

Edited by
St. Michael's
College Boys

College Column

Many years have passed away since this Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, was a student at St. Michael's, and yet it has made no change in his affection for his Alma Mater. After a long term of studies he was ordained priest. He labored for some time in the diocese of Kingston, then in Peterborough, then in the city of Hamilton, and some ten years or more ago, upon the translation of Bishop O'Connor to the Archdiocese of Toronto, he was consecrated Bishop of London. There he ruled over and worked for the spiritual interests of his flock in such a way as to win in them a loyal and true devotion towards him, and sincere and widespread was the regret with which they said farewell to him, when he was appointed to succeed Archbishop O'Connor once more, this time, of course, as Archbishop of Toronto.

His Grace has lost no time as regards active commencement of his important work. One of the first things accomplished has been the establishment of a society to provide nurses for the sick poor, which was very much needed.

He has lately returned from the Catholic Church Extension Congress, held in the city of Chicago, being President of the Canadian branch. We all wish our good and energetic pastor success in this and every other good work. All those who have been happy enough to meet His Grace have found him most affable and kindly, and we are sure that he will meet the same loyal co-operation in his new field of labor as was his experience in his previous pastorate.

A prominent and active member of St. Michael's College Alumni Association is Mr. H. T. Kelly, one whom the College has great reason to esteem. During the four or five years of his college life he showed himself to be one of the most diligent and clever pupils, and has since proved his worth in a similar manner in the legal profession. It must be remembered that Mr. Kelly, during his career at college, obtained for himself a medal contested for by many students of his time, one considered a very high honor for the one meriting it. On leaving college he immediately began his study of law, and after having completed a very successful course, was finally called to the bar, and together with Mr. J. J. Foy, made up the legal firm of Foy and Kelly.

Mr. Kelly may easily be ranked among the most able and successful barristers of Toronto. He is, besides, very popular with the citizens, especially with Catholics, to whom he has lent his assistance whenever the occasion required. In him, too, as in many of the old boys, there has been instilled a true devotion for his Alma Mater, and he has never failed to appear with the rest of his old college mates at the annual gathering at the college.

R. M.

The Dramatic Society met on Thursday afternoon. There was a brief discussion of the constitution, which was finally adopted, after the clause concerning the nomination of officers had been struck out. Short speeches were made by several members, illustrating the benefits from the society.

Mr. Ferguson, the chairman, congratulated the members on their success, and pointed out the necessity of using our best efforts whenever called upon to take part in the programme. The Literary Society met last Friday evening and had a very enjoyable meeting. The essays were Messrs. Kelly and Clancy. Mr. Kelly chose for his subject "Charles Dickens," Mr. Clancy, "The Missionary Life of Father Brecheux." The Reverend President, in a few well-chosen remarks, highly complimented both on the able manner in which they had treated their subjects. He especially noted the high standards which Mr. Clancy had set up for the society and hoped that there would be more of a similar grade to follow.

The Basket Ball Committee have secured permission to use the college hall for basket-ball, and we hope to see some interesting games played there in the future.

We are all glad to hear of the rapid progress being made by Messrs. King, Gostomski, Reap, Kelly and Sherry,

graduates of St. Michael's, who are at present pursuing their Theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Rev. Father Hayden, Drayton, Ont., visited the students last week. Bishop Lillis of Leavenworth, Kansas, paid a short visit to the college on Thursday.

The first hockey practice took place in Mutual street rink on Wednesday afternoon. Among those who were out were: Disette, Laflamme, Mulligan, Kirby, Foy, Webster, Leroux, Sibley, O'Hara.

The boys who saw it say that Whitting's three-hundred-yard run for a touch-down, in the minor's football game will go down in the annals of the house as the feature of the season.

T. P. D.

The unusually fine weather of the last week, permitted a revival of Rugby. Our sturdy Midgets have the unique distinction of playing the final game of the splendid Rugby campaign of '08. On Saturday, Dec. 5th, at Exhibition Park, they displayed their grit by running up a score of 23-2 against Parkdale's IV. team. Under the guidance of their energetic little captain, McDermott, the team executed some clever trick plays, the most conspicuous being the line-bucking of Whitting and Moran—the latter making two touch-downs—the excellent punting of Fitzpatrick, and the clean, fast, all-round playing of McSweeney, Kane, and Hackett. St. Michael's need not fear for her future Rugby, with such material in view. The players were: Bourgauf, Hackett, Whitting, Kirkwood, McDermott (Capt.), Moran, Robertson, Rosar, Sigworth, Kidd, Fitzpatrick, Kormann, McSweeney, Kane, Gordon.

A very interesting game was played on Friday, between Aristotle's Disciples and the Yannigans' house team. The score was 12-0 in favor of the former. From the start they went at it with that aggressive spirit which is essential. The game was characterized by many brilliant, individual plays. Gignac and Surenda tore off some sensational end runs, while the line work of O'Connell, A. Muckle and Hayes was particularly good. The Hand-Ball Cup, which has been held by the College for seven years, is again lodged within our walls, the joint trophy of our two teams. The deciding game is to be held in the near future, and is being anticipated with much eagerness.

The basket ball enthusiasts are drilling hard to get in shape for the ensuing games. A league made up of the different classes has been formed.

The hockey season is almost upon us once more; and, judging from the enthusiastic tenor of the local fans it is exceedingly welcome. An informal hockey meeting was held in the college library on Friday evening, Dec. 4th, Rev. Father Carr presiding. The object of this meeting was twofold—to unite the players and supporters and to welcome new players to the house. Mr. James Murphy, in a few well-chosen words commented on the success of last year, and encouraged all to work hard for the success of the teams this year. A vote of thanks was tendered to Father Carr, Mr. Murphy, Frank Disette, and to all who took an active part in the interests of the hockey club. Five of last year's players were present.

The outlook for the present year is exceptionally bright. These will be an intermediate O.H.A. team as well as a junior team, to bring home honors to the light and dark blue. The Catholic League champions were warmly congratulated on their success of last year. They will be entered in one of the leading city leagues. The Northern City League players are all back, and are eager to repeat the victories of last season. Many new players are among the new arrivals, and much interesting work will be indulged in before the teams can be selected. The rinks on the college campus are being erected. More electric lights will be added in order to improve the lighting for the evening recreation hour.

In the Rugby finals of the past week, St. Michael's boys have been represented on nearly all the winning teams. The Disette boys and Cummings of the Parkdale Junior Champions, Galvin of Hamilton Intermediates, and Killen of Lindsay Junior O.R.F.U., were especially prominent.

D. J. O'C.

THE WHITE LADY

The night of November 1st in the year 1871, was wild and stormy. A little group of bright-faced children were gathered round the fire in a large room in Ardmacree. This was an old-fashioned, rambling house in County Tipperary, Ireland.

Through the pines and firs on the avenue the wind shrieked and moaned, now in a piteous wail, again in shrieks of despair. Truly it was a night when evil spirits might flit walk the earth, but above all was it a night for ghost stories. Among our group at the blazing log fire, Moira, a girl of ten, was the storyteller. Closer and closer together pressed the four children, and many a furtive glance was directed to the heavy red curtains that draped the windows as if they half expected to see the famed "White Fairy" behind their heavy folds.

At last Annie, a laughing-eyed child of eight, said: "It really is a shame that father had to go away to-day. But where is mother? It is too dark she is not here."

Nora, a tiny mite, said: "Muddie ran up stairs to the room in the dark."

And immediately the children determined to go up to their mother, for, in truth they were a bit afraid of the storm without, and of ghosts within. They passed up the wide staircase, then looked down a long dark passage.

No one dared to be the first to enter its gloom. Moira and Larry (a boy of seven) looked at Annie, who, braver than the rest, declared she would go for mother.

She knocked at the door at the far end, and getting no answer, went in. For a moment the child was startled

as her glance fell on two wax candles lighted on each side of the altar in the little oratory. At that very moment the wind sobbed and moaned down the long corridor like a creature in pain. Seeing her mother kneeling in prayer, Annie went and knelt beside her. Immediately Mrs. O'Byrne spoke to the child, and told her she was keeping the vigil of All-Souls, and praying for all those she had loved.

Annie said she too would like to pray, but her mother bade her first tell the other children to call their nurse to stay with them in the dining-room till bedtime.

Her message delivered, Annie returned, and began her rosary, but ere the fourth decade was finished the black curls on the chair against which she leaned and the lovely blue eyes were closed in sleep.

In a short time the child awoke, looked around, and said: "Mother, I had such a nice dream. A beautiful lady in white came to me, and she asked me to help her. She told me she had no one to pray for her, and that she suffered much. I promised to pray for her every day. She smiled, put her hand on my head, and then I woke, mother."

"That was indeed a nice dream, Annie," the mother answered. "Now, dear, keep your promise and pray for the White Lady."

Years went by and the child went through life loving and loved. She was eighteen, and on each day of those ten years a prayer had been said for the "White Lady."

About this time she met a Captain Travers, who was visiting a family in the neighborhood. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, which soon became something more, and in a month they were engaged.

Everyone liked Harold Travers, but

unfortunately he was not a Catholic. This was his one drawback. He made all the necessary promises and everything was arranged so that the marriage could take place before his regiment left for India. The 8th of April came and passed quickly, all too quickly, Annie thought, for it was her last day at Ardmacree.

To-morrow would see her leave her old home, and her old friends. That night in her sleep the White Lady came again. This time she thanked her for her prayers and told her that God would henceforth allow her to watch over her little friend. She bade her have no fears for the future, for all would end well.

Strangely comforted, Annie left the dear old home she loved so well—left her mother's grave and the grey-haired father who stood watching his favorite child till a turn in the avenue bore her out of sight. Truly she was his Cushlamacree. Long and silently Annie gazed at the chain of the Keeper Mountains, many-tinted that beautiful April evening; yet she smiled through her tears as she trustingly laid her hand in her husband's. Soon the railway station at Templemore was gained and train and boat bore them quickly to the India-bound steamer.

Bombay was safely reached; and then there was the long hot journey to the hill station north of the Punjab, where Captain Travers' regiment was stationed. There life went on as at all India stations, and Annie was surrounded by dangers many and serious. She had few opportunities of practising her religion—twice a year at most a priest visited this distant place. Yet she often wondered how she passed unscathed through so many perils; and she felt convinced that her mother's prayers and the care of the "White Lady" had much to do with her preservation.

After two years the regiment was ordered down to M—. This was in October, and Annie rejoiced. She would now be able to keep the vigil of All Souls in true Irish fashion.

This she did, and when praying after Holy Communion next morning, a picture in a side chapel attracted her attention and she went closer to get a better view. It was a painting of Purgatory. The Immaculate Mother was releasing many souls, but only one face in the pictured fire was seen by Annie. It was the "White Lady." She had never spoken of her dreams to her husband, but that morning at breakfast she felt impelled to relate them. The account of the face in the picture greatly interested him and he determined to see it next day.

That night he had a dream; his dead mother came to him and told him she had suffered in Purgatory for thirteen years, but that, thanks to the prayers of his wife, she had been that day released. She bade him seek the one true Church into whose fold she had been received two years before her death.

Next morning he went to the church and in that wonderful picture saw his mother's face. He asked a kind old priest to tell him the history of that painting. He was told that the artist was haunted by that face night and day and never had peace till he introduced it into the fire, but neither painter nor priest knew the original. In a few words Captain Travers told what he had seen and what his wife had told him.

With much interest the old priest listened, and was not a little surprised when the Captain asked him to help him to seek the One True Faith. That day a course of instruction began, and on Christmas Day, the day when Angels first sang the grand Gloria with its message of peace, Harold Travers was received into the Fold of Christ. Another soul won to God by his wife's devotion to the Holy Souls.

Forget Me Not

"Forget me not"—thus pleads the dear departed; The friends whose loving care we used to know, Those friends whose heartstrings around our own entwining, Made us so happy in the long ago.

They are the friends whom now we miss so sadly, The friends of youth, the friends of childhood's years, Whose sympathetic hearts to ours respond, Who shared our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.

Remembering those fearful flames consuming, Into perfect whiteness the slightest stain, Let not the one we loved the best and dearest, With anguished soul now plead our aid in vain.

Alas! too short was all our keen regretting, Though purgatorial flames may be their lot, And in pathetic accents they are calling "Oh, you, at least, my friends forget me not."

"Forget me not when at God's holy altar, Is offered up the daily Sacrifice, Forget me not when on your heart reposing, Your clement Saviour does your soul rejoice."

"You have the power to change my miseries Into sweet Alleluias of delight; And send me sooner from this dreary prison Into my loving Saviour's mansion bright."

"Forget me not," 'Tis Jesus now pleading; "For what you do for them you do for me; They are My friends whom Justice is detaining, And yours the privilege to set them free."

"My child, refuse not then my Heart Divine, But haste to rescue now thy friends and mine."

—Rosa O'Reilly, Nov. 20, 1908. Woodslee, Ont.

Some time ago a writer in Harper's Weekly said, in commenting on the impression made upon certain men in regard to the Catholic Church—men not born within her fold,—that these men are of the opinion that "if the Church did not already exist, it would be necessary to invent her."

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Aubrey De Vere

Of Aubrey De Vere the Catholic Encyclopedia says:

It is as a poet that Aubrey de Vere is best known. His work is in part historical and in part literary, his aim being to illustrate the supernatural in the form of supernatural truth by recording the conversion to Christianity of Ireland and England. The quality of his verse is strong and vigorous, musical, and remarkably spiritual. A critic in the Quarterly Review in 1896 says of his poetry, that next to Browning's it shows the fullest vitality, resumes the largest sphere of ideas, covers the broadest intellectual field since the poetry of Wordsworth. He never strove for marked effect in his poetry, which is marked by sublimity and serious conviction as he traces the progress of spiritual thought in the development of the nations, notably Ireland, in "The Legend of St. Patrick" (London, 1873), and of Spain in his eloquent portrayal of the Cid. "The Children of Lir" is one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language, and his classic knowledge, his richness of imagination, his combined grace and dignity of thought are revealed in his "Search after Prosperity" (London, 1843). In his "Alexander the Great" (London, 1874) he represents the Greek ideal in remarkable purity, and this historical play, with his "Saint Thomas of Can-

terbury" (ibid.), reveals him as a dramatist unequalled in his century, except Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, and his father, the elder de Vere. His memorial sonnets are characterized by strong and deep thought, and a spontaneous lyric charm and grace. As a critic, Aubrey de Vere shows discriminating power in the two volumes of "Essays" in which he writes of Sir Henry Taylor, Keats, Landor, and others, and of the power and passion of Wordsworth. He would have been satisfied to be known solely as the interpreter of Wordsworth, whom he considered the greatest poet after Milton. His charm of description is shown in two early volumes of "Sketches of Greece and Turkey." In a volume of "Recollections" (London, 1897) may be found reminiscences of many notable people and events. The personality of Aubrey de Vere was singularly charming. He was of tall and slender physique, thoughtful and grave in character, of exceeding dignity and grace of manner, and retained his vigorous mental powers to a great age. He was undoubtedly one of the most profoundly intellectual poets of his time. As he never married, the name of de Vere at his death became extinct for the second time, and has been assumed by his nephew.

Rev. Father M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., returned lately to Buffalo after his three months' absence in Rome and other European centres.

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