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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 8 OTTAWA, ONT., May, 1906. Vol. VIII

A May Evening.

HE violet-mists across the hill
Come rising—rising—up and up—
The lilac trees their sweetness spill
Upon the tulips streaked cup,
A hush o'er all the earth is spread,
The light is fading from the skies,
A drooping pansy lifts its head,
With purple shadows in its eyes.
Now in the west, a cloud-land slips
Comes passing through a sullen sea,
I watch it float and sail and dip
Its royal banners flying free,
When, like a golden, flashing sword,
The lightning cuts its mast in twain,
And every purple cloud is scored
With silver lines of falling rain.

H. F. B.,
d'Youville Circle.

Literary Department.

The Arthurian Legend.

(Read before the Gaelic Society.)

The Arthurian legends, a series of romantic traditions relating to a semi-mythical British hero, whose real position and exploits it is now somewhat difficult to determine, exercised an extraordinary influence on the literature of Mediaeval Europe. "It is certainly not a little remarkable," says a writer on the subject, "that a British prince, whose name was beneath the notice of contemporary history, and the earliest records of whom are meager and indefinite, should have had the fortune in later ages to become more illustrious in romance than Charlemagne himself. Perhaps the true explanation of the phenomenon, may be that the Norman trouveres who first began to make the story famous in the west, took all the more willingly to a hero whom tradition represented as the implacable foe of the English race, and whose victories were grateful to the descendants of the warriors that conquered at Hastings."

The real Arthur appears to have flourished in the sixth century, a leader of the Cambrian or Strathclyde Britons, according to some historians, of those of South Wales, according to others. These differences of opinion as to locality would seem to indicate that the exploits of various chieftains in widely separated quarters of the island became in course of time associated with a single personality, though they also lend color and strength to the fact recorded by Nennius that Arthur was the leader of the British clans in war, chosen as such by their kings and as such by them obeyed. It must be remembered that by the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons Britain was practically isolated from the rest of the world; so that it is quite possible that within the borders of his own island, Arthur really played a part not unlike that assigned him by the imaginations of other times and countries. It is at least certain that he was the mainspring of the South British resistance to the Saxon invasion of Wessex in 493; that he stayed their advance for a time by the victory

of Badon Hill, near Bath, in 520, gained in the year and place of birth of Gildas the historian; and that he perished in an internecine feud provoked by his nephew Medrawd. "And even the renowned King Arthur himself was mortally wounded," says quaint old Geoffrey of Monmouth, "and being carried thence to the isle of Avallon to be cured of his wounds, he gave up the Crown of Britain to his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, Duke of Cornwall, in the five hundred and forty-second year of our Lord's incarnation."

Five centuries had passed and the Celtic prince's name seemed almost forgotten when, in the reign of Henry II, his tomb was discovered, it is said, in Glastonbury Abbey in Somersetshire, the Avallon of the Cymri, and opened in presence of the Angevin monarch and his courtiers. The body of the British warrior was disclosed to the sight of the awe-struck beholders, attired in its royal habiliments, as lifelike and well-preserved in semblance as on the day it had been laid in the tomb. But at a touch it crumbled away into dust before their eyes, a sad reminder of the perishable quality of earthly grandeur. There remained of all these relics but a single golden tress, the hair of Guinevere, which had lain throughout the ages on the dead hero's breast.

A critic thus admirably summarizes the growth of the Arthurian legend and its influence on the romantic literature of all countries :

"These Celtic romances, having their birthplace in Brittany or in Wales, had been growing and changing for some centuries before the fanciful 'Historia Britonum' of Geoffrey of Monmouth flushed them with color and filled them with new life. Through his version they soon became a vehicle for the dissemination of Christian doctrine. By the year 1200 they were the common property of Europe, influencing profoundly the literature of the Middle Ages, and becoming the source of a great stream of poetry that has flowed without interruption down to our own day. Sixty years after the 'Historia Britonum' appeared, and when the English poet Layamon wrote his 'Brut' (A.D. 1205), a translation of Wace, as Wace was a translation of Geoffrey, the theme was engrossing the imagination of Europe. It had absorbed into itself the elements of other cycles of legend, which had grown up independently ; some of these, in fact, having been at one time of much greater prominence. Finally, so vast and complicated did the body of Arthurian legend become, that

summaries of the essential features were attempted. Such a summary was made in French about 1270, by the Italian Rustighello of Pisa ; in German, about two centuries later, by Ulrich Füterer ; and in *English*, by Sir Thomas Malory in his '*Morte d'Arthur*,' *finished* 'the IX yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth,' and one of the first books published in England by Caxton, 'emprynted and fynysshed in th' abbey Westmestre the last day of July, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.' It is of interest to note, as an indication of the popularity of the Arthurian legends, that Caxton printed the 'Morte d'Arthur' eight years before he printed any portion of the English Bible, and 53 years before the complete English Bible was in print. It has been said that the original legend absorbed into itself the elements of other cycles of legend. The most important of these was 'The Holy Grail.' At once a new spirit breathes in the old legend. In a few years it is become a mystical, symbolical, anagogical tale, inculcating one of the profoundest dogmas of the Holy Catholic Church, a bearer of a Christian doctrine engrossing the thought of the Christian world. In addition to the mystical and religious character of the transformed legend. the spirit of the chivalry of the Middle Ages embodied in it, furnishes an admirable transcript of the social ideals of the times. which thus moulded the older and ruder materials into a more gracious form. The knightly ideals of loyalty, obedience, the redressing of wrongs and especially the veneration of womanhood are distinctly portrayed. Throughout the Middle Ages it was 'our lady,' the Virgin Mother, who embodied and represented to all men and women, from prince to peasant, their ideals of womanhood and ladyhood. And it was to the transference of these Christian ethics into the practice of common daily, worldly life in rude times that we owe the institution of chivalry, nowhere better reflected than in the Christianized Arthurian legends. From about 1200, innumerable poets, with diverse tastes, set themselves to produce new versions of the legend, engrafting upon the general theme many diverse stocks. Dante in the 'Divine Comedy' speaks of Arthur, Guinevere, Tristan, and Launcelot by name, and Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso in Italy, Hans Sach in Germany, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden in England, all made use of the same material.

"Of the poets of the present generation, Tennyson has treated

the Arthurian poetic heritage as a whole. Phases of the Arthurian theme have been presented also by his contemporaries and successors at home and abroad,—by William Wordsworth, Lord Lytton, Robert Stephen Hawker, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Algernon Charles Swinburne, in England; Edgar Quinet in France; Wilhelm Hertz, L. Schneegans, F. Roeber, in Germany; Richard Hovey in America. There have been many other approved variations on Arthurian themes, such as James Russell Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal' and Richard Wagner's operas 'Lohengrin,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' and 'Parsifal.' Of still later versions we may mention the 'King Arthur' of J. Comyns Carr, which has been presented on the stage by Sir Henry Irving; and 'Under King Constantine,' by Katrina Trask, whose hero is the king whom tradition names as the successor of the heroic Arthur. *Imperator Dux Bellorum.*"

Among Catholic writers the Arthurian epic has employed the pens of Father Faber and Condé B. Pallen in beautiful poems on the life and death of Sir Launcelot.

The British war leader and his chieftains undergo a remarkable transformation in the Anglo-French romances. Complete suits of armor, such as the chivalry of the period wore, replace the slight bronze breastplates and sweeping saffron robes of the Celtic clansmen. King Arthur and his knights, sheathed in iron, ride through the dim twilight of enchanted forests, slaying dragons and giants, rescuing distressed maidens from the toils of enchanters and other evil-minded characters. The war-chief of the Britons has become a world-famous monarch, who, after quelling rival sovereigns at home, conquers both Scotland and Ireland, overruns Denmark and Norway and crushes the Roman power in a great battle in the heart of Gaul. Arthur enters Rome in triumph at the head of his knights to receive the Papal benediction, like Charlemagne in later centuries. Thence he hastens back to Britain to quell the revolt which, during his absence, has been gathering headway among the tributary princes.

Then one by one King Arthur's knighthood fall away from the noble companionship of the Round Table, some, like Lancelot and Tristram, to follow the guidance of their own wayward passions,

others, like Percival and Galahad, to devote their lives to the quest of the Holy Grail, the mystic symbol of the Eucharist—

> "The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
> Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
> This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
> After the day of darkness, when the dead
> Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
> Arimathæan Joseph, journeying, brought
> To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
> Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord,
> And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
> By faith, of all hic ills. But then the times
> Grew to such extent that the holy cup
> Was caught to heaven, and disappear'd."

Meanwhile the mournful King awaits the end, deserted as he is by his faithless wife Guinevere, with Modred and the hosts of heathendom swarming in from the west. There, on the sands of Lyonnesse, hard by the dreary Cornish sea, Arthur fights his last great battle ; and at the end of the day no man is left living of either host save the King himself, Modred, his treacherous nephew, and Bedivere, the last of the knights of the Round Table.

> Then Modred smote his liege
> Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
> Had beaten thin ; while Arthur at one blow,
> Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
> Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

Fairy hands convey the dying hero to the Isle of Avallon, Sir Bedivere consigning to the bosom of the lake the wondrous brand Excalibur, which, like the sword of Siegfried the German and the Claidheamh Soluis ol the Irish Celts, possessed magical power and attributes. And so King Arthur passed ; but the Britons of later times, both in Wales and Cornwall, long cherished the hope of his ultimate return after centuries had elapsed, to free the island from the Saxon sway. Similar traditions prevailed in the kindred

Celtic land of Ireland where Hugh O'Neill and Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond, champions of faith and freedom during the Elizabethan wars, were supposed to lie enchanted in underground fastnesses, with their knights around them, ready to do battle for the freedom of Innisfail—a belief that finds its true fulfilment in the success of the Celtic Revival.

HUBERT O'MEARA.

Poetry in Ireland.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

In treating of this topic, the development of poetic literature in Ireland, we are treating of the only European country outside of Greece in which we can trace with perspicuity and grace the development of a nation's poetry. In the history of the literature of any country, verse is the very earliest development, in its beginnings. When I say literature I mean not only that literature which is put on paper, but also that which is stereotyped in the mind, no matter whether read from parchments or from tablets of memory. It is the vulgarest idea possible that pen and ink are necessary concomitants to the development of literature, designed to further the perpetration of literature. In all countries, then, the first verse that appears is perfectly rude, shapeless. Certainly the earliest poems in Ireland were thus rude and shapeless, devoid of all rhyme and alliteration. There is nothing in them to distinguish the verse from prose except in the use of dis-syllabic words. The first poem was written by a son of Milesian to Ireland 1000 B. C. Of course, that is not true. We have no poem as old as that, but it is still the oldest poem in the Celtic language. No word of it is intelligible, except under the heaviest glass. So also with the first satires written in Ireland. All verses, too, quoted in corroboration of satires, up to 500 years A. D., are unrhymed verses, differing from prose only in accentuation. St. Patrick wrote poetry that is acknowledged to be genuine. It has no rhyme nor alliteration.

There have been preserved from the cataclysm that followed the Danish invasion four ancient parchment volumes, containing the course of study prescribed for the old Irish poets before that invasion, at about 800 or 900 A. D. By perusing these parchments we see that with no race or country on the globe, now or at any time in history, was the art of poetry so cultivated so verevered or so remunerated as in Ireland at that time. The elaborate complexity of the rules, the sublets and intricacies of the poetical code, are all calculated to astound us when we look at them.

Ireland, itis alleged, taught Europe the art of rhyming. If that is so—and I do not claim it as an Irishman, but quote mose eminent German and Italian scholars—all that Ireland has done in literature pales before that achievement. That achievement revolutionized the poetical systems of Europe by spreading the art of rhyming.

The earliest recorded rhymes in Europe are those in Latin, written by Augustine. He composed them while surrounded by a Celtic-speaking people, in the South of Gaul. In the year 750 A. D., we find the Irish people making

perfect and elaborate rhymes. It was not done in other countries for two centuries later. The Irish gave the lead to Europe in that matter.

The bards flourished equally with the Church. When the Danes came there was a change. For nine or ten centuries they were permitted and then the distinction between bards and files died out. They were all poets. There is a parchment containing a poem written then by a poet who saw in battle the passing of the great king, Brian Boru. The parchment has never been edited. We have no university where it could be edited, and no one will give us such a university. Imagine what a great stir there would be if a manuscript poem by King Alfred, who was contemporaneous with this poet, should be discovered. What a stir it would make in universities, and how scholars would work upon it. Nothing is done with this manuscript I speak of, though, because we have no university, as I have said. The only universities we have are colleges of the English language, maintained and controlled by a people to whom the very name of Irish is loathsome and everything pertaining to Irish is distasteful except it be Irish rents.

We may consider how in those early days the Irish poets revealed a love of nature. Humboldt has called attention to the fact that not until Christianity leavened Europe did writers indicate a feeling of sympathy or admiration for nature. This was not so in Ireland. I have extracts from those old Irish poets, written at the time Humboldt speaks of, wherein nature's beauties are written of in most appreciative and sympathetic words.

The early Irish thrilled with emotion. The grandeur of nature thrilled them. They sounded it in their writings. It is a unique distinction of Irish poets of any other nation of Europe. Well, what became of the poets? It is a myth, we know, that King Edward I. slew the Welsh poets. It is no myth, but a stern reality, that the Irish bards were slain by an alien people. The English killed them, authorized to do so by a law which described the bards as inciting, by their writing, rape and other dreadful violence. I know that the law which thus described the writing of those poets was written by the lying Ministers of Queen Elizabeth, than whom there were no greater liars in Europe. I have read the works of those bards at that time and there is nothing of the sort advocated by them. Spenser let the cat out of the bag when he wrote that the contemned Irish bards were "desirous of their own lewd liberty." That they were, and I think them the better for it.

People now sometimes think of these bards as pipers. That is a ridiculous notion. They were poets and knew their business. They did nothing else but write poetry, just as much so as Tennyson or any other poet we know.

The Irish had their own peculiar framework for their poetry. The Irish divided the consonant into seven groups. Any one of these groups was allowed to rhyme with any other group. It was based upon a system of acoustics.

The complexities of the meters used by the ancient Irish poets were discarded, however, in the seventeenth century and the Irish poetry was then revolutionized. It was no longer swathed or swaddled. It suddenly stepped forward like a maiden clad in all the colors of the rainbow. Then the populace burst into passionate song. There was a sensuous attempt to convey music into poetry. They attained the perfection of harmony, using collocations of vowels in amazing combinations.

When the Irish began to make English verses a century ago they worked on these models. The secret of that kind of versification which was in danger of dying out ten years ago is in no such danger now, thank God. It is here to stay. I may also say that no poet in Ireland now who uses the English models may expect recognition. I speak feelingly, for I once tried it with unpleasant and unprofitable results.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hyde's address Dr. J. Maher, of Oakland, a

prominent member of the committee which has welcomed Dr. Hyde, spoke in thanks, representing the audience, and assuring Dr. Hyde of its appreciation of his work ,and also thanking President Wheeler, of the University, for his services and kindness in the matter. Professor Charles Mills Gayley, in conclusion, paid a tribute to Dr. Hyde, and said he hoped at before the departure of the distinguished guest there might be formulated a plan which for sixteen years had been in his own mind, the establishment of a chair of Irish literature in the University of California.

Now, in Ireland there were two classes of poets, the "file" and the bard. There were two classes of bards, too, the free and the unfree, and eight ranks of each of these classes. The meters that each rank might use was regulated by law. It was as though Yeats could now be prosecuted for using the meters of another poet, or as though he should be constrained by law to use only the one or the two sorts of meters.

The file was paid three milch cows for one poem, and the bard but one calf. The file were seated by law at the side of the prince or bishop. There were seven grades of the file, and the top grade was only to be reached after twelve years of study. Then he could make verse in three hundred different meters and know three hundred and fifty prime tales of Ireland, and about one hundred and fifty secondary stories. Imagine what you were in for if you were seated at dinner by one of those files.

Those books of olden time I spoke of gave the names of each meter and specimen of each. In the Danish and Norman invasions, then wiped out, you will see a civilization as complete and intricate and perhaps as interesting as that of Babylon. It is by pure good luck that these books I mention exist now.

The poets then in those days were entitled to be judges. They lost that right when a certain king, hearing two poets dispute for the right to wear a coat of feathers, intended for the chieftest of the poets, found he could not understand what they said. He decided that if they were of that sort they were not fitted to be judges, and ordered that the distinction thereafter be denied to all poets unless qualified.

In the first century after Christ there were one thousand poets in Ireland. Each poet had a retinue; the head poet of thirty persons; and then on down. They were all a heavy burden on the soil of Ireland. The producers finally arose, and with perhaps a touch of Americanism surveyed these poets and perhaps said: "Are they doing any business, or doing any good? We should not support them," and they got rid of the poets, who fled away to the north, where the king sheltered them. In the sixth century it was found that one-third of the well-born people were poets, and again the poets were driven out, the people wearying of them. Again they were protected by the king of the north.

And here I think I find the first clear indication in history that a nation's mental characteristics of a race, cling to it and cannot be go rid of. I find the first clear indication of the tendency, in history, that drives the Irish into honorable rather than into lucrative professions; a tendency that drives them now into the press, the bar, the bench or medicine, rather than into—well ,you know what lines are lucrative in America.

Well, when Charlemagne was trying to recover the rude ballads of his Norse ancestry thousands of Irish poets were studying in universities more than three hundred meters and reciting a multitude of epic poems. In the next century the poets became incredibly audacious. In bands they roved over the land, levying a species of blackmail. They carried a silver pot, hung with bronze chains, and their spears were held in the links of this chain and thus carried to the house of some man whom they proposed to meet. The pot was called the Pot of Avrice. The chief poet, upon arrival at the selected

house, composed a panegyric, and the other poets composed verses. Each poet then chanted or recited the verse he had written, while musicians chanted an accompaniment to the panegyric. Then the man who was thus eulogized came forth and put a guerdon of silver or gold into the pot. If he neglected thus to do the nimble poets promptly satirized him, and then he was likely to give, for no Irishman can bear to be satarized. Rather he would give all he possessed. Imagine sending poets from Berkeley to thus deal with the Mayor of San Francisco. It has never been tried, but it might be. I know you can satirize, for all college boys can.

Well, the king of the north was about to get rid of these poets when it was decided to give them fixed lands and colleges for them were established. These resident colleges continued in operation until the break of the Gaelic polity, till Cromwell came in 1648. The bards were especially good at satire. There are many stories of the effectual satires they wrought, and the Irish dread of the satirical form of attack is almost proverbial. There was a belief prevalent that the bards could kill with their satires. The belief lasted nuntil about 1414. Sir Philip Sidney writes: "I would not have you hanged or rhymed to death, as in Ireland." You will recall that Shakespeare makes Roslind says: "I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time when I was an Irish rat."

A Winter Scene on the Gatineau.

Eastward, the azure mountains, curving, run,
Shading from blue to gray until they merge
Into the pale sky at their farthest verge,
Faint ghosts of mountains 'neath the rising sun.
Westward, a wood, all strewn with gold its dun,
Its fairy trees arrayed in silver serge,
Sparkling with gems — ah! who would chant a dirge
For nature, here, tho' winter's crown be won:
A king, he wears his royal robe with grace,
And scatters beauty with a bounteous hand;
A sunny smile betimes is on his face,
His genial skies, as now, are blue and bland;
And hark! far in the fairy woods I hear
A happy bird song carolled, sweet and clear.

CAMEO.

Thoughts on Music.

The human mind has ever exhibited peculiar interest in that which is extraordinary or marvellous. It matters not through what medium the faculties may be addressed the impression is received with equal appreciation, whenever the theme partakes of the eventful and heroic. Literature, perhaps, with its many advantages furnishes this pecularity to a greater extent than any other branch, yet it may be truly said, that in the realms of music sufficent material can be found to satisfy the wonder-seeking demands of reason and intelligence. Oratory with its silvery flow of rhetorical beauty ; sculpture and painting with their wonderful imitations of the real, may offer play to the imagination for a time, but music alone stands out foremost amongst the finer arts and attracts the attention of all classes.

The history of music is older than that of civilization. The most savage races are found to have had some rude musical instruments sufficently at least to mark certain rhythmical intervals of time, and to serve as accompaniment to the dances, while in all recorded instances where nations have advanced from barbarism to civilization music has followed the national growth.

The Chinese, whose music is so unpleasant to refined ears, have some sweet-toned instruments, and a notation for the melodies played upon them which is sufficently clear.

We know that the Greeks had musical ability, and that to be a musician-poet required years of practice. The Greek lyre was too poor an instrument to afford much melody, nevertheless their use of it was skilful indeed.

We look to the early music of the Christian church, to whose fostering influence through several centuries the preservation and progress of the arts is due, for the foundation upon which our modern system of music is built

Pope Gregory I, who was the writer of many hymns, established the Gregorian chant which is so beautifully sung in the Catholic churches of the world to-day. During the 8th, 9th and 10th centuries the French, Germans, Celts and Italians made wonderful progress. The French also had their *chansons*, the Italians their *cansonetti* whilst the Germans had their *volkslieder*.

The Celts made great progress in this art, their bards were

famous for their skill in poetry and song. They possessed an instrument known as the harp, which had several strings of different pitch and many writers on music have stated that their believe that secrets of harmony were known to them before they were to the Italians. The harp is one of the oldest of musical instruments. It is mentioned in Holy Writ as being played by the gallant David to soothe the melancholy hours of Saul, the first king of Israel.

Of the men born within the present century who have distinguished themselves in this art are Adam, Balfe, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Gounod and Beethoven. Of these the last named without doubt occupies the highest position, and with him instrumental music reached its high point of development.

His style is noble and vigorous, his orchestral treatment admirable and his dramatic instincts correct. Then came Mendelssohn, Wagner and Liszt who also rank as *virtuosi* of the first order. The pianists who are named above have seemingly thoroughly explored the capacities of the pianoforte as it at present exists. Every technical difficulty has been overcome and every form of sentiment expressed so that in this department of the art at least, there would seem to be slight room for further progress.

Who as he sits in church and hears the music as it rolls down the sacred aisles does not feel his spirits rise and a calm thrill his soul. What makes a man feel more light-hearted, than on Easter Sunday morning when the heavenly strains of the Resurrexit, strikes his ear, or what is able to fill a man with greater sadness or place him in a more meditative mood than the organ's solemn dirge of the Requiem, it places him in the very presence of death, it plays more on his sympathies than the eloquent sermons of the most learned.

Still though music stands foremost in the fine arts the power of mastering it has not been given to many, even the power of attaining ordinary perfection in it is a gift but parsimoniously distributed. What the great American Statesman Daniel Webster said of oratory is more applicable to music. "Labor and learning may toil for it but they toil in vain. Although this talent is given to a chosen few nevertheless everyone is capable of appreciating it. The person who has the talent for music infused into his soul is especially blessed. He possesses one of the choicest gifts of nature.

J. C. B.

The Man in Lower Twelve.

The train was whirling along through the blackness of the night and nothing outside could be seen save now and then the twinkling light of some farmhouse or the red and green glare of the the signals. Nothing inviting certainly; and inside naught but a heavy air reeking with the mixed odor of cigars—good, bad and indifferent cigars—, and naught in the line of art except the feeble colored flowers painted in any but natural colors on the walls of the smoker. Having just finished a smoke, I tossed away the stub and made my way to the sleeper, resolved to enjoy things as best I could. I had barely reached my berth—lower 10—when the porter entered the car and pausing at lower 12, drew aside the curtains and began shaking the occupant who, with many rolls and turns and much eye-rubbing at last sat up.

"What's the matter now, porter; are we at Ottawa already?"

"No, sah, haven't reached Smith's Falls yet."

„Well, why did you waken me?"

"Well, sah, you see sah, deres a man in de smokah an' he done got a ticket fo' dis heah berth, sah."

"He's got a ticket for this birth?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well what about it? What does he want?"

"He wants de berth, sah."

"Now, look here, porter; didn't I give you a ticket for this berth?

"You did, suah 'nuff, sah."

"And didn't I shake hands with you quite friendly like?"

"You did sah."

"And wasn't there something in that hand?"

"You bet, sah; you'se a gemman sah."

"That's all right; now you go back and tell that chap that there's some mistake; that I have a ticket for this berth; see?"

"Yes, sah;" and with that the darky started back to the smoker. I was interested and followed him to hear the other side of the story. He passed into the smoker and addressed a man sitting there:—

"De man in the berth has a ticket for it, sah."

"And here is mine; I got it at the agency. Where did he get his?"

"When he came on de car, sah."

"Now, porter you just tell him that I got my ticket at the agency and had the berth engaged before him.

"But, sah—"

"You go and tell him that."

So back went the porter and I followed at his heels.

"What's the trouble now," demanded the man in the berth.

"Why, sah, de man in de smokah says he got his ticket at de agents and has de first right to de berth."

See here, then, can't you give him an upper berth?

"He won't take one, sah."

"Then, put him in a stateroom."

"Oh! golly, sah, I can't do that: that'd cost me eight dollars."

"Then, let him go," and with that expression of his sentiments, he rolled over and prepared to go to sleep. The porter looked at him in a puzzled way and there slowly departed to the smoker. Once more I followed him.

"De man says to put you in an uppah berth, sah."

"I won't take one; I've got a ticket for lower 12 and lower 12 I'm going to have."

"Well, what can I do, sah?"

"You'll have to get him out, or there'll be trouble."

"But he won't get out, sah."

"You'll have to make him, that's all; hurry now."

Away went the perplexed porter and I after him to the sleeper.

"De other man says as you've got to get out sah or dere'll be trouble."

"Now, look here porter, go and tell him that he can sleep on the floor for all I care. I've got the berth and I'm going to keep it. Don't come back near me again."

Away went the darky to the smoker.

"It's no use sah; he says he's got de berth and he's again' to keep it. I cain't put him out."

"You can't, eh! well you just come with me and I'll put him out;" and the angered man strode swiftly towards the sleeper. I followed to see the fun and by this time every body was awake and peeping from their places. In came the irate man followed by the now thoroughly frightened porter. He peeled off his coat, strode up to lower 12 and drawing aside the curtains reached in with both

hands and pulled out a man by the shoulders. We all expected a regular set to: but instead of that the man in the berth with a look of surprise and gladness cried out "Hello! George, where did you spring from?"

"Eh, what! why is that you Jack? exclaimed the other" and they both fell to shaking hands. "It's alright, porter," said George, "put me up stairs."

We were all relieved by this peaceable denouement, but if you could have seen the huge grin of surprise and delight on the burnished face of the porter, you would know there was at least one, whose joy was immeasurably greater than ours.

J. F., '05.

Bernard Shaw.

The sensation of the moment in New York is the Celtic Shaw-- a type of the supercivilized Celt, without principles; and the slave of the conditions of his time The Celt is clear-sighted. and, when he reasons, is the most logical of men. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Candida" and the cynical play against which Mr. McAdoo, of New York is protesting, is one of the cleverest and most brilliant writers of the day.

He is as much of a mocker as Voltaire was, without the bitterness of Voltaire. He has all the clear-sightedness of the Celt, all his love of form and symmetry, and all that audacity and recklessness which make the Celt a terror in war and the most dangerous of rebels, whether against religion or society, when faith fails him in either one or the other, or in both. Faith has failed Shaw, as it has failed George Moore, as it is failing many cultivated young Irishmen in Ireland today, under the influence of a baleful supercivilization.

The difference in the Saxon point of view as evidenced in the epic of Beowulf and in the saga of Chuchulain is in the main, the dimness which clouds the outlines of things in the first and the luminousness of all outlines in the second. There is, too, an analyzing determination on the part of the Chuchulain and Queen Meave and the rest to go to the bitter end in everything they undertake. This is a Celtic trait. The Irish are accused of possessing every defect under the sun, but they have never been accused of being "quitters."

This Shaw is not a "quitter." He sees that a greater part of Society—the supercivilized part—has determined to do without religion. He sees, too, that, while assuming that a system of ethics is necessary for the preservation of society, it will not accept the very source of ethics, the Supreme Ruler, or the only source of the power that binds society together todday, Christianity. He takes conditions as he sees them—the woman of the upper middle class, who declares that she does not want her husband to live with her after the moment he ceases to love her, the man who declares that there is no sensation which a normal human being ought not accept as part of his development. To bid good-bye to one's husband when he sees another woman more attractive is a duty,—Ibsen thinks so. To wreath one's self with roses and lose one's self in wine or lust— is also a duty; that gentle rebel, Maeterlink, comes very near it.

And there are hundreds of men and women whom we meet every day among the intensely respectable classes who think and say these things in the language of Ibsen and Maeterlink. "In my time we had God," says an old-fashioned French woman, in a comedy, as she reflects on a condition of society in which there is no high court of appeal. Supercivilization means the substitution of culture for faith, of anarchy, in theory, at least, for the conservatism of real civilization.

The ballet at the opera in St. Petersburg, which is amusing the great nobles in Russia while the people clamor, is called "Civilization." Its centre—its pivot—its point of light—is a body of the character of the scarlet woman mentioned in the Bible. She is the sun, and she dances as the sun is supposed to dance on an Easter day. And she hops. And she turns a hundred times after the manner of Herodias, and she is the very soul of "civilization, which translated, means "supercivilization," whose father is Unfaith and whose mother's name is unmentionable.

Shaw, in "Candida," in "You Never Can Tell," follows premises to their conclusion, laughing, or, rather, grinning, all the time. If marriage does not bind, how absurd it is, he says. If it does bind and it inconveniences you, how absurd it is still, if the Christian belief is a *myth*! *He shocks people by making objective the abstractions* which their inclinations nurse and which they do not dare to put into action.

The play which is interesting New York and horrifying Mr. McAdoo is a story which any school girl may read at the breakfast

table if her father will let her have the morning paper. Only,—the paper makes it brutal, and that—if she understands—may repell her;—Mr. Shaw laughs at the horrors so that they do not seem so horrible. The profession of the female in Mr. Shaw's fashionable play is the most nefarious known to the human race. But, he seems to say, grinning, why should you think that right and wrong are matters of desire or expediency, object to anything? The woman in the play is nefarious, her circle is nefarious,—there is an Anglican clergyman, too, who has sinned who is unrepentant. Is he any better at heart than the creatures who go on being openly unrepentant and nefarious? If there no God—no court of rule, no court of appeal, no system of ethics—nothing makes any difference? You go as you please!—and Shaw laughs, and makes epigrams, as only a Celt or a Frenchman can make them, and is mercilessly logical. Then he dives deep into the mud, and very gracefully spatters it over the gilded idols which supercivilized society is pretending to adore!

The real evil is not with Mr. Shaw. In a society in which a woman can be divorced at twelve o'clock and be "married" at two, and then appear everywhere, jewelled and acknowledged, received and uncensured, Mr. Shaw ought not to be stoned. In a social condition in which the youngest boy or girl is permitted to read every day details of horrors that deserve to be unspeakable, the mockery of Mr. Shaw is virtue itself, to the complaisance of the cowardly who condone adultery because it is opulent and shrink from vice when it happens to be poor.—Maurice Francis Egan in the Catholic Citizen.

London at Prayer.

How They Renewed Their Baptismal Vows in the Old Chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador.

(*This chapel, long a 'shrine' for the Catholics of England, is about to be destroyed, to make room for a street.*)—Ed.

One dark Sunday night, about six o'clock, knocked at the door of one of those stately old mansions on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and waiting on the step, looked out upon the great square, thinking of the changes which tme had wrought upon its

fate. Except for a few lamps dotted about amongst the bare trees, and the shivering reflections of their light on the pools of water which lay on the road, all was a hazy blue gloom; and the dank vapours rose from the reeking earth. I could hear no sound but the melancholy stroke of the La wCourts clock, the howl of some stray dog, and the slipshod foot of poverty, stealing furtively across the square to the Strand. Yet the house before whose door I stood was once the town residence of an Ambassador; Dukes and Lord Chancellors were his neighbours; not one of those shabby mansions but has housed famous men and women from Restoration days to a time within the memory of those now living; and from the windows the great ones of the land have looked upon revels and rabbles, upon rout and pageant and progresses. The smoke of the martyr's bonfire has drifted into them, the last dying words of the condemned standing on the scaffold, the cries and groans of the sightseers. Here gathered all the rascaldom of the hoary, brutal old London; the high road to Tyburn ran close by; the fashionable teatres were not a stone's-throw away. All are gone and forgotten, and these old mansions alone remain to remind us faintly of the past. Their walls bulging and decayed, their paint peeling off, rat-haunted, their courtyards green with grass, their guardian rails red with rust, bent, twisted, distorted, loose in their sockets, by broad day they look woefully disreputable. Kindly night invests them with a pathos which clings to age, even though it be but an oak riven by the lightning, or an old house: I look, and cannot think of the awful Sunday loneliness of their deserted chambers without a shudder.

I had knocked thrice during these musings when the sound of footsteps fell on my ear; the door was opened by a servant, and I asked if I could see Father Dunford. I was led down a gloomy lobby of venerable age, and ushered into a dark little chamber lined with the blackest oak panels, its one window hidden by shutters of formidable thickness, and its form but dimly revealed by one pale lamp which hung from the ceiling. I rubbed my eyes with wonder, for I was no longer in modern London, but surely in London of the second James. It was, indeed, a chamber for whispered council; it would not have surprised me if one of the panels had slid smoothly back, and I had encountered the head of some spy or fugitive peering out; nor if the floor set in motion by a secret spring, had suddenly yawned upon me.

These were but night thoughts; the door opened, and there

entered noiselessly a priest clad in a cassock, shortish, pale, with curly grey hair pushing itself out from unded his biretta.

"Father Dunford?" I asked.

He bowed gravely, and regarded me shrewdly, with the eyes of one long accustomed to gauge the human countenance, and to read the thoughts that are hidden behind its mask.

I had written to ask his permission to be present at the especial service concluding a Mission, which was to be held this evening, and had received a most polite reply bidding me come. A word of explanation sufficed, and a rather weary smile flitted over the Father's face. "I think you will say it is a remarkable service," he said; "but I confess I cannot understand why you have chosen this poor, tumbledown old chapel for a visit."

I detected a note of quiet irony in this speech, which was also accompanied by an almost imperceptible elevation of the shoulders and eyebrows.

"It was pure chance. The other day I was viewing the ruins of Clare Market, and for the first time became aware, though I thought I knew London well, that there existed such a place as Sardinia Chapel."

This time he shrugged his shoulders perceptibly, and gave a little laugh. "Those who built it were not desirous of attracting attention to it. It was wiser for a Catholic to avoid notice."

"Well, well, Father, today your Campanile towers proudly over every church spire in London."

He smiled, and for a moment the face lighted up.

I was still possessed by the spirit of the old room, and I suppose my face showed my curiosity and interest.

"It is very old, eh? This was part of the hall of the Sardinian ambassador's house — it has survived many perils. We often wish that walls could speak. Could these do so, you would hear many a story which would turn you cold. In the early days of this house priests were hunted like vermin, mass was celebrated in secret cellars and garrets, and the mobs beat against the very door you entered by like a raging sea."

Yet he spoke in calm accents, as in a few words he recalled the past.

"See," he said, and walking to what seemed to be a large cupboard by the shuttered window, high up in the wall, stood upon a chair and pulled open a door.

He then descended, lit a candle, and placing it in my hand

invited me to take his place. I did so, and before me I saw a long low gallery, black as night, so ugly and ominous that it has since haunted my dreams. The flame of the candle flickered as I thrust it in, and then expired, but I had seen enough: I stepped down to the floor.

"That was no doubt a spy-hole. It runs over the curious archway leading from Lincoln's Inn Fields into Sardinia Street, which was once named Duke Street, after James II."

"How little we know of London!" I exclaimed. "Who would believe that such places were left in these days;"

He sighed. "The house is old and ugly, and so, too, is the chapel, as you will see presently, but to us Catholics it is endeared by its associations with so many bitter trials. After all, perhaps you did well to come and see us before it was too late, for both house and chapel are doomed; the mark of the red cross will soon be daubed on the poor old walls. Dear, dear, dear!—but come, and I will find you a place, for we shall be very crowded."

I followed him along a ghostly corrider, the faint gleam of candles and the robes of altar servants catching my eye down in some distant chamber, for the house is full of devious byways, and in a moment we were ascending a wide staircase with a fine oak baluster. I have a dim impression of echoeing, shadowy passages, when we stopped before a door which the priest opened with a key as old as the building, and passing in I found myself in the gallery of a quaint chapel, a rich mellow brown in hue, transfigured into soft beauty by the poetic emblems of the Catholic Faith. I stood in the lower of the two curving galleries, and looking down saw surpliced figures flitting about the Sanctuary, which glowed with lights, the sheen of holy instruments and rich vestments; many candles were burning, too, at the feet of various Saints, which shone out of the shadowy aisles, so quick to touch the pious imagination and to excite devotion. Above me from out the gloom I discerned a rounded dome, the upper gallery which almost reached the ceiling, space broken by many pillars, and at the end facing the altar an old-world organ, over whose brow hung a rich coat-of-arms,. carved in oak and embellished with rich colors. These impressions were but misty, and they had just begun to clear when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the Father, directing one look at an ancient clock in the organ gallery, and another down below at the crowded seats, bade me follow him. We made our way to the opposite side, and pointing to a small pew of rich mahogany wood he said:

"The Ambassador's pew—this was called the Quality Gallery." I smiled at the quaint phraseology, but begged that I might be allowed to take a lower place amongst the people. My humility did not displease the Father, for he nodded his head, and retracing our footsteps we were soon descending the old staircase again, and passing through what seemed to me a maze of corridors, once more entered the chapel by a door at the side of the Sanctuary. I was given a chair by the altar of Saint Anthony, the patron saint of the poor, whose beneficent features were illuminated this evening with more than usual brightness, and at whose feet kindly spirits had laid their offerings of such modest flowers as happened to be in bloom. One glance at my neighbors, indeed, assured me that many in this gathering had need to bow before Saint Anthony and to hold communion with him, for poverty had set its indelible mark on many a face, betokening lifelong battles with the world. My ears told me, too, that I was amongst the emotional Irish, to whom the consolations of religion are so real and living; I knew it by whispered accents, by impulsive gestures by the humorous twinkle of rolling eyes, by a certain grim fanatical gaze, by the hard defiant stare, by a strange devil-me-care combativeness which I seemed to detect even in this holy place.

Yet these were but fleeting revelations; the service began, and the swelling organ, the voices of the choir, the words of the priest, softened these hard visages, and as they gazed dreamily upon altar and Cross, upon Holy Virgin and saint all steeped in the glow of many lights, I fancied that they saw shadowy visions of angels hovering over them—mysterious ministers of grace from the heavens above. It is a sweet and soothing atmosphere, fitting for dreams and ecstasies.

For myself, as my eyes fell on a face of Christ close by me, beaming with ineffable pity and benevolence, upon statues of saints, emblems and shining altar, my mind was slowly carried to the dim past, and I thought of the tremendous changes which the Catholic faith had wrought upon the universe since that awful day of the Ascension, when Peter received his heritage and became first Bishop of Rome. I knew that the sign of the Cross, which the child beside me was just making on her little face and bosom, was the same act of reverence to the Saviour that the early Christians made in those dark catacombs that run beneath old Rome; I knew the homely portrait of the latest Pope which is hanging on the wall represented the successor, in a direct line, of St. Peter, and that be-

fore the ancient dynasty all others paled into insignificance. Strangely blended in my mind wi a shadowy procession of martyrs and miracles, of Crusaders anc Saracens, of saints and missionaries, of kings and prelates of dungeons and racks, of battles and murders, of executions by axe and flame, were memories of a pious pilgrimage which I had paid not many days before to St. Albans. I was standing by the side of that martyr's shrine when another pilgrim, who was evidently a Catholic priest, after gazing for some time on the memorial, made some remark to me on the reverent ingenuity which had pieced together the many scattered fragments into so harmonious a whole.

"I suppose the image-makers thought they had done their worst," I said laughingly.

"I suppose so," he said, with an accent of bitterness which I could readily excuse in one who felt deeply; "but see"—at that moment a golden beam of sun touched the battered side of the shrine, and it shone as though the jewels which once studded it, and the pigments which once made it aflame with the colors of the rainbow were still there. The happy omen seemed to chase away his melancholy, and together we inspected screens, Lady Chapel, and exquisite chantries, hung over tombs of Lord Abbots, and gazed aloft until we were dizzy into the misty tower built by Paul de Caen nearly a thousand years ago.

"Ah!" sighed the priest, as at last we came out into the sun and life, "and to think that we have lost all this, which was once ours!" and he stood on the path and gazed in silence over the vivid green meadows sloping down to the Ver, once covered with the buildings of the famous monastery, over the site of ancient Verulamium, over the lovely wooded heights beyond, and at last fixed his eyes on the stern old gatehouse, all that remains of the grandeur of St. Albans, throught which kings and queens have often passed, and many a stately procession, which has often heard the roar of mobs, the clash of arms, and the frightful cries of "Sanctuary, sanctuary."

A mysterious dignity clothes a priest even in these days, and I did not care to disturb his reverie, but in a moment he was peopling for his Protestant-bred fellow-pilgrim the vanished cloisters, the King's House, the Scriptorium, and talking eloquently of the days when only the priest stood between the tyranny and ferocity of the mediaeval lord and his bondsmen. "You owe us much," he said, pointing to the tower now fired by the setting sun, which stands

like a beacon in the landscape, and then stalked away, leaving me to conjure up alone the glories of art and craft which the Catholic faith has inspired. The old tower faded away from my sight; the sawing of the rooks as they wheeled round it, the sound of bells wafted over the peaceful meadows merged into realities.

Once more I was in Sardinia Chapel, and before me, at a small reading-desk within the altar rails, stood a tall, grizzled priest in cassock and biretta, a solitary dramatic figure in black silhouetted against the altar. With uplifted hand he was inveighing in quiet earnest tones, which yet penetrated to the darkest corners of the shadowy chapel, against the world, the flesh and the devil, as priests have inveighed since the pagan days when Nero was Emperor. To-night the people were called together to renew the solemn promises made for them at their baptism, and to which, alas! they being but mortal, had been faithless. "When you were babes," I heard him say, "the Devil was driven out of your souls on that day: the devil having then possession of your souls, inasmuch as you were conceived and born in original sin, the priest placed the end of his stole upon you and invited you to become members of the Catholic Church and the Church of Jesus Christ. Your sponsors undertook on your behalf that you should renounce Satan and all his works. You were then taken to the font, and holy water was poured upon your head, whereby you were admitted into the fold of the only true Shepherd of your souls. Then the priest placed a lighted candle in the hands of your sponsors and said: "Receive this burning light and keep thy baptism so as to be without blame, and thou shalt have eternal life, and live for ever and ever. Amen.' "

So were minds prepared for the final act; and whilst they were says the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and contemplating the mysteries upon which Catholics dwell when they tell their beads,—glorious or dolorious, they are equally beautiful—I looked round. I saw on most of the faces, whether of youth or age, traces of the severest toil; I saw men very old, grim, and iron-hard, with blunted horny fingers, and marvelled that they had survived the struggle; I saw withered dames, roughened by exposure to the weather, their backs bowed by heavy burdens; it was easy, indeed, to see that poverty was well represented, gay colors, glistening beads, velvets and Sunday-best notwithstanding, though here and there amongst them sat the more prosperous—that is, if one may judge by externals.

I now saw by various signs and movements that some important

ceremany was about to take place, and if by some act of magic every member of the congregation produced a candle, some large and tall, others of very humble dimensions, and gazed intently on the black figure by the altar. "Now," he cried, "you will renew those baptismal vows of which I have been speaking, and as a token you will light the candles. Do you strike matches—the altar boys will pass round with tapers."

Then the surpliced servers began to move hither and thither, and in a few moments the whole of the old chapel was aglow with the soft light of hundreds of candles, which at a sign were held high up in the air, casting the weirdest shadows upon oak and time-stained fabric, and producing an effect from my memory. Cold indeed would be the soul which was not moved to emotion by the beautiful rite; callous the most austere whose eyes did not moisten as he contemplated the rapt looks which flitted over many a face, graven deep by sin and sordow and hardships.

"Do you renounce Satan?" cried the priest, holding up a cross.

"We do renounce him," came the muttered responses, the sound of many voices rolling through the chapel.

"Do you renounce all the works of Satan?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce all the pomps of the world?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce bad company?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce every occasion of sin?"

"We do."

"Will you give up impurity and drunkenness?"

"We will."

So came ringing questions and the murmurous vows; and at last the candles were put out.

The time had come to give Benediction. The missionary preacher retired from his desk. The priest of the parish was robed in his rich vestments, and, tended by servers and censer-bearer, advanced to the altar, which now seemed aflame with light and color, perhaps seeming brighter by contrast with the age and gloom of its surroundings. In silence he rose and moved back the veil which had hidden the Tabernacle, withdrew from it the Blessed Sacrament,

placed it in a silver monstrance, and exposed it on the throne to the sound of music and many voices singing, "Oh! Salutaris Hostia":

O Saving Victim, opening wide
  The gate of Heaven to men below!
Our foes press on from every side;
  Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

The incense was poured into the thurible, and the priest, profoundly adoring, swung it to and fro before the Host, and a great volume of sweet-smelling clouds rose in the air, and floated over the people and curled round the columns of that old chapel. Then comes the Tantum ergo Sacramentum:

Down in adoration falling,
  Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
  Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
  When the feeble senses fail.

All kneeling, there was an awful silence, broken by the faint note of a bell, for God was present. The priest rose, and, a silken veil covering his hand, took from the altar the portion of the monstrance in which rested the Blessed Sacrament, came forward, turned his face towards us, and making the sign of the Cross, blessed the people.

After the service was over many lingered, as though little disposed to face the realities of the world, some praying before their patron saints, others entering the confessionals, some buying books of devotion and pictures of their Chapel. As moved to and fro I heard many an expression of deep regret at its doom, which plainly came from warm hearts; but I confess, as I looked at the bulging walls, the peeling plaster, the sunken floors, the gaps and rents, and the general crookedness of decrepitude, I felt that its day was past. It was pleasant to hear these poor people bewailing the advent of the wrecker, and it was easy to understand that this was no gathering of strangers. I fell into conversation with the verger, who stood at the door, where one of his duties was to collect the pence which each put in the shallow wooden platters– a payment representing, he told me, in many cases real denial of the gnawing wants of the body.

"Surely," I said, "many of your people are Irish?"

"Yes; many of them descendants of those who came over in the great famine. I know one old woman who remembers eating boiled seaweed."

I breathed hard to think of it, and asked where they had found new homes since the laying waste of Clare Market.

"They are scattered over London."

"But the Chapel is full?"

He smiled with a face full of woe.

"They would walk miles with hard peas in their shoes to hear Mass in the old Chapel. I was married here, my children were baptised here——"

"And so were mine," interrupted a good-natured fellow who was standing by us. "I was baptised here, married here, and would be buried here if they'd let me." He laughed, but I could see he was in deadly earnest.

"I can remember King Victor Emmanuel coming to Mass here," interjected another.

I can remember when the old chapel was so full that people knelt in the street and heard Mass through the open door."

"And I can remember seeing gold in the plate," chuckled an old lady who was selling little medals of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception—a touching tribute to the glories that had long since departed.

At that moment Father Dunford came up, and showed me various points of interest which would have escaped a stranger. I saw a place at the end of the chapel called the Black Hole, of course because it is so dark, even on sunny days, which is given up to those who, alas! have not a penny to spare for a seat, and yet would be greatly troubled in their conscience if they did not come to Mass; I saw the quaint old pulpit, which the preacher enters from the lower gallery; I saw the two wooden lamps glimmering over the altar, which were made to replace those that were burnt by the Gordon Rioters.

Those days in 1780 were like an episode in the French Terror, for London was in the hands of the mob, who sacked and burnt at will, and filled the air with their cries of "No Popery." How vivid history is when you learn it, not from books, but from such living tokens as those two red lamps, or from the holy vessels whose exquisite workmanship I was admiring in the Sacristy!

The mob was thundering at the door when some devoted woman flew into this dim, uneven little chamber behind the altar, swift-

ly flung open safes, gathered up monstrance, thurible, and reliquary, withdrew the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle, and at the risk of her life, with the hoarse cries of the besiegers in her ears, escaped by some private way, and placed them in the arms of a priest then hiding in some hole in Great Turnstile. The good man was fasting, and there and then said Mass in thanksgiving for their preservation.

Eloquent of times past, too, of old landmarks, are the rich vestments of sumptuous brocade, of damask, of satin, white and red, crimson and black, heavy with gold and silver, which see in another chamber chamber. Upon some there is a coat of arms: they are those of the old Sardinian kingdom—a red cross on white ground, with the Saracen heads in memory of the victories of the Pisans over the hosts of Mahomet. The very names of these vestments—stole and maniple, amice and girdle, alb and chasuble--fire the imagination; but to see them so close, to touch them with one's fingers, lends strange and potent vitality to the thoughts they recall of the story of Christendom.

"But," said the Father, " should like to show you some other relics of our former grandeur."

He smiled; and there was a touch of irony in his accents; but I thought it pleased him to dwell upon the past, and I certainly was nothing noth. So we clambered up the old oak staircase, and I found myself in another panelled chamber, dim and sombre enough in the one light which hung from the ceiling. I took a seat by a small table, to which he presently brought from some other room a monstrance so heavy that he bent beneath its weight. Tarnished with age though it was, I saw that it was exquisitely wrought, and that it bore the arms with which I was now familiar. When I had sufficiently admired it he wrapped it round with a cloth, and, having taken it away brought other vessels equally beautiful.

"You see," he said, "even in this poor parish we still have treasure."

He then sank down, as though weary, in his own chair, and talked of his people with a quiet practicality which much impressed me, being more accustomed to discuss such matters with followers of colder creeds than that he preached. From our conversation I gathered that human nature differs little whether it accepts the faith of Rome or Geneva.

The clock struck eleven, and reproaching myself for having remained so long, I rose to go. My eye fell upon a picture of some cathedral which lay on the table.

"Ah," said the Father, "what wonderful builders they were in the old days!"

I mentioned my pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Alban.

Then he murmured, "And to think that once all this was ours!"

I started, for here was the same sigh of regret, expressed in the very words, which I had heard from priestly lips only a few days before.

My parting was hurried. A knock sounded on the door, which the priest opened. Some poor mortal was expiring not a stone's throw away. "I must go," said the priest: "wait and I will take you to the door," and I saw him take a small bag of embroidered silk from his writing table and hang it round his neck. He then withdrew from it a small silver box, and holding it in his hand he lighted me to the ghostly corridor which led to the front door. I knew the little box was the pyx; I knew that in it would be placed the consecrated particles which lie in the Tabernacle; I knew that in a few minutes the filmy eyes of the dying would look upon the Blessed Sacrament with ecstasy. Such are the consolations of religion; such are the sad duties of the priest.—Charles Morley, in London Magazine.

To St. Cecilia.

By Archbishop O'Brien.

A shell lies silent on a lonely shore ;
High rocks and barren stand with frowning brow.
Hither no freighted ships e'er turn their prow.
Their treasures on the fated sand to pour ;
Afar the white-robed sea-gull loves to soar :
But, pure as victim for a nation's vow,
A lovely maiden strikes the shell, and how
Its music charms, and sadness reigns no more ;
Thus Christian poesy, thus on Pagan coasts,
For ages mute had lain thy sacred lyre,
Untouched since from the Prophet's hand it fell,
Till fair Cecilia, taught by angel hosts,
Attuned its music to the heavenly choir,
And gave a Christian's voice to Clio's shell.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

IS Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in the preface to the life of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, says: "Few men have felt so powerfully the *divinus afflatus* of poesy; few natures have been so fitted to give it worthy response, as strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which feel the touch of the ideal everywhere and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft." Yes, he was a poet and the collected works may, in time, help us fell less rebellious at his early departure, but our hearts are still too sore to get all the joy and and cheer and strength—the exquisite joys—the pathetic stories and the noble addresses which his "collected works" can give us. It were idle to doubt his Right of Way among the noblest bards—read one of his single effusions entitled *At School* and see where he learned the best things he knew. How hard it is to realize that this gentle soul, so divinely fitted to sweetest themes, should have had his lot cast in such hard lines that the author of Statues in the Block and the Dreamer should be a convict in a penal colony, after having paced the narrow cell of various prisons; read his story of Moondyne, to enter into his soul's darkest experience—one stanza in the poem: "My Native Land" help us to share the loneliness of the brave spirit:—

"I learned from this there is no southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of northern men.
Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearing turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay.

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea—

For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf—
If first to no one else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles :
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed—
My poor land, the Niobe of isles."

The hopelessness was never such as to allow, for a single moment, the thought of a dead soul. No. So in stripes and in prisons, in good report and evil report, John Boyle O'Reilly stood up a living soul ; he was equal to all the trials of heart and soul and body—always a sweet, a gentle singer, because he was a *gentle* man. This brave soldier, this unshamed traitor, this stricken convict, this man man who dared his all for the land of his love—who dared to escape from the degrading penal fetters, who succeeded in reaching the shores of a new world, who as journalist, led not only the Irish in America, but all noble-thinking men in the whole English-speaking world through his journalistic utterances, never was a demagogue, never for a moment, in written or spoken word, was he aught but a gentleman and an ideal Catholic. His self-control is, perhaps, the most wonderful feature of his moral make-up. Look at his face, as his portraits show him, then give the man your full trust, he commands it all unconsciously, he never posed, never appealed for sympathy, he says :

"I wrote down my troubles every day ;
[illegible] after a few short years,
[illegible] I turned to the heart aches passed away,
I read them in smiles, not tears."

Those whose privilege it was to know the editor of the *Pilot*, the author of Bohemia, the honored member of Boston's proudest literary clubs, are all one in assuring us of the loveliness of the man, of his noble simplicity, his calm chivalry, his genuine charity, and his religiousness—and we too, though most of us know him only through his works and portraits, love him and cannot be comforted for his loss.

Moondyne, perhaps, apart from his letters, is the one of all his works that brings us into closest range with the man in his noblest

aspect. How true he is to his sincere, brotherly feeling for all who are wronged, is seen in the dedication : " To all who are in Prison." The harsh criticism that greeted this book is hard to account for, *narrowness* seems to be the only explanation. Jeffrey Roche, in his life of his beloved ideal, says : " O'Reilly revealed his inner self as do dreamers of an ideal social condition, in which kindness was to be the only rule," like in More's Utopia and Sidney's Arcadia. But this air castle of reform was built by one who had gone through such horrors as would justify some exaggerations of a happy standard by which man was to begin his heaven here below ; describing his hero—Moondyne Joe—is he not giving us some of his own outlines? " In strength and proportions of body the man was magnificent, a model for a gladiator. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine his age. A large, finely shaped head, with crisp black hair and beard, a broad square forehead, and an air of power and self-command—this was the prisoner—Moondyne Joe." In other words, with clever disguises, this was John Boyle O'Reilly, whose p ison number was also 406. He observed it was the number of the first hotel room he occupied in Boston, America ; ten years later, in New York, he was shown to a room numbered 406. He was impressed by the coincidence, as shown in the lines in which he says :

" I do not know the meaning of the sign
But bend before its power, as a reed bends
When the black tornardo fills the valley to the lips,
Three times in twenty years its shape has come
In lines of fire on the black veil of mystery;
At first tho' strange it seemed familiar,
And lingered on the mind as if at rest;
The second time it flashed a thrill came too
For supernature spoke or tried to speak ;
The third time, like a blow upon the eyes,
It stood before me, as a page might say :
' Read—read—and do not call for other warning.' "

How could one close a talk on this regretted man and not speak of his interpretation of the beautiful word Fraternity? His speeches

n America, his poems on various national occasions, besides his editorials, show how he felt toward the Hebrews—the Indians—the negroes—towards all men, and especially towards young writers. The poem, "City Streets," shows his good heart, perhaps, as it was never shown before—"God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are lawless and need it most!" It is very difficult to attempt an estimate of this large-souled lover of his fellows. It is worthy of him that his last poem should have been in defence of someone or something. It was "The Useless Ones," meaning the poets:

> "Useless? Ay for measure:
> Roses die,
> But their breath gives pleasure,
> God knows why—"

Such a fenian, such a dreamer, such a runaway, can be-thank God, not only rescued and sheltered but honored and heeded and loved for ever, He was in very truth a hero—and as someone said at the time when all the world was trying to find comfort at his loss by saying something of praise—"he was a man's man and a woman's man; men knew him, admired him for his splendid courage, his generosity, his invincible sense of honor, women loved him for his great personal beauty, his daring and his tenderness." God bless jailor's daughter off there in Australia, who helped him to escape! God bless her for her share in his putting to sea in that open boat! Verily a great light went out when that fine Irishman closed his eyes, Let this inscription from a portrait of his close this perforce hasty sketch:

> "Races and sects were to him a profanity,
> Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
> Large as mankind was his splendid humanity—
> Large in his record the work he has done."

Yea—yea—all the world must love this mighty Kelt.

S. M.

David Garrick.

"The Stage in the time of David Garrick" was the subject of a very entertaining as well as instructive lecture delivered to the d'Youville Society by Mr. John Thompson on Monday afternoon, March 12th, before an appreciative audience, many of whom remembered with pleasure his address of a year ago on Dr. Samuel Johnson, another of that intensely interesting group of 18th century celebrities. As the lecturer remarked, one unfamiliar with the literature of that age is apt to find its writers rather old fogish and boresome, and without study it is often puzzling to know just what they are driving at, owing to the strangeness of their expressions, which itself was due to the peculiarities of language and manners prevalent at the time. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to listen to one of Mr. Thompson's literary taste and ability interpret for us the character and work of those ermarkable but not too well understood worthies of a past age.

Perhaps no institution has had such a chekered and eventful career as the stage, today so immensely popular and reflecting the brilliance of so many stars. Mr. Thompson traced the history of the drama from its beginning, through its many changes and vicissitudes, down to the day when the English stage became transformed at the coming of David Garrick, the greatest actor that ever lived. In the early centuries of our era the stage was used by the Church as a means of imparting Biblical knowledge to the people. They had then what were called "Miracle Plays" which were acted on the great religious festivals of the year, especially Corpus Christi. Among the many changes that took place in the reign of Henry VIII. was the secularization of the Drama. After its transfer to lay hands the playwrights began to ridicule not only religion but the government as well which conduct resulted in a very rigorous law being passed against playwrights and players, at least all those who were not protected by the wealthy nobles. In the statute they were classed as "sturdy beggars" and the severest penalties imposed on them if they were caught performing. It thus followed that two distinct classes of players sprang into existence, the first consisting of those who were protected by the barons and travelled from town to town giving performances, and the second composed of unlicensed players who were discarded by the nobility and played at the risk of life and liberty. The reign of Queen Elizabeth saw

the rise and popularity of the Masque, a form of entertainment on which enormous sums of money were expended in that and succeeding reigns. But with the advent of the Puritans came bad days for plays and players of every description. No exceptions were made, all alike were abolished. "Poets, pipers and players" were the "caterpillars of the Commonwealth," and had to hide themselves accordingly. The stage reached a most deplorable state at this period, the lowest ebb in its existence, and, considering the persecution dealt out to the unfortunate players, its a miracle any survived.

Better times came with the Restoration, and many wonderful improvements were made in stage get-up. Moveable scenery was invented, also thunder and lightning, but many people did not like such departures, probably because they left too little to the imagination. Other much needed reforms took place under Queen Anne. Up to that time the poor actors had to put up with many more inconveniences than those offered by the governments. The theatres were not as they are today but were open to the sky. The people came in without paying their way and sat around, ladies (?) and gallants alike, smoking their pipes and indulging in loud conversation. Often they sat on the stage and tried in every way to disconcert the actors. This was a favorite afternoon amusement for the gallants of those days, for it was the custom to start the performance at 3 o'clock, although they did not really have matinees as we have. Queen Anne made a law ordering all to pay their way in to the theatres and not to disconcert the players; ladies were forbidden to go to plays or to wear masks.

The plays themselves were very amusing things during those hard times, being a wonderful jumble of tragedy, comedy and vaudeville. The actors being very scarce, one would be called upon to undertake many different roles, thus unconsciously illustrating the saying of Shakespeare, "And one man in his time plays many parts." It was not unusual for an acrobat or juggler to take the role of Hamlet or Macbeth and turn a hand-spring when leaving the stage after delivering some immortal speech. Their stage costumes, too, were of the scantiest, an actor being able to carry his in a large sized handkerchief when travelling from one place to another. During these travels they were often hard put to find a stage on which to perform. Sometimes they were lucky enough to find an inn-yard at their disposal; a barn was a real boon. We even hear of their using bed-rooms, and on one occasion, a large four-

poster bed was utilized as a stage, the curtains being drawn as a signal that the show was at an end.

David Garrick, the man who transformed the stage, was born at Lichfield and was the son of an English officer. When a boy he left home and trudged up to London with Samuel Johnson to seek his fortune. When he came on the stage in 1743 it was in a very low state of existence, a most vicious style of acting prevailing at the time. Tragedies in rhyme were in vogue, and players were used to get off their parts in a sing-song fashion that was anything but artistic. David Garrick introduced an entirely new state of things. His idea was to impersonate nature and his success was immediate and unrivalled. He fairly took the world by storm. Although restrictions were still placed on theatres and theatre-goers, the string of coaches outside where he performed was often a mile and a half in length, and he soon numbered among his most intimate friends the highest in the land who were proud to honor this member of the despised class of actors. The brightest spirits of the time were his associates, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith and many others; Dr. Johnson was his dearest friend.

It was not only in England that he was courted. The fame of his wonderful acting spread far and near and he was welcomed in Ireland and France and Italy. It is said that his impersonation of Richard III. was so unlike anything ever witnessed before that the play could not be recognized. His versatility was marvellous and he counted in his repertoire an extraordinary number of Shakespearian plays. Being of French extraction he possessed a very keen wit, in illustration of which many amusing anecdotes are told. But this great prototype of Henry Irving was more than versatile and quick-witted, he was extremely generous and one contemporary says of him that he was never tired of doing good actions. The Playhouse Fund, which is still in a flourishing condition after 150 years and which has done so much to aid the widows and orphans of actors and the indigent and distressed among the profession, owes to David Garrick its existence and success. He founded it and during the last years of his life labored for its maintenance and thus has won the lasting gratitude of all the members of the profession to which he was and is such a glory. There is no actor of ancient or modern times to be compared with him, not only because of his marvellous genius as an actor, but because too of his wonderful power of inspiring love in the hearts of all who knew him. Mr.

Thompson closed his very enjoyable lecture with a few kind words in favor of actors whose faults, however trifling, appear so magnified beneath the glare of the footlights, but whose many sterling qualities amid the trials of an unusually hard vocation, are too often overlooked, and the Rev. Father Sherry, in offering a vote of thanks, dwelt for a few moments on the high mission of the stage and the great good it might do if it remained true to that mission.

M. D.

The Life of the Coming Man.

At 1 year old--Changed from drug store to kitchen food.

At 3 years old—Entered polytechnic kindergarten.

At 5 years old—Entered in primary department of public schools.

At 7 years old—Sent to college preparatory school.

At 9 years old--A freshman.

At 11 years old— Received his degrees.

At 15 years old—Made superintendent of the Whoopemalong Manufacturing Company.

At 18 years old—Made president of the Rushemtodeth Trust.

At 21 years old—Elected to a dozen directorates.

At 25 years old—Given control of the Hot Air and Water Railway Company in addition to his other interests.

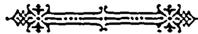
At 35 years old—Forcibly retired from work, having reached the age limit.

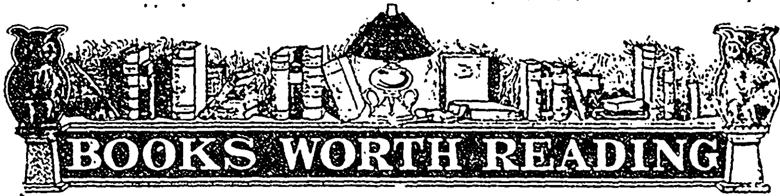
At 38 years old—Made chairman emeritus of some more directorates.

At 40 years old—Officially notified to quit thinking.

At 50 years old—Ordered to cease indulging in reminiscences.

At 60 years old—Chloroformed.—Life.





Book Review.

—o—

SILAS STRONG, by Irving Bacheller. *American Book Co., N. Y.*

In the story of Silas Strong the author returns to the scenes of Eben Holden, the forests of the Adirondacks. Uncle Sile, the Emperor of the Woods, is one of the last of those possessed of the pioneer spirit, the dauntless courage and the undying hope of "Better Times."

The beginning of the story is in lighter vein, it tells us the life of Silas Strong's little niece and nephew, how they pictured the Emperor of the Woods wearing a purple cloak and a gold crown, their disappointment is beyond words when they meet him and find that Aunt Cinth, the Emperor's sister, has a hole in her shoe.

The heroine, Edith Dunmore, is a beautiful daughter of the woodlands, who although eighteen years of age, has never been outside the woods where her father lives, she had never seen a child till the little boy and girl came to live with Uncle Sile. Her romance breathes of the mountain air and is in harmony with the peaceful woods where she lives.

The author makes Silas show the injury the owners of forests do the country by cutting down too much timber at once, not giving the younger trees time to grow. He understands the need of the land, but as he said, the power of the woods was in him, he could not see why that King "Business" should be allowed to damage the forest. The story ends showing Silas dethroned and the new Emperor of the Woods, only a common millionaire.

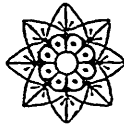
Silas says a man should not eat more than he has earned. The Emperor often has struggles against temptations; then he will go into the woods where the heart of its Master seemed to speak to him with a fatherly tenderness and judging by extracts from his diary, "Strong was ahead" of the powers of evil, many times. Had Silas not died from injuries received in the burning forest, we would have had the story of a new Silas; taken from his old haunts,

his usefulness as a guide was over. His love for the little children was leading him out of the brotherhood of the forest into that of men; since their coming he had thought more of Lady Anne (whom he had loved for thirty years) and that "some day" of his pledge of "Better Times," was drawing nearer. His old character had been turned. He leaves us a brave man, and we may remember with thoughts of our own standing that "Strong was ahead" to the end.

The author gives us a pathetic description of his death.

"He leaned forward and put up his hands as if to relieve the pressure of his pack-straps, and in a moment he had gone out of hearing on a trail that leads to the "Better Times" he had hoped for, let us try to believe." C. D.

d'Youville Circle.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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Vol. VIII. OTTAWA, ONT., May, 1905. No. VII

EDITORIAL.

HAMILTONIANA.

The 50th anniversary of the foundation of the diocese of Hamilton so enthusiastically celebrated on the 20th May, recalls to us the saying that Canada compared with the main body of the Catholic organisation, is but yet a mission. Yet 'tis a very promising mission if we are to judge from the showing made in this corner of Ontario. Results achieved speak volumes for the self-sacrifice of those in charge of the Church's welfare The lessons on religious teaching and citizensnip conveyed by the addresses of the Apostolic Delegate and others, open up new vistas of progress, and no doubt the "ambitious" Hamiltonians will follow the lead.

It is gratifying to our growing national pride that an Ontario boy left the dust to all comers at the greatest race of the Olympic games. Speed coupled with endurance has ever been accepted as the test of physical superiority. The fact that Sherring used his in running away from the enemy does not argue deficiency in that moral fibre we call pluck. His unaided venture so far for athletic laurels afield places him on a pedestal for something more than brawn. St. Patrick's Society of Hamilton may well be proud of their world beater who as several of our dailies have noted, is an Irish-Canadian Catholic. The University of Ottawa Athletic Association was among the first to recognize the meaning of Sherring's victory by subscribing to the fund for a welcome home.

Athletics.

Owing to a misunderstanding the Athletic Department was conspicuous by its absence in the April number of the REVIEW. However, interesting events have happened which deserve publication although they have now been almost forgotten in the ever increasing novelties of our daily life.

The first and by far the most important news item is the election of officers of the U.O.A.A. Executive for the year 1906-07

The official year of 1905-06 ended Wednesday, April 18, and on that day the Annual General Meeting was held. The Recording Secretary's report was listened to with interest, for it gave in well-chosen and concise language a resumé of the year's work on and off the field of sport. The Treasurer's report came next in order. A surprise was here in store for many, for it was expected that our first year in the Inter-collegiate Football Union would not be a financial success. The contrary was the case and, although the city newspapers rather ridiculously congratulated the U.O.A.A. on its large surplus of $10.25 ; the real balance on hand at the end of the year was $1,025.95, which sum equals the surplus of any four previous years together since the foundation of the Athletic Association.

Next in order came the election of officers for the ensuing year. There were two candidates for every office except that of First Vice-President and Second Vice-President. After a rather warmly-contested election, which would remind one of a Liberal-Conservative struggle, the following officers were declared elected ;—

President—C. J. Jones, '07.
1st Vice-Pres.—M. O'Neill, '07.
2nd Vice-Pres.—G. Lamothe, '00.
Treasurer—F. A. Johnson, '08.
Corresponding Secretary—N. Bawlf, '09.
Recording Secretary—J. E. McNeill, '07.
Counsellors—L. Joron, '08; E. McCarthy, '09.

After a few words from the retiring members, Messrs. Sloan and Filiatreault, and the Rev. Director, Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.M.I., the meeting adjourned with the usual V-A-R-S-I-T-Y cheer.

After the general meeting a meeting of the old and new Executives was called at which the old members officially retired and the newly-elected Executive started out on its year's work.

THE C. I. R. F. U. MEETING.

On April 13th, the general semi-annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Football union took place at Kingston. Our representative, Mr. C. J. Jones, was present and the following motions were dealt with :

That the Intercollegiate Union adopt the revision in the rules of the game made by the C. R. U. last winter. The motion was lost.

That the Intercollegiate Football Union withdraw from the Canadian Rugby Union. This motion was also lost, our representative voting against it.

That the Football season of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union be given at least one week earlier than last year. This motion was introduced by our representative but was also voted down, the reason being that courses at the other Universities do not open until late in September.

The schedule for 1906 was then drawn up as follows :

Oct. 13—Queen's at Ottawa.
McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 20.—Ottawa at McGill.
Toronto at Queen's.
Oct. 27.—McGill at Queen's.
Ottawa at Toronto.
Nov. 3.—Queen's at McGill.
Toronto at Ottawa.
Nov. 10.—Ottawa at Queen's.
Toronto at McGill.
Nov. 17.—Queen's at Toronto.
McGill at Ottawa.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season is now pretty well advanced and since its opening it has been the determination of our team to uphold the reputation gained by that of last season.

Mr. Filiatrault, through whose energy the team was entered in the City Baseball League and under whose management it made such a brilliant showing last year, was again appointed manager by the Athletic Association Executive with Mr. T. Costello as captain.

The committee has more diffieulty in picking the team this year than in former years, owing to the fact that there is so much good material and so many contestants for places.

Although there was such promising prospects we have also found out in our first league game that the teams of the league this year are not to be classed with those of last season. Four teams that played in the league last year have dropped out, leaving only College, Nationals and Pastimes to compete for the championship.

The following men constitute our squad, G, Lamothe. J. Costello, L. Rock, T. Costello (capt.), E. McCarthy, N. Bawlf, M. O'Neill, T. Jorow, H. Lambert, F. Johnson, G. McHugh, F. Smith, J. Gallagher, W. Golden, M. Dealiy, J. Corkery, V. Guilfoile. They have already won two exhibition matches and lost their first league match.

They opened the season's work by an exhibition match with the Royals of Hull on May 5th. The batting and fielding of the students were far superior to that of the Hullites, these aided by the excellent work done by our battery, Costello and Lamothe secured for us an easy victory. The score stood 12 to 2. The college players

were Lamothe, C., J. Costello, P., T. Costello, 1st B., L. Rock 2nd B., N. Bawlf, S S., E. McCarthy, 3rd B., L. Joron, L.F., H. Lambert, C.F., M. O'Neill, R.F.

The next game was with the Soutanes on May 12th. In former years it was a very rare thing for the students to have even a chance at winning a game from their professors, but this year the score at the end of the match stood 10 to 6 in favor of the boys. H. Lambert did good work in the box for the students, while the hits off the professors' pitchers were rather numerous.

CITY LEAGUE—SCHEDULE.

May 19—Nationals at College.
June 2—Pastimes at College.
Sept. 17—College at Nationals.
Sept. 24—College at Pastimes.

According to the Schedule, on May 19th, the Nationals and College came together on the College grounds before an attendance of about five hundred spectators. Both pitchers delivered the goods with great efficiency, but the support tendered them was of the lowest order. The College team making eleven errors. The score at the end of the ninth stood 12 to 10 in favor of Nationals. There is no excuse whatever, that the writer knows of; for such poor exhibition of baseball on the part of the students. Some changes will certainly have to be made in the team if we are to have a chance against St. Lawrence College, or if the championship of the City League is to be won this year.

Of Local Interest.

Dr. D. A. Kearns, College's famous quarter-back of a couple of years ago, paid Ottawa a visit recently. He is at present surgeon on one of the Atlantic liners.

Rev. J A. Meehan, '00, of Gananoque, gave us a call last month

Archie—"I went down street with a *cane* to-day".
T. M-C.—"Which one"?

On Sunday, May 20th, Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, was elevated to the holy priesthood, by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel. The ordination services were attended by a large number of his friends and relatives, as well as by many of the Fathers and the students of the University. After his ordination, the students assembled in the lecture hall where Mr. T. J. Sloan read him the following address, while Messrs. C. J. Jones and J. E. McNeill presented him with an address on behalf of Second Form, where he took charge of Rev. Bro. Stanton's classes during the latter's illness. He responded in a brief but happy speech.

The address was as follows .

Reverend and dear Father,—

On this, the greatest day of your life, we, the students of the institution to which you too have belonged, desire to express to you our grateful appreciation for the past and to associate ourselves with your joy. We have ever known you as the enthusiastic supporter of every student interest—among other things may be mentioned the fact that it was owing largely to your efficient management that the last Canadian football championship was won for College. Your persevering career in the realization of a sacredotal vocation, in the face of difficulties succeeding the fire, we take as a guage of your future success. Your choice of seminary life in Ottawa, we take as a proof of your attachment to Alma Mater—if proof were needed. It has been an edifying example for us all.

Now that God has called you to His special service and to another field, we know that you will not forget us, that you will use your power of priestly intercession with the Shaper of our destinies, that we too may successfully crown our college career in the choice of the calling that God has ordained. We, the students of the University of Ottawa, ask you to accept this slight souvenir as a token of our esteem and friendship, and, at the same time, dear Father, permit us to express the hope that the clock of time may mark many happy and fruitful hours in the discharge of the duties of your sacred calling.

Signed: The Students of the University of Ottawa.