularly does he hear of the cold, avaricious nature of old Milcho. To the latter on the advice of Dichu he sends gifts of gold, thus hoping to gain his favour.

Then there is a transition in the poem. The second part begins, with Milcho as the central figure. In describing the latter, the poet artfully weaves into the narrative several other interesting tales, which, however, are sufficiently connected with the main idea to preserve the unity of the poem.

Milcho was a mighty merchant who had dealings far and near. Consequently he early heard of the prophet who had come to the Isle and of the wonders attending him. But judging others by the standard of himself, he can see only avarice in the motives of their actions; and so he calls St. Patrick a

"deft-sand proper." And when he is told that the prophecy of 'Conn of the Hundred Battles' is fulfilled in the coming of the Saint, he exclaims in rage.

"Conn of the Hundred Battles! Had he sent
His hundred thousand kernes to yonder steep
And rolled its boulders down, and built a mole
To fence my laden ships from spring-tide surge,
Far kinglier pattern had he shown, and given
More solace to the land."

Milcho is a hater of everything but money, and consequently because others believe, he will not: and just as he said, "Through hate of me all men believe," so might we say of him "Through hate of others, he will not believe." He is a man of that cold, heartless stamp often met with in the world, whose very presence is sufficient to make us shiver. And it is by a lively conception that the poet makes the very objects of nature harmonize with old Milcho's mind. Whenever we see the latter, he is amidst dreary, cold, comfortless surroundings. The glen he dwells in is "winter-nipt;" And when he hears the people glorying on the Saint's arrival, his face

"Grew bleaker than that crab-tree stem forlorn,
That hid him, wanner than that sea-sand wet
That whitened round his foot down-pressed."

At another time we see him "under a blighted ash-tree, near his house,"

"When the wild March sunset, gone almost ere come,
By glacial showers was hustled out of life."

And it is strange that he who has received signs most indicative of the divine mission of St. Patrick, should be so reluctant to believe. Milcho is constantly urged to belief by a voice, which we suppose is that of conscience. Yet he harkens not to it. He has a dream, wherein a former slave, whom he had hanged for carelessness, says to him, "Belief is safest." Again he recalls how once, in years gone by, St. Patrick, then a slave, had interpreted a dream as foreboding the fire of Faith which should one day come to Erin, and "into itself take all." But these promptings change not the old merchant. Indeed he says that Saint Patrick is merely trying to impose on his credulity by pretending to be the bearer of that fire of Faith. Hoping

to find one, at least, whose opinion of the new-come stranger will agree with his own, he hastens to Bacrach, the oldest Druid in the isle. But he finds the latter, too, a changed man, and ready to believe. Bacrach relates a story that is noteworthy for the beauty of the thought it embodies, and for its manifestation of a strong feature of the Irish character. Four hundred years before Saint Patrick's time, Connor, King of Ulster, was one day performing the royal duties on his throne, when suddenly from the "windless East," there swept a wave of darkness; at the same time birds fell dead from the trees, and all animals fled from very terror. The king consulted the chief Druid as to the cause of these strange phenomena. The answer was "this hour, by sinful men, sinless God's son is slain." Then Connor threw down his sceptre and crown and

"Rose clamoring, 'Sinless! Shall the sinless die?'
And madness fell on him, and down that steep—
He rushed whereon the Emania Palace stood,
And reached the grove, Lambraidhè, with two
swords,
The sword of battle and the sword of state,
And hewed and hewed, crying 'Were I but there
Thus should they fall who slay that Sinless One,'
And in that madness died."

A beautiful thought, indeed! that a man should be so deeply affected by the thought of innocence suffering as to rush into a fatal madness. Yet no one can deny that a hatred for injustice has always been a prominent feature of the Irish character.

Milcho, fearing St. Patrick's approach, is at a loss what to do. The guiding voice of conscience speaks to him for the last time,

"a sweeter voice,
Oft heard in childhood—now the last time heard:
"Believe it whispered,"

But Milcho rejects this final warning and soon that strong will which was still his boast gives way to a stronger. The evil spirit tempts him saying.

"Masterful man art thou for wit and strength;
Yet girl-like standst thou brooding! Weave a snare!
He comes for gold, this prophet. All thou hast
Heap in thy house, then fire it! In far lands
Build thee new fortunes. Frustrate thus shall he
Stare but on stones, his destined vassal scaped."

So the deluded old man gathered all his worldly goods within his castle, and clutching a fire-brand, awaited in his tower the saint's approach. When two days later he spied the missionaries coming over the slope of a mountain in the distance he cast forth the flaming brand, and soon all his wealth "hard-won, long-awaited, wonder of his foes" was perishing under "the swift, contagious madness of the fire."

Again the spirit of evil approaches, but now that the deed is done his words are those of mockery. To Milcho he says:

"Thy game is now played out:
Henceforth a by-word art thou, rich in youth—
Self-beggared in old age."

Then clearly dawned upon the old man's mind the terrible truth; despair overpowered him and when at last the blazing roof fell in,

And, loud as laughter from ten thousand fiends,
Up rushed the fire, with arms outstretched he stood:
Stood firm; then forward with a wild beast's cry
He dashed himself into that terrible flame
And vanished as a leaf."

Meanwhile St. Patrick and his brethren stood watching the fire from the distant hills. All, but Patrick, wondered what it meant. The Saint alone knew its import, hence he said:

"The deed is done. The man I would have saved
Is dead, because he willed to disbelieve."

Thus ends the legend. It is not so long as this article might imply, yet it is so rich in poetic beauties that it is difficult to distinguish in quotation. In spite of all the incidents which the story embodies the most perfect unity is preserved, the main idea pervading the poem being the disbelief of Milcho and its disastrous effects.

J. J. QUILTY, 97.





THE INTERPRETER.

E walk this earth with eyes but dimly seeing :
 Man's vision hath been clouded since the Sin ;
 Nor shall it clear again until the freeing
 From this dense prison we make habit in,
 When, with the sphere of earth, its shadow, fleeing,
 Leaves the soul shadowless and spirit-thin,
 That all the glow of Godhead, shining through,
 May light the Vision in perfected view.

For, as I deem, this earth, unto the holy
 Whose sphere of being lies beyond our ken,
 Is all compact of beauty, being solely
 A language wherein God would hold w.th men
 Sweet converse, from the Vale of Melancholy
 If so that He to bliss may raise again,
 On wings of His outbreathing poetry,
 His children fall'n from primal purity.

O, Nature hath a beauty past expression
 Of human art, for him whose eyes can see ;
 And each thing voicos all things, through possession
 As of an inward soul of Deity,
 Which runs through all the music—a procession
 And endless flowing-forth-in-harmony
 Of Godhead, (whereunto the whole is set),
 Drenching each note with Love, till honey-wet.

Have not you trees a language clearly spoken ?
 Is not each leaf a fiery tongue of prayer,
 Where Love for love makes pleading ? Yon unbroken
 And smoothly-flowing sward, where noon lays bare
 A burning heart in coolest verdure—token
 Of latent Love forever glowing there—
 Hath it no voice to woo that erring race
 Whose discord Love so fain would touch to grace ?

Lightly we tread the dust of our indwelling ;
 And yet, 'neath, every atom of the same,
 All Love, the orb'd Godhead, is outwelling,
 That we may kiss with footfalls all we name
 When we name Beauty, Love, or God ; clear spelling
 Of Glory, in the moted sunbeam's flame,
 Each floating particle, that seemed so dim,
 Glows to its heart, a world fulfilled with Him.

And herein lies an image of the poet,
 Who is of earth, but, floating in an air
 Of golden inspiration, quickens to it,
 And, kindled through with light, grows God-aware ;
 That so his being, letting light drench through it,
 Reflects a light to others, and doth share
 With angels, though but dimly, that clear glance
 Which ever sees of Love the countenance.

Therefore I deem it is the poet's mission
 In this, God's court, to stand interpreter
 'Twixt Him and man, who reads with clouded vision
 The code of Love, and in its law doth err.
 That code is writ for all with clear precision ;
 But the Great Master's language, for the slur
 Of mortal sense o'er-fine, needs one to stand
 In touch with heaven and earth on either hand.

THE RIVER OUELLE.

(From the French of Abbe Casgrain)

IN one of the side-chapels in the old church of the Riviere Ouelle is an ex-voto which was placed there many long years ago by a stranger who was miraculously preserved from death. It is a very old picture, full of dust and of no artistic value, but it recalls a touching story; I learned it when very young, and it has remained as fresh and vivid in my memory as when I first heard it.

It was a cold winter evening, long long ago. We gathered around our mother near the glorious stove, which diffused a delicious warmth throughout the apartment, and listened in a religious sort of silence to her sweet and tender voice. Listen with me to her story:

Toward the middle of the last century, a missionary, accompanied by several Indians, ascended the south bank of the St. Lawrence River, about thirty leagues below Quebec. He was not very tall and stooped slightly; his beard, blanched prematurely by hardships, and his pale and attenuated features, seemed to indicate a want of strength and endurance for so hard a life; but this frail body concealed one of those grand souls which draw from the energy of their will an inexhaustible strength. His large expansive forehead suggested a proportionate intellect, and his features wore an expression of inexpressible sweetness and simplicity; the least shade of a melancholy smile played over his lips—in a word, his whole face seemed filled with that mysterious glory with which sanctity illumines her predestined souls.

The leader of the little band was a few steps in advance. He was an old

Indian warrior who a long time before had been converted to Christianity by this holy missionary, and who from that time became the faithful companion of all his adventurous wanderings.

The travellers advanced slowly and in silence toward the middle of the wood, when suddenly the leader of the party stopped, making at the same time a sign with his hand for his companions to do likewise. "You are mistaken comrade," said the missionary to him; "the noise that you have just heard was only a tree split by the frost."

The Indian turned slowly toward him, an almost imperceptible smile passing over his face, "My brother" said he, in a low voice, "if you saw me take your breviary, and try to read in it, you would laugh at me. I do not wish to laugh at you, for you are a black-gown; but I tell you, you do not know the voices of the forest, and the noise we have just heard is a human voice. Follow me at a distance, while I go on to see what is happening yonder." The travellers walked on for sometime without seeing anything. The father began to think he had not been deceived, when they came to an opening in the woods, and saw the Indian stop. What was his astonishment, when, following the direction in which the savage was looking, he saw a very extraordinary light apparently detached from the obscurity of the trees. In the midst of this luminous globe appeared a vague, indistinct form, elevated above the ground. Then another spectacle that the brilliancy of the strange vision had prevented him from seeing before, was presented to his gaze.

A young man dressed in military uniform was kneeling at the foot of a tree. His hands were clasped and his eyes turned towards heaven; he seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a mysterious and invisible object. Two corpses, which were easily recognized as an officer and a soldier from their uniforms, were lying by his side in the snow. The officer, an elderly man with gray hair, was lying against a maple; in his hands was a little book about to slip out of them.

His head was leaning on his right shoulder and his face had that ashy hue which too plainly told that death already claimed him. A placid smile was on his face, indicating that a supreme hope, which faith alone could inspire, had consoled his last moments. The noise made by the travellers' feet in the snow caused the young man, who was still on his knees, to turn suddenly round. "O father! my father!" cried he, rushing toward the missionary, "it is Providence who has sent you here to save me. I was about to share the terrible fate of my unfortunate companions, when a prodigy!—a miracle!" Suffocated by his tears and sobs, he could say no more, but, throwing himself into the arms of the missionary, he pressed him to his heart.

"Calm yourself, my dear son," said the old man; "for in your feeble and exhausted state such violent emotion might prove fatal." Scarcely had he finished the words, when he felt the young man's head sink heavily on his shoulder, and his body become a dead weight—he had fainted. The travellers eagerly bestowed on him every care that his situation required and that lay in their power. His two friends, alas! were beyond the reach of human succor. The savages dug their graves in the snow, and the saintly missionary, after reciting some prayers over their bodies, cut with his knife a large cross in the bark of the maple at the foot of which they had breathed their last—a simple but sublime monument of hope and love, des-

igned to guard their earthly remains.

.....
 See you yonder, on the slope of the hill, that pretty cottage, so neat and white, with its little thatched barn, so clearly defined against the caressing foliage of that beautiful copse of maples? Well, that is a Canadian home. Let us now peep under this roof, whose exterior is so attractive. On entering the passage-way, two pails of fresh water, standing on a wooden bench, and a tin cup hanging against the wall hospitably invite you to quench your thirst. In an inner room the mother of the family is quietly spinning near the window; the baby sleeps in its cradle at her side; from time to time she smiles at its bright little face, as fresh as a rose, peeping out from the quilt, whose triangular patches of the brightest colors are ingeniously distributed over it. In a corner of the room the eldest daughter sits on a chest, singing merrily, while she works at her loom. In another corner stands the huge bed, with its white and blue counterpane, and at its head a crucifix surrounded with pictures. That little branch of withered fir above the cross is the blessed palm. Two or three barefooted little urchins are playing on the floor, harnessing up a dog. The father, bending over the stove, gravely lights his pipe with a fire-brand. After each meal he must "take a smoke" before going out to plough or to thresh in the barn. There is an air of thrift and comfort about the house; the voices of the children, the songs of the young girl, with her spinning wheel accompaniment, the appearance of health and happiness written on their faces, tell of the peace and serenity of their lives. It is in the parish of the Riviere Ouelle, in the bosom of one of these good Canadian families, that we find again our missionary and his companions. All the family, eager to hear the extraordinary adventures of the young officer, had gathered round him. He was a young man from twenty to twenty-five years of age with fine, delicate features; his dark

wavy hair fell over and partially shaded his high forehead, and his proud glance revealed the loyalty of the French soldier; but an extreme pallor, consequent on the fatigue and privations he had undergone, had left a touching and melancholy expression on his face, while his refined and finished manners told of an equally finished and careful education. "More than a month ago," said the young officer, I left the country of the Abnakis, accompanied by my father, a soldier, and an Indian guide. We were bearing very important despatches to the governor of the colony. We travelled along through the forest for several days without an accident, when, one evening, overcome with fatigue, we lit a fire and camped for the night near an Indian cemetery. According to the custom of the savages, every corpse was wrapped in a shroud of coarse bark, and placed high above the ground on four stakes. Bow and arrows, tomahawks, and some ears of maize were hung against these rude graves, and shook and rattled as the wind passed over them. Our own savage was seated just in front of me, on the half-decayed trunk of a pine-tree that had fallen to the ground, and seemed half buried in profound meditation. The fitful flames threw a weird light over his gigantic frame. His height was increased by a quantity of black, red, and white feathers, tied with his hair on the top of his head. His ferocious features, piercing black eyes, his tomahawk and long knife, half concealed by the trophy of scalps which hung from his belt, gave him a wild and sanguinary appearance. The night was dark and bitter cold. The low and unequal arch formed by the interlacing branches of the trees, and illuminated by the flickering light of our pine-wood fire, seemed like a vast cavern, and the old trunks of the rotten trees, which were buried in the snow, looked like the corpses of giants strewn around. The birches, covered with their white bark, seemed like wandering phantoms in the midst of

this debris, and the dull rumbling of the distant torrent, and the wind moaning and whistling through the leafless branches, completed the weird funereal aspect of the place. Any one slightly superstitious could easily believe he heard the sighing spirits of the Indian warriors who lay buried so near us. In spite of myself, a shiver of horror ran through my veins. Here, in the midst of all this grim rubbish, where every rock and tree was transformed by the shadows into as many spectres watching his movements, our audacious savage appeared as grave and tranquil as if he had been in his own cabin. "Comrade," said I to him, "do you think we need fear any danger still from those Iroquois whose trail we discovered yesterday?" "Has my brother already forgotten that we found it again this morning?" "But there were only two," said I. "Yes; but an Iroquois can very quickly communicate with his comrades. "But these were not on the warpath, they were hunting an elk!" "Yes; but the snow is deep, and they could soon kill him without much fatigue, and then—" "Well!" "And then, their hunger once satisfied—" "Finish!" "I say they might, perhaps, amuse themselves by hunting the white skins." "But the whites are at peace with the Iroquois." "The Iroquois never bury but half of the war-hatchet; and besides, they have raised the tomahawk against the warriors of my tribe and if they discover the track of an Abnakis among yours—" "You think, then, that they might pursue us? Perhaps it would be more prudent to extinguish our fire." "Does not my brother hear the howling of the wolves? If he prefers to be deceived by them to receiving the arrow of an Iroquois, he can extinguish it." The words of our guide were not very re-assuring, but I was so overcome with fatigue, that in spite of the evident danger to which we were exposed, I fell asleep. But my sleep was filled with the wildest dreams. The dark shadow of our guide, that I

saw as I went to sleep, seemed to lengthen and rise behind him, black and threatening, like a spectre. The dead in the cemetery, shaking the snow from their shrouds of bark, descended from these sepulchres and bent towards me. I fancied I heard the gritting of their teeth as the wind rushed through the trees and the dry branches cracked and snapped. I awoke with a start. Our guide leaning against a post of one of the graves, was still before me and from his heavy and regular breathing I knew that he slept profoundly. I fancied I saw just above him, peeping over the grave against which he was leaning, a dark form and two fixed and flaming eyes. My imagination is excited by my fantastic dreams, thought I, and tried to compose myself to sleep again. I remained a long time with my eyes half shut, in that state of semi-somnolence, half-watching, half sleeping, my stupified faculties able to discern the objects around. And yet the dark shadow seemed to move slightly, and to lean more and more towards our savage, who was still in a deep sleep. At that moment the fire suddenly blazed up and I saw distinctly the figure of an Indian. He held a long knife between his teeth and, with dilated eyes fixed on his enemy, he approached still nearer to assure himself that he slept. Then a diabolical smile lit up his face, and seizing his knife, he brandished it an instant in aiming a blow at the heart of his victim. The blade flashed in the fire-light. At the same moment a terrible cry rang out, and the two savages rolled together in the snow. The flash of the steel, in awakening our guide, had also betrayed his enemy.

Thus my horrible nightmare terminated in a more horriblereality. I had hastily seized my gun, butdared not fire, lest I should kill or wound our guide. It was a death-fight between them. A hatchet glittered in the air, then a dull, heavy sound, followed by the cracking of bones. The victory was decided. A gurgling sound es-

aped from the victim—it was the death rattle! Holding in one hand a bloody scalp, the conqueror, with a smile, raised himself proudly. At that instant a shot was heard. A ball struck him in the breast, and our savage, for it was he, fell dead in front of the fire. Taking aim with my gun and sending a ball in the direction whence the shot had come, and where I saw another shadow gliding among the trees, was for the work of an instant. The Indian, with a terrible death-cry, described an arch in the air with his body, and fell dead to the ground. The tragedy was finished; our savage was avenged, but we had no longer a guide. I then thought of our conversation that evening, and how his apprehensions of the two savages whom we had tracked in the morning had been so fearfully realized.

“Abandoned, without a guide, in the midst of interminable forests, we were in a state of extreme perplexity. We hesitated a long time whether to proceed on our route or retrace our steps. The danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois, who infested that part of the country, decided us to continue our journey. The only means left of finding our way was a little compass which my father had fortunately brought along.

Several days later found us still on our painful march, in the midst of a violent snow-storm. It was a veritable tempest; the snow fell so thick and fast we could scarcely see two feet in advance.

“In every direction we heard the trees splitting and falling to the ground. We were in great danger of being crushed. My father was struck by a branch, which completely buried him under the snow, and we had great difficulty in extricating him. When we raised him up, he found that the chain around his neck which held the compass was broken, and the compass had disappeared. We searched long and carefully, but in vain—it could not be found. In falling, my father received a severe injury on the head. While

dressing the wound, which bled freely, I could not restrain my tears on seeing this old man enduring intense suffering with so much fortitude, and displaying such calmness in the midst of an agony which he tried to conceal from me by an outward show of confidence! 'My son,' said he, when he saw my tears, 'remember that you are a soldier. If death comes, it will find us on the roll of honor. It is well to die a martyr to duty; besides, nothing happens except by the will of God. Let us submit at once with courage and resignation to whatever he pleases to send.'

"We marched two days longer in an intense cold, and then my father could go no further. The cold had poisoned the wound in his head, and a violent fever came on. To crown our misfortunes, our little store of matches had become damp, and it was impossible to kindle a fire. Then all hope abandoned me, and, not having been able to kill any game for the past day or two, we had been almost entirely without food; then, in spite of all my warning and advice, the soldier who accompanied us, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and utterly discouraged, went to sleep in the snow, and, when I found him some time after, he was dead—frozen stiff. Overcome by grief, I remained on my knees by the side of my dying father. Several times he besought me to abandon him, and escape death. When he felt his last hour approaching, he said, handing me an *Imitation of Christ* which he held in his hands, 'My son, read to me.' I took the book, and opened it at chance, reading between my sobs; 'Make now friends near God, in order that, after leaving this life they will receive you in the eternal tabernacles.' Keep your heart free and raised toward God, because here below you have no substantial dwelling-place. Address to heaven every day your prayers, your sighs, and your tears, in order that, after this life, your soul will be able to pass happily into the bosom of our Lord.' "I replaced the book in his hand. A smile of immortal hope

passed over his countenance, for these lines were a *resumé* of his entire life. After a moment's silence, he said: 'My son, when I shall be no more, take this little gold cross which hangs around my neck, and which was given to me by your mother on the day of your birth'—there was a moment's pause. A shade of profound sadness passed over his face, and, taking my two hands in his, he added, 'Your poor mother!—oh! if you live to see her again, tell her I died thinking of God and of her.' Then, making a supreme effort to put aside this painful thought, he continued: 'Always wear this little cross in remembrance of your father. It will teach you to be faithful to your God, and to your country. Come nearer, my son, that I may bless you, for I feel that I am dying.' And with his faltering hand he made the sign of the cross on my forehead." At these words the young man stopped. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed to his lips the little gold cross which hung on his breast. All around him remained silent, in respect to his noble grief, but their tears flowed with his. The missionary was the first to break the silence.

"My son," said he, addressing the young man, "your tears are legitimate, for the cherished king for whom you weep is worthy of them; but do not weep as those who have no hope. He whom you have lost now enjoys on high the recompense promised to a life devoted to sacrifice and duty." "But, oh! my father, if only you could have been with him to console his last moments!" After a pause, he continued: "I pressed my father for the last time in my arms, and imprinted a last kiss on his pale, cold forehead. I thought at this moment he was dying. He remained immovable, his eyes turned towards heaven, when suddenly, as if by inspiration from above, he said, 'I wish you to make a vow that, if you succeed in escaping with your life, you will place a picture in the first church which you reach on the road.' I promised to do as he desired. Some mo-

ments after, a few vague and incoherent words escaped his lips, and all was over. "How long I remained on my knees beside my father's corpse I cannot tell. I was so utterly overwhelmed by grief and sorrow that I was plunged in a kind of lethargy which rendered my soul insensible to everything. Death, the loneliness of the forest, terrified me no longer; for solitude dwelt in my heart, where so short a time before all was bright and joyous. Dreams, illusions—those flowers of life that I have seen fall leaf by leaf, to be swept away by the storm; glory, happiness, the future—those angels of the heart who so lately entranced my soul with their drooping wings their sorrowful faces. All had gone—all. Nothing remained but a void, a horrible nothingness. But one feeble star watched yet in the midst of my night. The faint lamp of the inner sanctuary was not entirely extinguished; there came a ray from its expiring flame. Remembering the vow that my dying father had desired me to make, I invoked with a sort of desperation the Blessed Virgin, Comfortress of the Afflicted; and behold suddenly—in the midst of my darkness, my soul trembled, and a something seemed to pass through me like an impetuous wind, and my soul was carried over the troubled waters; then, rapid as the lightning that flashes through the storm-cloud, a light appeared in the darkness, in this chaos, a dazzling, superhuman light—and the tempest was appeased within me; a wondrous calm had entered my soul, and the divine light penetrated its most remote recesses and imparted a delicious tranquility and peace, but such a peace as surpasses all comprehension; and through my closed eyelids I saw that a great light was before me. I felt that something extraordinary, something supernatural was taking place around me, and a mysterious emotion, a holy terror, that every mortal should feel at the approach of a Divine Being seized me. In the midst of a cloud of dazzling light, the Queen of heaven appeared, holding in her

arms the divine Child. The ineffable splendor that enveloped her form was so brilliant that in comparison the sun is only a dim star,' but this brilliancy, far from fatiguing the sight, refreshed it deliciously. Twelve stars formed her crown, the colors of the rainbow tinged her robe, while under her feet where clouds which reflected the colors of aurora and the setting sun, and behind their golden fringing, myriads of angels were smiling and singing hymns which have no echo here below. The divine Virgin looked at me with an immortal smile, which was reflected no doubt from the lips of her divine Child on the day of his birth.

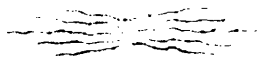
"She said to me: 'Here I am, my son, I come here because you called me. The help that I sent you is very near. Remember, my son—' But, oh! what was I going to say! I am only permitted to reveal a few words of this celestial conversation, which relate to my deliverance. The rest is a secret between God and myself—sufficient to say these words have fixed my destiny. "For a long time she spoke to me, and my soul, ravished, absorbed, transfigured, listened in unspeakable ecstasy to the divine harmony of her voice.

At last the mysterious vision gradually vanished. Clouds, figures, angels, light, all had disappeared, and yet my soul invoked the celestial vision by ineffable sighs and moans. "When at last I turned round, the help which had been miraculously promised to me had arrived. 'Twas then, reverend father, that I perceived you near me, you know the rest." The next day there was great excitement among the little population of the neighborhood. The news of the miracle had spread rapidly, and a pious and devout crowd had gathered in the modest little church to assist at a solemn mass celebrated by the holy missionary. More than one pitying look was turned during the ceremony toward the young officer, who knelt near the sanctuary, praying with an angelic fervor. It is said that some time after, in another country, far far beyond the sea, a young officer

who had miraculously escaped death abandoned a brilliant future, and consecrated himself to God in a cloister. Was it he? No one has ever known positively. If you ever pass by the old church of the Riviere Ourle you will see hanging in one of the side-chapels the antique *ex-voto* which recalls the souvenir of this miraculous event. The

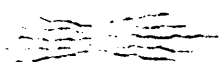
picture has no intrinsic value ; but it is an old, old relic, that one loves to see, for it tells a thrilling story. Oftentimes pious mothers stand before it with their little ones, and relate to them the wondrous legend ; for the souvenir of this thrilling story is still vivid throughout the country.

P. J. '98



There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lovely dandelion.

M F. EGAN.



ST. PATRICK AND THE TWO PRINCESSES.

IN this short but beautiful legend the poet recalls that boast of the Irish people—a proud one indeed—the readiness with which their pagan forefathers embraced the faith of the Cross; for be it remembered that in this respect St. Patrick's apostolate in Ireland is unparalleled in the history of the Church. The success of St. Francis Xavier in India alone approaches it. These exquisite verses of Aubrey De Vere bring out into prominence another fact which should be a source of just pride to any Christian people, namely, that it was among the classes of wealth and culture that the religion of the God-Man first laid to foundations in this Isle of Destiny. To this poem we have applied the epithet "exquisite," because in form and general outward expression it compares not unfavorably with many of the highest rank in our language, and in lofty and religious sentiment is surpassed by none, whilst once more breathing the soul of life into another of those long-dead and well-nigh forgotten legends connected with the conversion of pagan nations to the creed of Christ.

The story itself concerns two virtuous maidens, daughters of King Laeghaire and who, though surrounded by all the joys and pleasures this world affords and courted and flattered by the noblest and most powerful in the land, have failed as yet to obtain that consolation found in the knowledge and practice of religion, for which their souls have long been hungering. One bright morning whilst merrily wending their way to their accustomed bathing-place in which they were wont, as the Poet tells us, to take their daily bath "ere earliest dawn the East had flushed," they meet with St. Patrick. They gaze with veneration upon his

venerable form. They kneel, not in fear, but in loving awe before the Vision of Peace, whilst the apostle speaks to them of the glories of Eternal Life, of the God who created all things and of the promise of future reward to those who comply with His Holy Will. Their young hearts are fired with holy zeal to know and comply with all that Patrick's God commands. They accept the new religion and express a wish that their immediate death may be taken as a price of their speedy entrance into the Abode of the Blessed. The regenerating waters of Baptism are poured upon their heads and in the white robes of the Heavenly Spouse they kneel to commune with their God in the Holy Eucharist, and then is granted that wish so earnestly expressed by them

"That the body might die, and the soul, set free
Swell out, like an infant's lips, to the kiss
Of the Lover who filleth infinity!"

Wonderstruck the king and courtiers stand, as they gaze upon these calm and peaceful faces whereon the smile of contentment seems still to linger though their souls have joyfully left for the Home of Saints. No tears are shed for all seem to know that the strange and sudden departure of these two unblemished souls from their mortal bodies was death indeed, yet not a death-like stroke but only a loving acquiescence to the invitation of God's Lamb to them to come and join him and forever celebrate with Him their heavenly nuptials in the banquet of divine love. Those sweet, still faces seemed to say, we are gone indeed, but gone to plead for you and forever with the Lamb, our spouse.

In reading this poem we are struck by comparisons pleasing to the scholar and flattering to the imagination of all, by the frequent allusions to scriptural

incidents and to the grand ceremonies of the Catholic Church, as seen by the eyes of faith rather than those of the body. The glade described is wild and picturesque. Morn is represented with a bright and rosy East and as the first beams of light speed from the bosom of the king of day to mingle with the sparkling waters of the fountain, the two sisters affectionately kiss each other. The most noteworthy comparison in the poem is that one in which De Vere likens the princely maids to two sisters fawns, the types of excellence in form and movement, with their graceful motion down the vale like creatures moved on viewless wings. By this figure of the poet "as though on viewless wings," we are reminded of the famous simile in Macbeth's soliloquy,

"Pity horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air
Shall blow the deed in every eye, that tears shall
[down the wind.]"

The majestic appearance forms a striking contrast to the sweet simplicity and innocence of the princely children. The apostle greets the maidens silently and instead of words he thrice repeats the sacred sign which causes the demons to fly and God's grace to flood their souls. An incident related in the life of St. Patrick while at Tara is probably here alluded to or at least suggested. The saint whilst preaching there stood close by to a mammoth statue representing the great high god of Irish Paganism or Druidism. Around this statue were twelve smaller ones; the whole group since supposed to represent the sun and twelve signs of Zodia. Patrick at the conclusion of his discourse, stretched forth his hands, and in the name of the true God commanded the images to fall to the earth, and be as the dust of the earth and immediately these pagan deities fell prostrate to the ground and crumbled into atoms. The gold and silver with which they were ornamented were gathered up and afterwards used in decorating the temples of the true God. Instead of exasperating our heathen ancestors, this daring act of Erin's

apostle demonstrated to them the weakness and inferiority of Druidism and, moving their noble hearts, made them acknowledge the power of the true King of Heaven and embrace the true religion.

The greeting over, a conversation follows in which the princesses propose questions about Patrick's mission, his faith, and Heaven, to which the apostle promptly answers, and in these answers we find the simplicity and yet the majesty of Catholic doctrine. The description of Heaven is the most beautiful passage in the poem, and is encompassed within these eight short lines given in response to the maids' query about the heavenly powers.

"There are gardens there without noise or strife,
And there is the Tree of Immortal Life:
Four rivers circle that blissful bound;
And Spirits float o'er it, and Spirits go round:
There set in the midst, is the golden throne;
And the Maker of all things sits thereon:
A rainbow o'er-hangs him; and lo! therein
The beams are His Holy Ones washed from sin."

These descriptive lines of the Heavenly Jerusalem are few indeed and yet come nearer to expressing an adequate idea of the christian soul's longed-for resting-place than those labored descriptions of too many of our Christian poets founded on the pagan master's wonderful word-painting of the Elysian fields, the home of the just souls according to pagan mythology. They are beautiful rather than sublime, peaceful rather than awe-inspiring, yet they lead us into that train of thought which fills us with the sublime reverence of the creature for the august presence of the Creator.

The four rivers mentioned in these verses refer probably to those that ran through Paradise, as we are told in Genesis that "A river went out of the place of pleasure to water Paradise which from thence is divided into four heads." Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, in a description of the happy home of our first parents, speaks also of these rivers in the following manner:

"A fountain rose and with many a rill
Watered the garden: Thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood

Which from his dark-some passage now appears:
 And now divided into four main streams
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account."

Whilst Aubrey De Vere in many sublime passages resembles Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, in this short poem the praise of judgment is due to him by refraining from that bold and arduous task which Milton undertook, namely, to describe or portray before us the personality of the Almighty. De Vere seeing that Milton was most unsuccessful in his attempt gave but the attributes of God to the maiden's wish-for description of Him.

Before concluding this brief and frag-

mentary appreciation of this short legend we might make an observation which applies to Aubrey De Vere's poetry in general and to this poem in particular, namely, that the expression is secondary always to the thought, which, as the many acknowledge, makes him a grander poet but not as great an artist as the late poet-laureate. However it must not be thought from this that his language is of the inferior sort, for it is always choice and appropriate and vividly brings before the imagination the ideas contained in the poem and the scenes described.

G. FITZGERALD, '97.



PANSIES.

Meek, modest flowers, by poet loved,
 Sweet pansies, with their dark eyes fringed
 With silken lashes finely tinged,
 That trembled if a leaf but moved.



DREAMERS.

THESE are they whose healthy blood was poisoned in their youth

By the miasma 'rising from marshes, seeming sooth,
 Of NOVELS specious ; they whose vision from eternal years
 Prepared to gaze on stars of heaven, nay, God himself, appears
 Perverted and estranged from truth by ignus fatui
 Gleaming from pages of romance, hence from security
 Of real life, in error's maze they wander ; they have sunk
 In depths of fantasy, with wine of Fiction they are drunk.
 In that abyss of darksome dreams, wild hopes and coward fears
 There is no light save light from hell, no faith, no joy appears,
 But faith in phantoms, joy that gilds awhile the sickly air,
 But presently is quenched in gloom, dying in dull despair.

O youth with bright eyes, happy hearts, and cheeks like opening rose

Shun, shun the paths to that Gehenna leading ; else the close
 Of life shall see the blooming promises of thy fair morn
 Ghastly and mocking skeletons in desert lands forlorn.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE CHILDREN OF FOCHLUT WOOD.

SO vast is the number of authors in the present century and so numerous their works that all minds, whatever their peculiar tastes and desires, may find ample satisfaction. We may, indeed, affirm, with little fear of truthful contradiction, that the loftiest and noblest souls, as well as the meanest and most degraded, have their wants appropriately ministered to in the productions of modern thought. It is, however, a very unfortunate circumstance that so many of the literary works of the century fall below the standard. And this remark applies to poetry as well as to the other kinds of composition.

Aubrey de Vere felt to the full the depth to which recent poetry had sunk when he so severely ridiculed, in the following lines, one of the century's most pretentious poets :

We looked for peach and grape-bunch, drenched in dew :—

He serves us up the dirt in which they grew.

Such, however, is not the characteristic of de Vere's own poetry. He has given us the most delicious fruit of the poetic tree without a suspicion of the disgraceful slime.

Among the writings of Aubrey de Vere most widely commented upon and perhaps oftenest read are his Legends of St. Patrick. Remarkable among the poems that compose this work is that entitled, "St. Patrick and the Children of Fochlut Wood," the story of which is, briefly, as follows :

St. Patrick, after having escaped from the bondage of his master Milcho and left Ireland, is continually haunted by a mournful wail proceeding it would seem from that land already dear to his heart. Attracted by what he believes to be the crying out of the Irish race for Christian truth, he crosses the

seas and approaches Fochlut Wood, the oldest and gloomiest of Erin's forests. There he pauses, and, seated in the shade of the sturdy old oaks, he preaches to the people. Suddenly that mournful pleading again falls on his ears. He enters the wood and penetrates into its very depths. In its deepest shade, on the banks of a majestic river, he meets with two sorrow-stricken but extremely beautiful maidens. At St. Patrick's request they recount in a plaintive chant the sorrows of their country. These young princesses (for such they are) then lead him to their father's palace. Here a great banquet is at its height. A blind bard sings to the blind king a song of vengeance which stirs the hearts of all the guests. Then, at their mother's bidding, the maidens sing a dirge descriptive of man's sorrowful condition. St. Patrick, moved with pity, speaks to them of man's redemption and of Christ's great love for them. The king and people believe and are converted! The maidens retire to a convent and live a life of love and sacrifice.

De Vere all through this poem exhibits, both in word and sentiment, a spirit intensely poetic. What, for instance could surpass the beauty of the following exclamation made by St. Patrick, just after entering the woods.

"O life of man how dark a wood art thou!
Erring, how many track thee till despair,
Sad host, receives them in his crypt-like porch,
At night fall.

Great powers of imagination are shown in the description which de Vere puts on the lips of the maiden when she describes her terrible dream, the raging fire and the bloody combat. There appeared to her in the vision a lady with a sword piercing her heart. The maiden's compassion found vent in tears

but the lady spoke to her words similar to those used by Christ, when he addressed the women of Jerusalem.

My child

Weep not for me, but for thy country weep ;
Her wound is deeper far than mine. . . . Clamour vast.

Rang out . . . Oh night with blood redeemed !
Upon the third day o'er the green waves rushed
The vengeance winged with axe and torch to
quit,
Wrong with new wrong and many a time since
then."

Perhaps the most beautiful and most artistic part of the legend is that which deals with the two songs, 'The Lay of the Heads,' and 'The Lament of the Maidens.' The Lay of the Heads is a song of anger and revenge, intended to rouse the passions of the guests. The short rhyming verse seems to leap along with the fitful outbursts of the rising anger, in striking contrast with the rest of the poem which proceeds quietly and smoothly as these few lines will show :

" Banquet done,

Page-led the harper entered, old and blind ;
The noblest ranged his chair, and spread the
mat ;

The loveliest raised his wine cup, one light
hand

Laid on his shoulder, while the golden hair
Comingled with the silver. . . . thus he sang

The Bard returns to a stricken house :

What shape is that he rears on high !

A withe of the willow, set round with heads !

They blot that evening sky.

* * *

Bard of the Brand thou Foster-sire
Of him they slew—their friend, my lord—
What head is that—the first that frowns,
Like a traitor self-abhorred ?

The song seems to keep pace with the widow's increasing anger till it reaches its height at her death. The desired effect is produced, for

" Direful hands,

Together dashed, thundered the avenger's praise.
At last the tide of that fierce tumult ebbed
O'er shores of silence

and the Queen desires her daughters to sing : and how different their song. Here the slow and mournful pace of lamentation takes the place of anger's quickening footsteps.

" Lost, lost, O tell us what is lost ?
Behold this, too, is hidden ! Let him speak,
If any knows. The wounded deer can turn
And see the shaft that quivers in its flank ;
The bird looks back upon its broken wing ;

But we the forest children only know
Our grief is infinite and hath no name.

.....
Ah one ! the little linnet knows the branch
Whereton to build ; the long pasturing bee
Knows the wild heath and how to shape its cell."

The whole lament proceeds in the same poetic strain but these few lines are sufficient to show its excellence. Indeed, in them we find all the requisites of true poetry—lively imagination, a keen appreciation of nature and beauty of expression— all betraying the powerful hand that penned them.

Sorrowing for them St. Patrick arises and tells them the cause of their woe. Their hearts are touched and they believe as De Vere beautifully describes it.

" Not savage was that barbaric race.
Spirit was in them. On their knees they sank
With foreheads lowly bent ; and when they rose
Such sound went forth as when late anchored fleet
Touched by dawn breeze shakes out its canvas broad
And sweeps into new waters.....
..... O happy night !
Back through the gloom of centuries sin defaced.
With what a saintly radiance thou dost shine !
They slept not, on the loud resounding shore
In glory roaming. Many a feud that night
Lay down in holy grave, or, mockery made,
Was quenched in its own shame."

This passage exhibits another of the poets' powers, his command of words and skilful arrangement of them. We may also remark several figures of speech and fitting epithets which lend a charm unsurpassed in the highest poetical works.

This beauty of expression shows itself throughout the whole poem. Describing the appearance of the virgins, for instance, he says :

" Ere long they came to where a river broad,
Swiftly amid the dense trees winding, brimmed
The flower enamelled marge, and onward bore
Green branches mid its eddies. On the bank
Two virgins stood, whiter than earliest streak
Of matin pearl dividing dusky clouds
Their raiment ; and, as oft in silent woods
White beds of wind-flower leave along the earth breeze
So on the river breeze their raiment wan
Shivered back blown."

In his descriptions he brings out many appropriate comparisons. Speaking of the appearance of Benignus he says :

....." His face fulfilled with secret joy

Sent forth a gleam as when a morn touched bay
Through ambush shines of woodlands."

Describing the aged queen he makes
use of several metaphors.

"Pensive her face!

With parted youth the confidence of youth
Had left her. Beauty, too, through with remorse
Its seat had half relinquished on a cheek
Longtime its boast and on that willow form
So yielding now, where once in strength upsoared
The queenly presence. Tenderest grace not less
Haunted her life's dim twilight, meekness, love.
That humble love all giving, that seeks nought,
Self reverent calm and modesty in age."

The solitary expression "life's dim twilight" is enough to give us an adequate idea of de Vere's powers as a poet. Her bright day of life was indeed almost over. Its brilliant sun had already disappeared. Yet it still diffused around a dim lustre of its parted glory.

We cannot be surprised, therefore after reading such poetry, that Aubrey de Vere is so much praised and esteemed. Not only this legend, but all his poetry is fraught with noble sentiments and truly poetic ideas. His language is always pure, his style elevated and his verse smooth and musical. To these may be added his great beauty of expression and the truth with which he paints nature.

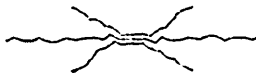
All that can be regretted concerning his works is that they are not oftener read. It is too frequently the case, that works of inferior merit, from the reading of which less profit is gained, usurp their place on the shelves of our libraries.

FERDINAND LAPPÉ '98.



Some lose their wit with love, some with ambition,
Some running to the sea, great wealth to get,
Some following lords and men of high condition
Some in rare jewels, rich and costly set.

ARIOSTO.



ONE PHASE OF JOHN A's CHARACTER

THE English language can boast of at least one song that strikes a sympathetic chord in every man's heart, be he Greek or Trojan. The sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" arouse the tenderest, purest, holiest feelings in the human's breast. A man's home is the sole earthly kingdom which is never troubled either by socialist or nihilist. In that kingdom, there is a queen, uncrowned, it is true, by the encircling band of gold inlaid with pearls and diamonds, but glorying in the laurel wreath, whose fragrant blossoms are her children, engrafted on the sacred love which binds a child to its mother.

A man, who does not venerate, honor and respect that mother who gave him birth, who sang her sweet lullaby by his cradle, who kissed his youthful pains away, who rejoiced in his joys and sorrowed in his sorrow, is a monster in nature shunned by all his fellow-men as an infectious pest.

Let us enter the temple of fame for a few moments, under the guidance of the muse of history. We see the walls perforated with niches; many filled with statues of men who have made their mark in the world, others waiting until their masters will have been summoned hither by the dread decree of Father Time. We naturally consult the visitor's guide furnished us by the obliging muse, that we may decipher the inscriptions engraved upon the pedestals of some of the untold monuments erected to human greatness.

We notice that a special halo of glory seems to hover around the heads of the world's most illustrious men and we quickly find upon perusing our historical guide, the secret of this mystery. These great men had a most affectionate nature, they loved their brothers and sisters, they loved their fathers,

but they loved their mothers with that special love that is found only between a mother and her child. We may peruse history from the day upon which Adam arose from the slime of the earth at the command of an omnipotent Creator down through the ages even to the dawn of the twentieth century and we shall find the same fact confronting us on every page. The greatest generals, the most powerful statesmen, the most gifted orators and the most eloquent divines have had without a single exception a large affectionate heart and have been distinguished for their filial love. It could not be otherwise, for a mother alone, exerts that softening moulding influence that she has a gift from nature and which leaves its impress upon her son.

That gentleness afterwards wins the respect and veneration of armies, citizens and congregations and forges the mystic bond that unites the leader to his devoted adherents.

What an edifying contrast there can be drawn between the idol of a nation speaking of the one who gave him birth as "his dearest mother," and the self-styled young gentleman, whom nature intended for a street arab, designating the most sacred of God's creatures "the old woman." Through necessity we mention a very few for we must hurry home to the greatest statesman of this Canada of ours

In the good old days of the Roman republic, Marcius Coriolanus, the foremost of the Roman tribunes, universally esteemed for his moral conduct, bravery and military ability, fell into disfavor and was sentenced to perpetual exile. He headed the Volsci, gained numberless victories and laid siege to Rome whose inhabitants became panic-stricken. They endeavored to make peace with Marcius but in vain. As a

last resort his aged mother went out to meet him and begged him to raise the siege. "Dear mother" he exclaimed "you have conquered me. Your victory saves Rome but it is ruinous to your son." Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the then known world, noted for his self-denial and magnanimity did not hesitate to upbraid his father Philip of Macedon and fled from the royal court to escape death, when Philip repudiated Alexander's mother Olympias. The Sainly King Louis of France, revered by his friends, worshipped by his countrymen, feared but respected by his enemies, even when he was the powerful monarch of *La Belle France* consulted his mother before considering any important state transaction.

Cardinal Pie, whilst busily engaged in the arduous deliberations of the Vatican Council, found time to write most loving letters to his aged mother. A celebrated member of the American hierarchy entered his cathedral, one Sunday, to assist at divine service; he suddenly rushed down and embraced a woman in the congregation. The spectators were scandalized but he quietly remarked "this is my mother whom I have not seen for years." Before this fact occurred, his flock revered their good bishop but afterwards they idolized him for they had the most convincing proof that his heart was in the right place.

At length, we turn homewards to our own fair Dominion to consider for a few moments our foremost statesman; we need not name him Sir John A Macdonald. There is a feature in the life of this great man that appears to us to have received less consideration from his biographers than it merits—his devotion and love towards all his relations.

His biographers, who agree with him in politics, tell us that he was one of the most illustrious men of our day. The poet has written that "His work—a nation—stands his monument."

He was the father and founder of a nation destined in the near future to

play a most important part in the brotherhood of nations and to raise a mighty voice in favor of civilization in the councils of empires. His political opponents made capital out of the blunders and false steps that are the common heritage of Adam's sons. He died in harness, in the midst of a most acrimonious political struggle, when party lines were drawn more closely than at present. Yet, the flowers that decked his bier scented the fetid political atmosphere and, under their purifying influence, men cast aside their petty prejudices and united in proclaiming that his love of Canada was "the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night" that led him on through his many fierce contests, ere he reached and after he entered the promised land of premiership. This patriotism was one of the many influences that seemed to magnetize the Canadian people and attach them to the standard of the old chieftain. Kindness and forbearance quelled the rising opposition of his own followers and made his supporters bow to his slightest wish because they loved him. No doubt "the sovereign passion of public men"—fame had its place in his heart; ambition, in the truest sense of the word, was his, ambition to make Canadians proud of their heritage, to make Canada powerful, to quell the demon of religious discord and religious bigotry, to bind French, Scotch, English and Irish into one harmonious whole.

This is the side of Sir John's career, that has been painted in glowing colors; but, there is another, a thousand fold more precious—one in comparison with which his political conquests are as the chaff among the glittering grains of golden wheat. Sir John could never have so entwined himself around the hearts of others, had he not possessed an affectionate nature. The greatest insult one man can offer to another is to call him a Nero. And why? Nero was a heartless monster—a prodigy in nature; yet, he was a powerful Roman Emperor.

Let politicians wrangle over Sir John's

virtues and sins as a party leader. We propose to take a glimpse into his inner life—his career as a loving, affectionate, member of his family. To better illustrate our view, we take quotations from a few of his letters written when he was a keen politician, engaged in manipulating political wires and overburdened by the multifarious duties of the first man of a powerful country; the brilliant man of the world surrounded by a court of diplomatists and weighed down beneath the burden of the countless social functions that are the infliction of every public man. The first that comes to our notice is one written to his sister in '47; a curious admixture of brotherly affection and quaint humor. He refers to the fact that he has been appointed a Q.C. in these words "This gives me the mighty right of wearing a silk gown instead of a stuff one." We have always maintained that Sir John's steady stream of wit must have had its source either in a few chance drops of Irish blood that coursed through his veins or he must have stolen a long lingering kiss from the Blarney stone in his early days. Of course, we never expect to meet a Scotchman who will accept this explanation.

Lady Macdonald was once looking over some odds and ends at Earnscliff and discovered a box containing a child's toys—rattles, carts, etc. She took them to Sir John who thoughtfully exclaimed "Ah! these were little John A's," his son who had died in his infancy. The busy man of the world had carefully guarded these mementoes of his lost son all the weary years of his public life. From the House of Assembly at Montreal, in the thick of a fierce political warfare, when the house was in a state of turmoil and uncertainty and the very existence of the government lay trembling in the balance, he wrote a letter to his sick mother burning with love, consolation and hope. His concluding words, are, "I shall look with anxiety for another letter from Margaret (his sister) to-morrow informing me of your

being convalescent." In a letter written to his sister from Kingston we need not read between the lines to find a convincing proof of his affectionate, undying love for his family. The following reference was made to his friend Charles Stuart. "When I go to bed at night I fear to hear of his death in the morning. He refuses to take all advice and all medicine except from myself, and I get thoroughly abused and scolded for the peremptory manner in which I play doctor." His kindly forethought is exemplified in the "P.S." "I have used mourning paper since poor Jane's death. Lest it might frighten you, I have written "All well" round the seal."

These letters were all written during Sir John's rapid ascent to the highest office within the gift of the Canadian people. Now his political career approached its meridian height and the true gold of his character remained untainted by any streak of alloy. The light of his letters to his mother and sister, disclose a delightful forgotten phase of his public life. The eagle-eyed politician was, no less a kind loving husband and father, than a dutiful affectionate son and brother. In all his letters to his mother and sister, the unbounded love for his invalid wife, whose precarious state of health was a cause of endless anxiety, is vividly portrayed. Ever the same wail of sorrow, "Isabella has been very ill since I wrote last;" ever the same care that his little son should frequent good company. "At all these houses there are young people well brought up, so that Hugh has the advantage of good companionship. He and I play beggar-my-neighbour every evening, and you can't fancy how delighted he is when he beats me."

In another letter to his mother penned when he himself said "I have been so much bothered lately about political matters that I have had little time to write," the same loving words drop from his pen. How well he knew what would most please his aged mother is exemplified in the following

quotation: "Whenever Hugh is asked whether he likes Kingston or Toronto best, he says always, I like Kingston best because my grandmother lives there." His letters to his mother came as regularly as the rising and setting of the sun but we must close with the following. The scene of the overworked man of middle age, with political defeat staring him in the face, stealing time to inform his mother that he intends visiting her is an object lesson to those who swear by the canons of a rabid party press. "I trust that ere long I may be able to gratify my cherished desire to pay you a visit. I have just made one speech and am about to make another."

The last act of obedience to his mother's wishes was the last action of his mortal life and is thus expressed in his will, "I desire that I shall be buried in the Kingston cemetery near the grave of my mother, as I promised her, that I should be there buried." Truly he was faithful to the end.

Our last view of his private life is taken from his home at Earnscliffe, where he dwelt—the uncrowned king of Canada. After a fatiguing council meeting, his first words on entering his residence were: "Where is my little daughter?" He would sit down beside her, read to her or relate some of the many stories which have made him so famous. On his last birthday, he received a congratulatory letter from a little girl, unknown to him, who in her childish note, announced that her birth-

day was on the same day as his. She hoped that he would not be as "mean" as a small boy who had not answered a letter she had written him. We append his chivalrous reply: "My Dear Little Friend. I am glad to get your letter, and to know that next Sunday you and I will be of the same age. I hope and believe, that you will see many more birthdays than I shall, and I trust that every birthday may find you strong in health, and prosperous, and happy. I think it was mean of that young fellow, not to answer your letter. You see that I have been longer in the world than he, and know more of what is due to young ladies. I send you a dollar note, with which pray buy some small keepsake to remember me by, and, believe yours sincerely, John A. Macdonald."

We have had a few brief glimpses into Sir John's inner life, when the great dark clouds of political uncertainty had settled upon his horizon, when his sun shone in all its noontday splendor unobscured by a single mist, at the supreme moment when the Angel of Death hovered by his bed-side waiting to escort his soul into the presence of her Judge; we have always beheld him noble, generous to a fault, kind and affectionate. Let the young men of our country—his political opponents as well as his political admirers—unite in imitating his example of filial, fraternal love.

SHAMUS O'TOOLE '93.



HYPNOTISM.

THERE'S a state, yeleft hypnotic,
 That's usurped the old erotic
 Propensity that oft led us astray,
 And, for which we were chastened
 In such manner that we hastened
 To repent and seek forgiveness right away.

But now on skill mesmeric
 We can lay our crimes choleric,
 If, by mishap, they land us into jail,
 And say some one with magic
 And evil eye so tragic,
 With piercing glare, did o'er our will prevail.

When the student's home returning
 In the wee small hours of morning,
 'Tis plainly some sorcerer's device
 Lures him against his feelings
 And his room-mate's sad appealings
 To have a little soda cooled with ice.

When fair maiden, dressed so scanty.
 And chaperoned by aunty,
 At ball historic does her lover jilt,
 To wed a man of eighty
 Whose pocket book is weighty,
 On some magnetic charm we'll place the guilt.

When the rogue who picks your pocket
 Takes his stand with the dock, it
 Allows your indignation scope to rise
 To see how well his Honor
 Takes the plea some Mesmer's glamor,
 With optic spell, his mind did magnetize.

You can scarce pick up a novel
 Sketching life of court or hovel
 But a Trilby and Svengali come in view,
 One with act pantomimistic
 Makes the other sing artistic,
 A statement bland, I question if it's true.

THE OWL

But the dapper young physician
 And the lawyer-rhetorician
 Such psychologic facts will prove to you,
 From volumes oriental,
 That such gifts, occult and mental,
 Are a doctrine undisputed, old and true.

It was formerly the fashion
 To lay each evil passion
 On taint derived from some ancestor gay,
 But now each wrongful action
 Is by magnetic traction
 Of the direful gaze of mesmerizer gray.

I wish such pleas could save us
 When last writ of Corpus Habeas
 Conveys us to the everlasting throne,
 But I fear our ways erratic
 Will be proven automatic,
 That each will suffer duly for his own.

For Providence, omniscient,
 Declares we've grace sufficient
 Each vicious hint of demon to withstand,
 Then if Satan, *a priori*
 We can lick, *a fortiori*
 His agents' overthrow is in our hand.

Then depart you fraud Hypnosis,
 To that place without an oasis
 Where the devil with his lying horde was thrown
 For we've reasons syllogistic
 Culled from sinner, saint and mystic,
 That teach to us this truth "Our mind's our own."

F.



The Owl.

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A WORD TO THE TEAM.

So far, so good. After the three hardest matches ever played in one season by an Ottawa College football team, we are able to say that everything is satisfactory and that the championship of the Quebec Union is morally certain to be ours. It is scarcely possible that the team that has successively defeated Ottawa City, Montreal and McGill, will be vanquished by the Britannias. It is, therefore, incumbent upon us to prepare, by every means in our power, for the great final struggle in Toronto, with the champions of the Ontario Union. We have not the slightest doubt that our players can

win against either T. A. C. or Toronto University, and we are eager for the fray. Nevertheless, over confidence is a fatal defect, and we wish to warn the players against any such tendency. In fact the work of the team this year has not been of a nature to give rise to any feeling of inflated confidence. While the playing has often been brilliant beyond anything ever before seen on a Canadian football field, it has at other times been marred by the most inexcusable errors. The fumbling of the backs in the early part of the Montreal game, the weak-hearted scrimmaging in the first half against McGill, and the only middling efforts of the inside wings throughout the season were enough to have turned our victories into defeats. To score one more triumph for the Garnet and Gray, in Toronto, every division and every individual of the team must be prepared to play and must actually play from the beginning to the end, the same fast, sure and scientific football that made the second half against both Montreal and McGill such a marvelous exhibition of what Ottawa College players can do when they make up their minds to it.

The Canadian championship won on Rosedale from either T. A. C. or Toronto University would be a glorious prize. It is within our grasp. Let no ignoble or unworthy carelessness snatch it from us.

—o—

WHAT SHALL OUR SUBJECT BE?

Sitting at our desk a few evenings since and turning our mind in an almost vain endeavour to find a subject, we unconsciously gave utterance to our thought: "What shall our subject be!" We were startled by an impatient flutter and looking up beheld per-

ched above the door, our grave bird of wisdom, in the very attitude of Poe's raven. Imagine our surprise when THE OWL opened its wise mouth and began to lecture us for our want of attention to the things that are daily going on around us. "What shall your subject be?" repeated the feathered creature, "I am out of patience listening to those monotonous words. Does such a question not sound strange within the walls of an advanced educational institution, Here where you are daily engaged in the discussion of the scientific discoveries of the age; where the beautiful diction of classic authors is your greatest pleasure and delight; where literary art is studied and commented upon; is it possible that nothing in all these classes can sufficiently engage your attention to draw from you a short essay? Are you struck by a mathematical deduction? If so, your opinion on it, will be welcomed to the columns of THE OWL. Is there not a line, passage or paragraph of your classics that pleases your imagination? If so, write your appreciation of it; THE OWL will make a profound bow of thanks. Can you find an author whose writings help you to pass agreeably and usefully many a weary hour? If so, point out their beauties. THE OWL will be only too happy to give your efforts the publicity of print." But we answer, literary essays are beyond our power; we cannot write. "No," replies the bird "and there was a time you could not read, spell, or even talk; once you were unable to walk; yet you can do all do these things well now; you had to learn them. Now try your hand at essay writing; you know you must begin sometime, and as well start now as a few years hence. Look at

all my old editorial friends scattered over the continent of America; think you not that they once had to commence? Besides you have here three well stocked libraries to all of which you have access; do you think all these books are there for the mere purpose of accumulating dust? Take down some work; read it carefully and give us a criticism of it. You will find THE OWL ready to do it justice. But don't be one of those who keep the managing editor on a continual run, hunting up subjects for you; his time is limited and fully taken up with other pursuits. Be original; that is the motto of THE OWL. Follow that motto and your efforts will be rewarded." In our case the bird did not imitate Poe's feathered friend, but having delivered the above remarks, fluttered off, we hope, "for evermore."

—o—

GIGANTIC ASSURANCE.

The province of Ontario has again heard from the University of Toronto. In fact we may as well screw up our patience to the point of bearing with the occasional vagaries of the provincial university, at the same time stating clearly that the day has gone by forever when its peculiar whims and fancies are to be a matter of serious import to the provincial legislature.

One of the periodic ills of the University of Toronto is a great need of money. It has already cost the people millions; it has not made any adequate return; it inspires no enthusiasm and has seemingly no friend who is prepared to make any material sacrifice to promote its welfare. So in its needs, it quietly approaches the Provincial Treasurer with the modest request that its income be increased by an annual

gift from the public purse of twelve thousand dollars. We have become pretty well accustomed to the colossal impertinence of the University of Toronto, but the gigantic assurance of this last demand staggers belief.

The Hardy government will scarcely be so unwise as to be made a party to this latest game of grab. Let the friends of the University of Toronto supply any further funds the institution may need. If it cannot live therewith, let it die. The province cannot afford to spoon-feed its university. Better a decent death at once, than a hot-house life or a prolonged existence in an incubator.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Right Rev. Doctor Edward White Benson, Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury died suddenly at Hawarden, England on October 11th from a stroke of apoplexy. In the death of this venerable churchman our Episcopal friends lose one of their most staunch and conscientious adherents, and Anglicanism a father and teacher. However much we may differ from the tenets of the English Church, we must certainly sympathize with them in the loss of one of whom Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax feelingly said: "The Archbishop was quite an amiable gentleman. Shortly before his death, when he was paying a visit to Ireland, he referred to the decision of the Pope in regard to the Anglican orders, and made some general remarks on continuity and other kindred subjects, but he did not then, nor at any other time raise any great antagonism to the Catholic Church."

Says the *Ave Maria* "We rejoice to learn that there is reason to hope for a most prosperous future for the Church in the Republic of Nicaragua. The Recorder of Bluefields, announces that the President has appointed a commission to visit that department in the

interest of its Catholic residents. Schools are to be erected and new churches built. The commission is composed of the Reverend Fathers Dubon, Reyes and Corrale. The former is a learned member of the Nicaraguan clergy, and enjoys the reputation of being a most eloquent preacher."

The *Methodist Review* of London contains an article on "The Bulwark of Protestantism" which is not at all flattering to German Protestants. The article declares that the German Lutheran church is out of touch with the masses, and day after day sees the breach growing alarmingly wider. Catholicism, on the other hand, is making giant strides, mainly as a result of the increase of Catholic associations, congresses and newspapers. In 1880 there were in all Germany 124 Catholic periodicals and newspapers; in ten years the number increased to 269, and now there are 305. Surely this is another illustration of the fact, says the *S. H. Review*, that the spread of education and the consequent growth of intelligence are favorable to the True Church.

There is something brave about a man who will give up his rights to a throne in order to don the robes of a clergyman and do missionary work in the slums of a great city. Of course such a person will have enemies to claim that action as the result of an erratic mentality. Will the same enemies be on hand sometime in the future to give due praise to the great good he will have accomplished? No, because in this case the "erratic mind" happens to be that of a devout Catholic priest. As such Prince Max of Saxony has begun his labors in the church of St. Boniface, Union Street, Whitechapel, London. The prince is a nephew of the king, being the third son of Prince George, the heir apparent to the throne. Born in 1870 he was trained for the army, and became a lieutenant in the ducal regiment of Grenadiers. In 1893 he left his regiment at Eisenach, renouncing all his rights of succession ere he took orders. Despite his youth

the Pope almost immediately appointed him Apostolic Vicar of Saxony. But it was his wish to be transferred to London to labor amongst his German friends in Whitechapel. Arrived at his mission he told his congregation that he came among them not a prince but as an humble servant of God, and wished to be known only as Father Max. He speaks English fluently and is becoming popular in the district.

In the death of Henry Abbey we see a striking illustration of how Divine Grace may be conferred even at the last moment. Abbey was a shining light in New York theatrical circles. He embraced the Catholic religion two hours before death and was baptized by the Rev. Father McMillan, Paulist. Abbey and his wife were Protestants, and the parents of a son, who, though endowed with great intelligence, was an invalid from his birth. The child early desired to become a Catholic, and with the consent of his father and mother was received by Father McMillan into the church. Dying two years afterwards, the little fellow expressed the wish that his father should also become, or at least die, a Catholic. The dying wish touched the father's heart and it was through its influence that he was led in his last hour to join the Old Faith. Through the years that followed, Abbey deeply, yet unknown to anyone, pondered over his child's request, and when he was attacked with a fatal illness and found the end was near, he asked for the priest who had instructed and baptized his boy. After the messenger had been dispatched for Father McMillan, Abbey intimated that he would die as his child had requested. He eagerly awaited the arrival of the priest and was greatly comforted when he came. He received the last Sacraments of the Church about two hours before death.

The recent Encyclical of the Pope declares Anglican Orders null and void. Nothing is now left to the ritualistic wing of the English Church but to embrace the Ancient Faith or ignore what

the majority of them recognize as the decision of a final tribunal. There is amongst these High Churchmen a wish for the Real Presence on their altars, and the consolation as well as the certainty of forgiveness in the sacramental absolution. But all this depended on the priestly power, and as the verdict has gone against them they are now face to face with stern duty, Will they again reject the voice of God, made known through His vicar on earth? Now is the time for Gladstone and other men of influence to show the stuff they are made of. The decree shatters the "branch theory," because without the sacerdotal power there is no branch, only a withered limb. Rev. A. J. Doyle says of the Bull: "The decision will contribute very largely to hasten the day of Christian Unity. It will clear away the mist and make very plain that real Christian Unity, can be no federation of churches, but must be organic,—the members deriving their life from the indwelling spirit."

The Missionary gives a list of noted names among the many converts to the Catholic Faith in the Old World. A glance at the names suffices to show that the same influence which is bringing and holding the lower classes within the pale of the church is also moving earnest and thoughtful minds to study the doctrines and dogmas of the Ancient Religion.

In Holland, among the most prominent of recent converts are Mr. Vitringa, well known as an author under the pen-name of "Jan Holland"; Miss Stratenus; Mr. Vander Hoven (a member of the council of state); Mr. Van Heemstede (a member of the second chamber); the Countess Van Byland and her son; Miss Van Zwijusbergen, and Mr. Lindaal Jacobs a judge in Rotterdam. In Denmark a distinguished Lutheran pastor, Mr. Jansen, has given up a good living and pleasant social position for poverty and manual labour, to come into the Catholic Church. In Italy, according to the

Eco d'Italia, three nephews of the Jew Nathan, who has lately been elected head of the Freemasons by the Grand Orient, have attended alternately courses of instruction by a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest. The result is that they became Catholics and have just been baptized at Milan. In England conversions from the Anglican Church still continued. Miss Rosetta Maguth the only daughter of Rev. Dr. Maguth, an Anglican clergyman and a member of the senate of Cambridge University, has been received into the church. Mr. W. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., of the South Wales circuit and formerly M. P. for Cardigan, with his wife and daughters were recently baptized. Another recent convert is Mrs. Evans, Llangibby Court, Monmouthshire, who was received by the Jesuit Fathers. An English convert was also received into the church here some months ago by the Jesuit Fathers of New York. He is better known as "Jack Harkaway" than his own name Bracebridge Hemyng. A list of this authors works occupies twelve pages of the catalogue in the British Museum. Positivious has given yet one more convert to the Catholic Church in the person of Mrs. Bridges, wife of the well known writer of the above doctrines. Still further into British territory is England's early faith penetrating. In Bombay a Brahmin convert to the Catholic Faith has of late been delivering lectures on his religion. He is by birth a Bengalee Brahmin and the offspring of a family of note, though with a most unpronounceable name, Upadhyaya Brahmanahar. He was lead first through Hinduism, then Theism, and finally through Protestantism before he embraced the faith for which he has to make great sacrifices. Nearer home we have a record of thirty-six converts confirmed in the church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, by Right Rev. Bishop Foley. In Pittsburg, Willis McCook, a distinguished lawyer.

Mr. Gladstone, replying to a recent letter from Mr. Keane, grandmaster of

the Belfast Orangemen, says: "As life ebbs away I hope I become inclined to a milder and more hopeful view of any difficulties that may prevail amongst us and concurrence in our yet greater and far greater matters. This has the further advantage of inspiring a lively hope that at home, too, we may discover a method of agreement. Let us join in saying 'God save America,' yet not at the proper time forget 'God save Ireland.'" There is in this little quotation food for thought for Imperial politicians. It also shows clearly that Mr. Gladstone has not yet forgotten that country for which, we might say, he sacrificed the last days of his political life. But in reading the last line of the passage we were forcibly reminded of the opening passage of John Dillon's latest speech: "Well may the Sultan be pardoned for exclaiming to the British Government: 'Look at Ireland! What right have you to remonstrate with me for my treatment of my people while you treat the Irish people the way you do?'"

The following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be read with interest by Catholics all over the world:

"In Hindoostan, on the coast of Malabar, says a telegram from Rome, there is a Catholic community of natives who are supposed to have originally come from Chaldea, and who have, in fact, spreerved, with few changes, the Chaldean liturgy. They number about 250,000 people, and, although forming a detached branch of the oriental churches, they were up to the present dependent with regard to the hierarchy on the two apostolic vicars of Latin rite existing there.

About six months ago they addressed a petition to the Vatican, as king independence from the Latin and to have a jurisdiction of their own, with bishops of their rite and nationality. Informed of this step, the Chaldean patriarch addressed also a petition to the holy see in order to have the community under his jurisdiction; but, after long consideration by the propaganda, Cardinal

Ledochowski thought it was not prudent to attach the Chaldeans of Hindoostan to the patriarchate of the same rite which is in Turkey and governs at present only 50,000 of the faithful.

“Leo XIII, anxious as he is to augment as much as possible the autonomy of the oriental Catholic community respecting their usages and rites, intervened in the matter and finding the petition of the Malabar Catholics in perfect concord with the movement he has inaugurated, seems to have decided to constitute the Hindoostan Catholics in a new community, having a special patriarch of their own and their own bishops.

The Owl offers its most sincere congratulations to Mr. W. L. Scott, B.A., '84, on his recent appointment by the Ontario Government to the Master-in-Chancery in Ottawa. Mr. Scott made a complete and brilliant course of studies in Ottawa University. He then studied law at Osgoode Hall, and later on took the degrees of LL.B. in Toronto University. He has since been a member of the law firm of Scott and Scott, of which his father, the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, is the senior member. Mr. Scott's appointment has met with the most cordial approval on all sides and has certainly added to the popularity of the Hardy administration in this district.

The City of Lowell, Mass., did a graceful and fitting thing in raising a statute to the memory of Rev. A. Garin, O.M.I., one of the most marked benefactors of that section of Massachusetts. The unveiling the statute took place with imposing ceremony on 21st October. Amongst those who attended from this district were His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Very Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of Ottawa University, and Rev. fathers Duvic, Lecompte and Harnois, superiors respectively of the Oblate Scholasticate, the Oblate Mission College and the Oblate house in Hull.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

It is customary at the beginning of every scholastic year to spend a few days in spiritual retreat. All studies and amusements are laid aside in order that we may enter seriously into ourselves and give our thoughts and hearts to God.

This year the opening exercises took place on Sunday the 11th inst., and were attended by mostly all the students. Rev. Father Pallier, O. M. I., who for many years was pastor of St. Joseph's parish, gave the daily conferences and preached to the English students. Rev. Father Lacoste O. M. I., discharged a similar office for the French students. Both these reverend gentlemen from their long residence in our midst were especially well qualified for this difficult task, and if we are to judge from the conduct of the students since the retreat it would be but faint praise indeed to say that the efforts of the preachers were productive of very satisfactory results. On Thursday morning the 15th inst. over three hundred of the students approached the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. In the evening the exercises were brought to a close by a short instruction and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Altar Society, which attained such a signal success, under the able direction of Rev. Father Coullée has been entrusted to the guidance of Rev. Bro. Stüwe, an enthusiastic and painstaking director who will sustain the high standard of efficiency reached by the society in former years. Its object is to train the students to perform in a becoming manner the ceremonies in the chapel. The accuracy in ceremonies consequent upon the society's establishment is the only justification necessary to perpetuate its existence.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:—

President, G. Prudhomme.

First Vice-President, A. Tobin.

Second Vice-President, C. Bouchard.

Sacristan, Jno. Hanley.

First-Master of Ceremonies, T. Morin.

Second Master of Ceremonies, J. B. Charlebois.

First Assistant, Jno. Foley.

Second Assistant, E. Bolger.

Third Assistant, J. Dulin.

On Friday the 23rd inst. the students of the Fourth and Fifth Forms, accompanied by Rev. Father Lajeunesse, Professor of Geology, went on an excursion to Rockcliffe for the purpose of examining certain geological formations in that locality. In former years trips have been made to Hogsback and to Chaudiere Falls for similar purposes, but we venture to say that no where will a better instruction-place be found than the one that has been selected this year. A very pleasant and profitable afternoon was spent *en route* and at the cliff, and many specimens of the different structures and formations were brought home to the museum. The students intend making another trip to Rockcliffe this fall, and one to Chelsea next spring.

The Dramatic Society has already commenced work for the coming year. The first rehearsal of "*The Provost of Bruges*" took place on Friday the 30th inst. and it is the intention of the society to have this play ready for the public in the course of a few weeks.

The Supplemental Examinations began on Monday the 26th inst. and were concluded on the following Saturday. Quite a number presented themselves for the matriculation and intermediate exams. The results will not be made known until after the meeting of the University Senate on the 4th of November.

The following students compose the University choir for 1896-97. Their first public appearance was on the 28th inst. when they furnished the musical part of the celebration of the 22nd anniversary of the episcopal consecration of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

Seniors:—Revds Fathers A. Lajeunesse, O. M. I., A. Rouzeau, O. M. I.,

D. Sullivan, O. M. I., Messrs. R. Dumontier: A. Gobeil, L. E. O. Payment, Th. Ryan, E. St. Jean, J. Tremblay, G. Fitzgerald, E. Bolger, M. O'Connell, J. McLaughlin, A. Sénécal, H. Larocque, J. Doré, P. Galvin, A. Lapointe, R. Murphy, T. Dionne, E. Fleming, J. Copping, U. Valiquette, E. Bisson, A. Rousseau, A. Richard, R. Trainor, J. Conlon, L. Hackett, P. Pitre, Th. Claney, Coté, G. Poupore, T. Morin, G. Ardouin, W. Kingsley, A. Dontigny, E. Cosgrove, R. Bélanger, G. Hall, W. Sullivan, A. Ross, F. Lappé, J. Ergler.

Juniors:—A. Campeau, O. Lachance, Eug. Charbonneau, E. Richard, E. Pouchard, O. Simard, R. Bissonnette, M. Renaud, H. Dufour, L. St. Laurent, C. Lafontaine, H. Séguin, J. Campbell, L. Bénard, H. Landry, O. Renaud, E. Mavaut, W. Richards, H. Dupuis, H. McKay, L. McKay, J. Nolette, L. Poupore, E. Primeau, E. Proulx, R. Rèche, E. Lessard, E. Simard, H. St. Jacques, A. Boulanger, S. Pelletier, P. Benoit, E. Benoit, G. St. Aubin, G. Beaulieu, R. Grant, P. Ducharme, R. Durocher, J. Tremblay, J. Boyle, J. Bélanger, E. Plouffe, O. Leturmy, P. Pinard, J. Pinard, O. Cloutier, A. Brousseau, A. Morin, J. Boulay, A. Boulay, G. Mourier, J. Landriau, G. De Chadenèdes, J. De Chadenèdes, J. N. Gookin, organist.

—o—
FOOTBALL.

OTTAWA COLLEGE 13, OTTAWA CITY, 6.

"But yesterday the word of Smellie might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And noon so poor to do him reverence."

The Fall of Babylon, the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the Fall of the Bastille, or any other fall—except the present autumn—never saw such a tumble as that taken by King James and his cohorts on the college grounds on Saturday, October the 10th, 1896. Neither fact nor fable records anything so distressing, unless it be the sad fate of that other rash boy, Icarus, who in his adventurous presumption forgot that his wings were fastened on with wax, and who received an arder-cooling sea-bath for his daring flight towards the Sun.

This is how it happened.

Three autumns ago, King James came to us from the West, where for years he had lived

and reigned, and undertook to establish sole and undisputed empire on the banks of the Rideau Canal. Ottawa City was just going to amount to something at Rugby football. The first year of his residence amongst us, James' allegiance was divided between Ottawa City and Osgoode Hall, and at the end of the season he found himself in the position of the man who tried to sit on two stools—on the ground between them. The following year brought him better luck; Ottawa City took second place to Montreal, after a painful accident had forced Ottawa College to default. At length came the day of destiny. James became dictator of the Ottawas and architect of their future. His plans were of the most elaborate nature. Montreal, Ottawa College and McGill defeated, "Jimmie"—that's how he's called in Toronto—would lead his forces to Rosedale and bring back in triumph the championship of Canada. "Jimmie's" morning sky was without a cloud, and he put forth "the tender leaves of hope"; when on October 3rd, he defeated a weak and crippled team from Montreal, he blossomed and bore "his blushing honors thick upon him." For a week, "Jimmie" strutted about with no more fear of the future than those

"Little wanton boys that swim on bladders
This many summers in a sea of glory."

But alas? a dark day came, and when he thought, good easy man, full surely that his greatness was a ripening, a frost, a killing frost, nipped his root, and "Jimmie" fell. Ottawa College had pricked his high-blown pride.

When the two teams lined out on the glorious October afternoon, it was evident to every one of the three thousand spectators that the contest would wage fiercely and, perhaps, that blood would flow. There was no love lost between the two opposing sides as they faced each other as follows:—

Ottawa College.		Ottawa City.	
Belanger.....	Back.....	McMillan.....	
Shea.....	Half-backs.....	Lay.....	
Gleeson (capt).....	do.....	J. Murphy.....	
E. Murphy.....	do.....	Powers.....	
Smith.....	Quarter.....	James Smellie (capt.).....	
McCredie.....	Scrimmage.....	W. Cameron.....	
Clancy.....	do.....	Buckham.....	
Boucher.....	do.....	Clarke.....	
Ross.....	Wings.....	S. Cameron.....	
Foley.....	do.....	Pulford.....	
Prudhomme.....	do.....	Lawless.....	
Greene.....	do.....	Chittick.....	
Tobin.....	do.....	Ross.....	
Quilty.....	do.....	McGivern.....	
Lafleur.....	dn.....	McDougall.....	

Referee—Graham Drinkwater, McGill.
Empire—Gordon Lewis, Montreal.

College supporters were a little nervous in the beginning. Not on the score of football, however, for they knew the ability of their team. But the Ottawas had the reputation of being prize-fighters, and in this respect Ottawa College was an unknown quantity.

Ottawa lost the toss and kicked off and the two teams went at it hard and fast. In less than a minute it was clear that the Ottawas

wanted fight; it was just as clear, also, that they were not to have their own way in this particular of the game. Then both sides cooled down and played football. Eddie Murphy, Smellie and Gleeson exchanged punts; Shea made a 15 yard run, and the ball was well within Ottawa territory when the first real test of strength came. It was in a scrimmage. The stalwarts stooped to rush, the wings charged fiercely, but Clancy did the trick and Smith passed to Gleeson, who ran and passed to Shea. A long punt forced McMillan to rouse and the score board marked College 1, Opponents 0.

Shea met the kick-off on the run and in less than two seconds had added another point to the College score.

The game was too fast for Ottawa. Jimmie Murphy, Powers, Pulford and Lay did noble work for the city team and the ball came down about forty yards. Then Boucher, Clancy and McCredie got down and dashed forward for a splendid gain. Smith next came through the centre and with a "carry me over, boys," made twenty yards. That nettled Smellie, and in the following scrimmage he made a beautiful kick—at Clancy's head. Tom rolled over, and for ten minutes it looked as if the college centre was done for. But King James little knew the stuff he had to deal with, for when play re-opened Clancy plunged forward for eight yards just to show that he was still alive. Eddie Murphy punted into touch; on the throw out, Gleeson cut the line like a sword, passed Smellie and Powers and went over the line for a held-in-goal. College 6, Ottawa 0, and everyone knew that the heart had gone out of the city team.

It was only Jimmie Murphy's splendid defence work that saved Ottawa 15 points in the next 15 minutes. As it was, the play was all for the college. Lafleur, Quilty, Shea and Gleeson did some neat and effective passing; Ross, Foley and Prudhomme paralyzed Smellie's efforts, and the scrimmage stopped all rushes. From a scrimmage, the ball was dribbled towards Ottawa goal. Lay attempted to secure it, but Ross was too quick for him, and Green's fast following up was rewarded with a try, Shea kicked the goal, and the figures said College 12, Ottawa 0.

Thus ended the first half.

The College let up a little in the early part of the second half and Ottawa seemed to take new life. Powers, Lawless and McGivern got within the College 25 yard line. The ball went into touch and before anyone realized what was happening, Lay was within two yards of the College goal line. Belanger made a splendid tackle, but it was too late to save a held-in-goal. College 12, Ottawa 4.

It took three minutes from the kick-off for the College to score again. It was the splendid work of the backs that finally enabled Gleeson to punt into touch-in-goal. College 13, Ottawa 4.

College had reached the proverbial unlucky thirteen. But no more was needed to win handsomely. At this point the umpire took a hand in the game. For reasons best known to himself and evident to no one else, he began giving free kicks to Ottawa. Three times Stewart Cameron placed for goal; twice he failed; the third attempt gave Ottawa two points and the scoring was ended. College 13, Ottawa 6. Just at the end of the game Ross got over the Ottawa line for a try, but the referee decided that it was three seconds too late and the game was over.

Let us finish with these Ottawas right here. They are a nasty crowd. Not all of them, but enough to direct the actions of the whole team. Beaten fairly on the field, they took the unmanly step of entering an utterly unfounded complaint against Laffeur, on the ground of professionalism. When the executive of the league came to decide the matter, Ottawa's representative was obliged to admit that he had not the slightest proof in support of his charge. The Union contemptuously threw out the complaint and the Ottawas stood again disgraced in the eyes of all true sportsmen. The Ottawas showed commendable prudence in not attempting to prove their insinuation. They might have found that the O. A. A. C. had one A too many.

NOTES.

Smellie never equalled Smith at quarter. Lawless pranced about and pawed the air like a high-bred colt until Prudhomme laid him twice on the grass in front of the grand stand. Then he kept quiet—for a minute or two.

Smellie is a magnificent kicker with his mouth. His punt (eh) ing was admirable, but it was not football.

OTTAWA COLLEGE, 18. MONTREAL, 6.

Ottawa College and Montreal have played many a hard game and with varying fortune. But whatever the result, each team could and did say of its opponents—they play good football and are gentlemen. The game of October 17th was no exception to the rule, but rather a strong confirmation. The match was looked forward to with anxiety by Ottawa College, as it was felt that victory meant almost the championship of the Quebec Union. About 250 friends accompanied us to Montreal or met us there, and gave us a whole-souled welcome, and support. About four thousand people had assembled on the M.A.A.A. grounds to see the giants struggle for supremacy. The teams were as follows:

Montreal.		Ottawa College.	
Hamilton	Back	Belanger	
Molson	Half-backs	Gleeson	
Savage	do	Murphy	
H. Macdougall	do	Shea	
C. Jack	Quarter	Smith	
Cotton	Scrimmage	Clancy	
Meek	do	Boucher	
Peff	do	McCreddie	
White	Wings	Laffeur	
O'Brien	do	Tobin	
Massey	do	Prudhomme	
Murphy	do	Quilty	
Armstrong	do	Greene	
Prissick	do	Foley	
Mason	do	Koss	

Referee—A. J. Whitlam, Britannia.
Umpire, C. Schwartz, McGill.

The Montreal team was much stronger than the one Ottawa had beaten two weeks before by a score of 6 to 5. MacDougall, Cotton, O'Brien and Prissick made a vast difference. The College team was the same to a man as on the previous Saturday.

Montreal began the game with sun and wind favoring and commenced quite early to force the play, though at no time during the first half did the teams give exactly the brilliant exhibition of football that was looked for. Montreal was relatively slow on the forward line and the college half-backs fumbled atrociously. The college scrummers did not get their heads down properly and the wings let their men through with a monotonous persistency, as irritating as it was unexpected. Smith was repeatedly tackled before he could pass or even touch the ball, while Gleeson and Shea were blocked in several kicks. To be unmitigated it looked as though Ottawa College was for once to be forced to feel the burning anguish of defeat, as the Red and Black little by little forced back the Garnet and Gray, and finally by a well-directed punt sent the ball over the line and forced Belanger to rouge. Montreal 1, College 0.

Those, however, who knew what the college could do did not fear the result. But even the most serenely confident felt a thrill of fear when after less than one half hour's play Molson eluded two or three college tackles and got over the line for a try. The kick at goal failed, but the score read:—Montreal 5, College 0. Then it was that the lads in Garnet woke up and in a few minutes showed that it was dollars against dimes that Montreal had almost ended scoring. A series of punts by Shea and Gleeson were returned by Savage and McDougall and sent back to Murphy. Laffeur and Quilty followed quickly and forced McDougall to rouge. Montreal 5, College 1. There was no more scoring for the rest of the half, but the College players had awakened and gave the spectators a foretaste of what was coming after the brief intermission.

The second half was unlike the first in every particular. Never were spectators treated to a more scientific, and brilliant exhibition of Canadian Rugby. True the score was all in favor of Ottawa College, but the play was faultless on both sides. The College won because, though their opponent were fast and sure, they were faster and surer. It was hard to believe the College was represented by the same team as in the first half. In six minutes the score was:—Montreal 5, College 2; in eight minutes the score-board got light-headed, for it marked Montreal 5, College 6. A moment later it recovered its equilibrium; Montreal 6, College 6. But from this out it went on a prolonged spree until finally it lost its head entirely and became utterly delicious. The fever increased by leaps and bounds: Montreal 6, College 7; Montreal 6, College 8; Montreal 6, College 12; Montreal 6, College 16; Montreal 6, College 18—and the famous knights of the winged wheel were beaten more decisively than they had ever been before on their own beautiful ground. As the pale beams of the silvery moon cast their gentle light across the field of strife, they disclosed two different sets of features turning towards the dressing-rooms; one downcast and defeated, though not disgraced; the other flushed and exultant, as of men who were feeling the full pleasure of high hopes realized. Yet there was neither bitterness on one side, nor boasting on the other. The game ended as every game should—by leaving each team better disposed than before towards its opponent.

NOTES.

At least seventy-five old students of Ottawa College assembled at the St. Lawrence Hall to give the victors a brotherly welcome. It was extremely pleasant to see the past and present so harmonious and so happy.

McGill students "rooted" for Ottawa College. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, the poet says, and college fellowship joined us to McGill. Against any team in the world—save of course our own—Ottawa College students would emphatically affirm—yes and "bet"—that "old McGill" had nothing wrong with her health.

After the match Mr. Victor Buchanan, the popular president of the Montreal club, congratulated the college team and wished them success in the struggle for the Dominion championship. Big-hearted Jack Savage, the genial Montreal captain, acknowledged defeat by better players and prophesied a rosy future for the Garnet and Gray. What a contrast between the way in which the Montrealers took their defeat and the conduct of the Ottawas in similar circumstances! The former manfully accepting their fortune and wishing luck to the victors; the latter cross and gloomy and revengful, and incapable of seeing a single redeeming feature in their opponents. Just the difference that always exists between true, honorable sportsman, and—well, and the Ottawas. The contrast could not be more forcibly expressed.

OTTAWA COLLEGE 13, MCGILL 2.

McGill players were out for the championship this year, and a team worthy of aspiring to that honor they certainly put on the field. Disquieting reports of their prowess had preceded them to Ottawa and had given the Ottawa College team many an anxious half-hour. When on the afternoon of the 24th of October, they appeared on the Ottawa College grounds, they looked every each a winning team. A more splendid set of fellows, physically, it would be hard to see anywhere and, in a certain sense, they played great football. This is how the teams lined out:—

McGill.		Ottawa College.
Donahue.....	Back	Belanger.
Molson.....	Half-backs.	Shea.
Mathewson.....	do	Gleeson.
McLean.....	do	Beaulieu.
Leveque.....	Quarter	Smith.
Howard.....	Scrimmage	Boulher.
Ross.....	do	Claney.
Grace.....	do	McCredie.
Turner.....	Wings	Quilty.
Hill.....	do	Foley.
Armour.....	do	Lafleur.
Schwartz.....	do	Tobin.
Van Horne.....	do	Kingsley.
Sparrow.....	do	Greene.
Richard.....	do	Prudhomme.
	Referee—R. W. Shillington.	
	Empire—J. G. Lay.	

Gleeson won the toss and with it the advantage of sun and wind. But the elements, though out in more than ordinary force, did not seem to bring with them much aid for Ottawa College. It is doubtful if any team ever kept the college so long from beginning to score on the home field. McGill was simply playing a marvelous forward game against adverse conditions. It was only after twenty-five minutes of play that a long punt gave the college its first point. Slowly but surely the score went up against McGill, one by one, until it stood, Ottawa College 5, McGill 0. Then, with the ball at McGill's 35 yards' line, the college changed from a kicking to a running game. A sharp pass out gave Gleeson the ball. Ten McGill men stood between him and their goal-line, but onward he dashed into their midst. In some unexplainable, almost invisible, way he got by every tackle. It was a spiral movement that carried him along and he waltzed through his opposers with rare grace and unexampled ease. George Kiley's flash through the whole Harvard-line when Ottawa College met the wearers of the Crimson ten years ago has since remained a memory in the college. But Gleeson's run surpassed it by two to one. It netted the college six points and the first half ended:—Ottawa College 11, McGill 0.

When the second half began, the varsity cheer had a very evident suspicion of dread in it. With a high wind McGill might easily and soon overcome a lead of 11 points. But destiny had otherwise decreed it. The college team turned out to be a stonewall in defence. Smith played close behind the scrimmage while the half-backs never kicked but always ran. As long as the college retained possession of the ball, it would be impossible for the McGill to score, and so the sphere travelled from Claney to Smith, to Gleeson, to Shea, to Beaulieu and back to Claney by way of the forward line. Another scrimmage and the same thing repeated, and so on. A few times the umpire declared that Claney had handed and not heeled the ball out, and McGill was given a free kick. From one of these, Mathewson sent the ball over the cross-bar and the score was changed to Ottawa College 11, McGill 2. A good many people thought McGill's turn had come, but they changed their minds, when a combined college rush from the kick off added two points more to the college, total and the crowd read:—Ottawa College 13, McGill 2.

Thus the game ended, and Ottawa College had defeated the three strongest teams in the Quebec Union and virtually settled the question of provincial supremacy.

NOTES.

Now for Britannia! and then—?
Sparrow and Leveque, two old Ottawa College champions, were amongst the most prominent players on the McGill team.

McGill also took their defeat like true gentlemen and they are behind us in our game in Toronto. The members of the college team accompanied their opponents to the train and gave them a rousing send off. The best of good fellowship prevailed between the two teams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

OUR new junior reporter has been duly installed in office at the other side of our editorial easy chair; we officially informed him that our department was placed entirely in his hands during the present month. Upon reading his manuscript we were startled to find that we had a real genuine, live poet on our hands, for we have a holy horror of such irresponsible members of the human family. We turned around to take a view of our seven-year old Shakespeare and found that we had overlooked a very important fact—our youthful assistant is the proud possessor of a wierd mien and long, flowing locks. The reading public will attribute to the stone-bruises of early infancy, his lame feet and limping verses; in the future he will do better since he has received a liberal dose of our patriarchal boots.

PONTIAC'S LAMENT.

"He's not what fancy painted him
I'm sadly taken in;
If some our else had fought him, I
Should not have been carried in.
I thought that he was mild and good
As Slattery e'er should be,
I wonder how he ever could
Have so much humbugged me.
His taper fingers, it is true,
'T were difficult to match;
What would they say if they but knew
How they can black and scratch.

HON. J. B. CHARLEBOIS' DECALOGUE.

- I. Thou shalt pass me the ball at all times.
- II. Thou shalt honor me, the Junior Treasurer.
- III. Thou shalt not ride my rented bike.
- IV. Thou shalt not smile when thou seest my pockets always filled with papers.
- V. Thou shalt ever sing, "There goes John Baptiste, Esq."
- VI. Thou shalt pay the J. A. A., else thou shalt not kick its balls.
- VII. Thou shalt admire my new coat.
- VIII. Thou shalt not object to me in elections because I came back late.
- IX. Thou shalt not expect to be paid if thus bet with me.

X. Thou shalt crack the Junior Editor's head, who inflicted a stale joke on me last month.

These things do and thou shalt wax great in the smiles of John Baptiste of the Junior Department.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY.

A new society has been recently organized in junior circles, being the patriotic cognomen "Canada for the Canadians." The newly elected President. O. Lachance delivered his inaugural address to a full house. He advocated the formation of a Third Party to be called "The Beavers." He objected to the existing party titles. *Conservative*, he contented meant keeping everything for oneself; whereas *Liberal* meant giving away everything to foreigners. Hence Canadians were offered a choice between the frying pan and the fire; as one was about as bad as the other, the offer was not a tempting one. *Beaver* meant Canada, consequently Canada for the Canadians. Lachance's motion was opposed by Mike O'Leary, who made a brilliant speech that will have a bearing on the history of Canada, and will justify his title of the "Boy Orator." He twitted Lachance for his deplorable ignorance of politics, philosophy and zoology. He was ignorant of politics because there were already three live political parties in Canada; he was ignorant of the philosophy of words, because *Conservative* meant to keep for oneself, (*i.e.*) for Canada. *Liberal* meant to be generous towards others, (*i.e.*) to the people of Canada. He was ignorant of zoology because beavers live in water all winter, and Canadians would have strong objections to be enclosed in a mansion with an atmosphere of water, temperature 1,000° below zero. Beavers cut down trees with their teeth; Canadians preferred to use axes. Mike's speech had such an electrical effect on the audience that Lachance was forced to withdraw his motion; to avoid O'Leary in the future he moved that the society consider the statistics of Canada for the last ten years. The audience, still

thrilled with O'Leary's eloquence, dispersed with the national anthem, and sang:—

"Mickey you're a daisy,
Mickey you're a peach,
When we like you best, Mickey,
Is when you make a speech."

FOOTBALL.

The first team defeated the Beavers of the city to the tune of 22 to 0. Lachance, the college quarter, is a whole host in himself. Dupuis, centre half, is as hard to stop as a northwest blizzard. Murphy at full-back has the fish tackle represented in the XMAS OWL of '90. Bourdeau has blocking down to perfection; unfortunately he always block his own men, so the opponents may raise no objection to his infringement of the rules. The Beavers seemed to be out of their element whilst on mother earth.

Joseph Morin wrote the following couplet when he was a sadder but a wiser man.

"I had a little fight and it was given to me,
To lead me gently backward to Eddie Bouchard's fence."

Fairies change huts into mansions of gold, but only in fairy land. A second grade man performed the feat of the century when he waived his magic wand and converted St. Peter's, Rome, into a howling wilderness.

The following held first places in their classes during the month of September:—

- First Grade (A).—1. Paul Benoit; 2. R. Lapointe; 3. O. Vezina.
First Grade (B).—1. H. St. Jacques; 2. E. Lessard; 3. J. Lamarche.
Second Grade.—1. Geo. Campbell; 2. W. Watt; 3. Leo Poupore.
Third Grade.—1. J. Doré; 2. J. Graham; 3. T. Aussant.
Fourth Grade.—1. E. Belliveau; 2. H. Chouinard; 3. H. LaRocque.



ULULATUS

Juggler.—Can you tell me the Christian names of the Lawless brothers?

John A.—Frank and Jessie are the

names of the most lawless brothers I ever heard of.

Jimmie E. received a free pass out of the infirmary.

Prof. Ohio Karl is now musical director of the Hideangoseek orchestra.

Vocal teacher.—Can't you sing that note, b. natural, b. natural.

Ray (aside). Yes, he's too affected altogether.

A feature of the recent *musicale* was the recitation of "Way down on the Castor river," by the Proulx brothers.

Carry me over, boys!

Denis says he does not care something, and will never return to that table of joker.

The O. P. B.

We regret exceedingly to announce that but one or two items can be given our readers of the deeds of the O. P. B. All the meetings have been held behind closed doors, and members observe a remarkable silence. It leaked out, however, that Li Haivee Joe, seconded by Pietro Nultmace, had preferred charges against H. R. H. Prince Lasokowsneeze, of Poland, and Young Joker. Don Quixote de Bambozzle Yacey, and Le Duc Supdie Murphi defended the erring youths. Li Haivee Joe claimed that the two young gentlemen allowed themselves to be kidnapped, and consequently threw disgrace on the society. Pietro Nultmace followed with a brief speech. Then all rested on Don Quixote. He showed that these young gentlemen had committed the crime of which they were accused, but as an atonement, would forego their dessert

and buy tobacco for the smoking socials of the club. This announcement was received with great applause by the members. We promise to have a full account of next month's proceedings.

Larry L-f-e-r made a big haul in Montreal eh?

Alf. How?

Larry why he cleared the table.

The letter, here presented will disclose an unknown genius.

Dear Trainor :

Our society has at present in mind the procuring of a hammer for the relief of stunted intellects, such as we every day observe upon our course. If you favor the scheme reply at once to the secretary.

T. RYAN,

At a recent meeting of the Loafers' Literary Society the degree of O M A (Old Maid of Arts) was conferred on Col. Dowling of the Knickerbocker club.

Pete : Why is George, when he plays football, like a cane?

Joe : Don't know.

Pete : He is a walking stick.

What's the difference between B-l-y B-w-f and a telescope.

You can unfold him, draw him out, but.....

But you can't shut him up.

Joker. What animal drops from the sky?

Socks, Give it up.

Joker, Why the raindear, of course.