

# University of Ottawa REVIEW



"Island of Destiny! Innisfail!" we cry dear land to Thee,  
As the sun of thy future rises and reddens the western sea!

Island of Destiny! Innisfail! for thy faith is the payment near;  
The mine of the future is opened, and the golden veins appear.

O Mother of Men that are fit to be free, for their test for freedom borne,  
Thy vacant place in the Nations' race awaits but the coming morn!

*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

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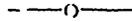
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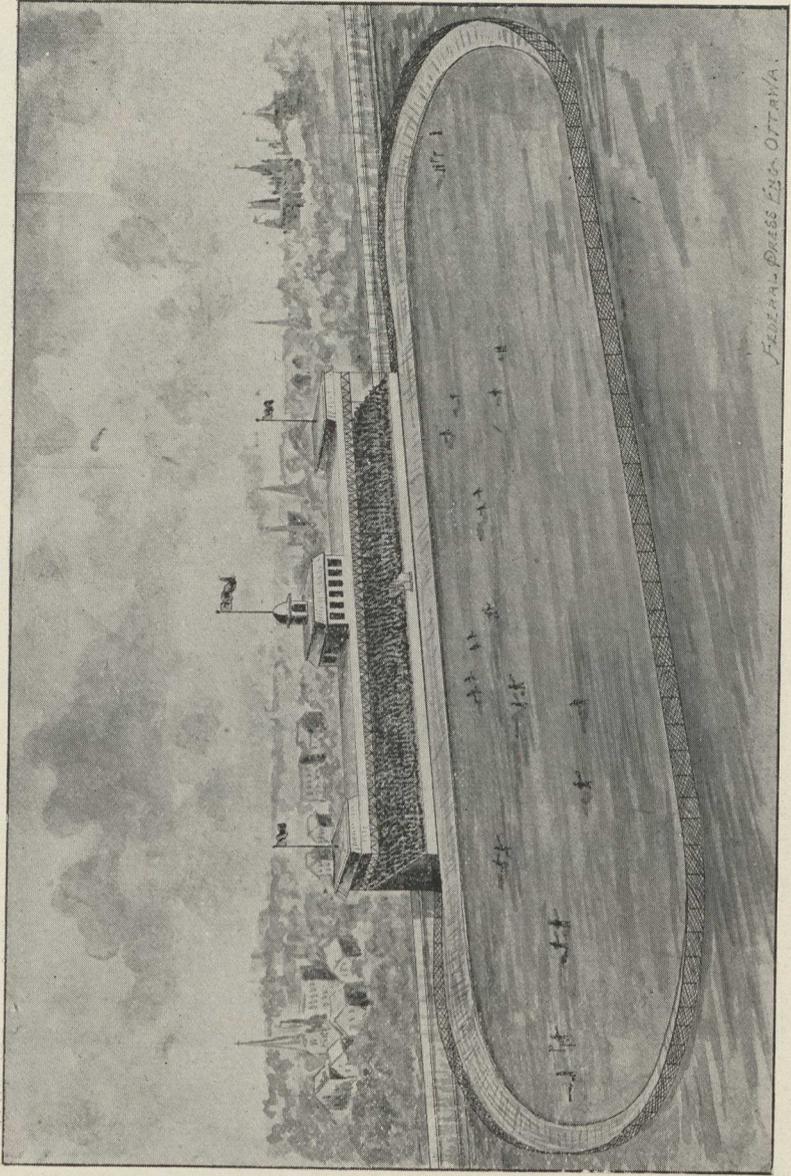
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OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

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OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC OVAL.

# University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 7

MARCH, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 7

## CONSCIENCE.

**L**AST night, while heart and lips were frivolling all un-  
preparedly,  
My little black and shriveled soul confronted me ;  
With ribald laughter ringing loud, full in the flush of  
foolish pride,  
Naked I stood before my God, and sought in vain to hide !

Sweet music spoke to my senses, and soft, luring sounds,  
Beckoned me back. But the black soul had burst its bounds.  
And step by step, all trembling, to the very threshold of the  
Throne,  
Before my Judge, it led and left me, prone.

And while in mute and wretched woe, I waited for the wrathful  
word,  
Lo ! All my terror fell away. In ecstasy I heard  
The tones compassionate of Him who died for us on Calvary :  
"Rise Son, and go in peace ! Thy sins are all forgiven thee."

THEODORE F. McMANUS.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

## CHARACTER READING IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

“ There is no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.”

*Macbeth, Act 1, Scene IV.*

“ Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters.”

*Macbeth, Act 1, Scene V.*



SHAKESPEARE is such a master of consistency that he seldom contradicts himself. Yet in the two quotations above, both of which are taken from the same play, there is an evident contradiction. If we accept the first maxim, which is uttered by Duncan on learning that Cawdor has been a traitor, a circumstance that is well calculated to justify the truth of the exclamation, we must reject the second, which is expressed by Lady Macbeth, when she encounters her husband nervously excited by the thought of the murderous designs against the king, to which she afterwards works him. However, I do not think the two quotations indicate an inconsistency in Shakespeare's mind, but that, since they are expressed by two different characters, they only serve to illustrate the varying opinions that are commonly held regarding character-reading.

To read the mental capacity of a man, or the good or evil designs of his heart, from an observation of his physiognomy or an examination of his activity or works, is a faculty common to all, in a measure. Were it otherwise, our lives would be one continuous chain of surprises and astonishments. In ordinary matters we usually judge correctly. When our friend does us a good turn, we accept it as a matter of course, because it coincides with our opinion already formed of him, that there is a vast region of charity in his heart, which must periodically produce material fruits. When we see a life-long acquaintance become our bitterest enemy, we take it logically, because, on a little reflection we see that he never did a kind act towards us, never even wished us well. On this account surprises in our judgments of ordinary men and everyday affairs are the exception instead of the rule.

But character-reading in its higher degree is an attribute of great minds. It is the secret of learned men's penetration, and of the leaders of men's power. It is the faculty, perverted, that enables the statesman to deceive the nation; that enables the politician to play upon the voter; that prompts the avaricious to extort from the meek. It is the power, righteous, that enables the great and good men of the world to discover the snares that beset man's career, and point out to him the vices that allure him from his true course and disfigure him for the divine ends of his creation.

Character-reading in its larger sense is an art difficult to acquire. To sum up a man's qualities from a mere glance at his general appearance—to discover his tastes from his dress or his bearing; to estimate his mental capacity from the contour of his head; to calculate the development of his passions from the expression of his countenance, being careful to detect, whenever necessary, the "false face hiding what the false heart doth know." To do this on seeing a man for the first time, and then, after slight intercourse, to judge him more fully by his activity, by the dash, the smoothness, or the hesitancy of his movements, by his ambition, his "hobbies," and his choice of companions; to discover his true nature from the bent of his thoughts, as revealed by his words and his manner of speaking; and then, with the aid of these observations, to perceive how he will act when left to his own directions, or when subjected to persuasion or force, or when thrust into the presence of prosperous or adverse circumstances—to accomplish all this implies the possession of a rare gift of sagacity, something that does not admit of complete elucidation, nor allows the laying down of any arbitrary precepts by which we might acquire the science.

But the subject of character-reading is altogether too interesting to be dismissed with this unsatisfying conclusion. It is too fertile in theories, and too remunerative of profitable reflexion, to be considered unworthy of further pursuit. Character-reading of the higher sort is especially remarkable in public men. Many of our modern politicians possess the gift in an eminent degree. History affords numerous examples of statesmen and rulers who were great character-readers.

The Romans have left us the best records of skill in this direc-

tion. On every page of their history we see that their emperors, consuls or senators, continually exercised the art in discovering conspirators, and that inferior officers were compelled to study the whims and caprices of their superiors, in order to save themselves from the sword.

Shakespeare, in "Julius Cæsar," gives us a good idea of the peculiar disposition of the Roman mind. The conspiracy against Cæsar is typical, and the way in which Cæsar speaks of Cassius is also indicative of how the conspirator was usually suspected. Cæsar was one of the famous men of ancient times who undoubtedly possessed the gift of character-reading. He sums up Cassius' attributes as follows : (Act. I, Scene 2.)

" Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
 He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.  
 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays ;  
 He hears no music ;  
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort  
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit.  
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
 Such men as he never be at heasts' ease  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;  
 And therefore are they very dangerous."

In this estimate of Cassius is contained an excellent summary of the evidences by which a man's character may be judged. If he is, as Cassius was, a spare man, with a lean and hungry look, exhibiting the weariness of neglected repose, does not the very appearance of such a man inspire us with fear. If, in addition, he keeps to himself and thinks too much, we will not be far astray, if at all, in concluding that he is laboring under some hallucination that bodes no good for himself or his fellow-man. But then it is difficult to decide whether a man of such traits is turning over a dangerous plot in his mind, or whether he is a plain simpleton, incapable of serious mental operations. To choose between these two extremes, requires a careful observation of the man's activity and whatever other characteristics he may possess.

There is no danger, however, of confounding such a man with one who thinks much, reads much, is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men. These are the attributes of the learned, the keen, the shrewd; these are the elements that enable a man to read, not to be read. We are all aware how difficult it is to fathom the designs of a thoughtful man, one who has the power of grasping things clearly. In fact, we are almost unable to understand him. The man who possesses these characteristics, coupled with energy and undiluted by inferior qualities, has within him the elements of a powerful influence that cannot be estimated.

But if such a man loves no plays, hears no music, seldom smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself that could be moved to smile at anything, while he should still be powerful, would lack something that would cause himself to be avoided. Or if he is imbued with wrong principles, he is rendered unsafe to be trusted.

This is evident from an examination of Cassius' nature. Had he mastered his passion of hate, or been less jealous of Cæsar's advancement, he could have endured the mighty Julius even as king. But because he was animated by a bitter hatred and encouraged by false principles of patriotism, he fell away from the path that would inevitably have led to honorable renown.

Cæsar's estimation of Cassius' character presents the latter to us like an open book. The summing up fits him well nigh perfectly. It gives us not only the impression that Cæsar was a keen observer and sagacious student of men, but also the elements he considered in reading character. It is seldom that a man combines the various elements that are attributed to Cassius, but if we should meet one at any time we shall be better able to understand him by recalling our experience in "Julius Cæsar."

DANIEL McFIGIE,  
Third Form.

## A STUDENT TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REVEREND FATHER HOWE, O.M.I.



WITHIN the Oblate cemet'ry a grave,  
 New-made, contains the ashes of our dead  
 'Tis markéd by no marble pomp ; naught save  
 A simple wooden cross stands at the head.  
 And yet there lies at rest beneath that sod

A saintly form beloved by all he knew ;  
 In life a faithful servant to his God,  
 And mourned in death by loving friends not few.

O dear departed one, for thee we mourn,  
 Since thou at cruel death's relentless call,  
 Hast suddenly from our midst been torn ;  
 Hast met, still young, the certain fate of all.  
 We miss,—ah ! how we miss thy pleasant smile,  
 The cheering word of hope forever thine,  
 The kind advice that did all cares beguile  
 And made the heart of each the Saviour's shrine.

Thy happy voice we never more shall hear  
 Until in heaven we all again shall meet ;  
 But let us cease to shed the silent tear,  
 For even now thy soul its God doth greet.  
 Thou art but gone before where we shall go ;  
 With God thou dost enjoy a just reward,  
 And still thou canst on us thy care bestow,  
 Still o'er our daily lives thou canst keep guard.

A tribute to thy worth we students pay,  
 Thy mem'ry sacred in our hearts we'll keep ;  
 We'll ne'er forget where rests thy hallowed clay  
 Where our beloved friend takes his last sleep,  
 A model for our lives will thy life be ;  
 And be our death like thine when life is o'er,  
 That we in bliss may meet again with thee  
 And with thee live in heaven evermore.

WILLIE F. CAVANAGH,  
*Second Form.*



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.



O the heart of a true Irishman there is nothing more dear than to celebrate the feast of the Great Saint and Apostle who brought the light of truth into his beloved Erin and rescued that land of destiny from the bonds of paganism and idolatry. Hence it is that the Irish students of Ottawa University take special delight in annually preparing a banquet in honor of St. Patrick, and thus far this practice has produced so many good results and our efforts have met with such unexampled success that we hope the laudable custom will ever prevail.

The banquet given on the 17th. inst. was a great surprise to the many students and guests that assembled in the gaily decorated hall where streamers of red, white, blue, and green hung in graceful abundance and numerous portraits appeared on every side decked with appropriate flags, and, as each one sat down to the sumptuous feast before him he could not but feel that those who had managed the affair were to be heartily congratulated. The McGillicuddy Orchestra furnished excellent music throughout the feast. The number of guests present was not very large though many were invited and several letters of regret were received by the Committee. Among the invited guests present were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. Father Nilles, Vice-Rector, Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's, Rev. Fathers McKenna, Flynn, Cornell, Lajeunesse, and Campeau; Rev. Brothers Fallon, McGurty, Kirwin and Boyer, Rev. Messrs. G. Fitzgerald and G. Prudhomme, Messrs. T. F. Clancy, R. McCredie, C. Bertrand, J. Fahey.

The material portion of the banquet having received due consideration the toastmaster, Mr. M. A. Foley, 'oo, arose and said :

"Centuries have come and gone since Patrick knelt at the feet of Celestin and from his lips received the command to "win to Christ one realm the more." That realm has been won. And though war has often laid waste its smiling fields, though famine has carried off thousands upon thousands of its people, though direful persecutions have filled martyr's graves with its noblest sons and daughters, faithful has it remained to the last. Nothing could break that sacred tie, nor interrupt that paternal embrace, nor efface that filial kiss which Ireland and the papacy exchanged by the hand of St. Celestin and the lips of St. Paul. To-day that tie is as sacred, that embrace as paternal, that kiss as filial between the children of St. Patrick and the successor to Celestin, the grand, glorious

### LEO XIII,

"that Puissance great, the Church's mitred Sire." To him then gentlemen, who sits on the Throne of the Fisherman, to him who is styled the prisoner of the Vatican, to him whom millions love to call their Holy Father, as Irishmen, as the most loyal sons of The Holy Father, I ask you now to drink with me the toast which I propose in his honor, coupled with the name of Mr. William Egleson."

Mr. Egleson, 'oo, on rising to reply, was greeted by a rousing cheer. He said: Your Grace, Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers and Gentlemen;—

"Most fitting as it is that we as devoted sons of the Emerald Isle should gather around the festive board to-day to celebrate the anniversary feast of him who carried the glad tidings of the gospel to Erin's shores and enkindled the holy light of faith, in the hearts of our forefathers; appropriate as it is that we should sing the joys and commemorate the glories of dear old Ireland and recall with sympathetic remembrance her sorrows and afflictions in the dark days of persecution, it is by no means less becoming or contrary to the spirit of the day that the first toast at this magnificent banquet should be one in honor of him who is the father and the personification of that divine faith which ever since the days of St. Patrick has been the distinctive mark

and the greatest glory of the noble nation whose praises we sound to-day. Making abstraction of the bare consideration that Leo XIII., holds the sceptre of that spiritual empire founded by Christ to watch over the souls of men, and viewing his life in all its different phases and varied relations from the tender years of infancy and childhood spent in holy blissful innocence amidst the beautiful Volscian hills down to the time of his accession to the Chair of Peter, what a grand and inspiring scene passes before us! What sweet recollections of him still linger at Carpineto and Viterbo! What sacred memories cluster around his name at Benevento, Spoleto and Brussels! What a train of noble virtues and endearing qualities are associated with his life during the thirty-two years of his glorious episcopate at Perugia! And to-day as we contemplate him gloriously reigning over the Catholic world, lifting his hand in benediction over millions of loving subjects the beautiful vision of his papal career flits before us.

On that memorable 7th. of February, 1878, when the sad silvery peals from the dome of St. Peter's announced to Rome that the saintly and care-worn Pius IX., had exchanged the heavy burden of the cross for the crown of eternity a gloom of sadness such as had not been witnessed since the death of the Saviour on Calvary was cast over the Christian world. During his long pontificate especially in the closing years of his reign, the Church was on trial as perhaps at no period of her existence since the days of the early persecutions. In the course of the centuries many and severe were the battles waged against her; often had she been assailed by fierce and powerful enemies and threatened with destruction, but always emerged exulting and triumphant from the conflict. Prophecy had again and again impiously predicted the downfall of the Papacy, but still it survived in all its primitive beauty and vigor. But now the horizon was darkened with fateful forebodings and the signs of the times augured most inauspiciously for the future. He who for so many long years had fearlessly braved the tempest of persecution and piloted the Bark of Peter over the billows of adversity was now no more. The usurper's flag floated triumphantly from the Castle of Sant Angelo, and the wretched spoliators who had sacrilegiously and iniquitously stripped the unarmed and defenceless pontiff of his temporal

dominions, adding insult to outrage, had taken up their residence in the palace of the Quirinal and were extending their diabolical policy of confiscation, robbery, disfranchisement and anti-Christian conspiracy throughout the whole of Italy. In Germany the advocates of Cæsarism, radicalism and rationalism had combined their forces and were engaging in a death-struggle with Rome, while the government of the land was carrying into effect the tyrannical code of Falk Laws and enacting other proscriptive measures against the Catholics of the kingdom. Russia was at open variance with the Holy See. France deluged with the waves of Voltairean scepticism and at the mercy of revolutionists was busily engaged in preparing her anti-clerical decrees. Spain, Portugal and Austria although well disposed towards Catholicism were unable to render any assistance. Truly, gentlemen, it seemed as if the last ray of hope were gone and as if the moment so long looked for by the enemies of the Faith were now close at hand and the powers of hell were to prevail.

Such was the sad state of the world at the close of the reign of Pius IX. But amidst this ever-thickening gloom there appeared a bright light in the heavens which was destined to dispel and outlive the storm and to diffuse its beams over every portion of the globe. Joachim Vincent Pecci had been selected to fill the vacant Chair of Peter. In such a crucial period of her existence the Church required a man of indomitable courage and high intellectual attainments, and such a chieftain she found in Leo. We have seen the numerous difficulties and the many obstacles that opposed him from the outset in the fulfilment of his mission. To their solution and removal Leo brought a bright intellect, an unshaken purpose, an extraordinary knowledge of statesmanship consummate tact and prudence, and an unbounded confidence in Divine Providence. On his elevation to the papal throne he was confronted with a new age. But his ever active mind soon gauged the aspirations of the modern spirit, and in estimating the character of our Holy Father what strikes us most forcibly is the marvellous correspondence between the qualities of the pontiff and the needs of his times and his eminent comprehension of the sublime mission of religion. The tumultuous and chaotic state of society which threatened the Church at the beginning of his pontificate

was but a golden opportunity for him to prove the inherent strength of the Papacy and the adaptability of its doctrines for all times and nations. Leo, neither daunted by the unfavorable condition of his surroundings nor perplexed by the number and magnitude of the difficulties which opposed him, eagerly seized the opportunity, and his attitude towards the world of to-day has given the death-blow to the foul calumny that the Church is unsuited to the age and antagonistic to civilization and progress. He has proved himself the friend and sympathizer of all the legitimate hopes and aspirations of the century, approving and aiding what is good, condemning what is bad and giving to all the movements of the age a solid basis and a Christian direction.

Like his illustrious predecessors, Leo is the uncompromising champion of truth, both natural and supernatural. Truth is the life-blood of society, the principle which gives it beauty and energy for the accomplishment of the ends for which it was established. In the present times when faith is disintegrating and morals weakening, when the human mind, intoxicated with its brilliant triumphs over the mysteries of nature and frenzied with the success of its investigations in the realms of science, when humanity is restlessly seeking new forms of social and political life, men are apt and alas! too frequently forget the great fundamental principles on which the life and well-being of society and states depend. On this account often has the voice of the Holy Father been heard in salutary admonition, recalling to men the great truths on which the stability and prosperity of nations depend, and urging them to look higher than to mere natural ends and to soar above all selfish and ephemeral interests, and giving authority and dignity to his words by the example of a spotless life.

Again we see him defending the interests of the masses against the encroachments of greed and injustice, espousing the cause of the poor and the weak against the oppression and heartlessness of the rich, reminding employers of their obligations and the rights of their employees, warning rulers of their responsibilities and the duties they owe to the people, and at the same time asserting and upholding the rights of legitimate authority, and exposing the shallowness and absurdity of the social theories of the godless and pseudo-philosophers of the day. Not only has

he ignited the fuse that exploded the pernicious doctrines of rationalism, materialism, socialism and all the false teachings that deceived men's minds and perverted their hearts, but he has also given the true solution of all the vital problems of the age. In his great encyclicals on political power, human liberty, the condition of labor and the Christian constitution of states, we have an inexhaustible mine of wisdom and truth, from which we may draw not only all principles necessary for present use but also valued treasures in times to come. In everything concerning the intellectual and moral welfare of mankind has Leo's voice been heard, and no opportunity to elevate the Church and promote the extension of God's kingdom on earth has he suffered to pass by unregarded, while his alliance and active co-operation with material progress is clearly manifested in his letter on Historical Studies, published in 1883 in which he says: "All that is true must come from God. Whatever of truth is reached by research, the Church regards as the tracing of the divine mind. As there is nothing of truth in nature's realm that can take away faith in divinely taught doctrines, whatever helps to extend the frontiers of science the Church gladly welcomes. So far from being opposed to new discoveries, to whatever conduces to the comfort and amelioration of human life, she condemns inertia and indolence, she strongly desires that the genius of man compel labor and culture to yield rich fruits, she offers encouragement to all kinds of arts and of enterprises, directing all such things to honest and salutary purposes, and striving lest, in the exercise of intelligence and industry, men turn away from heavenly things."

In his dealings with governments, prudence and principle are his guides and his wise diplomacy has ever been productive of beneficial results for Holy Church. In response to his enlightened policy Germany, France, Russia and China have greatly changed in their attitude towards the Vatican; Spain and Belgium are more Catholic in their legislation, and in all countries the Church enjoys a fuller measure of liberty than heretofore.

In conclusion let us not forget the special love of Leo XIII., for *Alma Mater* and our dear Canadian home. Only a few short months ago we had the distinguished privilege of welcoming to our shores a representative of our sovereign pontiff. The presence

in our city of Monsignor Diomedede Falconio, the most reverend apostolic delegate, is an honor all true Canadians deeply appreciate. In this illustrious prelate we have a sacred hostage of the love and concern of Our Holy Father for the spiritual welfare of his Canadian children. Through him Leo lives in our midst, blessing and encouraging our works and institutions and strengthening the bonds of union and affection between our beautiful Dominion of Canada and the Holy See. The interest and fatherly concern of the Sovereign Pontiff for *Alma Mater*, and the favors and privileges he has conferred upon her, thanks to the devotedness and energy of our distinguished alumnus and beloved Archbishop—the Most Reverend Joseph Thomas Duhamel—with whose presence we are honored to day, are well known to you all, and the happiness that lights up the pale countenance of the venerable Prisoner of the Vatican at the mention of Ottawa University, and the affectionate manner in which he always refers to it as “*my university*” are tokens of kindness and interest that are embalmed and cherished in the memory of every professor, alumnus and student of old Ottawa College.

Such, gentlemen, is but a rapid glance at the wonderful career of Pope Leo XIII. Though stripped of all his possessions, and a prisoner in his own palace, he is nevertheless the greatest monarch of the age. As time rolls on, his work will fructify more and more, and as a ray of light from some distant star that has been quenched centuries ago is still visible on earth, so the influence of Leo will be felt for centuries after he has passed away, and his memory will still be loved and revered when all the other great ones of to-day are dead and forgotten.”

The Glee Club under the leadership of Mr. C. McCormac, '03, then rendered “Come back to Erin” and after the rounds of applause had subsided, the toast-master informed the banqueters that His Grace was unable to remain longer. However, before leaving, he treated us to a neat speech in which he related some of his experiences with the Irish and praised them highly for the love they always had for Mother Church. His Grace was several times enthusiastically applauded and was honored with a rousing V-A-R-S-I-T-Y as he was leaving the banquet hall.

Rev. Father Nilles was also called away, but before departing

He made a few remarks setting forth vividly the great interest which he took in Ireland, having been ordained there, and also praising the boys for their spirit of true patriotism.

In the following befitting words the toast-master proposed

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

“Let me ask you gentlemen to travel in spirit over the broad Atlantic, and visit the lovely isle of *Innisfail*. Let me ask you to turn back to the last decade of the fifth century. All Erin, wont to be so gay, so happy, is shrouded in deepest mourning for “at Saul, by the inland spreading sea,” Patrick has yielded up his great soul to God. Oh! day of gloom, yet day of joy, thou art

“Still that silver star of March, (which)

When snows afflicts the hill, and frost the moor,

With temperate beam gladdens the vernal church.”

To that day, gentleman, the anniversary of which we are celebrating, do I ask you to join me in a toast, and with it couple the name of Mr. Patrick Galvin.”

These were the terms in which Mr. Galvin, 'oo, eulogised the Feast of the Great Apostle.

Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen :—

“St. Patrick's Day has once more come round, but not unheeded do Irishmen allow it to go by. Throughout the world every Irishman deems it an honor and a duty on this day to wear the badge of his country. He sports proudly on his breast a sprig of the shamrock from dear old Ireland, and he endeavors to look as gay and as happy as possible. His blood courses more quickly through his veins as the strains of the national airs this day break on his ear, and when the glories of his native land are sung his hearts rises and swells, and emotions come unbidden which he can scarce command, and for which he can scarce fully account.

Year succeeds year, as century has succeeded century, still-advancing Time has wrought changes without number in men and things, the world has seen many a custom live an honored life and die away, but still the seventeenth of March, at this late day, is celebrated with undiminished fervor. In conformity with this custom we have assembled here to-day. We have come together

to celebrate St. Patrick's day, Ireland's national day, in a manner befitting Irishmen. Many an enthusiastic gathering of Irishmen will be found throughout the world to-day. Loudly will they proclaim the glories of their country, and right lustily will they sing the soul-stirring songs of their race, while coupled with these they will breathe many a fervent prayer for the welfare of that land that has thus far been so miraculously preserved. But nowhere, I believe, will more enthusiasm in Ireland's cause be evinced than in this present assembly. Any true Irishman might well feel proud of the sumptuous spread that has been laid before us in honor of this occasion, and he might well feel pleased with the many true Irish faces ranged round the tables. Let us, therefore, on our part, show that we are not unworthy sons of the Emerald Isle, that the shamrock alone is not the only type of our nationality, that our hearts yearn towards the land of our forefathers, the little isle across the sea.

St. Patrick's day, gentlemen, we celebrate, Ireland's national day. "Why," everyone asks himself on this occasion, "why has Ireland a national day?" Then comes the further question, "why has the feast of St. Patrick been selected as that day?"

From the list of independent countries the name of Ireland has long since been erased. Her history is commingled with that of a powerful conqueror that has held her in thrall for centuries. Her voice is no longer heard in the councils of the nations. She is no longer allowed the administration of her own affairs. As a wicked child she has been whipped, but she knows not whereof she was guilty; and, by the side of her conqueror, she still languishes, unregarded and despised, in chains fast riveted. What claims, therefore, have the people of such a country to being considered as a separate nationality? Have not those centuries of dependence and of bondage, of tyranny and of neglect, caused a community of interests with their conquerors? Has not their intercourse with strangers effaced their distinguishing traits of character, and created of two opposing elements one united whole? Have not her former boundaries been encroached upon? Have not the confines of her territory been long since blotted out?

Should we consult the ordinary course of history, our answer must inevitably be in the affirmative to every one of these

questions. "History repeats itself," the adage says. Still, look at Ireland to-day, then cast a view over the broad world beyond; go back through history even to the earliest times, whose marvelous legends have been handed down to our generation, and nowhere will you find a parallel for Ireland's case. Ireland to-day is a distinct nation

This is as it should be, for nature itself seems to have willed it thus. Round about her extends an imperishable stretch of water, which no traffic of strangers, no malice of oppressors, can destroy. She is set apart from the rest of the world. She stands, in isolation, the brightest gem of the sea, whose waters gently lave her shores, the more gently now, we believe, because once they were forced to serve as an instrument to waft to those shores the cruel tyrant that has since burdened her with wrongs. Still we must look elsewhere for the real cause of Ireland's preservation, and elsewhere for evidences of all the requisites that constitute a nation.

We may well suppose that, during those long weary years of persecution she has undergone, some powerful agency was at work in her behalf. That galaxy of bright saints with the great St. Patrick at their head, who sacrificed their lives for faith and fatherland, must truly be interceding for their down-trodden country. To them we might well say is due the existence of Ireland to-day. But to whatever cause we ascribe this fact, so it is that the all-wise Providence has decreed that Ireland should survive every shock, that her undaunted soul should quail before no opposition, and that the cruel oppressor, who attempted the extermination of her race, should be baffled at every turn. Yes, gentlemen, Ireland's national soul still burns within her; the stifling persecution through which she has passed, has not quenched its flame. A cursory glance at her past and present will convince us of this.

Many centuries ago Ireland was a prosperous country. Her fame had reached the remotest parts of the earth. She stood pre-eminent among the nations, and for a long period of time enjoyed a degree of renown that scarce any other people ever attained. But to this glorious era succeeded a most bitter trial. A cruel conqueror arrived in her territory, abolished her free

institutions, trampled on the liberty that was the pride of her subjects, turned the once smiling land, the prosperous land of Eire, into a realm of misery and of desolation. Against that conqueror, a sister nation, Ireland struggled for years, but she was finally overpowered. England gained the ascendancy, and then carried on for centuries a bloody war of extermination. Her parliaments denied to the Irish race the merest vestige of its former liberty, her soldiers executed the cruel orders of their sovereigns with the utmost rigor and barbarity, and the English people griped the soil as theirs by right of conquest.

But, let us examine the course of the Irish during all those trying years of English ascendancy. History tells us the tale. By all means in their power they struggled for the liberty that was theirs before Englishmen ever set foot on Irish soil. The merest concession they obtained was always most dearly bought. Still they never relinquished the struggle. They have given in the past the grandest examples of heroism that history affords. They have showed to the world what wonders can be wrought by a down-trodden nation, when buoyed up by the sense of justice and right. And as the past has been, so is the present, one continued, prolonged struggle for freedom. Look at what has taken place but a few short months ago. I refer to the reunion of the Irish parties in the British House of Commons, the grandest evidence that could be given that the cause of liberty and of independence is still paramount in the minds of the Irish.

Shall not Ireland, therefore, have her national day? Is she not distinct in all the essentials of nationality? Yes, gentlemen, as the Irish struggled in the past to preserve their nationality, so they continue to struggle to-day. They have held aloof from their conquerors, and stoutly refuse to mingle with them. Father Burke, in speaking of Ireland's future, alludes to the fact that her nationality never perished. "Scotland," he says, "surrendered all her individuality, and now is a prosperous province without a name." "There was a time," he says, "when the King of England called himself King of England and Scotland, but now, now the title of Victoria is 'Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.'" "Ireland, he continues, "has preferred to be a heart-broken and miserable country, but still to have her name before

the world, written in letters of gold, and to have that name as the name of a nation."

But how comes it that this the seventeenth of March is the day chosen to commemorate the glories of our nation? It is certainly a most significant fact that the day on which the Church honors the glorious apostle of Ireland, should be the one of all days in the year set apart by Irishmen as their national day. Still it is not surprising that such should be the case. For Ireland's catholicity, implanted by St. Patrick, has become so intimately blended with her nationality, that to separate them has been found impossible. It was their separation that England tried; for she knew that, did she root out the old faith, the extermination of the race would follow. But because she failed in the one the other necessarily remained an impossibility.

Nearly fifteen hundred years have rolled by since St. Patrick began his labors in Ireland. He was not an Irishman, but he loved the land, and because he loved it, he labored to win it to Christ. The success he met with was most phenomenal. Before he died, the whole country had been converted. Since those years the Irish have showed themselves worthy sons of their great benefactor. But they have committed faults in the past, it may be said. We Irishmen shall admit that. History attests the fact, and exhibits in plain letters the direful consequences of those follies. Still, be it said to their credit, to the faith of St. Patrick, to the true Catholic faith, they have unwaveringly adhered. Centuries of persecution have rolled over the land, wave after wave of oppression has beaten cruelly on its shores, but nothing has ever shaken the fidelity of the Irish to their Church.

What a grand spectacle is therein presented! What pride we should take in belonging to that nation! Ireland has a glorious history, one of which we may well feel proud, a history that has commanded the admiration of the world. Is it not meet, therefore, that we do honor to the memory of the gallant heroes who died for her sake? Shall we not speak with pride of the past and of the present, and from the lessons therein learned, look hopefully toward the future? Yes, gentlemen, and let us glory in the emblem of our country, the lowly shamrock, by

which St. Patrick preached to our ancestors the knowledge of the Triune. Let us honor the name of St. Patrick, who left us the noblest of heritages, and who, from his high place in Heaven, has zealously watched over his people, preserving their faith from even the slightest taint. And, since in Ireland's history her faith is inseparable from her nationality, in that it has preserved that nationality intact, let us commemorate the two together. Let us do honor to her O'Neills, her Sarsfields, her Currans, her Grattans and her O'Connells ; together with her Columbas, her Columbanuses, and the whole host of her saints. And let us hope that this same union will continue in the future, that Ireland's national character, and the catholicity of her people, will go down, inseparably blended, to posterity, and that, when the banner of independence once more waves aloft its folds over College Green, the Irish "will still be found keeping St. Patrick's day."

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Last year we were deprived of the great privilege of having Rev. Father Fallon speak at our banquet as he was forced to leave us on a call of duty. This year however the toast-master resolved to anticipate a similar summons and having made a suitable introduction, proposed the toast of

"SOGGARTH AROON"

calling upon the Rev. Dr. to reply.

We are sorry that we cannot chronicle the speech word for word as it was delivered, as a copy could not be obtained. We can give but a feeble idea of the spirit of the original. Father Fallon's response was truly grand and masterly and such as only an orator and an Irish priest could deliver. In glowing terms he told us of the trials, the labors, and the sufferings which the "Soggarth" had to endure in order to fulfill his mission among the Irish peasantry. Nor did the Rev. Father forget to pay a beautiful tribute to the memory of those to whom Ireland owes her true greatness ; for the priest it was who preserved her faith when the last ray of hope seemed gone. As a true father the "Soggarth" went among his people and none was more respected. In him the Irish Catholic saw that he had a sincere and devoted

friend and one to whom he might look for comfort and consolation in his bitter trials and persecutions. The speaker then in a magnificent peroration exhorted all, but especially those who were of Irish descent, to follow the grand example set by the Sons of Erin in ever showing true devotion to the priesthood.

To the patriotic toast of

“THE MAPLE LEAF”

Mr. J. R. O’Gorman, ’01, fittingly replied:—

Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen:—

“A toast to one’s native land always inspires within the breast, even of the most lukewarm patriot, sentiments of pride and pleasure. Nor do I deem myself animated by a “soul so dead” as not to feel honored at being called upon to sound the praises of “The Land of the Maple Leaf.” The gratification afforded by this pleasant duty were never slight, but to-day of all days is it most highly appreciated by an Irish-Canadian. For on St. Patrick’s day, a toast to any country is fraught with a deeper meaning than usual. It couples the name of the nation toasted with that of holy Ireland, whose national feast we celebrate. The patriotic phrases and outpourings of loyalty-inspired enthusiasm with which it is customary to reply to this toast will not then alone suffice on the present occasion. First does it devolve upon me to show that this tribute to Canada is not unmerited, that there is, and has ever been a strong bond of affection uniting the island-home of our fathers with our own great Dominion.

Nowhere in the wide world, I venture to say, is Ireland’s day more cordially welcomed than in the homes of Canada. Naturally this sentiment is most prominent in those of Irish extraction, but even among our brethern, irrespective of race or creed, ’twere hard to find one who has not in his heart of hearts a warm spot for old Ireland. There are good and weighty reasons why this should be so, why the whole Canadian people should be sincerely attached to the land of the shamrock, and as well, why their affection should be reciprocated as I am sure it is.

We are all proud of this our great confederation, whose youthful vigor is the surprise of an admiring world. Favored

indeed are the people of Canada in the possession of such a noble heritage. But to whom after Providence should they render thanks? Men of many races have carved this land of promise out of the northern wilderness. Believe not, however, that I am actuated by the promptings of vain glory if I say that foremost among those gallant pioneers were the exiled sons of Erin. Far be it from my purpose to cast a slur upon those of other races who made their homes in Canada. No, all honor be theirs. The memory of their many heroic deeds is dear to every Canadian heart. Nor do I wish to claim that in point of time, the Irish stand first in the annals of our country, for during more than two hundred years the brave colonists of sunny France were its only white inhabitants. But the beginning of the present century saw a sad yet wonderful exodus from down-trodden Ireland, a large proportion of which found its way to our shores. To these poor, oppressed peasants Canada owes not little, and the memory of that debt is deeply graven on the nation's heart. For these poverty-stricken immigrants did much to make the struggling colony of 1800 the flourishing Dominion of to-day.

The first to arrive found that Canada meant little more than a few scattered settlements along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Not only was the vast North-West a *terra incognita* to all save the trappers, but even the immediate interior was scarcely known. Uninviting as the prospect was, it did not dismay the Irish colonists who resolutely set to work and wrought a complete transformation. Opening up new districts in the backwoods, erecting the humble nucleus of a future city, wherever the white man's industry dispossessed the unprogressive Indian of his hunting grounds, Irishmen were to be found in the vanguard of civilization.

The reason why the Irish made such good colonists is clear. They came from a land where liberty was unknown, where they had never experienced aught but despotism and oppression. In the light of that constant persecution, the hardships and privations of their new home faded into insignificance. Where settlers from happier lands became discouraged and despondent, the ardor of the Irish was never dampened, nor their persevering energy abated. Gladly they availed themselves of the precious privileges of tilling

their own land without fear of rack-rent or eviction, of building churches and schools though unaided, of doing the many things denied them at home. Thus did this whole-hearted Irish zeal become a powerful element in the development of our country.

The sturdy immigrants changed the whole face of the colony, hewing down the great "forest primeval," building large commercial centres, cultivating the fertile land. And as in the humbler walks of life, so in the higher. Ireland has given Canada some of her proudest names in statesmanship, literature and the liberal professions. D'Arcy McGee, one of the Fathers of Confederation; Sir John Thompson, who rose to the highest dignity in his country's gift; Hon. Edward Blake, now battling for Home Rule; Costigan, Curran and Scott have helped to guide the ship of state. The writings of McGee, Mrs. Sadlier, Dr. Drummond, J. K. Foran and Thos. O'Hagan are well known. But it is to the Church we must turn for the grandest work of the Irish in Canada. Cross and Shamrock are inseparable, and the faith enshrined in the hearts of the exiles ensured for them a warm welcome from the Catholic sons of St. Louis, whom they came to aid in the glorious cause of Christianity. To-day we have over two million Catholics in Canada, and we of Irish blood can look with pride upon a noble hierarchy numbering such names as Cleary, Lynch, Walsh, O'Brien and O'Connor, and upon a numerous, devoted and self-sacrificing body of Canadian Soggarth Aroons.

This then is the debt which Canada owes to Ireland and for which every Canadian, as a share in the nation's liabilities, should be deeply grateful. But besides gratitude there is another sentiment entering into the love of our people for the Emerald Isle. Free and independent ourselves, we cannot bear to see another nation tyrannized, above all when the same hand deals blow and caress. Canadians sympathize sincerely with unhappy Ireland as they have often shown. The Dominion Parliament put to shame the legislators of Britain, if they can be shamed, by passing a resolution in favor of Home Rule. And when funds for the national cause are needed, from none is there a more ready response than our countrymen. Accordingly the gratitude and sympathy of the whole Canadian people, together with the deep, pure love of the

Irish portion in particular for the land of their fathers, forms the strong and enduring bond of Canadian-Irish affection.

And what shall we say of Ireland's feeling towards Canada? That she appreciates our love is proved by her kindly attitude at all times. The gratitude is not all on one side, for Erin remembers that our vast Dominion has given a home to thousands of her exiled sons. Nor will that blessed memory of her heart ever fade away while Partridge Island, Grosse Isle and Point St. Charles remain monuments alike to the countless, ill-fated exiles who sought our land of liberty, and to the untiring charity of the Canadians who ministered to that fever-stricken band, now sleeping their long last sleep 'neath maple shade "in cross-crown'd lonely grave."

Thus, then, are Ireland and Canada united in closest bonds of mutual love, and by virtue of this cordial association do we drink to the land of the maple on Erin's festal day. But especially should we who are both Irish and Canadians keep true to our traditions of Celtic fidelity, and while we call to mind the glories of the home of our fathers, not forget what we owe to the land of our adoption. And we may feel sure that wherever this glorious feast is celebrated, wherever the sons of St. Patrick are to-day assembled, with heartfelt wishes for Ireland's prosperity are mingled similar expressions of sincere good-will towards our Dominion.

These good-wishes heard on each recurring anniversary of this day seem in a fair way to be realized. Canada has a bright future before her. Who is ignorant of the vast extent of our country and the wonderful wealth of her natural dowry? "The sun that tints the maple leaf" illumines a land washed by three oceans, a land of extensive forests, mines of all sorts, a soil of unsurpassed fertility. "America," said Emerson, "is another name for Opportunity." The closing century proved the opportunity of the United States. Let the twentieth see Canada following in the footsteps of her great neighbour, attracting to other shores what she alone lacks in the essentials of a mighty nation, the population necessary to develop her gigantic resources. If the past is any criterion, we may well hope for the best in the days to come. Great things have already been accomplished in our broad fair land of the pine and maple. True her advance has so far been

comparatively slow, but she will be all the better for this since it has enabled her to build a strong and permanent foundation for what we trust will prove to be the grandest fabric of the new century. Not nature's the fault if such be not the case. Nor are the Canadian people destined to fail if blood counts for anything, combining as they do the best qualities of French, English, Scotch and German with Irish honesty and virtue. And we can justly pride ourselves upon the generous good-feeling and concord which has always existed among so many different races. This spirit of national unity augurs well for the future. We want no strife or discord here. Forgotten be all racial distinctions! Let us be first, last and always Canadians!

"What do they here in our freeborn land  
 Poisoning the virgin air,  
 Legends of old-world tyrannies,  
 Of ancient crimes and despair?  
 The feuds of the Celt and Saxon,  
 The wars of the Frank and Hun,  
 Transplanted to Canada's generous soil,  
 Are fated to wither soon."

Internally at peace, we have no fear from external sources. Even if we lacked the protection of Britain's powerful arm, the reports which daily reach our ears of Canadian valor in South Africa would reassure the most timorous. And should our country ever need defenders which God forbid, our citizens will be found ready at the call. Sprung, as our population has, from the greatest military nations of Europe, than Canadians there are no better soldiers, and our armies will be none the worse for being composed in great part of men through whose veins runs the self-same blood which triumphed at Limerick and Fontenoy.

Considered, then, from every point of view, are not the prospects of our Dominion most encouraging? Let us trust that our aspirations will not be disappointed and that the next decade will witness the beginning of Canada's "growing time." Guarded by the angels of Peace and Prosperity, may our dear native land ever steadily advance in the way of progress and honor, until she eventually takes her destined place among the world's great nations, while from ocean unto ocean resound the joyful strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On the same theme Mr. C. Langlois, 'oo, representing the French-Canadians, expressed the following sentiments :

The 17th day of March presents to the whole of mankind a characteristic stamp of veneration : it is the day of honor of a grand and noble nation, and on both continents, as here to-day, the high spirited sons of Erin are united, in order to warm up their hearts and strengthen their love for their mother-country. But then, one may perhaps say : This is more of a family re-union, and we French-Canadians who are invited to this banquet are we not on the present occasion troublesome guests? This national feast has a particular side ; it is above all a religious festivity, indeed the feast of the Irish nation is that of the great St. Patrick, and this fact discloses to us in its true light, the Irishman, as one essentially Catholic. As a consequence of this our presence at this sumptuous banquet explains itself, and moreover I can say without fear, that Irishmen and French-Canadians as nations are essentially united. They are essentially united because their union comes from the soul and the heart, which two things constitute the essence in man.

They are united in soul because both, and they alone, claim the signal honor of being to-day in the world the two most solid standard-bearers of the Catholic religion.

They are united in heart because both have drunk at the same fountain of bitterness ; because both have struggled for similar rights against the same plunderers ; they have had their immortal Daniel O'Connell, and we have had our great Papineau.

Consequently, gentlemen, if it can be truly said that resemblance is the cause of love, French and Irish in this country must be necessarily united, and must give each other a helping hand, and they have many valuable reasons for this. It is truly said that the Catholic faith has followed the course of the sun, (indeed passing successfully from Asia to Europe, and from Europe to America ; ) then can it not likewise be said, that French and Irish Canadians have followed the same course, and have met at the foot of the cross in this fair land of the maple-leaf. Thus placed at the vanguard of the great Christian army, they march on side by side in the same path, and they have

received, from the Divine Leader of whom they are the first lieutenants, the order of loving and helping one another.

Being partisans of the same religious principles, of the same noble ambitions, they must strive on together (for in union there is strength) in order to defend, and to enlarge what is dearest to them both : their religion and their liberty.

I could even say that we French Canadians have a right to their co-operation in the preservation of the sublime privileges ; for, if our Irish fellow citizens enjoy the most complete political and religious liberty, I say with pride that they owe it all to the sixty-thousands of Canadians abandoned by France on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and who have purchased this liberty at the price of their perseverance, of their sacrifices and of their blood.

Besides, the best of terms have always existed here in Canada between these two nations, separated by a mere accident of tongue; and if perchance, some rare and slight frictions have happened, these frictions have caused no other than magnetic effects, and so have but contributed to bind more firmly their mutual love.

In concluding gentlemen, I wish to state that, as a son of old Quebec, I know the sentiment of veneration, which exists in the heart of its people towards Ireland ; and I speak the wish of the whole French Canadian people, I feel sure, in wishing for the Irish nation, in the day of its feast : happiness, prosperity as well as success in the enterprises which alone the ambitions of a noble and predestined nation can suggest."

Irish airs were then played by the orchestra, and as the last strains died away, Mr. M. A. Foley arose and proposed the toast

"ST. PATRICK'S HERITAGE,"

to which Mr. J. E. McGlade '01, made the following energetic response :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :—

In responding to this toast, I am deeply conscious of the important task I assume. To speak of St. Patrick's Heritage to Ireland, is to speak of that which is nearest and dearest to the hearts of the Irish people ; it is to speak of the Catholic faith Ireland received from her glorious apostle, and to which through long centuries of suffering "exile" and martyrdom, she has shown

an undying attachment. It is, then, with no little reluctance that I undertake to say a few words about this precious heritage—the Catholic faith—bequeathed by St. Patrick to the Irish people.

We are all acquainted in some form or other with the legends of St. Patrick, but those of us who have read them as they have been so beautifully attired in poetic dress by that master hand, Aubrey De Vere, will readily recall that legend which tells so vividly of St. Patrick striving on Mount Cruachan, where he passed long days and nights in prayer and fasting, beseeching God that the faith he had worked so long and so faithfully to plant on Irish soil, should ever remain with his beloved people, even to the day of judgment. And it is, gentlemen, from the fact that this petition was granted, from the fact that St. Patrick bequeathed to the Irish people the priceless gift of the Catholic faith to be theirs until time shall be no more, that I am privileged on this, the festal day of our great saint and apostle to refer briefly to that heritage, and to how it has been received and nurtured by the Irish people.

Its first fruits might be said to have been reaped before St. Patrick had gone to enjoy an eternal reward among the angels and saints of heaven. He found Ireland a Pagan nation, he converted her people to Christianity, and when sixty long years had passed during which he had preached the glad tidings of the gospel, it would have been difficult to find a man in any corner of the Island who had not embraced the Christian religion.

Ireland, then, was ripe for the great heritage she received from her dying apostle and the entire nation seemed engaged in works of holiness. Churches and monasteries and convents at once topped the hills and adorned the valleys, and throughout the Island holy men and women devoted their lives to God and to the religious wants of the Irish people. Accompanying this fervour of sanctity was that warm desire for knowledge which always goes hand in hand with the Catholic religion and under the shadows of the monasteries arose colleges to which students swarmed from all parts of the then known world, until Ireland was not less noted for her learning than her sanctity. And, gentlemen, this title we have heard so often and with so much pride—Ireland, the Isle of Saints and Scholars, is not in any sense imaginary. It

tells of Ireland in the early ages of her Christianity when she stood out in all her splendor the brightest gem of the ocean, the Queen among the nations, in her advanced state of holiness and learning; it tells of Ireland shining forth in all the brilliancy of St. Patrick's faith a beacon light guiding those in search of true knowledge and true religion. But sad to relate this state of Ireland's prosperity in learning and religion was doomed to undergo a severe reverse. It had scarcely lasted three centuries when the Danish barbarians prompted by a desire of conquest and an intense hatred of the Christian faith began an invasion of Ireland that was to engage all the manhood of her people for three hundred long years before it would cease.

This seige of war and bloodshed could have but one effect on the sanctity and learning of Ireland and at the end of the Danish invasion it is not surprising that her former grandeur in science and religion had almost vanished. With peace, however, Ireland remembered the happy and brilliant days of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries and all honor to her, the first work she undertook was to restore the temples and altars of the Christian religion thus showing her determination to preserve as far as possible the heritage of her beloved Saint.

The good work though was not to continue, for added to the dissensions of the Irish chieftains, the Saxons commenced that war on Ireland's nationality, which hardly ceased for four centuries. No wonder, then, that Ireland was reduced to a condition bordering on despair—enemies from without, and her own chieftains divided within, it is not surprising that she was about subdued and almost willing to submit to any rule provided peace was restored to her people. And this would have followed were it not that in addition to submitting to the government of an English dynasty, Ireland was called upon by Henry VIII—that King of saintly memory—to renounce the religion bequeathed to her by St. Patrick and accept that which had for its head him, to whom I have just referred.

Well, gentlemen, Ireland's answer to that command is in itself a sufficient proof of the efficacy of St. Patrick's heritage. With an emphatic no, the voice of the Irish nation told England's King that never so long as the breath of life was in her, would

she become an apostate and renounce the faith she loved so dearly, and which St. Patrick had brought to her shores a thousand years before. Three centuries of religious persecution, of suffering, exile, and martyrdom, emphasize more strongly Ireland's attachment to that faith, and though it is not my purpose to enter into detail with reference to this awful period of her suffering, still I must call your attention once more to the value Ireland sets upon the faith she inherited from her saintly Apostle. No, I do not wish to dwell upon this sad portion of Ireland's history. I would just pause to pay a grateful tribute to the memory of those Irish exiles who fled their country rather than forsake the faith that was in them, and to those saintly Irish martyrs who consecrated their country's green soil with their hearts' best blood rather than bring disgrace and dishonor upon the fair name of their dear little Island, by becoming apostates to the ancient faith. Yes, gentlemen, all honor, praise, and thanks to those Irish priests and heroes, exiles and martyrs, for the sufferings they endured for Ireland's faith, and for the part, the important part, they have taken in preserving for us, their successors, the precious legacy of St. Patrick.

Such, then, briefly has been Ireland's devotion to the heritage of St. Patrick. True, for the most part it is tinged with a deep hue of sadness but through that vale of sorrow we see Ireland Martyr leading the nations in her devotion to the consoling truths of the Christian religion and in her devotion to her Soggarths and her self-sacrificing religious; we see Ireland Martyr in her ever faithful attachment to the See of Peter and beyond this, crowned with wreaths of glory, we see Ireland the fairest daughter of the Catholic Church. Other nations, I speak with all respect, other nations lost the faith, lost the greatest gift of God to man; but Ireland, gentlemen, Ireland never forgot, never forsook, and please God never shall forsake the religion of her saintly apostle. She took deep to heart his last message:

“ Happy isle!

Be true; for God hath graved on thee His name  
God, with a wondrous ring, had wedded thee;  
God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee;  
Light of a darkling world! Lamp of the North!

My race, my realm, my great inheritance,  
 To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;  
 Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;  
 Live ye God's truth, and in its strength be free."

Ireland took this last message of her dying apostle deep to heart and she has thus retained, and in joy or sorrow she shall always retain, pure and immaculate, the faith of her apostle.

There is just left for me, gentlemen, to refer to what remains to us of this priceless heritage. Thanks to our ancestors, thanks to the sufferings of our saintly heroes and martyrs, to the purity and sanctity of our Irish mothers, that heritage remains to us as whole and entire as on the day Ireland first received it. We are not, it is true, inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, but we are descendants of those who first saw the light of day in dear old Erin, and who grew up amidst the ruins of Catholic Cathedrals and monasteries that were the light of the world nearly fifteen hundred years ago. I have referred to the purity of our Irish mothers and I have done so because I consider it a duty that all true Irish sons should, whenever the opportunity affords, pay a grateful compliment to the pure and noble and saintly character of Ireland's womanhood. Yes, Ireland is still blessed with St. Patrick's heritage—the ancient but ever new faith is still the great inheritance of the Irish people and we, the sons of Irish parents, by right of the Irish blood that tingles through our veins have become co-heirs to that legacy, sharers in that precious heritage. And to-day, gentlemen, when we are gathered about this board to render our tribute of honor, respect, and gratitude to the glorious memory of Ireland's Patron Saint, I but express a sentiment common to us all when I state that it shall ever remain the first duty of the sons of our illustrious Irish race to walk in the footsteps of our ancestors, ever faithful, ever true, and ever devoted to St. Patrick's heritage.

The Glee Club rendered amidst applause, "The Star Spangled Banner," which being concluded, Mr. M. J. O'Connell, 'oo, rose and gave the following patriotic response to the toast

"COLUMBIA."

What a reception is this you have tendered the proposal of this toast ! What an open expression of the good feeling and love which exists among us ! How plainly does it show the union

which exists upon this day between Irishmen and the children of Irish descent, no matter what be the flag of their adoption, no matter what country claims their allegiance. How clearly does it tell us that the children of St. Patrick cannot, nor will not forget those who have extended a helping hand to Ireland in the dark hours of her adversity and distress.

Gentlemen, had I listened with misgivings to the coupling of my name with this toast, had I risen to respond to it with feelings of fear, lest I should be unable to voice my sentiments in a fitting manner, your reception of the toast would have gone far to quell those misgivings, would have inspired me with hope of success in singing the praises of Columbia, my native land.

Yes, gentlemen, it is with feelings of just pride that I rise to respond to the toast so eloquently proposed by our Toastmaster, pride arising from the honor you have conferred upon me by allowing me, in behalf of those present, who claim the Land of "Brave" as their birthplace, to recount the glories of the Stars and Stripes, pride that as an Irish-American, I am permitted in some degree to review the part the sons of Ireland have played in the land of the free, and to show that Irishmen have not forgotten the assistance tendered them by the American Republic in the hour of need. Willingly then, gentlemen, do we grasp the hand of friendship, which you, who claim the Land of the Maple Leaf as your home, extend toward us, as Irishmen. We are assembled in this banquet hall with the Stars and Stripes, our country's flag on one side, the Union Jack, your country's emblem on the other, but with the green flag of Erin forming that firm link which unites us on this the grand feast day of the Emerald Isle. To Columbia, Irishmen owe a debt of gratitude; she it was who when Ireland, pressed down by oppression, groaned under the tyrant's cruel lash, shone forth as a beacon light far across the Atlantic, beckoning the down-trodden children of Erin to a place of liberty and religious freedom; on her fair shores it was that the followers of St. Patrick were enabled to practice their belief openly and without fear.

But, gentlemen, have the Irish people been ungrateful to their friend? Have they not resented every attack upon their adopted country's honor? Who can review the annals of American History

and say that Irishmen are ungrateful? Who can recall the names of those who fell for Columbia's honor and say that Irish blood has not flowed freely in defence of the Star Sprangled Banner?

Little more than one hundred years have passed since Columbia consisted of a number of scattered settlements along the Atlantic, settlements without union, without any fixed object or mission, dependent upon and governed by their mother-country, England.

*What a change has been brought about within that short lapse of time which is indeed a short period in the life of any nation; during that space of time we have seen her spread the wings of her Eagle, till in its flight it stretches them from the Atlantic westward beyond the Rockies thence over the placid waters of the Pacific till their flapping cools the laborer in the sunny Philippines, thus she soars northward from the twenty-fourth to the fiftieth degree, here fixing one eye on Alaska her northern possession she rests with her other eye turned south eastward towards the Island of Cuba over which she watches with maternal care; we have seen her increase from thirteen colonies till she now consists of forty-seven united states with a central government, a power among the nations, fulfilling the mission entrusted to her by God, teaching to all men that true freedom is not a curse but a blessing to mankind.*

Such, gentlemen, is her present extent, such her position; but this has not come about without a great amount of work, yes and sad to say a great amount of bloodshed; in her progress Columbia has not always been borne on in her march of prosperity with sunshine unaccompanied by darkening clouds to mar the serenity of it's rays.

No, gentlemen, the story of the Revolution, the history of the Civil War and the accounts of the recent hostilities with Spain, tell too forcibly that Columbia has had her days of sorrow, that Columbia has had her quota of dead heroes to mourn over; but fellow-Americans, let there ascend from each and every one of us on this day a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God who has brought her successfully through these trials without stain, a country loved by her children and respected by her enemies.

The year 1774 saw the colonies represented at the first con-

gress held in what is now the United States. England which had so long tyrannized over Ireland, England, the land from which the colonists had fled in search of freedom, extended her hand across the Atlantic, and began her system of tyranny on this the New World ; her government drew up measures, levied taxes, and in fact, did everything that could be done to retard the progress and destroy the freedom and peace of the American colonies. Petitions were sent to the motherland, asking for redress of their grievances, this was denied them, they now saw that a firm stand must be taken against this unjust policy, and at their first congress upheld the action of the people of Massachusetts, the action known as the Boston Tea Party ; with reluctance, and after all other means had failed, did the colonists enter upon open hostilities with England ; gladly would they have remained linked to their mother-country, could this have been done without losing their liberty, to have this taken from them was more than their filial love could bear.

During this struggle America found no more ardent supporter than Ireland. The freedom-loving sons of the Emerald Isle willingly took up arms in her defence.

The Celtic names met with in the records of this war, point out the loss of Irish blood in defence of Freedom's cause ; the names of O'Brien, Barry, the father of our navy, Carroll, Wayne, General Sullivan and Colonel Fitzgibbon, tell full well the presence of Irish soldiers. But gentlemen, these are not all the Irishmen who have fought the battles for our liberty, many are those who have followed their leaders into battle, never again to return.

Let him who will add to these such names as Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, General Shields, than whom none braver ever wore the soldier's uniform, Phil. Sheridan, that intrepid fighter of the civil war ; let him recall the glories of the Irish Ninth and Twenty-eighth regiments of Massachusetts, and the exploits of Colonel Corcoran with his Sixty-ninth New York ; let him note that, amongst the fifty-six signers of our Declaration of Independence, the names of nine Irishmen appear on the list ; note these things and say truthfully if he can, that Irishmen are ungrateful.

But Ireland has contributed her aid to make "Columbia"

what she is to-day not only by giving her sons to fight the battles for her defence ; she has also donated her share of scholars many of her sons have graced the Congress Halls of our country and her children among the sacred priesthood are men looked up to and respected, the names of Carroll, Hughes, Corcoran, O'Rielly and Ireland are such as would reflect credit upon any country to which they gave their allegiance. Have we not then, gentlemen, a right to love our country's flag? Yes, gentlemen, as Irishmen we respect the flag for which our ancestors sacrificed their all, as Americans we love the legacy which the founders of our country left us, The Stars and Stripes, which bequeaths to us that freedom so dearly purchased. But fellow Americans, we in our turn have a duty to perform. To our care the flag with it's blessings has been entrusted we, in turn, must hand it down to posterity intact without a stripe disfigured, without a star missing, let us then be ever ready to shield it from ill harm, let it never be said that we have neglected our duty towards posterity, that we have lost our love for Columbia our native land."

That famous old melody "The Harp That Once Thorough Tara's Halls" which has ever called forth applause was then sung by the Glee Club, and while its stirring words were still fresh in the minds of the joyous throng, Mr. J. Meehen, 'oo, in a very eloquent speech, responded to the toast,

"LITERARY IRELAND,"

He said :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :

"Of all the many titles that have been bestowed on Ireland since she first took her place among the nations of the world, the one that sounds sweetest in the ears of her sons, the one that Irishmen love most to recall, is that of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars." The proudest boast of the Irishman is that he can point to a fatherland in which every inch of soil is consecrated with the blood of martyred saints, and whose sons have always stood in the front rank among the great intellectual lights of the world.

And with good reason was Erin termed "the Isle of Scholars," and well may we boast of the glorious title, for Ireland

was ever, as she is to-day, famed above other nations for her bards and her songsters. Even among the first inhabitants, long before Christ's delegate appeared upon her green shores, ancient Milesia was the home of bards and poets, who were held in the highest repute, and exercised an influence throughout the land, second only to that of the monarch himself. King Cormac who reigned over the island about a century before the coming of St. Patrick, is reputed to have been a great patron of letters. History tells us that this wise prince always gave his first consideration to the advancement of education. During his reign he enlarged the institution already established at Tara, and founded a number of academies for military discipline, history, and jurisprudence. Hence we see that, even at this period, when most other nations of the world were enveloped in the mists of barbarism, the Irish were an enlightened and intelligent people, and the love of learning, that most characteristic trait of the race, was fostered, and encouraged even before the advent of Christianity. This is certainly one of the causes, if not the principal cause of the Apostle's wonderful success, of the unimpeded triumphal march of God's legions, unified in the person of St. Patrick.

With the light of Christianity dispelling the darkness of his hitherto benighted soul, the burden of the minstrel's song was changed. From the moment St. Patrick plucked the triune leaf to illustrate that mystery of mysteries, the refulgent light of the redemption flooded over the land and crowned everything with the radiance of heaven. It fell upon the soul of the bard, and wedded his song to truth; it touched the very genius of a gifted race and brought into life the first generation of that great family of scholars which soon attracted the attention of the whole of Europe, and which was destined to bring such glory to Ireland by propagating science and learning throughout the world. This is the mission God entrusted to Ireland at this early age, and truly may it be said that in all climes, in all lands, in all ages since Christianity first came to them—through sunshine and shadow, the sons of St. Patrick have ever remained faithful to this grand mission. With the introduction of Christianity began the brightest period of Ireland's history. Before long the island became the monastic centre of Europe, and colleges crowned every hill, and

sanctified every valley. The fame of these great educational institutions spread rapidly over the continent, and seekers after truth began to pour into Erin from all parts of the then known world. This epoch of glory, such as the world never beheld before or since, continued for three centuries during which period many other countries were by her zealous and learned sons rescued from the darkness of barbaric paganism, and the country became known as the nursery of education, the great instructress of nations. Thus Ireland, in the earlier and brighter part of his history.

But this period of happiness and peace was quickly brought to an end by the invasion of the Danes and for several centuries all the energy of the Irish people was demanded for the protection of their island home. Yet even then they preserved their love for music and song. "The bards were in the battle field and the music of the harp mingled with the cries of the combatants;" the minstrels were on the battle field with their masters, and lifting up their voices in song spurred the warriors on to deeds of greater valor and heroism. The country had not yet recovered from the effects of the Danish war when another crueller and more dreaded invader landed on her shores. In the year 1169, the English invasion of Ireland began and with it that long protracted agony of national woe, of which we have not yet seen the end. Strife and oppression took the place of peace and happiness, and Saxon tyranny took the place of home rule; churches and schools alike were pillaged and destroyed but still the character of the people remained unchanged; and in spite of all the attempts that were made to exterminate them, the bards and minstrels lived through it all and ever continued to animate the hopes of the nation. But though the laws which made education a crime failed to reduce the Irish people to a state of absolute ignorance, yet they were far from conducive to the advancement of fine arts and hence it is that during that unhappy time Ireland produced no authors of note. But the genius of the nation was not dead, it was only repressed for a time--

"Chill *Tyranny* repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of the soul"--

and no sooner had England become exhausted in the attempt to bring the country over to Protestantism, no sooner had priest-hunting ceased to be a profession and the hard days of penal ser-

virtude passed away than the inherent genius of the Gael broke through the cloud that surrounded the land and once more sprang into life with even greater brilliancy than ever.

The first evidence of this literary revival was the appearance of the immortal Tom Moore whose name shall live for ever in his famous "Irish Melodies." What this great poet did for Irish literature may be best expressed in his own beautiful words—

"Dear harp of my country in darkness I found thee ;  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;  
When proudly my own island hard I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy notes to life, music and song."

Moore's "Melodies" are without doubt the grandest collection of poetical gems that it has been given to human genius to produce. Their marvellous beauty is acknowledged in every land. The celebrated Handel declared he would rather be the author of one simple melody, "Eileen a Roon" than of all the works that ever came from his pen, or from his mind. The great charm of all Moore's productions is that they are essentially Irish and in them all that is dearest, and noblest in the Irish character is glorified in words of undying beauty. Besides the far famed author of the "Irish Melodies" many other Irishmen cultivated the Muse with equal success. We have Davis and his co-labourers of the "Nation," McCarthy, McGee, O'Hagan and Duffy that glorious galaxy of artists to which is justly attributed the honour of having created a national poetry which no other country can equal. These, with a number of other minor poets, have caused every ancient glory of Ireland to stand forth anew, and thus fittingly prepared the way for the coming of that mighty genius, Aubry De Vere. This great writer, the pride of the Catholic church, whose doctrine and sacred traditions he sets forth in magnificent verse, the pride of the Irish people because of his noble patriotism and ardent zeal for the cause of his loved country, must be acknowledged by all impartial critics as the greatest English poet of any age. In a word this gifted Irishman is, according to Catholic ideas, endowed with all the qualities, and requisites of the ideal litterateur, and is, in fact, one of the greatest literary artists the world has ever seen.

But, gentlemen, poetry is not the only branch of literature

in which the Irish excell. This singularly gifted race has given to the world, masters in almost every line of literary work. As journalists the Irish are unequalled, and to-day, that journalism has come to be a profession of such vast importance, the leading exponents of its perfection are either Irish or of Irish descent. Nor are we without worthy representatives in the domain of fiction. What names are better known or more popular among those who relish genuine mirth, and fun than those of Lever, Lover, and Carleton? And in later years the reputation is ably upheld by Justin McCarthy to whom must be conceded a place among the foremost writers of the age.

Irish novelists are admired, Irish journalists command admiration, Irish poets are above praise, but gentlemen, it is in oratory, that rarest of all arts, the perfection of which constitutes the highest perfection man can attain, that the supremacy of the sons of Erin has been most emphatically asserted, and most universally admitted. We have it on the authority of England's "grand old man" that the Irish are a nation of orators. Anthony Malone was the first great Irish orator. He was followed by Flood, Grattan and Curran, all orators of the first class. After these came Edmund Burke. No words of mine can add anything to the volumes that have been written in praise of this wonderful genius. Lord Macauley, who was certainly not partial to the Irish, pronounces him the greatest master of eloquence, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. Burke's fame has spread wider than that of any other man; his name is familiar, and his polished sentences are quoted in every country; his influence is eternal in its duration, and universal in its extension. Side by side with that of Burke are to be found the names of Plunkett, Emmet, Shiel and Sheridan, but certainly the one which is most revered by every Irishman, is that of him who was crowned with the glorious title of the "Liberator of his country." O'Connell, the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the bare mention of whose name causes every Irish heart to swell with pride, is the crowning glory of the Irish race. In him we recognize the man who was raised up by God, that he in turn might raise his country; he it is who was destined to succeed where so many others had failed. "This mighty Irishman, heroic in courage, strong in faith, gigantic in

intellect arose single-handed, burst the bonds that bound his countrymen and led a prostrate country high up the rugged rood to liberty." O'Connell united in his person all the qualities of the great parliamentary orator to that rarer talent which enabled him to descend to the level of the common people, to gain control of the mob. This is where he surpassed even Burke, and this is the secret of his success in attaining the great object of his life for so great was his influence among the masses of his people, that in him was concentrated the entire strength of the whole nation. In one brief, but pointed sentence Lacordaire reveals the secret of his power—"Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." Wendell Phillips, speaking of the influence which his mighty eloquence gained for him in the British parliament, has this to say: "When I saw him in London he held the balance of power, with sixty-nine votes in his right hand and both parties tendering him their support. The Whigs said—Would you like to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland?—Take it. Would you like to have us repeal the last vestige of the Irish code and make you Lord Chancellor of England?—Take that, only save the Whig party. And I left him thus—this hated Irishman—this despised Catholic—this agitator—this man of words standing with the Whig party in one hand the Tories in the other; and he was deciding to which he would give the government of the realm." Such was O'Connell. Truly, "nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man." Yes the truest, noblest, most perfect type of manhood. Oh! Ireland, ever glorious, thou alone among nations canst claim the honor of having produced such a man as O'Connell, and may we not justly conclude that in him is foreshadowed thy destiny—Erin among nations, what O'Connell was among men. Since the time of O'Connell a number of other Irish orators have come before the public. The most noted of these is Sexton whose many famous orations caused him to be acknowledged as the most finished master of eloquence of his time. The Irish parliamentary party of to-day viewed from a literary stand-point, is probably the grandest body of men that has ever represented the "Green Isle"; to-day as formerly the British House of Commons resounds with the thunder of Irish eloquence. It is only a short while ago since Timothy Healy delivered his famous speech which friends and foes alike

pronounced to be the grandest oration heard in the British House of Commons since the days of Burke.

Gentlemen, I have recalled to your minds the names of a few of Ireland's most illustrious sons. These men are standing proofs of the failure of the attempt that has been made to rob the Irish people of their ancient glory. For seven centuries the omnipotent Saxon has striven to reduce the Irish race to a state of ignorance; these mighty men sprang up to attest the utter fruitlessness of his efforts. True, Ireland has not produced so many great writers as other countries, but this is not to be wondered at, for not only Edmund Burke but every Irishman that ever aspired to literary fame was traversed and opposed at every step and obliged to show his passport at every turnpike. Many indeed have succeeded but how many others must have found these discouragements beyond the power of endurance? God alone knows how many "mute inglorious" O'Connells and De Veres lie buried in the sacred soil of Erin and God alone knows what might have been the literary achievements of the Irish people had their sky been unclouded during those seven centuries. Hence it is that we can boast of only a comparatively small number of Irish literary men but the excellence of the few is sufficient ground for the statement that Ireland has to-day a literature equal to that of any other country, and that the intellectual supremacy of the Irish is to-day just as undeniable as it was when Erin was honoured with the title: "Isle of scholars."

In a clear voice Mr. George Nolan, '03, sang "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms," and after the applause, which it had evoked had ceased, the toast

"ALMA MATER"

was proposed, and in the following manner Mr. J. F. Breen, '00, bestowed his praises on our College Home:

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen:

"My position before you this afternoon is, I feel, a position of honor and responsibility. I am here to represent the chief Catholic institution of higher education in this province—an institution to which honor has, several times been offered by lips more eloquent than mine. I am here to speak the praises of an

institution that needs no praise ; its merits are well recorded in the minds of every one present.

The honor then of being chosen to respond to such a toast as " Alma Mater " is indeed great, but gentlemen, the responsibility is I believe much greater. If any words of mine chance to raise this institution one step higher in your estimation, I shall have done a good work, I shall have spoken well ; but on the contrary, if I fail in this respect, I had better not have risen to undertake my present task. There is, however, one reason why my words, although perhaps not spoken with such brilliant eloquence as has characterized the utterances of those that have preceded me, may nevertheless find a ready response in the hearts of many present. Gentlemen, I stand before you as a member of the graduating class of 1900. I stand before you as one whose college course is nearly run. Gentlemen, I have assisted at the St. Patrick's Day celebration for years, and now what am I to say ? Is this to be my last ? Whether or not, gentlemen, the present is to be my last appearance in this long to-be-remembered hall on the annual commemoration of Ireland's patron saint, is a difficult thing to say. However, that may be, I beg your kind attention for a few moments. As one now near the end of a college course, and looking back, I can speak from experience to many of you who are at the beginning and looking forward.

Deep rooted indeed should be the love of every student for his Alma Mater. For is she not a kind mother ? To whom if not to her does the student owe the debt of gratitude, if at the completion of his course, he has become a self-thinker, a noble citizen, or is in fact thoroughly fitted for life ? From whom but his Alma Mater has he received that development of body, mind, and heart, which will enable him to go boldly forth into the world, strongly conscious of being able to fight the battle of life ?

Recognizing the fact that the training of the mind and the disciplining of the heart do not constitute a thorough education, but that the student has also a physical element to develop, athletics have always met with the warmest approval of the faculty of Ottawa University. The purchasing of a new and beautiful campus, and the erection thereon of a spacious grandstand, show

that their disposition towards sports is by no means an indifferent one. But it must be said that Ottawa College maintains the proper medium in regard to athletics. They are, and should be, ever considered as a means to a greater end; as something secondary, subordinate, instrumental to the perfection of the higher man. But what a glorious record is that of Varsity. Truly it can be said of her

“That forcing all her stubborn foes to yield

The champion's crown she snatched in every fray.”

For the past 18 or 19 years has her foot-ball team proved well nigh invincible to all opponents. Within the last four years, in two of which our stalwarts won the proud title of champions of Canada, has Quebec Rugby honors been hers. Last year was no exception to what now seems the general rule. But never before perhaps did our boys manifest more courage and energy than was displayed by them in their contests during the past season of '99. Composed as the team was of many who are yet tyros at the game, they have shown that as long as they possess that grit, pluck and determination which have ever characterized Varsity's team, victory will ever rest within the silken folds of the now famous garnet and grey.

One of the most pleasing features of our *Alma Mater*, and one which cannot fail to excite our admiration, is the mutual good-will and friendships that exist among the students. Here under one roof and within four walls, are students, who hail from Transatlantic shores, from far off Mexico, from the various states of the neighboring Republic, and from the different provinces of the Dominion. Yet though, no doubt, all believe that “their first best country ever is at home” no traces of national prejudices exist. All are united like one as becomes children of the same *Alma Mater*. It is to this spirit of unity, well exemplified to-day in the co-operation of all in the same grand effort to honor Ireland's patron saint, is due in a great measure our successes, whether on the football field or in the class room. College life then imbues the students with a broad and noble patriotism, a patriotism free from provincialism. Our continual intercourse, and the constant interchange of thoughts and feelings, supply us with much of our practical and

useful information. In the class room, and out of it, we have ever a helping hand from our noble professorial staff, who are always willing to guide us along the arduous path of learning. They are truly men in the strictest sense of the word,—men who have sacrificed their all for the good of the students. Our course of studies, modelled after the ideal of Catholic education is second to none in America. To keep in touch with the world's great minds, we have a well stocked library at our disposal, and in order not to lose sight of what is going on in the outside world, we possess a privilege, which many other similar institutions lack, namely, a well equipped reading room. On its files are to be found the leading journals and magazines of Canada and the United States, as well as many of the leading newspapers of Europe, from which the student may acquire that highly useful and multifarious information to be had from the perusal of the press,

From an intellectual standpoint also, our different well organized societies are not only invaluable aids in providing the student with weapons, which will prove so useful to them in after life, but they also furnish much profitable enjoyment to the student body in breaking the otherwise monotonous routine of college life. The Scientific Society, though of comparative recent institution, has accomplished much in promoting increased interest in scientific research. The Debating Society is a time-honored institution in our Alma Mater, and is of incalculable assistance to the student in acquiring the useful accomplishment of speaking in public. As aid to our literary development, to chronicle our doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to our Alma Mater, the students of the past and present, we have the "Review," which has already won an enviable position in the sphere of College journalism.

Many and efficient then are the opportunities afforded us by Alma Mater for our intellectual advancement during the time spent within her maternal halls, but she does not stop at the mere imparting of knowledge.

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail  
Against her beauty?"

With Tennyson say I,

" May she mix  
 With men and prosper.  
 ..... Let her work prevail "

But " Let her know her place  
 She is the second not the first,  
 A higher hand must make her mild  
 If all be not in vain, and guide  
 Her footsteps moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child,  
 For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But wisdom heavenly of the soul."

Surrounded as we are by a healthy moral atmosphere, and having before us daily, the example and teaching of a priestly professional staff, and, added to this, an education essentially catholic, we have surely, gentlemen, a powerful shield to keep the mind from being perverted or corrupted by the influence of immorality, and a wholesome stimulant to goad it on to those nobler and higher aspirations to which it should ever tend.

And now, gentlemen, since *Alma Mater* has well and nobly performed her part, it devolves upon us ever to prove loyal to her. Who among us cannot but wish her the fullest measure of success in all her undertakings. Oh! yes, gentlemen, may the day be far distant when the old garnet and gray will cease to float from the topmost top of the flagstaff of fame, and may similar trophies to the ones we already possess, testify to the prowess of our hitherto invincible foot-ball team. May there be no decline in that old college spirit, rather let there be a more intimate fostering of that spirit of unity, and the entire banishment of the least semblance of disunion. May the graduates of Ottawa University continue as they have done in the past, ever to reflect honor on their *Alma Mater*, by their success in whatever may be their calling in life. May the REVIEW ever be a worthy mouth-piece of the students and may the editors ever keep it among the foremost of American college papers.

To those who guide the destinies of this University may the most signal success crown their every undertaking, and may it ever prosper, our beloved *Alma Mater*."

The orchestra again delighted the feasters by playing some well selected popular airs, and as it concluded, Mr. W. A. Martin, '02, replied to the toast

## " IRELAND'S FUTURE,"

in the following beautiful strain :

"To-day the past has been made present, and in the few brief hours we have spent within this banquet hall, the cycle of fifteen hundred years has been revolved before us, and we have beheld the varying fortunes of the land of our fathers. We heard the pleadings of the mystic voice summoning Patrick to the Western Isle. We stood on the banks of the Varty when he disembarked on Erin's shore ; and from Wicklow, we followed him throughout that fair realm which he so quickly won to God. With supreme delight we have feasted on the joys that were Ireland's portion during the four centuries, when, as the first among the enlightened nations of the world, she left her glorious impress on the pages of civilization's history, and, as the "Lamp of the North," her radiance lit up the gloom of all those years. But then, alas! we saw the cruel invader enter her fair domain, and, after he had inhumanly dealt death to myriads of her sons, and had sated deeply his thirsty sword, make her the thrall of captivity. Then began those years of sorrow, when the songs of the hard and the soothing harmony of the harp were heard no more, but the ear was greeted with the wailing and weeping of a grief-stricken people. For seven centuries and more, have we trod with the Christ-like Erin in her way of sorrows. Aye, we have even witnessed the very consummation of her sacred scandal, when bowed with the woes of centuries, she seemed at last to die.

And now shall we presume to make the future present and attempt to discern the course of the glorious Erin to come ?

Were I gifted with the skill of divination, I might dare to dispel the mist that envelops the future or to trace the inscrutable words which the hand of God has written on Destiny's page. But no such gift is mine. My judgment of what her future shall be can be prompted only by the knowledge of her past and by the pure and exalted love which we all cherish for her. What, then, is our fondest wish for Ireland ? Shall we see her a leader in the political arena of the world, subduing nations, bringing home spoils, achieving renown and reaching the highest pinnacle of human glory, gaining triumphs and then called 'conqueror' ? Shall we see

her an emporium of the world, her ports crowded and her sails dotting every sea? Who shall say "aye" to this? Do these things merit fame? For what is power, does it not simply "come to go"? And trade, is it not as shifting as the winds? And dares any one say that conquest is aught else than "vulgar pastime"? And has not history taught us full well that though a nation's name may be bruited in the mouths of men, she shall at last become the very jest of fortune? Then who amongst us desires this as Ireland's future?

But again, shall fate reveal Ireland as an independent nation knocking at England's door and demanding requite for seven long centuries' oppression? Shall we behold Erin raising the cry of "blood for blood" and driving her conquering wheels over her vanquished keeper, thus overcoming tyranny with tyranny? Ah, no! For, he who says this knows not Ireland. Rather would we tell her to lay aside vindictiveness and appease herself with a holy vengeance, bearing in mind the dying words of her great apostle:

"Wrongs if they endure

In after years, with fire of pardoning love  
Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that erred:  
For bread denied let them give sacraments,  
For darkness, light; and for the House of Bondage  
The glorious freedom of the sons of God."

The Almighty has told us that justice is His, and is not this sufficient pledge that in His good time the wrongs of Ireland shall be avenged. Be it our most ardent wish, then, that the Irish, ennobled by centuries of adversity, and actuated by those lofty sentiments of benevolence and universal charity, shall not lapse into revengful vindicators! And may the hand of destiny fend off the incubus of revenge and intolerance, that it may not cast its hideous shadow over the beauty of Ireland's future!

But now you will object, perhaps, "cannot Ireland be a free and yet a God-loving nation"? Let us endeavor to picture her as such. If, after her regeneration, she should become a free, active power of the world, we would, indeed, believe her destined to be an example to the nations, and to have the unique glory of being the only Christian state, acknowledging the church as her guide and director, and being safeguarded by the high and holy

principles of religion which alone ensure prosperity and happiness to a people. Could this be, then most heartily would we wish it. But alas ! there lurks in our heart the fear of a rehearsal of the story of past nations : first peace and glory ; then, vice and corruption ; and lastly, barbarism and annihilation. We tremble, then, lest Ireland, like

“ Many a race  
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,  
Should cease from faith.”

Would we wish that Ireland's faith should be rewarded by peace, if peace should cool the holy zeal of faith and bring stagnation and indifference ? Better a thousand times that Ireland should live and suffer, than die by such peace. Let it be our most earnest entreaty to the God of nations that Ireland, remaining righteous in this perverse world, shall spurn false freedom and anticipate no earthly peace and glory.

Once more it is asked, “ What is Erin's destiny ? ” Before we dare predicate anything of Ireland's future, we must realize well what her past has been, we must perceive her true nature.

Unlike all other peoples of the world, the Irish have ever been a religious race. They were never eminent for great exploits or conquests, at no time were they commercial, nor were they ever famed for high political aspirations ; but throughout their whole history, there one predominant characteristic has ever been firm and unswerving adherence to God's Holy Church. The history of Ireland is but the history of the Church. Erin and God's Church are inseparable, “ the nation is part ; the church the whole.” If then the Church as Christ's other self must like Him be ever tried in sharp tribulation, so then must Ireland share a similar fate.

If at present the tide of woe seems to have ebbed, be assured that it is but to reflow with increased impetuosity ; if the bitter cup of sorrow has been drained, it is but to be refilled ; if the thorny diadem has been removed from Erin's bleeding brow, it is but that the thorns be the more deeply implanted ; if her sacred stigma have been healed, it is but that they bleed afresh. Yes, sorrow is Ireland's portion, and without it she cannot live, for within our inmost heart do we not hear the passionate suppli-

cation which she continually sends heavenward, "Lord, Lord, send me grief that I may live."

But I anticipate your remonstrance: "If Ireland does not regain freedom, how shall her wrongs be requited?" That we all desire Ireland to be avenged, there is no doubt. That she will be avenged, is equally doubtless. And that her revenge will be so complete, so overwhelming that it will crush the very demons in hell and send a cry of exultation throughout the realms of God where so many of Erin's sons abide, we have strong reason to believe.

What then, shall this revenge be? Need we ask? Can we not all foresee the day when Ireland clad in spiritual armor that be able to resist all the assaults of her enemies, fear'ss of what the mind of man may devise against her, and recompensed for all the tyrant's cruelties by heaven's consolations, shall go forth and though "weak, yet strengthened from above" fight God's war, subverting the most powerful of nations and amazing her proudest persecutors, and then

"For earthly scath  
In world wide victories of her faith  
Atonement shall be made."

When Ireland's militant star refulgent in all its splendor shall give taken to the world of Faith's triumph, when Erin's song of woe shall sound the note of glad deliverance to the nations, when every land shall be clothed in the royal ermine of Patrick's wondrous faith, then only will the land of our forefathers have accomplished its destiny.

But now it may be remarked: why should we speak to-day of the future of Erin? Is not our present lot enough to endure without desiring to foreknow what fate has in store for us? Of what concern to us is Ireland's destiny? If this were true, then indeed would it be idle speculation to attempt a portrayal of the future life of Erin.

But be assured we are concerned and most vitally. For are we not the threads that bind the generations with each other? Are we not the pledges of the children of the future? Are we not the custodians of that priceless treasure, great and immense, which St. Patrick won for us on Cruachan's Mt. ? and must we

not transmit this unimpaired to posterity, that by it the world may be won to Christ? O, then, the thought of Ireland's future impresses us with the sublimity of one grand vocation, that we are the repositories of that faith which sustained so many heroic martyrs, of that faith which reaped such a rich harvest of souls for God. And what time is appropriate for such reflections if not to-day the feast of Erin's saint? What occasion is more opportune to give thanks to the Goodness Infinite, who, from all the evil that the tyrant has wrought, shall produce good? For indeed we doubt whether we should repent of England's sins or should rather rejoice since from them shall spring.

" To God more glory, more good-will to men  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound."

Do not judge then as tidings of evil that Ireland is fated to suffer. For indeed, why should we lament? Shall not her sorrow be majestic? Though misery shall claim her, are we not assured that she shall never sink to baseness while the light of God shall glow upon her and Faith's strongest comfort fill her heart? And can we not fancy how, on the dawn of eternal day, when her sorrow shall be swallowed up in victory, her sweet, sad lips shall part in a heavenly smile of gladness when she beholds the joys that her grief has won her.

Let it be with rejoicing hearts then, that we address to our beloved Erin the words uttered by her noblest bard:

" Be strong; be true! Thy palms not yet are won:  
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.  
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—  
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that cross thou bearest!  
Go forth! each coast shall glow beneath thy tread!  
What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head?  
What fiery pillar is before thee borne?  
They loved and lost! They lead thee to the morn!  
They pave thy paths with light! Beheld by man,  
Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.  
Walk on—work on—love on; and, suffering, cry.  
' Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die.' "

The elegant programme of music was now concluded by Mr. M. J. O'Connell, 'oo, who sang the "Minstrel Boy."

To the toast

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“ IRISHMEN ABROAD,”

T. Stuart Albin, '00, replied :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen ;

I certainly feel highly flattered at having my name coupled with this toast, so eloquently proposed by my friend the chairman ; at the same time I am not insensible to the manner in which it has been received by all within this banquet hall. I indeed acknowledge the inadequacy of my abilities and the deficiency of my powers to do justice to this important and comprehensive toast “ Irishmen Abroad.”

In proposing the health and prosperity of Irishmen Abroad, I beg leave to propose a similar tribute to Irishmen at home, whose dwelling place is the beautiful isle of the sea, and with whom we are linked by the strongest bonds of fellowship and brotherly love.

There is no man in whose veins flows Celtic blood, whose pulse will not beat quicker when he hears mentioned the sentiment of this toast, “ Hail to our Celtic brethren wherever they may be.”

From every portion of the globe ascends the loud acclaim of a nation's festival, and millions of Irishmen dispersed and settled in many lands, gazed this morning at early dawn, with pride and pleasure, upon the distant horizon, whose variegated hues and intermingled tints proclaimed the glad tidings of Erin's brilliant star, as it rose majestically above the clouds to shed lustre on this festive celebration. To-day from where the heaving and turbulent waters of the Atlantic that batter its rock-bound coast, from the placid streams that wash the gold sand shores of the great Pacific, from the auriferous islands of Oceania, and from the land of the “ fleur-de-lis ” blend the joyful sounds of mutual greetings to our motherland—Ireland.

This general celebration means more than mere outward display, nay, on every breast is displayed the three-leaved shamrock, emblem of our faith in the Triune God, a declaration of our unswerving devotion to the God of our ancestors, and of our undying fidelity to the land of our birth or to that of our forefathers ; and

to make manifest to the world that the name of the glorious apostle of Ireland ever remains fresh in our memory.

Persecuted and ruled with oppressive severity at home, the Irish exile unwillingly bade farewell to Erin's green shores and went forth to seek liberty and freedom in other climes. Gladly was he welcomed everywhere, for Ireland's loss was his adopted country's gain. Although resident in foreign states and in foreign climes, Irishmen have always clung with fond tenacity to their native country, and have always shown an active sympathy with their friends and relatives at home, ever ready to assist private and public undertakings which would in any way ameliorate their condition and bring peace and comfort to their hearths. And whilst doing their duty to those whom they left in the far off motherland, the Irish have not been unmindful of their duties to the land of their adoption, for no man has a more patriotic heart than that which beats in the Irishman's breast.

France, Spain, Austria, Italy, in fact every country in Europe, Peru, Chili and Boliva in South America, and the great Republic of the United States tell the tale of patriotism and heroism of the Irish on their battle-fields : and never has it been said, nor shall it ever be said that an Irishman ever dishonored the field of military glory. The battle-fields speak to the senses more forcibly and more tangibly than do words of the glorious records of the Irish Abroad.

Who has not heard of the military feats of the Irish Brigade when in the service of France ? Who is there among Irishmen that has not heard of the valor, heroism and leonine courage of that famous Brigade at the battle of Fontenoy ? Who is there among us who has not read the historical imprecation of George the second, on hearing the disastrous news of Fontenoy ? " O my God," said he, " what a terrible thing it is to have such accursed laws that deprive me of such subjects as these ! " On battle-fields and in legislative halls do Celtic names cast a brilliant lustre in the annals of French and Spanish history,—such names as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Sullivan, O'Donnell and O'Reilly ; moreover was not the highest office in the gift of the French Republic given to a McMahon ?

What Irishmen have done on the Continent they have also

done for England in many of her sanguinary strifes ; and be it said to the glory and credit of Irish soldiery and Irish generalship, that they were never found wanting when their honor, valor, courage or martial genius were at stake.

If England's flag is triumphantly waving over citadel and arsenal in South Africa, it is not due to any superior prowess of Britain's soldiers or of her generals. On the contrary, as of yore, her military glory rests with Irish soldiers and Irish generals. When the sun of England's fame as a martial power was fast sinking below the horizon of prestige among the great powers, and ominous clouds were rising on every side, then the sons of Ireland arose to bring England another sunlit day and to change her ebon clouds to golden.

When her armies had met with overwhelming reverses, no alternative was left, she was compelled to place her hopes in the military ability and genius of Irish generals whom she called to take supreme command, trusting in them to retrieve her losses and her prestige.

Then did the Irish generals Roberts, Kitchener and French come to the rescue, and the result of their generalship will go down to posterity in characters of gold on the pages of the world's history.

It is needless for me to add that the Irish Brigades have covered themselves with honor and glory in the present war in South Africa ; for they have won England's battles and brought back her former glory.

England, I must say, has not been slow in recognizing the merits of the Irish regiments, as her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, has publicly sent her congratulations to the Irish troops, and to the Irish generals in particular, for the glorious victories won against a brave and courageous foe in far off Africa.

Moreover, Her Majesty has ordered her Irish soldiers to wear a sprig of shamrock on their head-dress this glorious day. To-day, for the first time in the history of the British Empire, Erin's flag floats over the Mansion House in London, in recognition of Ireland's heroes.

From the towers of the civic buildings throughout Canada, is unfurled to the breeze Ireland's green flag, whose harp strings

are vibrating sweet strains, touched by the gentle fingers of the calm zephyrs, proclaiming the glad tidings to Irishmen abroad, of the chivalry of their countrymen on the sun-burned sands of Africa.

What the Irishman has been abroad, he has been at home ; for the deeds of a Sarsfield, an O'Neil and of one whose pen and voice were mightier than the sword, Daniel O'Connell, the great Liberator, are yet vivid on memory's canvass. Some people,—and for this class I have the greatest contempt,—believe that the Irish people are unfit to rule and govern their own country ; the contention might hold, if they had not proved their wonderful abilities in governing foreign states and foreign people. They have risen to the front rank in every walk of life, ecclesiastical, professional, political and commercial. Not only did European countries extend a cordial welcome to the exiles of Erin, but also did the primeval and virginal forests of the West receive them into their bosoms.

Jealous of the West, far off Australia, the Queen Isle of the Pacific, disemboweled her golden treasures to allure to her shores the sturdy sons of Erin, where by their intelligence, industry and energy, the Irish are building the foundation and structure of a great nation, and are developing the latent resources of a country that bids fair to become a strong competitor in the commercial world.

The names of a Cardinal Moran, an Archbishop Carr, a Sir Cavan Duffy and others grace the pages of her religious and political history, manifesting to the world the race from which they sprung.

But never in the history of any people has there been such wondrous intellectual development as has taken place among the Irish race in the western world. America has produced Irish-American statesmen, rivalling, if not surpassing, those of the Old World. The western world has produced her poets whose tender and sympathetic nature, whose sublime and beautiful expression and lofty inspiration have won the admiration, not only of their fellow Irish countrymen, but also of the world. The names of her orators will go down to posterity borne on the silver

current of their magic and powerful eloquence, so arousing "The applause of listening senates to command."

Has she not given birth to brave soldiers and gallant officers capable of commanding large armies on the field of battle? And have not their military achievements added a brilliant diadem to the Celtic name? The names of a Jackson, a Butler, a McDonough, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Kearney, a Barry, an Otis, a Logan and a Dewey cannot belie their ancestry; their deeds have added envious tints to the Irish name. If the Irish have erected monuments to their valor, prowess and ability on the continent, they have built pyramids in America which will be lasting structures to the glory of their enterprise, application and honesty, the magic keys that open the doors to success. But the whispering of their names, makes the heart quicken the flow of Celtic blood in our veins, and makes us pride in the glorious records of our ancestors not only on the field of sanguinary strife, but also in the Senate Chamber, in Congress and in Parliament. Many a time and oft have you heard the name of a Carroll, a Hancock, a Henry, a McKenna, a Bourke Coughran, and a John Boyle O'Reilly; these names need no comment on my part for they are known to the world.

And the "Land of the Maple Leaf" may also boast of her illustrious Irish sons, for the "Lady of the Snows" has had her Doughertys, her Currans, her Thompsons, her Blakes and her own Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of whom no more eloquent eulogy can be given than that expressed in the words of Miller: "For who are nearer to me than those to whom I have given my best thought, the best years of my life."

Not less important than military, literary or parliamentary forces are those which train the youthful intellect and direct the soul to its final end. In no walk of life does man exercise a more potent influence for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-men than in the sacred and divine vocation of the priesthood. Irish priests are too numerous to count, and among the Celtic hierarchy dispersed throughout the world, there are giants of intellectual genius whose writings and works fill pages of Church history in their respective countries. In Canada, the names of Archbishops Lynch, Walsh, Connolly and O'Brien are well known and shine

brilliantly among Irishmen abroad, but there is no man that has adorned the Irish name with more glory, nor has done more for Church and State in this country, than the late lamented Archbishop Cleary of Kingston ; and in the Republic to the South, let it be sufficient to mention Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, Archbishop Corrigan, the erudite scholar and writer, Mgr. Spaulding, and, another to whom Irish Catholics in America own a debt of lasting gratitude for the good wrought both for Church and State, I refer with pleasure to the learned and zealous prelate of St Paul, Archbishop Ireland.

Well may the Irish love and respect their priests for they are the beacon-lights and hope of Erin's sons and the guardians of the cherished inheritance bequeathed to us by our ancestors—our faith.

Standing on the threshold of the 20th. century, it is not too much to expect that the achievements of the Irish abroad in all the highest and noblest walks of life will produce a favorable influence on the conditions of Ireland's people, now that a union of the Irish parliamentary party has been effected, with John Redmond as leader.

It is an honor for the motherland to see her sons merit fame and distinction in foreign climes, and in the height of their good fortune they have not forgotten Erin, for as they stood by her in her halcyon days, so now do they succor her in days of trial and misfortune.

In conclusion, Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, let us breathe forth a message full of faith, hope and love that shall be carried to old Ireland by calm and tranquil zephyrs ; let our greetings be sincere, let the bond that unites us to the dear Emerald Isle be made stronger, and while toasting the health and prosperity of " our Celtic brethren wherever they may be," I propose a similar tribute to Irishmen in the green isle, and in the words of a patriotic Irishman abroad :

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send ;  
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end ;  
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoc'er assails  
The past or future honors of the far dispersed Gaels ;  
One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

## "OUR GUESTS"

was fittingly responded to, by Rev. Father McKenna, Mr. Thos. F. Clancy, Rev. Bro. Fallon, and, the last toast having been drunk, Rev. Father Cornell, in a few well chosen words, thanked the students for their enthusiastic patriotism, and in a special manner, praised the Banquet Committee for the great efforts it had made and complemented it on the success attained. The speakers were likewise congratulated, and the Rev. Father then called upon the boys to sing "God Save Ireland" and amidst its stirring strains, the most successful of all the St. Patrick's Day celebrations was brought to a close.

Mr. M. A. Foley, '00, deserves great praise for the worthy manner in which he filled the chair of honor, while the Committee of management should be highly lauded for the magnificent result of their endeavors.

The folloing had charge of affairs :

Director.—Rev. E. J. Cornell, O.M.I.

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J. T. WARNOCK, '01.



## ST. PATRICK.



SAIN'T Patrick came a holy slave,  
And to the sons of Erin gave  
Christ's holy truth their souls to save,  
And keep them from a heathen grave.

Fourteen long centuries are past  
Since good Saint Patrick breath'd his last ;  
But Patrick's faith, still holding fast,  
Bears harvest from the seed he cast.

In Erin's peace, in Erin's ire,  
She's kept that faith through blood and fire ;  
Through hate and persecutions dire  
It's handed down to son from sire.

Old Erin's faith by Patrick brought,  
By Kevin and Columba taught,  
By eager thousands bravely sought,  
From Finn to Lee, Salvation wrought.

And they who 've left old Erin's land,  
Who roam afar, an exile band,  
By Patrick's faith do firmly stand,  
And by it live on foreign strand.

O Patrick, Erin's blessed saint !  
Help them 'lest they, becoming faint,  
Thy holy heritage may taint  
By raising gainst their lot complaint.

Thy faith may they keep without fear,  
'Till in a future somewhere near,  
By thy own succor to them dear,  
Will end the strife, the cry, the tear.

WILLIE F. CAVANAGH,  
Second Form.

## 'VARSITY OVAL.

With the advent of Spring come also the out-door games, and the various athletic sports afford a topic for general conversation among the students. And, by the way, the Oval of Ottawa 'Varsity is certainly a most inviting spot for the athlete. The old campus, now historic for the fierce football and baseball contests waged upon it, presents but a sorry spectacle when placed beside the "new field." However, if the representatives of the garnet and gray who will do battle on the Oval, will be as stalwart and indomitable as their predecessors of the old field, we shall feel proud of them. Indeed, the opening honors of ninety-nine were won there, and the good work should be kept up.

The property contains four acres, and extends from Cumberland st. to Nicholas st., a distance of over a hundred yards. The frontage on Nicholas street amounts to about one hundred and sixty yards. These measurements give an idea of the size, but the field looks larger from inside the high fence which encloses it. Around the playing field, is a quarter-mile bicycle track, of the most modern plan. The timber for its construction was chosen with great care, and the turns carefully banked. In front of the grandstand, the finishing stretch measures over one hundred yards. All around the track are arc-lights, which during the evening make the field light as day. By means of this system of illumination, racing during the evening has taken a firm hold upon Ottawa.

Enclosed by the track is the playing field, which measures one hundred and ten yards long by seventy-five yards wide. The sod is firm though not too much so, and the system of drainage is very good. Many hard fought games have already been played on the field, both in football and lacrosse. The Capital Lacrosse Club, champions for many years, have acquired the use of the grounds during the summer months.

The grandstand is in keeping with the rest of the field. It has a seating capacity of three thousand five hundred, but many more could easily be accommodated. It is entirely covered, a new departure in this line, and a very good one it must be said. A

pavilion capable of seating fifty people is on top of the stand, and is used as a judges, stand for the racing contests. Underneath the stand are large and commodious dressing rooms with shower bath appliances. Beside these are several ticket offices and a bicycle store room. Two rooms, set apart for the executives of the various teams, complete the lower part of the stand.

There are three entrances to the Oval, all from Nicholas street. This fact probably escaped the notice of many during the past football season, and we think it well to insert it. All together, considering location, stand, field and track, Varsity Oval is certainly an ideal spot for the athletically inclined student, and congratulations are in order to the University authorities for the successful termination of their efforts.



Ye fields of Sharon, drest in flowery pride,  
Ye plains where Jordan rolls its glassy tide,  
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crowned,  
Ye Gilead groves, that sling perfumes around,  
Those hills how sweet, that plain how wondrous fair,  
How doubly sweet when Heaven was with us there!

*Goldsmith.*



# University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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MARCH, 1900.

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## THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The annual Irish banquet given by the students of Ottawa University has, in recent years, grown to be quite an elaborate affair. Indeed it has far surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of those that were responsible for its modest beginnings. The seventeenth of March has come to be regarded as a red-letter day amongst us; so much so, in fact, that in the matter of genuine student enthusiasm and enjoyment, it finds no equal during the whole ten months allotted the college year.

On the St. Patrick's Day that has just gone by, the standard of the celebration's excellence was raised rather than lowered. From a material or artistic point of view, this year's banquet was certainly on par with the very best of its predecessors, while, con-

sidered from an intellectual standpoint, we think it placed them all in the shade. The best arguments in support of this assertion are to be found throughout the large number of pages we have, this month, devoted to the various speeches in reply to the toasts proposed. Taken individually, some of the speeches delivered at former banquets may perhaps surpass some of those delivered on the present occasion, but, taken as a whole, we think that this year's work must be awarded the palm of victory.

We do not deem it at all necessary to offer our readers any apology for devoting so much space to an account of the banquet. The speeches are real essays, exclusively the work of the students, and, in our judgment, work of a very high order. We believe that these speeches will be read with interest and profit by both young and old.

A pleasing feature of the banquet, and one that added new interest to the proceedings, was the presence thereof of our esteemed Archbishop, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel. His genial laugh, and the racy manner in which he related his past experiences with the Irish, were a real treat for everyone present. We are but voicing the sentiments of every student of the University, in extending to His Grace a hearty vote of thanks.

One thing to be regretted both by ourselves and by our readers, is the fact that we are unable to publish in full the Rev. Father Fallon's magnificent eulogy of the Irish priesthood in reply to the toast, "Soggarth Aroon." The Rev. orator did not write his speech, so we are forced to leave it out. We can, however, say about it that it was one of the Rev. Father's most splendid efforts; it was truly Irish; that is to say, it was both patriotic and religious. The Reverend speaker concluded his remarks by drawing a beautiful and consoling word-picture of the Irish triumphant,—of the Irish under the presidency of their beloved Apostle, in a land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."

In conclusion, we are happy to state that the orators of the day, as well as the members of the banquet Committee are eminently worthy of our sincerest congratulations, for the decided success with which their several efforts were so strikingly blessed.

## " THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN."

If there be inhabitants in the sun, or in the moon, or in any of the planets, and if these distant strangers be acquainted somewhat with the British and Irish history of the past seven hundred years, and if by some peculiar sharpness of eyesight, they be capable of distinguishing miniature objects on this relatively insignificant globe of ours, they must surely have been surprised last seventeenth of March, as Miss Earth revolved in her diurnal reel before them. Now what is the unusual sight that would have caught their attention on that memorable occasion? Why, nothing less than the temporary transformation of an empire; nothing less than an Irish flag floating from the tower of Windsor Castle, and another waving over the residence of London's Lord Mayor; and again, on this side of the Atlantic, the same dear green emblem, with its golden harp, fluttering over the city halls of Ottawa, Winnipeg and, strangest of all, over the city hall of Toronto. Moreover, they might have witnessed the same unusual display of green and gold during the whole twenty-four hours, as, one by one, the different parts of the world-encircling British Empire were presented to their view. In addition to this, as if to cap the climax of their astonishment, they would have noticed on nearly every breast or headdress throughout the British dominions, even in England itself, the long-spurned shamrock, the distinctive emblem of Paddydom. And then, upon inquisitive scrutiny they might have gleaned from various signs and signals, that all this strange metamorphosis was in consequence of a royal edict. Why such a scene was undoubtedly enough to cause a sensation throughout the whole planetary system.

Who would have dared to predict, a few years ago, the novel change that March 17th, 1900, would see wrought throughout the length and breadth of "Anglo-Saxondom?" Who would have presumed to imagine that the "mightier empire than has been" would so suddenly ford a seemingly impassible torrent, by adopting, even for a day, the emerald green as a substitute for her long cherished red? Yet such a change has come about; let us hope that it omens well. We believe that it does, and we fervently

pray that this first advance of British gratitude, sympathy and friendship, may be but the stepping stone to a free and independent Ireland.

Well, at present, we have no convenient means of discovering whether or not there prevailed, on last seventeenth of March, any particular excitement in ultra-terrestrial spheres, but we do know that many an inhabitant of mother earth, regarded the sudden change in British sentiments with at least great surprise, if not with satisfaction or any particular emotion. Seemingly strange fact however : The Irish at home were even less enthusiastic over the unaccustomed honor paid their national emblem than were their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. The cause of this coolness, however, is not difficult to discover. If the honor conferred upon their national color and national emblem by royal edict, and the honor conferred upon themselves by the royal visit to their midst, be meant as the introduction to a near-at-hand national independence, then the Irish people have reason for enthusiasm ; but, on the contrary, if these favors be meant as the only recompence for Irish valor in South Africa and on a hundred other battlefields where British prestige was at stake, then they have not a single jot of reason for rejoicing. Were Ireland placed in a position of independence such as Canada enjoys to-day, then might we expect on the part of Irishmen, a loyalty equal if not superior to that of Canadians; then might we expect the people of the Emerald Isle to grow enthusiastic over little royal favors, and uninvited royal visits. If Irish soldiers, side by side with unfearing Scotchmen and our brave Canadians, have shown such valor in South Africa, why not, in practical recognition of their services, reward the land that gave them birth, with an independence akin to that of Canada, or to that of other British possessions? Irishmen are generous and forgiving ; but certainly they will never be rendered insanely loyal by the enthusiasm of a single day, or by the cheap praises of a British sovereign. Let justice be done the dear little land of the shamrock, and then the British Empire will possess no more truly faithful, and certainly no more courageous defenders than Irishmen.

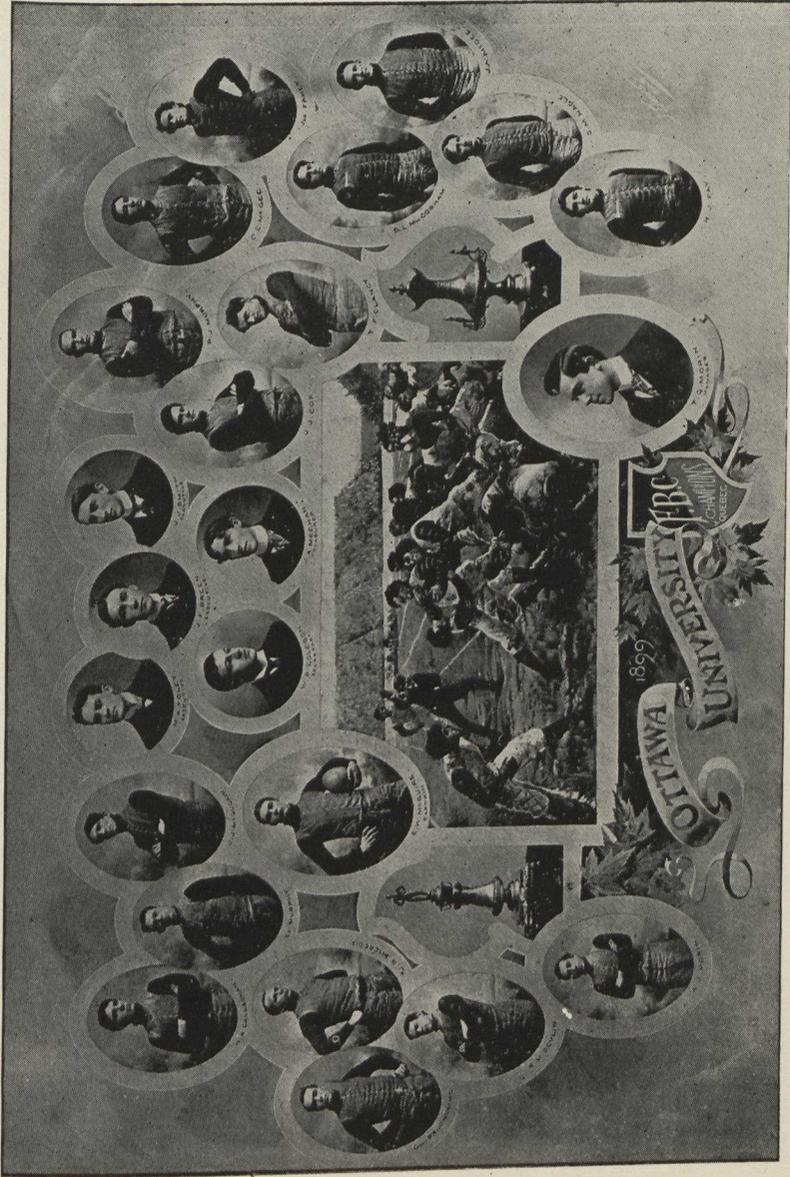
## A NEWSPAPER SLANDER.

Everybody, even a fool, admits that it is very wicked, in fact enormously malicious, to slander the living, and who will, even for a moment, doubt that it is seven-fold worse to deliberately slander a person whose still, cold, and yet uncoffined form lies paled by the touch of recent death? Moreover, will not all, save infidels, concede that said slander is increased by a double malignity when its victim happens to be a representative of Jesus Christ Himself and a Minister of His Holy Gospel? Such, however, was the sacred character and calling of a person recently victimized by the New York representative, or representatives, of "the associated press."

One day, a couple of weeks ago, the telegraph wires carried far and wide over America, and perhaps, for all we know, over the other four continents also, the astounding news that a Roman Catholic priest had "suicided" in New York. The details furnished, left no apparent doubt that the so-called self-murder was both deliberate and premeditated. According to the slander-mongers, the priest had registered at the Ashland House under a false name; "he had shut the windows of his room, placed his coat along the crevice under his door, and turned the gas on full in a little heating-stove," and consequently, was asphyxiated.

Now, this story must surely have been real clover for the A. P. A. herd, and it must have gratified the morbid curiosity of another certain class. Nevertheless, people more intimately acquainted with the Catholic priesthood shook their heads in wise incredulity as they awaited further particulars. The news of a Catholic priest's suicide is a morsel all too uncommon for a prudent man to swallow without question, as, in the present case, the sequel proved.

The true story of the devoted priest's sad and untimely end came to us in due time, as we knew it would; not, however, through the medium of the slanderous sensational daily newspapers. It is as follows:—His death was due to heart failure, to which he had for some time been subject, and to which he succumbed in the act of lighting a little gas heating-stove in his room. The hotel register contained his correct name and address. His coat was not placed along the crevice under his door, but was found hanging on a hook where it ought to be. There was absolutely no indication of suicide.



OUR CHAMPIONS.

The lamented priest's funeral service, which was presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Farley, was held in one of the New York city churches, and was attended by a large number of priests and people. Such would hardly have been the funeral of a suicide.

Now a very pertinent question is the following: Who is responsible for the circulation of such basely scandalous reports as the one we have here tried to set right? Evidently the representatives of the "associated press." Were these honorable gentlemen only a little more exact in finding out facts, instead of circulating broadcast, their own or some other fool's wild imaginings, the world would be spared a lot of sad misunderstandings. Moreover, if our daily papers were a little more sparing of their sensational head-lines, the evil effects of such a shocking slander as that herein refuted, would be considerably diminished. We wonder are the "associated press" news items about the South African war measured by the same standard of truthfulness as that very "taking" bit of of intelligence about the "suicide Catholic priest?"

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#### OUR CHAMPIONS.

This month we are pleased to present as our front-piece, a very good engraving of last Fall's champion foot-ball club. This picture might, perhaps, have been more in season, had it been presented to our readers at an earlier date. However, there are some good reasons why we deem it not entirely out of place in the present issue of the REVIEW. First of all, this issue of the REVIEW is decidedly Hibernian both in appearance and in substance. Consequently we consider it a very appropriate place for the owners of such names as McCreadie, Murphy, Clancy, Cox, McGuckin, McGuire and so forth. We are confident that "the boys" will feel quite at home amidst such decidedly Celtic surroundings. In the second place, this picture appearing just now when the spring practices are about to begin, may be accepted by both friends and foes as a quiet reminder that Varsity football is by no means a thing of the past, but that, on the contrary, next Fall, the invincible old garnet and gray will claim a still greater victory than

that of last season. Moreover let this picture remind all candidates for next Fall's "first team" that they must, as soon as the campus is in suitable condition, begin again to practice their rugby muscles, if they really wish to capture the coveted position.

Within the pages of this issue will likewise be found a good engraving of our new athletic grounds, popularly known as "Varsity Oval." A short description of the Oval accompanies the picture.

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#### EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

The committee in charge of decorations for the St. Patrick's Day banquet wish to publicly express their sincere thanks to business men and friends in the city for so kindly lending decoration goods to be used in the banquet hall. They feel especially obliged to Messrs. Blythe, St. Laurent, Poulin, McMorran Chisholm and Clarke, as well as to the St. Patrick's Literary Society, the United States Consulate, and the Reverend Sisters of Water Street Convent. We request the students not to forget the business men and friends that so kindly extended to us a helping hand.



### Of Local Interest.

During the past month it was found necessary to make several changes on the Editorial staff of the REVIEW and as a result a new Local Editor has been ushered into office. Owing to the fact however, that he has lately seen heavy showers of old rubbers, etc., descending upon the heads of prominent persons he deemed it more prudent to hide his identity. To commence with, though he may state that this is his first appearance in print and therefore expects to be dealt with somewhat leniently, believing however, in that system of philosophy founded by one "David Harum" he absolutely refuses to make any promises. But, boys, if this portion of our paper affords you as much pleasure and profit as heretofore then his fondest hopes will be realized.

As the hockey and likewise the snow-shoeing season is over we have turned our attention to indoor sports not yet daring to venture beyond the threshold for fear of being carried away by the floods of melted snow and ice. The boxing-gloves have again come into requisition and the spring poet has also made his appearance. Both are proving themselves to be good entertainers.

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On the 13th inst. the students attended the "Month's Mind" Mass celebrated at their request in St. Joseph's Church for the Rev. Father Howe who lately departed from our midst. The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Fallon, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Patton and Cornell. May his soul rest in peace.

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On February 26th, the play "Falsely Accused" was presented by our Dramatic Society before a fairly large audience. The drama itself which has been remodeled from Hazelwood's "Waiting for the Verdict" is well adapted to the college stage. The cast of characters was as follows:—

|                                                      |                |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Jasper Roseblade.....                                | Jas. Hardiman. |
| Jonathan Roseblade, Father of Jasper and Claude..... | J. P. King.    |
| Claude Roseblade.....                                | J. R. O'Gorman |
| Humphrey Higson, Steward to Earl of Milford.....     | W. Keely       |
| Jonas Hundle, formerly a poacher.....                | M. O'Connell   |
| Lieut. Geo. Florville.....                           | G. Nolan       |
| Rev. Father Hylton, Pastor of Milverstoke.....       | A. Morin       |
| Lord Viscount Elmore..                               | J. Lynch       |
| Lord Chief Justice.....                              | J. F. Hanley   |
| Grafton, Counsel for prisoner.....                   | W. Collins     |
| Serg't Stanley, Counsel for Prosecution.....         | J. McDonald    |
| Blinkey Brown, eccentric sport.....                  | L. Williams    |
| Squinty Smith, " ".....                              | J. Burke       |
| Sir Henry Harrington, Magistrate... ..               | G. Poupore     |
| Clerk of Court.....                                  | J. Dowd        |
| Sheriff.....                                         | G. Poupore     |
| Court-Crier.....                                     | T. J. Costello |
| Foreman of the Jury.....                             | W. Battel      |



The subject was "Labrador Peninsula," and after an interesting introduction of his theme, Mr. Low proceeded to describe the land of ice and snow, illustrating his remarks with many beautiful lime-light views. These pictures were very interesting on account of their being from snap-shots taken by the lecturer himself, while exploring Labrador. During the different intermissions the Orchestra and Glee Club rendered some choice selections.

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On the 14th inst., Rev. Father Murphy repeated, before the members of the Scientific Society, the lecture which he delivered in Brockville a short time ago, on the subject "More Worlds Than One." The Rev. lecturer treated his theme in a excellent manner, and left little doubt as to the extreme probability of the the theories which he advanced. The work of our learned professor was highly appreciated by the audience, and the Scientific Society extends its thanks to the Rev. Father Murphy, while we express the hope that he will again entertain us with a treatise on Astronomy—his favorite subject.

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On Sunday evening the 25th inst., the members of the Senior Debating Society held their closing exercises. The entertainment given was not a very eloquent plea for higher education, though certainly in keeping with the encouragement which some—in fact too many—of the members have given the society during the past few months. The committee this year took great pains to have the debates both interesting and up to date, and to a certain extent they succeeded very well. Nor did those who had subjects to prepare shrink from their duty in any way, for the discussions have been, on the whole, as good as those held in previous years. Despite this fact however, the attendance was almost always poor, and in truth at the very best debate of the season, not more than *a dozen members* could be counted. It is undoubtedly a foolish step for the students to take, for if there is a society which ought to be upheld amongst us, it is the Debating Society.

"Resolved that strikes are beneficial to the laboring classes," formed the subject of a very interesting discussion in the French Debating Society on Feb. 24th. Messrs, Richard and Gingras argued on the affirmative, while Messrs Coupal and Dupuis opposed them. The judges decided that the affirmative brought forth the better arguments.

On 2nd inst., Messrs. Dechenes and Huot argued that the advantages to be derived from entering a commercial life were greater than those to be obtained from embracing one of the Liberal Professions. They gained the judges, favor, despite the many arguments which Messrs. Ethier and Cloutier brought in for the negative.

At a regular meeting on March 9th, Messrs. Valiquet and Farribault maintained in eloquent speeches that perfect freedom should be given to the press. Messrs Lapointe and Garand, however, objected to this, and succeeded, after a warm discussion of the subject, in convincing the judges that they should be the victors.

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The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great patron of learning and sanctity, was celebrated in a very fitting manner by the students and professors of the University. Early in the day the priests arrayed in their academic robes, followed by His Grace, the Archbishop, and His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, formed a grand procession towards the sacred altar where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate assisted by the Rev. Dr. Nilles and Rev. Messrs Barette and Mayard. The sermon of the day was delivered by His Grace who took for his text: "But the child Samuel advanced, and grew on, and pleased both the Lord and men." (I. Kings II, 26.) The ceremony as a whole was very impressive and was such a one as could be seen only within the Catholic Church which has ever been renowned for the sublimity and magnificence of her religious practices.

Mass over, His Excellency, accompanied by many other distinguished prelates repaired to a neatly decorated hall where a sumptuous banquet was prepared in their honor. The afternoon was happily spent and the hours flew by very quickly. In the evening the members of the Seventh Form under the direction of

Rev. Dr. Nilles gave an entertainment in honor of the great Philosopher and Priest whose name we so highly venerate. Both the Delegate and His Grace were present and after a few introductory remarks by Dr. T. S. Albin, Mr. M. A. Foley read an excellent paper on "Right and Duty" after which Mr. G. Nolan sang "My Georgia Rose." Mr. J. C. Langlois next appeared on the stage and gave us in French a splendid article on "The Association of Ideas." But philosophical subjects do not as a rule prove great entertainers especially when the papers are many and long. However the Rev. Director in preparing the programme entirely avoided both these difficulties and we here had an intermission in which we were favored by a Chorus from the Glee Club and a song from Mr. J. Hardiman both of which evoked prolonged applause. Then a most interesting discussion followed "De Immortalitate Animæ Hamanæ" in which Mr. P. J. Galvin distinguished himself by upholding the truth of the immortality of the human soul despite the many objections which Messrs. J. F. Breen and J. A. Meehan so ingeniously offered. The programme for the evening was closed by a pleasing vocal selection from Mr. M. J. O'Connell and while the Orchestra rendered the national airs the entertainment broke up and everyone left the Hall well pleased with the efforts of the graduating class.

Too much praise can scarcely be given those who had charge of affairs that day, for never was the feast of the renowned Saint and Scholar more fittingly celebrated, and never amongst us has the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass been offered in his honor with greater magnificence and splendor. The evening's programme too was carried out in a most satisfactory manner, and the members of the class of 1900, certainly deserve great credit for the pains they took to make the entertainment a success, and may well feel proud of their achievements.

## Among the Magazines.

*Current History*.—Fourth quarter. Forty-two pages of this number are devoted to a thorough searching review of the international and political issues of the South African war. The writer traces its important developments, in a clear and concise manner, gives an impartial and accurate explanation of the campaign incidents, and affords us valuable information on the true position of South African affairs. The article is fully illustrated with portraits of Kruger, Roberts, White and others prominently connected with the war. "The Colonial Problem," covers an extended account of the war movements in the Philippines since October last. Under the caption of "Anglo-American Relations" another echo is found of the 'much-vaunted understanding that "England stood ready to oppose with all the might of her empire, any anti-American coalition emanating from the courts or chancelleries of continental Europe." The proofs of this charge are so notoriously weak, and so often has the boast been exploded, that it would only be a waste of space in showing how spurious and hollow were those offers of English help and sympathy. Other important topics treated in this issue are "Currency Reform," "Isthmian Canal Question," and "The Samoan Settlement." Beginning with the March number, this magazine will make its appearance monthly, but without any change in its character, scope and general editorial direction.

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In the current issue of *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, the announcement is made of the proposed change of name of this popular magazine, and hereafter it will be known as *Benziger's Magazine*. The descriptive matter of this issue is enhanced by an interesting and concise description of places of interest in and about Paris. The writer of the "Greatest Water Power in the World" loses much of the merit of his description by giving too much attention to a statistical account of the machinery, power, etc., at Niagara Falls. "In the Gorge of the Black Despair" is certainly not insipid, but praise must stop at that, for it smacks

too much of the dime novel series, and the story should not find insertion in this magazine.

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Rev. T. J. Shahan in the *Ave Maria* of the issue of March 3rd, contributes the first of a series of descriptive articles under the title : "The Heart of Acadie." The initial contribution is a sketch of barren, desolate Sable Island. An outline of the remarkable cure of Pierre de Rudder, at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes in 1875, which created such wide-spread interest at that time, forms the opening contribution to this issue. Some spirited editorials in this number deserve careful consideration.

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Writing in *Donahoe's Magazine* for March T. St. John Gaffney discusses the attitude of the European powers to the United States during the late war and attempts to show that there was no Continental coalition against the United States. While the most trustworthy writers corroborate the truth of the leading charge of this article, the author of it brings forward only meagre proofs, in some instances they are very weak and the newspaper clippings seem to have been chosen in a haphazard manner. In two particular cases they have little bearing on the question. We are conscious of the truth he wishes to convey but if the writer wishes us to realize the importance and gravity of the article, the matter should have been presented in a better form. From an issue of the *Hamilton Times* he takes a clipping which he sarcastically says showed the appreciative spirit of Canadians during the Spanish American War. We must say he is most unfortunate in his choice if he selects that paper as representative of the true attitude of Canadians, but now a saving word even for this second class daily. This clipping falls far of the mark for it is only a simple protest against the abuse of some yellow journals whose tirades against Canadians were nauseous. Again, a journal like the *English Saturday Review* would scarcely be considered as representative of true British opinion by any reputable newspaper man. With these as a criterion we judge the other clippings and now advise friend Gaffney to use better judgment on the next occasion when he takes the clippers and paste pot in hand.

## Exchanges.

A writer in the *March Xavier* summons Dr. St. George Mivart to the "bar of reason" to defend his recent professions which have caused such a stir, particularly in Catholic circles. The well-known scientist's utterance are carefully submitted to the powerful searchlight of Catholic philosophy, revealing many grave discrepancies and errors. Dr. Mivart cannot reconcile the miracles of the Old Testament with reason, though as a professed Christian he believes in the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Blessed Trinity. Is this not illogical? Following this line of argument, the conclusion of the writer is that Dr. Mivart is not sincere in his assertions, that he knows better, and is at heart actuated by what has been the ruin of so many able men, willfulness, "urged on by vanity and a desire of renown." The article in question further takes to task the *New York Tribune* which commenting on the case of Dr. Mivart, repeats that ancient and oft-refuted calumny that the Catholic Church is opposed to science. It is certainly an able piece of work on the whole. "History as a Motive to Credibility" also takes us into the domain of philosophy, and betrays much painstaking labor. A careful analysis of Mark Antony's famous oration is not the least interesting feature of this highly commendable number.

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The last issue of *St. Vincent's Journal* has two contributions of superior merit, but they do not come from the pens of undergraduates. However good such articles may be, it is somewhat of a disappointment to the reader to find at the conclusion that they are not the work of college students. The greater part of a college paper should not be filled with the writings of graduates or professors if its aim is, as it should be, to assist in the literary development of the student body. But in this case the manifest excellence of the articles to a great extent justifies their publication. "Glimpses of Cardinal Wiseman" sketches with due appreciation the work done by the great English prelate while rector of the English College in Rome. His proficiency in the tongues of the Orient, as well as his famous lectures on "Science and

Revealed Religion," are dealt with at length. Emerson and Newman are the last two authors of the quartet which have been discussed in "Four Stylists and their Influence." "Terse, epigrammatic, intellectual" sums up the sage of Concord. Newman's style is highly eulogized, quotations from eminent critics being brought up to show that it is unequalled in the language. His most remarkable qualities are considered to be "vitality, keenness of irony, tenderness, energy and directness." "The Stellar World" and "The Telephone" are papers combining no little literary excellence with much useful scientific information.

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An attractive little magazine is the *Excelsior* of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S. Its table of contents is preferable to those of many more pretentious college publications. The subjects treated are varied and interesting, and uniformly display ability of a high order. The editorials are timely and sensible, while the other departments are also up to the mark.

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*Mt. St. Mary's Record* for March is a credit to its fair editors. It publishes several excellent essays, the only fault of which in our estimation lies in their brevity. The leading article is an elaborate sketch of the life and labors of the late John Ruskin. The great art-litterateur's complex character is clearly outlined, and his chief writings touched upon in a thoughtful, appreciative criticism.

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Much of what passes for fiction in several of our exchanges is too good for the waste basket. It must have often puzzled many like ourselves to account for the publication of such rubbish. A poorly written story spoils what may be an otherwise admirable number. Are the editors of college papers so straitened for works of fiction that they cannot afford to discriminate? We must admit that we not seldom meet with some excellent specimens of the short story, and we would like to say that this is the rule, but that the exceptions would be too numerous. Certainly it seems that the number of contributors to college journals who are able to write a good story is limited. The

present month's harvest of exchanges brought the usual few praiseworthy narratives. Of the numerous other attempts at narration, comprising all grades of mediocrity, "Kidnapped" in *St. John's University Record* calls for special remark. The first impression it conveys is that the author is a victim of the dime novel mania. Narratives of this sort are usually the products of imaginations fevered by pernicious reading of the "Nick Carter" type. Perhaps we do the gentleman an injustice by this assumption, but it is not made without sufficient reason. Not only are the incidents of the story, which include the usual heroic deeds and wonderful hairbreadth escapes of two boys among a band of savages, strained and improbable, but even in the manner in which it is narrated, is the lack of any literary taste whatever apparent. Its classification in the dime novel category would be alone warranted by what is a prominent characteristic of that style of writing, an unceasing flow of short sentences, few of them having more than half a dozen words. The word "cave" is repeated eight times in almost as many successive lines, and more than once in the same sentence. And by the way, when did "kidnapped" begin to be spelled "kidnaped"? Numerous other faults are noticeable throughout. It is a pity that this miserable composition was given space in the *Record*, since it detracts greatly from the merits of the paper as a whole.



### Priorum Temporum Flores.

The editor of the department of Priorum Temporum Flores would be pleased if many of the old students would send in notes and reminiscences of bygone days. It is the intention that this column of chronicles prove interesting to the past and present students. In no way can this be done more agreeably than through the medium of the boys who once upon a time trod the weary yet pleasant route to the Pierian Spring by way of the long corridors. It is not too much to expect that a freighted mail from former students shall greet the editor for the April, May and June issues of the REVIEW.

The class of '92 as well as many friends of Mr. Dennis Murphy of Ashcroft, B.C., will be pleased to hear of his advancement in the political arena. He has been offered and accepted the nomination of West Yale for the local legislature of his native province. Hon. C. A. Semlin has retired, and Mr. Murphy will be the Anti-Martin candidate.

The REVIEW and friends wish D. M. success.

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Rev. F. L. French, '91, of Brudenell, Ont., was a guest at the University for a few days last month.

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Rev. T. P. Holland, '96, was raised to the high dignity of the priesthood last December. The REVIEW congratulates the young levite and wishes him many successful years in the Lord's vineyard.

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Mr. C. A. Bertrand, of Smith's Falls, a student in the Commercial Department last year, renewed acquaintances with his many College professors and friends on St. Patrick's Day, as "Bert" was one of our guests. Mr. Bertrand is now with his brother publishing a monthly paper, "The Jubilee Philatelist," devoted to the interests of Philately.

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The Matriculation Class of '86, will be pleased to hear that Charles Carroll, C.E., of Boston, is succeeding very well in his chosen profession.—Good luck, Charlie.

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Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was in the General Hospital here for six weeks, returned home hearty and well. Rev. Father Sexton has many friends in Ottawa who are pleased to hear of his renewed good health.

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Mr. H. Frey, of Chicago, formerly a professor in the Commercial Course, intends visiting his Alma Mater and friends in the Capital towards the middle of June. You will be made welcome, Harry.

Rev. S. C. Hallissey, of the diocese of Springfield, preached the sermon, on March 17th, in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Rev. Father Hallissey attended Varsity in the 80's.



## Athletics.

The hockey season is now over. To the students of Ottawa University at least, it has been a comparatively short one, but still replete with the keenest interest. The short duration of this year's season was due to the fact that Captain Callaghan's team won four successive victories, thereby securing the title of champions for 1900. The last league-match played, however, proved the most interesting, as upon it depended the winning of the coveted title. In that game the present champions had to contest against Captain Smith's team, the second best in the league. The latter was defeated by the close score of 3 to 2. The game was a good exhibition of hockey, and free from all un-called for roughness. The most effective players on the winning team were Callaghan and M. O'Leary ; while Smith and H. Sims distinguished themselves, although playing on a losing team. The champions were entertained at an oyster supper, given through the kindness of the Reverend Rector, on March 11th. This was a fitting close to a most successful season.

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Now that hockey no longer has any claim on our attention, and the honey-combed ice heralds the approach of Spring, the question may well be asked, "what next?" No sooner asked then the answer is softly whispered in our ears, "football." Why whispered and not spoken out in a more commanding tone, that all may hear? Is it because we fear any reluctance on the part of the players, once more to don the football suits, grass-stained and mud colored, marks of past glorious achievements on the grid-iron? Or is it because in playing out of season, seemingly so, at least, we fear public censure?

No, *fear* is not the answer. If pressed for an answer, we may say that, it is because, in the Spring series of its football

games, Ottawa University has long experienced an important factor in winning championships, and it is the students' desire to keep it a secret. But it is no longer a secret, as we are told that, our rivals, wondering how it was that we could have been so successful in winning championships, have not been slow to seek the cause. To their satisfaction they have found it out, and have since followed our footsteps. That they have adopted our customs will not in the least check our college spirit. On the contrary, it will only stir us on to enter into our Spring games of football with greater determination, ever keeping in mind that, as in the past, we must defeat our opponents in the future, not so much by mere physical strength as by superior skill.



## Junior Department.

On the evening following the appearance of the February REVIEW, the whole junior phalanx made a concentrated attack upon the residents of the big yard. The terrible onslaught has been immortalized by our young Poet Laureate in the following expressive verses :

### THE RAID OF THE LILLIPUTIANS.

The February REVIEW is out ! and to the small-yard boys 'tis brought :  
They welcome it with joyous shout ; by them most eagerly 'tis sought.  
For on its page expect they not, their record-breaking sports to see,  
How in the game Hull zero got, and their puck-chasers, twenty-three.

Alas for hopes in pigmy-land ! As more they read, the louder grow  
Their cries of wrath ; then all that band burst forth : " On to the big yard, ho,"  
With General Smith to lead them on, the Sloan Artillery forward pressed,  
The Mulligan Guards, French Fusiliers, Lynch Mounted Police, and all the  
rest.

A hundred thousand kids or more, the Junior Editor to seek,  
Burst through our recreation door, where " Spud " O'Keefe stood, calm and  
meek.

" The Junior Editor," they cry ; " 'tis he," and poor O'Keefe they seize,  
But " Spud's " meek face gave lie to this, so him they did release.

Then Tommy Phillips, stout Dechenes, in quick succession down they take ;  
Neither of these J. E. 'tis plain ; nought now their thirst for blood could  
slake.

Then "Parson" hind his paper hid, and "King" Costello sought the door :  
 "Bobby" 'neath a table slid ; you'd think Dick Carey saw a Boer.

And Jimmy Gookin to the yard with Fabe O'Connell went to walk ;  
 O'er Billy Battle kept "Joker" guard, while "Gobbo's" face grew white  
 as chalk.

"'Tis Patrick Fribbs," said big Labelle ; "for him dat place pass by, you  
 call

Dat sanctum ; him de man by —;" they on poor Fribbs with fury fall.

Though by the kids no danger's seen, the great lords of the reading-room,  
 Meehan, Hanley, Martin, Breen, resolve to save poor Fribbs from doom.

With indignation do they fall on all the kids in their domain,  
 And off Pat Fribbs they pull them all, and punish them with might and main.

In vain try stop that mighty rush, in vain resist Smith and Labelle ;  
 Kick, smash, biff, bang, a final crush ; they're out the door, down stairs  
 pell-mell.

The trouble's o'er, the thing is done, but Smith and French are angry still,  
 And Bawlf, Labelle, Choquette and Sloan yet seek that editor to kill.

\*  
 \* \*

### LILLIPUT ON THE RAMPAGE.

MARCH 28TH, 7.20 p. m.

*Scene*—Hand-ball alley by moonlight.

*Chairman*—Joseph Smith.

MOB OF LILLIPUTIANS HOLDING AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

#### *Resolutions,*

As reported by the Assistant Junior Editor :

*Resolved*, that we, in the presence of this pale-faced goddess of the night *La-belle* lune, and her lovely stellar companions, who so kindly lend their light to aid our noble purpose, we—the maliciously so-called Lilliputians do unanimously, notwithstanding the howls of a good many nobodies, now place ourselves on the offensive ; not the fence, do you understand ? This unknown Junior Editor is encased behind iron-clad bars, which cannot be broken by any *Smith*. It makes us sore, and the sore is not *Healing*, and we want you to Marqu-ette. If we catch him he will *Tremblay* all o'er. They say he was in our midst on the 28th, but we could not see *La-pointe*. They tell us he was looking down upon us from a *Nich(e)* not so very far away ; if we can grab him —for he will have to stand the *Choc-quette*—his name will be *Dennis*.

He is afraid of the *Mulligan* guards, but we want him to understand the *Campbells* are coming, the *Campbells* are coming. We have seized many suspects, and they very nearly *Gaudet*. Those who know, say the junior rascal took a *Pe(e)p-in*, but say how quickly he must have *Sloan* away. He must be a *Shark-eh* ? Oh, we will *Lay-on-(h)-ard* when we get hold of him, we do not care for his *Ma-(h)-er* his Pa, he will yet *Bawl-for* mercy, ere yonder magnificent elms shoot forth their green *Foli-age*.

Gentlemen, the day of retribution is near at hand; if we can catch him once upon the hip (J. E.'s small voice in the background—"If pigs could fly"), if we could only get a proof (Same voice—He's on the roof), if he would only stand (voice—Oh ! would'nt it be grand), we'd—we'd—we'd—(Chorus) run; echo—Guess you would).

Chairman—Whom do you think he is, Choquette ? Speak, man, speak.

Choquette—I no tink on him, du tout.

Chairman—Do you know him, Aubry ?

Aubry—Never saw him in North Bay.

Chairman—Is there anything like him up the Gatineau, Tommy ?

Tommy—I caught a whale once. (Cries of Oh ! Oh ! !)

Chairman—Did you look for him Schimmel ?

Schimmel—I think he has the contract for supplying us with beans.

Chorus—By jimmany ! By jimmany ! That settles him.

Chairman—Silence ! Order ! Quit yelling.

Chairman—What do you think of his tactics of war, Pepin ?

Pepin—Bed-ticks ? Bed-ticks of war ? What's dat ? (Roars of laughter).

Chairman—Sit down, sit down. Order, order. O tempora ! O Mores ! ! Study your rhetoric, Alexis.

Chairman—Choquette, once more, how shall we catch him ?

Chocquette—Me no like for to talk au milieu dis august mob, but, I say, set the rat-trap in the dark-room.

Chairman—The quality of mercy is not strained, Chocquette.

Chocquette—No, just the milk is st ained.

Chairman—Dennis, what say you to the proposition of Mr. Chocquette.

Dennis—I don't want the scoundrel, the black-guard, the rascal on my premises, at all.

Chairman—Say, Gervais, do they grow anything like him on the farm at Vinton, or can you tell us how to come at him?

Gervais—Naw. We have nothing like that lad in Vinton, but here's a charm that's firm and good.

Fillet of a funny snake,  
 In a caldron boil and bake ;  
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

If that doesn't catch him Smithie, well—I can't play marbles.

Chairman—O, Christmas ! This is unbearable —Adjourn ! adjourn !! adjourn !!!

Adjournment—Moved by *La-pré* Marshal ; seconded by What's-its-name-thing-y-me.

All retired in the greatest disorder singing the following popular song, to " The Tune the Owld Cow Died Of :

" There's Ver-o, Tee-bo and Camp-o,  
 They're all *French's* men don't ye know ?  
 But we'll pummell, Du-ham-el and Schimmel  
 The life out o' him don't ye know."

*Exuent omnes.*

\*  
 \* \*

Nick.—Say Tom, did you hear the latest poem on the Junior Editor ?

Tom.—No, what of it ?

Nick.—O ! its a peach. You bet he'll not spout poetry on us fellows again in public. Just listen :

'Twas at the close of Patrick's day  
 When most the fellows were away  
 There came unto his humble bed,  
 A youth but slim with a big head.  
 A great success, though he was small,  
 He spoke right well in banquet hall ;

But now the sound of coming feet  
His youthful ear does roughly greet.

Beneath the tap they placed his pate  
And duck'd him well at an hour late.  
Though done for joke 'twas all too bad,  
In manner thus to treat our *Shad*.

\* \* \*

Following the advice of older editors, the chronicler of the small yard condescends to congratulate himself on the dexterous manner in which he continues to elude the clutches and claws of the young detectives. "All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights are spectacted to see him." We hope that our young friends will not take objection to this unusual display of self-praise. Considering the present enraged state of Lilliput, we cannot foresee any possibility of a profuse expenditure of compliments on the part of our short-panted youths. Encouraging all detectives to persevere in their ferret hunts, we at the same time, sympathise with those who will receive any abuse from Lilliput. May Providence bestow upon the 'atter a magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice for, gentlemen, "there's nothing like it."

\* \* \*

During the past month, were it not for the Junior Editor excitement, a general calm would have prevailed over the exterior district of the Junior Department. It is quite certain that the biting frosts and heavy snow-storms which lately visited the Junior campus, have lulled to quietude the excitable spirit of Kiddom. We can hardly reproach the Juniors for their lax enthusiasm, for, dame nature has mercilessly played havoc with their rink. She will, however, soon change her spotless mantle, don the garb of verdant green, and invite anew her frolicking youths to indulge in the lively games they love so well. We advise the juniors not to retard her coming visit by allowing the present mountainous heaps of snow and ice to obstruct her path. Smith, harness your retinue of trained colts and set them to work to cart away the last relics of winter.

\* \* \*

Owing to other more serious engagements, the Junior Editor was unable to be present at the Junior's Banquet on St. Patrick's

day. He sent, however, his letter of regret and he hopes that the toastmaster found sufficient time between *bites* to read it to the guests. From hearsay we learned that the banquet was a grand success. The officers in particular displayed great interest in fulfilling their respective places at the table. Among the toasts were the following :

The Day we celebrate (in Lilliput)—W. Mulligan.

Athletics (in Hull)—N. Bawlf.

Junior Editor (residence unknown)—A. L. S. Himmel.

The last speaker used very strong language in praise of the budding editor. He drank the toast with feelings of the bitterest scorn. In his peroration he expressed the hope that, on Feb. 28th, the day of his fistic encounter with the J. E., he would receive the support of his young friends. He felt sorry that such a challenge should be the outcome of his strong letter to the Editor, but, since on him rested the honor of the small yard, he was resigned to his fate. Besides, he did not consider his life so valuable as not to be sacrificed for so noble a cause. "His funeral is to-morrow."

\* \*

Were it not for the protecting hand of Providence we would in all probability, have been called upon to record the sudden demise of a prominent member of the REVIEW staff. Here is the story as told by an interested spectator.

"A delegation from Lilliput was sent to this venerable member of senior chroniclers, to kindly invite him to the University parlor. Upon entering the reception room, our curly-haired friend found it vacant, and he discovered several well armed Lilliputians tittering softly behind a neighboring door. Our chronicler immediately "smelled a rat," and with quick pace sought shelter within the hallowed walls of the fumously clouded sanctum. Fortunately he was swift of foot, for as the juniors expressed it : They were going to shave his head and call him the *Bald-headed Junior Editor*."

"Woe to the dupe that yields to fate,  
When rude little boys will shave his pate."

\* \*

The following interesting communication was recently found in the sanctum letter-box.

SMALL YARD, March 30th, 1900.

*Dear Junior Editor:—*

I am writing you a few lines to tell you to be on your guard against any of the boys from the small yard. We have detectives all over the house, says Gen. Smith & Co., and if once we lay our hands on the Junior Editor, "we won't do a thing to him." They are fast gaining the good graces of Father McKenna, and if you don't look out you will be discovered. I hope you were present at the trial they had on the Smoking Alley last Wednesday evening. I suppose you had the laugh on them at that time, but once more I say beware of Smith. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain,

Your true protector,

GEORGE LEON HARD.

*N.B.—There was no signature to the above letter, but the Assistant Junior Editor ventures a guess as to its authorship. The J. E. wishes moreover, to thank this "true protector" for his amiable advice..*

\* \*

A word to R. McC. : If in the chapel you do not hereafter sit erect and cease your talking and sleeping, I shall most certainly call upon a Prefect to order you out of your place. J. E.

\* \*

Would that a certain number of small boys would understand that, to turn around in the chapel whenever a student sings, shows a want of respect and good breeding. If they would seriously consider this advice and practice it, then perhaps some of their elder brothers might condescend to follow their example.

\* \*

We are pleased to congratulate, for once the members of the Dark Room for having seriously weighed the few remarks that we made in our last issue in reference to their apartments. They have all things in good order.

\* \*

Gleason is the only man who has so far succeeded in passing through Lilliputian forces without receiving any bodily injury.

But he protected himself with breastplates of congealed water, and was therefore rendered impervious.

\* \* \*

The *French* man that wears the Senior Editor's gloves curtly remarked: "The man, who catches so many reports can easily catch a hand-ball."

\* \* \*

Brousseau and Gervais will fight to a finish in the near future.

\* \* \*

Academic Hall. Tommy Phil.:—Who's dat guy dat's introduced those Boers?

M. B.—Oh, that's a *Devil-in* disguise.

\* \* \*

The walls have ears and even bottles speak at times. Aubry's *popped* a question on very sacred ground.

\* \* \*

The following hand-ball sharks, Smithy, Cafeelya, Joseph, Sharkey, Pa and Nick, intend to get up a league.

\* \* \*

If the Directors of the reading room don't take care they'll meet the fate of the *Costellian* troops.

\* \* \*

We would be delighted if an improvement were made in our library.

\* \* \*

Q. Who got April fooled?

A. Well Smith; for he was sent to the Rector's room, from there to the Vice-Rector's room, and thence back to the yard, amidst loud cries of "April fool!" "April fool!"

\* \* \*

Pat: Phat's the matter wid that fella?

Mike: O, I dunno.

Pat: I'll bet he hurt his *heel-ch.* (Healy)

\* \* \*

George: Who's that fellow that talks like a Yankee?

Joe: I don't know, but I think he's a *fool-ch.* (Foley.)

Little Tommy of the small yard would like to learn from big Tommy of the big yard, at what time St. Paul's Epistle to the *Philippines* was written.

\*  
\*  
\*  
Eh Oui, Mais Oui!!! Eh bien! Ensuite!!! Etiam!!!

### HONOR LIST.

#### MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

First Grade.—1st, Leo Laflamme; 2nd, Philip Kirwan; 3rd, L. P. Levesque.

2nd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Émile Langlois; 2nd, Joseph Coupal; 3rd, Léon Madore.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Thomas Foley; 2nd, Eugene Renaud; 3rd, L. P. Brosseau.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, John Parker; 2nd, W. Leonard; 3rd, Nicholas Bawlf.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Seguin; 2nd, James Donahue; 3rd, Albert Chamberland.

#### GRADUATING CLASS.

1st, George Babin; 2nd, Edward Tierney and Henry St. Jacques (ex equo); 3rd, Cyriac Dionne.

#### EASTER EXAMINATIONS.

First Grade.—1st, Philip Kirwan; 2nd, Adolphus Gamache; 3rd, L. P. Levesque.

2nd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Émile Langlois; 2nd, William Valiquette; 3rd, Joseph Ranger.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eudore Thériault; 2nd, Thomas Foley; 3rd, Eugene Renaud.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Francis Taillon; 2nd, James Parker; 3rd, W. Leonard.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Seguin; 2nd, James Donahue; 3rd, Frank Sheridan.

4th Grade, Graduating Class—1st, Henry St. Jacques; 2nd, John Gallagher; 3rd, Arthur Laprés.

The four highest marks obtained by the following: 1st, Philip Kirwan, 98; 2nd, Eugene Seguin, 96; 3rd, Émile Langlois, 95; 4th, Thos. Foley, 94.

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