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A Canadian Shrine.

With apologies to a modern writer, the Saint Lawrence, "exulting and abounding river," is worthy of what it is, the gateway of the Dominion. Take a stand anywhere upon its banks or, better still, taking boat, go down with that mighty volume, as it sweeps onward to the sea. And as you gaze from shore to shore, whether the stream narrows down almost to a passageway, or broadens out into a beautiful and placid lake, you cannot but be impressed with the same characteristic features everywhere,—all is rugged, stately, massive and enduring. Not the genius of man, but Nature herself in her own workshop has wrought this fitting portal of a nation—illustrative at once of the character of the people and of the qualities of the institutions.

Nor is the St. Lawrence devoid of historic associations. True, its banks are not adorned, nor are they disfigured by the ivy-clad ruins of "castle, battlement and tower," that in other lands carry the mind back to the deeds of amorous knights or to the fabulous exploits of warriors and kings. It leaves to other scenes to awaken the sentiment of romance, or to kindle the idle fancy of fairy adventure. Yet it is rich in treasures of heroic deeds, and abounds with memories of the self-sacrifice and courage of the hardy pioneer.

The banks of the St. Lawrence appeal to us as Catholics especially, because the soil is sacred soil, consecrated to God