



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD MINTO.
Governor General of Canada.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

REVIEW



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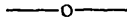
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University of Ottawa

REVIEW

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1898.

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A SONG OF LONGING.



FAST fall the shades of vesper,
The leafless branches sway,
The waking breezes whisper,
Day's brightness fades away.
I know the vales are snow-white.
No cheerful song is heard ;
My happy heart is so light
I miss nor flower nor bird.

I hear the joy-bells ringing
And this they seem to say—
In softest music singing—
“ We meet on Christmas day.”
And though the world be hoary,
And though cold skies be dull,
They wear for me a glory
That nothing can annul.

Although the year is dying.
To me its death is life,
And end to lonesome sighing,
And peace to weary strife ;
While every pulse is thrilling,
Like blossoms kissed by May,
With utter joy, care killing—
We meet on Christmas Day.

Oh, sister eyes will brighten,
And brother hearts will burn,
And parent brows will lighten,
Because of my return !
No rapture shall I smother,
No impulse fond gainsay,—
Oh, loved ones—father—mother—
We meet on Christmas Day,

OTTAWA, December 12th, 1898.

C.

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS STORIES.



HERE is a certain peculiarity in the writings of Charles Dickens, that even the most cursory reader cannot fail to notice. It seems to have been his delight to picture the life of the common people. In nearly all his novels he introduces individuals from that class, either as his heroes or as subordinate characters. Evidently he had an object in this. The memory of the misery and hardships, that fell to his lot in youth, remained indelibly imprinted on his mind. He seems therefore to have deemed it his duty to employ in behalf of the poor and the miserable, the great talent with which Providence had endowed him. Unlike many others who have striven towards the same end—to better the condition of the poor,—he knew by sad experience what the suffering of the objects of his solicitude really was. Many a long day had he spent as a poor, half-starved drudge labelling pots of paste-blackening while his father lay in a Debtor's Prison. Hence it was that this gifted author was unable to view joy and prosperity in one place, without thinking of the misery existing in another. The sight of one happy family would bring before him, the picture of thousands of homeless beings who never knew and never would know what enjoyment meant. This characteristic is especially noticeable in his *Christmas Stories*. In no one of these does he describe the pompous and extravagant Christmas feast of the wealthy. Even in the midst of rejoicing Dickens turns his sad eyes towards the dwellings of the lowly, there to contemplate, alas, a far different scene—a scene of misery and destitution.

After reading these stories we are not a little surprised at the standpoint from which Dickens views the great feast of Christmas. If we judge from them we are forced to admit that the truly Christian idea of Christmas is widely different from his. In the history of Venice we read that certain portions of the year were set apart by the government for carnivals and all kinds of gaiety. From Dickens' point of view Christmas is just such a time. The day on which it is celebrated might as well be the twenty-fifth of

February as the twenty-fifth of December. The idea of Christmas as a religious feast never seems to have entered his mind. No where does he make mention of the great mystery accomplished on that day. Of course it might be contended that there is underlying the whole the beautiful motto: Peace on earth to men of good will; but Dickens evidently forgot the time when this divine anthem was first chanted to men. In fact a pagan Christmas, if such were possible, would, in all probability, resemble very much Christmas as described by him—plenty to eat and drink, feasting and merriment galore, but no thought of Providence from whom come all these blessings, no thought of the Divine Infant whose entrance into this world is supposed to be celebrated.

In these *Christmas Stories*, any of the author's characters that are prompted to deeds of charity, are influenced to act not by any religious spirit in them; not even does conscience itself stir them up; they are actuated simply by the ghosts of their bad actions, or of the good actions that they have omitted. Examples to prove this are not wanting. In the very first story—*A Christmas Carol*—we find Scrooge. This cold miserly, old flint-heart "from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire," goes out on a fine Christmas morning to dumb found his acquaintances by a complete change of disposition. Was this transformation due to the awakening of some religious feeling long dormant in his stony heart? No; although Dickens, without injuring his story in any way, might have contrived to have him act from a religious motive still he chose that the ghost of old Marley his partner, who in life had equalled Scrooge in his powers of grasping and grinding, should appear and warn him to change his ways.

The *Christmas Stories* are, however, redeemed by many good qualities, particularly by the excellent character-sketching therein to be found. Dickens excels in such delineation of character. To study the personages in his novels is to study the men and women we find around us in every day life; though if we were to decide between his male and female characters we should certainly declare in favor of the latter. In "The Chimes" we have Meg, the dutiful and affectionate daughter of poor Toby Veck; and nowhere could be found a more perfect picture of the busy, good-natured housewife than in the person of Dot, or a better

model of love and patience than the blind child of Caleb Clummer. But yet even here there is something lacking. Once again may be noticed the total absence of any religious influence. Concerning this the *North British Review** says :—" Mr. Dickens makes his low characters almost always vulgar. . . . In the next place, the good characters of his novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is that many of them—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse not from principle."

Charles Dickens as a writer, had a mission to perform. He saw the evils of the existing social system in England and his prime object was to eradicate them. The public prisons were dens of wretchedness and vice; and the poor-houses were even worse. It was the rich against the poor and the poor against the rich. Every little village had its catalogue of public officers whose usefulness was apparent only to themselves. It was Dickens' delight to set up this class of men to the ridicule of the world. In depicting such characters he shows himself to be a perfect master of sarcasm. Where could we find a character more true to life than the despicable Alderman Cute, who, like Uriah Heap in his humbleness, was "a plain man, and a practical man," and who was always going to "cut it down"? Such men are to be met every day,—men of "facts and figures" who pretending to know everything, oftentimes succeed in deceiving people into the belief that they are almost infallible. Then again there is the great Sir Joseph Bowley, the self-styled Poor Man's Friend and Father. He is certainly a good type of the hypocritical politician who cloaks his selfishness under the guise of benevolence and charity. He could bear to be "taunted" and would ask no more noble title than the one he was pleased to give himself. He, with a full purse from which to draw could well afford to show good example to his "children," by settling his affairs and entering on the New Year "with a clean account." Truly, in his own way of thinking, the poor man could have had no more interested protector. His kindness is really overwhelming. As he says him-

*Quoted by Jenkins, *Handbook of Literature*.

self:—"Every New Year's Day, myself and friends will address him with the deepest feeling. Once in his life, he may even perhaps receive, in public, in the presence of the gentry, a Trifle from a Friend. And when upheld no more by these, stimulants, and the Dignity of Labor, he sinks into his comfortable grave, then will I be a Friend and a Father—on the same terms—to his children." Surely these children must be considered fortunate to have him for a father on such substantial terms. His answer to poor Toby, when he mentions the sad state of his affairs, shows us how advantageous indeed, these terms would be to the starving laborer.

Taken as a whole Dickens' *Christmas Stories* are worthy of being ranked among his greatest works. They are written in his best style, and by reason of their beautiful simplicity are adapted to both young and old. Not only do they furnish instruction and entertainment for youth but also by their careful perusal the deep student cannot fail to derive much benefit.

J. E. DOYLE, '99.



"That glorious form, that light insufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
 Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high Council-table
 To sit the midst of trinal Unity,
 He laid aside, and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay."

MILTON.



THE POETRY OF AUBREY DE VERE.

'Tis very hard

When gentles sing for naught to all the town.

--The Spanish Gypsy.



THE genuineness of ennobling race feeling, in eloquent expression of sane worship of country, in heart-shaking pathos and tragic emotion engendered by that worship, in passionate love of creed, the poems of Aubrey de Vere have rarely been surpassed by the poets of any land, perhaps never by those of Ireland. Yet, he is seldom mentioned by Irish writers, except by residents of his own immediate district, and by them merely as an interesting personage. He hardly ever comes up in conversation among Irish people and generally when he does only to mislead the majority of the company by his historic Norman name into mistaking him for a French author. In all the frothy talk of the most and the least of our Irish poets, it is rare that the fervidly patriotic effusions of De Vere, a bard so devout in the sense of devotedness to race and country, receives even the paltry notice of a passing allusion. Why is this? I often ask myself the question as I sit, like the Persian poet, "scratching the head of thought with the nails of despair." His early reputation as an Irish poet has, I think, suffered from his subsequent fame as an English man of letters; that is one reason, or more accurately speaking, a try at one. The mind of Ireland, more from necessity than choice, turns to politics, not poetry; that is another reason. During recent years at least, the popular appetite for poetry of the higher sort in the "Isle of Song" has not been of a craving character; and that, it seems to me, is still another reason. Perhaps, the strongest reason of all is that really Ireland is no longer a land of song, but rather a land of speech, of political oratory. The survival in public memory of such fine poets as Moore, Mangan, Ferguson, and McCarthy owes next to nothing to the Irish people. How many Irishmen have read the poems of Griffin, McGee and Father Ryan? Comparatively few, I venture to think. Are the poems of De Vere, one asks, forgotten, or

were they, one is tempted to hope for the sake of the literary pretensions of the Irish at home and abroad, unknown? In either case it is, I think, time to introduce them to the younger, or recall them to the older of my readers

Introduction or reminder, in the case of such a voluminous writer as Aubrey de Vere, is too vast a task to be more than suggested within the cramped limits of a necessarily short article. In dealing with this author at all, we must, I believe, from the very outset, be aware that we are dealing with a striking personality and a great life work. De Vere is, indeed, a deep-lunged, a prolific and versatile poet. Six of his poems fill as many volumes, containing as they do many hundreds of lines each, and there are other poems, which, while not so lengthy, nevertheless contain far too much matter to be disposed of in a few paragraphs. Then, his themes are almost as diverse as the hues of the ocean that encircles the land of his birth. In such circumstances, all I aim at now is to glance at the mass of his poetry and briefly to enumerate his general characteristics, his leading merits and demerits as a poet.

For the purposes of a mere cursory review such as this, his verse, taken in the gross, if I may apply a materialistic term to poetry, may be divided into the rhymed and the blank. As to the first, it is almost invariably sweetly conceived, graceful, and musical. Many of the "Odes", especially those on Irish subjects, possess exceptional ease of movement and quite extraordinary grace of expression. There are other odes and lyrics—a limited class—that 'ave few or any good qualities, except that of correct versification, truly no slight recommendation, since a poem that is badly versified, whatever else it may be, is by force of that one defect a bad poem. The fervor, and intensity of his Irish verses bear eloquent testimony to his patriotism. Like Davis' they are alive with warmth, like Mangan's they are rich in imagination, and unlike Moore's they are bright with hope. His robust patriotic love makes him also a lover of Irish scenery, although scenery painting seldom predominates in his poems, but when he turns his hand to such work his colors are true and his lines masterly. His love songs are tender and natural, but they are not joyous. In treating such themes he is frequently as

ethereal as Shelley. Why the chirrup of joy is conspicuous by its absence, the biography of the poet, when it comes to be written, will probably reveal; though we may have to wait long, as De Vere has to a great extent forestalled the efforts of the biographer by producing a charming autobiography. Yet, while he possesses no little of that singing power which distinguishes the song-maker from the epic poet, it would be improper, and therefore wrong, to deny that the note of apparently spontaneous, inevitable, irrepulsive and impeccable music, which true lyrical verse ought to have, is not always and everywhere present in the odes, songs, and stanzas: although he not unfrequently reveals a transitory sense of music, a momentary command of the instrument at once complete and absolute. In other words, his purely lyrical poems are unequal. In this division of his works, the average grade is not bad, and all the poems are informed with much of the spirit of grace and comeliness, sufficiently rare qualities in latter-day poetry that should, I think, secure for them serious and wide-spread attention.

The prevailing high intellectual element of his verse is, perhaps, most in evidence in the Sonnets, and in connection with them it is well not to forget that the sonnet is next to the lyric, the most personal form that poetry can assume. The merits of this very large province of his rhymed poetry are salient and superb. Several of his sonnets have justly been placed by universal assent among the very noblest in the English language. It is impossible to read even the least important of these short poems without being instantly convinced that its author is a thinker who possesses a mind of the comprehensive order. They are all replete with the richest fruits of deep contemplation, a faculty for which enables the poet to versify with tolerable success abstract truth and argument; since contemplation is to most men, when not carried to excess, and under the same modifying condition, to de Vere in an especial manner, the spectacles of the mind, as what we perceive clearly we express lucidly. In his sonnets he is ever precisely what a sonneteer should be, the rigid and chaste literary artist, and his practiced handiwork is throughout clean-cut and chaste like a Greek epigram.

But the bulk of the poet's truly Titanic labors is in blank verse;

the organ-measure of our language. Here the weight of matter and solidity of meaning are almost superlative, being approached only by the noble uprightness of the poetic conception. The unequalled breadth and depth of his reading enriches but does not encumber these writings. His epic verses are strong yet smooth, well-toned yet true-filed, full of vigor of phrase, yet nowhere lacking in close accuracy of rendering. They possess terseness, virility, and true imaginative strength. We instinctively feel throughout the presence and the power of a poet and a thinker whose genius was not born to deal merely, or habitually, with ephemeral or casual matters. We say to ourselves almost unconsciously, here, indeed, is one finely equipped "to build the lofty rime." We involuntarily exclaim, truly here is a regal poet splendidly arrayed in all the "singing robes." The fine, solid blank-verse boasts of very many great Æschylean lines—streaks of gold in the massive rock—which afford the scholar inexhaustible delight. The strong, lofty thought strikes the mind with something of the pleasant awe that a towering promontory, with the clouds on its brow and the ocean at its feet, strikes the vision. His vast range of subject, his wide scope, his infinite variety, his comprehensive grasp everywhere, his energy and elasticity of genius, mark him as an intellectual Enceladus beside whose towering figure the stature of the greatest living English poet seems but that of an ordinary man, and the reigning Poet Laureate a veritable Lilliputian.

The tone of the poems throughout is democratic, in the primitive and proper sense of that greatly perverted term; as their sympathy goes out unflinchingly to the virtuous lowly. I am aware *de Vere* has been called an aristocrat. There are many conflicting colloquial definitions of this word, and, owing to the potency of usage, the dictionaries do not afford much aid. It does not mean the same thing in Canada that it means in the United States, and in England the word is assigned a significance quite different from, and partly contrary to, that attached to it on this side of the Atlantic. In order to meet this wide divergence of meaning within narrow limits and briefly to determine whether the poet is or is not a Democrat, I have formulated a brace of severe test questions; (*a*) does he light a lucifer match by friction *a tergo* with his trousers (*b*) does he hold a cuspidor in

regard? Should the former inquiry be answered in the affirmative, and the latter evoke the information that he holds a cuspidor in utter detestation, he may, I suppose, with infinite justice, be classified as a sterling Democrat. Unfortunately for the sacred cause of Truth and Knowledge my inquiries mailed abroad, remain unanswered while I write. Meanwhile, I am entirely willing to confess that the works of the poet always reflect a noble, highly cultivated, and, in the best meaning of the word, aristocratic soul, which hates the vulgar and always addresses itself to the educated reader.

The abiding purity of De Vere's work gives a high tone to the style, which exaltation is intensified by the Miltonic grandeur of the poetic diction. In simple faith, the want of which grace so debilitates modern poetry, and renders it so little enlarging and spiritually sustaining, but which, on the contrary, leaves it trivial, enervating, inane, and even noxious—in faith, I say, De Vere is as abundantly rich as the Yukon is in gold. The affinity between Wordsworth, the chief of English reflective poets, and De Vere is as patent and palpable as that between Virgil and Tennyson, between Shelley and Lucretius. They share the same turns for thoughtfulness, doctrinal rhyming, and philosophical generalization. In these high and important phases De Vere is the Irish Wordsworth, but, since literary genius seems to me to consist of originality of conception and expression, I have no desire to trace analogy between these poets, or any other poets, a step further than the plainest and most evident likeness will justify. For massive intellectual weight, grandeur of conception, and exquisite finish, it would, I make bold to affirm, hardly be possible to overpraise the work of Aubrey de Vere. Furthermore, this poet throughout his long and indefatigable career of literary toil has, by large and varied achievement, taught the invaluable lesson for all grades of literary workers, that it is the essence of art to be creative, and it is the essence of artistic creation to exhibit itself in order and harmony. Beauty is but another name for proportion which in the last analysis will invariably turn out to be harmony. To resort to a natural though well-worn simile, as the diamond has little beauty while it lies in the mine, but must be freed from its incrustations, and cut and polished by the lapidary, before it is fit to blaze in the coronet of a queen, or

to sparkle on the breast of loveliness, so thought in the ore has little use or charm, and sparkles and captivates only when polished and set in cunning sentences by the literary artist.

I shall now endeavor to enumerate, in a very general manner, what seems to me the predominant short-comings of our author. Some of them have already been noted among my remarks on the lyrics, and they need not be repeated. A fault to be found in very many of his earlier productions is exuberance. Singleness of effect is sacrificed to the in-crowding thoughts, and, paradoxically speaking, we cannot see the wood for the trees. His purely doctrinal poems must be, I fear, considered misfits and mistakes. Theology and the Muses, when driven by a lesser genius than Dante, make exceedingly bad yoke-fellows. The elephant, theology, should not be expected to dance on the giddy tight-rope of verse. Theology will never find poetry a sufficiently direct medium of expression, since the latter, to borrow the words of James Russell Lowell, "instructs not by precept and inculcation, but by hints, and indirections, by inducing a mood rather than by enforcing a principle or a moral." Few poets have succeeded in setting a doctrine to music, and the failure has been all the greater when the doctrine enunciated happened to be a creedal one. De Vere is, perhaps, as successful as any other poet of the English tongue, but that is not saying much, even with Milton, Cowper and Shelley in evidence. His habit of almost endless contemplation, too, seems now and then to betray him into obscurity; for the material of thought re-acts upon the thought itself, and if the process be continued over-long, one thought will become so blended with another, and that other with a third and fourth, that the resulting amalgam will present nothing definite or distinct. He has the power to recall, awaken and dramatically inform the historic past, but in his Irish historical poems he frequently assumes a close knowledge of early Irish history on the part of his readers in no way justifiable, I am sorry to say, whether they be Celts or Saxons. In the poems founded on the later history of his country he takes no account of English prejudices, which are almost as strong to-day as in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but blandly assumes that such unseemly things were as far removed from the minds of others as they were from his own. When "Inisfail" was published, Sir Francis Doyle,

then the Receiver-General of the Customs, and afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, illustrated the unhappy ignorance of early Irish history which the poems had to encounter, by inquiring: "But who *is* the Sugane Earl? Because he speaks of the Sugane Earl as if it was the Chairman of the Board of Customs and everobody *must* know who he is." This is a bit of just criticism pleasantly expressed. Tennyson in his Arturian poems assumes even more intelligence in his readers than does De Vere with hardly more reason, but Tennyson had no racial prejudices to run against. Again, De Vere depends upon the reader to discover for himself the particular doctrine which lies latent in a long series of religious poems. In all such cases the poet is much too complimentary to his readers. But he spares us from the torture of foot-notes; for which exceeding charity much should be forgiven him.

It will at once be perceived, I apprehend, that such a fault as exuberance, springing as it does from linguistic affluence, limitless wealth of language and illustration, and the other fault of over-much contemplation, the natural weakness of a thoughtful soul, are after all no more than the natural foils of the surpassing virtues of the great poet, who must be, above all, a deep thinker and a master of diction. As to the obscurity which is caused, not by any involution of the text, or complex denseness of the thought, as in Browning, or defect in the expression, as in so many of the *Dii Minores* of English poetry, but rather by want of rudimentary knowledge in the reader—surely it becomes the duty of the latter to remove a cause which reflects not on the author but himself. By Irish readers, at least, a knowledge of Irish history should not be, one would think, considered recondite. "I have found you a reason, sir; I am not bound to find you an understanding," the mighty Dr. Samuel Johnson is reported to have shouted on a memorable occasion. Aubrey de Vere might be excused for paraphrasing that same thoroughly rational objection, did his innate gentleness allow him to affirm anything of the sort.

But I am forgetting the role I have assigned myself of *Advocatus Diaboli*, and so I must return to the attack. As a matter of fact, the most serious fault of all remains to be named. This I shall call upon a friendly critic to do. In a letter to the Irish

poet, his friend the author of that magnificent modern drama, Philip Van Artevelde, the poet and critic, Sir Henry Taylor, says: "I have read and considered your volume [probably the "Poems," London, 1855, is here meant.] a great deal, and written to you not a little upon it with the mind's pen, curious to know, if you be not a great poet, wherein you fail. Not in intellect, certainly, for therein you range with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and above Tennyson; not in art or the rhythmic sense, for in that you equal Wordsworth; not in fancy, of which you have more than any of them. Is it, then, in human and imaginative passion? That, I think, is the only question. Do your ardours and raptures partake more of intellectual and spiritual excitement than of poetic passion? for I rather think there is a real distinction, and that the passion which exercises a poetical power over the minds of others is a passion connected with the human and earthly senses and affections. From time to time in your poetry you do *touch* the deepest depths of poetic passion but you do not dwell in them. . . . If passion be the element which is defective in your poetry—i. e. relatively defective, less abounding than other elements, and mastered by them—that will account for its want of popularity, since intellectual poetry is a fatigue and a riddle to the popular mind if unimpassioned; and nothing but high excitement of the senses and the feelings will disclose it to such minds. Give them that, and even what is unintelligible to them does not seem so."

Well, De Vere has long since learned to "give them that." Much of his later work is as "simple, sensuous, and passionate" as Milton himself, who gave us those marks of true poetry, could desire. To take an example, his longer Irish poems are not wanting in passion, using the word in its humanizing sense. And whether by virtue of this or some of his other great qualities, those poems are steadily growing in popularity, while the increasing acceptance that is now extended to almost all his poems both in Great Britain and America indicates that Sir Henry Taylor was not far wrong when he conjectured they were, at the time he wrote, in that subterranean stage of their existence through which the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth crept for twenty years, and that of Alfred Tennyson for ten, to issue at last into light. So true is it that poetry must create the atmosphere in which it is to live and prosper.

The finished models of surpassing genius demand from the earnest literary student, as a sacred duty, long and deep study, and literary study requires time for consecutive thought, and space to put the results of the inquiry on paper, if that step be required. This statement holds specially true of De Vere. Hear that most competent witness, Sir Henry Taylor, on this important point: "No man's poetry was ever more diverse in kind than his. And what is true of one kind, would be distinctly untrue, and the very opposite of the truth, if said of another. He can be gracefully light as well as profoundly obscure, pathetically simple as well as profoundly ornate." The poet really presents a field of choice which is practically boundless. He has voice in volume, he has execution, the fire is in him—sometimes only the fire of the flint, perhaps, but of a flint struck by the steel of genius—his measures give heat and light, his music changes as frequently as the strains of a wind-harp, and his moods are very many and widely different.

In framing this brief estimate—a short single article can be nothing more—I have been very careful to eschew artificial panegyric, and I have rigorously shunned undeserved eulogium. Of all the many forms assumed by satire, that which wears the mask of flattery is the most destructive while true praise, like the nourishing rains upon which vegetation feeds, produces growth. Indeed, I hold Emerson was just when he said that to poets, of all men, the severest criticism is due. The numerous merits of our poet speak for themselves for the most part with tongues most eloquent. Hence, I have kept my adjectives under something like control, no easy task for one who, like myself, is an ardent admirer of the poet. But in avoiding Scylla I may have run sheer upon Charybdis, as that is what usually happens in all the channels of life. I have by no means shut my eyes to De Vere's faults as a writer. Perhaps, I have dwelt upon them unduly, thereby doing him a wrong. Notwithstanding those dangers, I venture to hold, the judgment herein rendered is in the main correct, and if that be so, the Chief of living Irish Bards possesses and brings to his work that masterful union of art and spiritual power which always forms the essential characteristic of a poet entirely great.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

OTTAWA, DECEMBER 12th., 1898.

Westminster Abbey, desecrated though it be, is still an eloquent monument to England's ancient Faith. The noble proportions of its lofty nave, and the magnificent sweep of the arches of its vault, are unhidden and unimpaired by the tawdry modern tombs that render hideous the lower portion of its walls and pillars. The superbly carved ambo whence the monks used to read the Gospel and preach to the people, is still intact. Close by, a mean wooden pulpit serves the preachers of to-day. To the writer these pulpits seemed admirably to symbolize the doctrines preached therefrom; the one cold, cheerless and void of all elevating influence; the other uplifting, beautiful and full of glorious promise. Hence the following

SONNET.

WESTMINSTER'S TWO PULPITS.

A lordly Minster with a lofty nave,
 Like Hope embodied in a shape of air;
 Deserted shrines, where once the fervent prayer
 Of ancient Faith wreathed 'round a sainted grave;
 The stone-cut vault, like inlaced boughs that wave
 In gentle breeze,—O, Abbey! thou art fair,
 Though sore defiled; here stands Truth's massive chair,
 And here a shabby desk whence bigots rave.

Approach, nor smile at the poetic thought,—
 Fit emblems these to tell of each belief:
 Iconoclasts, why spare ye, ill-advised,
 The monks' old ambo with true Faith all fraught?
 'Gainst it your pulpit stands in sad relief
 Like your cold forms 'gainst what your Fathers prized.

† C. O'BRIEN,

Archb. of Halifax.

XMAS, 1898.

A SIMPLE STORY.

DOOR Jacques ! He little thought how much he impressed me when seated on the edge of the big arm-chair in the parlor of the Presbytery, he interrupted the catechism lesson to tell me fragments of the touching story of his life—a story sad as the sighing of the autumn winds through the leafless trees of the forest ! His words filled my heart with pity and many a silent tear dimmed my eyes as I sat and watched him.

*
* * *

At six years of age he had lost that dearest of friends, his mother ; and his father, a man professing no religion, had married again, this time a poor washer-woman who in her better days had been a fervent Catholic, but who for years had had but one thought : how to earn sufficient to meet her daily wants. For several months after this marriage everything had gone on well enough. Then came a change : the father was stricken down with paralysis. Everything was sold, even the clothes of the sick man, to pay the doctor, to settle the bills for medicine, and lastly to meet the funeral expenses.

The only link that bound Jacques to his new mother was broken. Would they drift apart ? . . . No, for charity, the inseparable companion of honest poverty, inspired in the heart of the wretched woman the resolution to be a mother indeed to the helpless orphan. She would never leave him. They would share together the bread of misery—even this very often they did not have.

How often, shivering and naked, alone in the wretched hovel where he awaited the return of his new mother, Jacques cried with despair and hunger. During these long hours of waiting two loved sounds, however, had made their way to his heavy heart and called him for a few moments from his sad thoughts. One



LADY MINTO.

was the sweet music of the chimes of St. Peter's* that send forth their silvery tones and drown, as it were, the busy thoroughfares in a sea of harmony; the other was the jubilant shouts of the happy urchins that three times a day joyously rush into the Visitation Street school.

How he longed to see those faithful chimes! How he hungered to join that gay throng of careless children! But how could *he* appear on the street? How could *he* show himself among other children? He was scarcely clothed.

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One night the poor step-mother returned later than usual and, wearied out, she threw herself supperless on her bundle of straw. Jacques saw her, and that sight, sudden as a flash, filled him with determination. "It is my turn," he said; "I shall go out to work."

The following morning at day-break, dressed in his rags, bare-footed, and with his father's cap falling down over his eyes and ears, he made his appearance on Wolfe street. To his great surprise no one seemed to notice him. He became bolder and bolder, and as everybody was hurrying in the same direction, as though bent upon the same errand, he fell in with the surge of people and soon found himself at the main entrance to St. Peter's. It was All Souls' Day and the great bell sent forth on the crisp morning air the news that divine service was about to begin.

Poor Jacques, dumb with amazement, did not dare to enter the imposing edifice which seemed to swallow the stream of people pouring into its portals, and shortly he was left alone with five or six street-arabs, less miserable even than himself, who were distributing circulars and selling morning papers. One of these (kind little heart) seeing Jacques' poor naked feet blue with cold, threw him a penny and then scampered off with his companions in search of new clients.

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How came it about that Jacques himself became a newsboy and sold the *Star* and *La Presse*? Why did he quit this for the work of gathering coals dropped from the carts as they passed

The Church in charge of the Oblates in Montreal.

along the streets? These are secrets that Jacques did not reveal, but what he did say, and freely, is that after several months of wandering through the streets of the city, when he rolled himself up in his torn and ragged coverings on the night of the 24th of December, 18—, he was sure he had profited nothing despite all his trouble and pains. He was mistaken however; it was impossible for this child to have thus paraded though all unconsciously, his misery in the streets, without exciting pity and drawing the attention of the generous-hearted members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; and so, on Christmas Eve Jacques had scarcely forgotten his woes in a profound sleep when one of those brave old citizens that are the pride of our country, slowly made his way up the rickety stairs which led to Jacques' garret, carrying on his shoulder a large bundle which he deposited on the floor near the bed of the little sleeper. What was in this mysterious bundle? Was the good old man playing Santa Claus and bringing Jacques a trumpet, a jack-in-the-box, a magic lantern or some other of the marvellous products of wonderland which make of Christmas Eve the eve of eves for children? No, he had been wise in his choice and brought what would be at once pleasing and useful—a complete suit of clothes of warm and durable material. It was just such an outfit as would protect against the attacks of the bitter Canadian winter. And such a pair of boots! No cold could pierce them.

* * *

Suddenly in the middle of the night Jacques awoke and sat bolt upright in bed.... Is it a dream?.... He thinks he hears sweet strains such as he had never heard before. Then suddenly he remembers the sound: it is the music of the chimes borne to him by the North wind. Again another sound strikes his ear, this time the clamorous voices of the school-children rejoicing in the birth of the Infant of Bethlehem. They seem to say: Arise, Jacques! ... those warm clothes are yours!.... It is Christmas Eve! See the myriads of lights shining through your window like stars?.... See the throngs that hurry over the glistening snow! Come with us!.... The chimes are carolling forth their invitation to everyone to come to Midnight Mass! Come! Come!

Ten minutes later Jacques was in the street, and soon for the first time he assisted at the divine sacrifice from a hiding place behind the great organ.

He was overcome by the sight. The twinkling lights of the altar, the solemnity of the service, the smell of sweet incense, the harmonious music of the choir, all made his heart flutter with a delight he had hitherto never known. Tears of happiness coursed down his careworn little cheeks, as from organ and choir burst forth the sublime strains of the *Minuit Chrétien* :

Minuit Chrétien, c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous,
Pour effacer la tache originelle,
Et de son Père apaiser le courroux.
Le monde entier tressaille d'espérance,
En cette nuit qui lui donne un Sauveur.
Peuple, à genoux ! Attends ta délivrance !
Noël ! Noël ! Voici le Rédempteur !

He understood not the words—the music made them indistinct, and his ear was not practised ; but the solemn grandeur of the melody was like an echo from heaven and sank into the innermost depths of his soul. The Mass at Dawn passed like a soothing zephyr over his sad heart. It was like the soft music of an æolian harp lulling him into a peaceful sense of security ; it filled the weary wail with fresh hope for the future.

And when on a sudden the priest disappeared followed by his numerous cortege robed in white surplices, Jacques saw with sorrow the throng below begin to surge, then, slowly separating, move away while a mysterious hand extinguished the candles on the altar. One by one the lights disappeared and the sanctuary by contrast seemed darker than the rest of the holy edifice. Yet not all the lights were extinguished, one part near the railing was spared ; it was here the lights were the prettiest. Angel hands seemed to have prepared this spot, it was so beautiful. Everybody in going out passed by it and knelt a moment in contemplation before the figure of a little child with arms out-stretched as though asking to be taken to each one's heart. It was a representation of the scene in Bethlehem's stable nearly nineteen hundred years ago when the Saviour of the world first appeared on this earth. Little

children, lifted on high by their parents, raised their hands with joy, and throughout the church could be heard a suppressed murmur of surprise and admiration.

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Jacques from his hiding-place could see what was going on but did not understand it. Unable to resist the temptation he rushed down the stairs and, mingling with the crowd, finally reached the place that seemed to excite such feelings of reverence and gladness. Arrived there, he knelt also and saw the sweet little waxen figure resting on its pallet of straw. What passed between Jesus and the poor orphan? Did Jacques understand by intuition the mystery of the Child on the straw? Did the Angel of the unfortunate inspire a prayer in the heart of this lone child who knew not even of the existence of God? Did the sudden abundance of joy after so many trials and pains cause to spring forth from the soul of Jacques one of those transports of gratitude that, piercing the skies like a flash of lightning, touch the infinite mercy of God? . . . No one knows.

But the following day Jacques, the little orphan, conducted by one of those school children whose lot, in his sorrow, he had so often envied, came and asked to be taught all about the little Child he had seen. Six months later when he had learned his catechism, he was baptized. In the humble chapel of the *maîtrise St. Pierre* the sweet voices of the school children resounded in thanksgiving to the Most High, while from the steeple the great bell announced to the city that the world had one less among its unfortunates and the Church one more among its children.

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What happened Jacques afterwards? I shall tell you: he was sent to school and, being remarkably intelligent, soon acquired a thorough business education, on the completion of which he was given a position in one of the large stores that are the ornament and pride of our great Canadian metropolis. Though his occupation was humble in the beginning, his industry and honesty soon attracted his employer's attention, and he gradually rose to occupy a position of trust. He now maintains in comfort the unknown heroine who had stood him in stead of a mother. They now live

together in a pleasant little cottage at the foot of the beautiful mountain which gave its name to the splendid city it overlooks.

Jacques is a model catholic and daily hears the great organ of St. Peter's. It thrills him with delight ; but no sound is so sweet to him as the laughter of school-children and the joyous sound of the chimes as they fill the air with their harmony. And there is once in the year when the bells appear to have a special charm for him, when they seem to speak directly to his heart, and that is when they peal forth on the frosty air of Christmas Eve their glad invitation to the faithful to come to Midnight Mass.

A. J. GUERTIN, O.M.I. '88.

MONTREAL, 'XMAS 1898.

Translated from the French by L. E. O. Payment '99.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

“ Let it swinging—set it ringing—
Loosen every pent-up chime !
Let it heaving—set it pealing—
For the Merry Christmas time !
From a thousand grey old turrets,
From a thousand white-robed choirs,
Let it peal—the grand old anthem
Which the Christmas time inspires ;
Send it, loud with hope and love,
Ringing up to God above.”

WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO TEACH?



EDUCATION is undoubtedly the main-spring of our political and social machine called life. It is a mighty factor in the problem of the world's onward march to the goal of prosperity. It is the golden key that opens the casket wherein Nature's treasures are kept. Master minds of the past have labored to distribute in just proportions the God-sent manna of knowledge; the present age gives us men, none the less conspicuous, who are fighting a good fight for the same cause. Learning, to-day, has become the daily fare of the million, and in consequence of this, teaching is made the life-calling of thousands of men and women. But in the midst of a well-nigh innumerable multitude of masters and disciples that elbow one-another at every step, have we ever asked ourselves: Who have the right to teach? To the answering of the above question, the present essay is unpretentiously devoted. I shall neither propound new doctrines nor thrusts to the front idealistic theories, but I will simply follow in the footsteps of men far more trustworthy than I.

Teaching, in the widest acceptation of the term, is the act of communicating to others the knowledge of a thing or of a fact which they thus far ignored. Hence, in this large sense, every man that is in social commerce with his fellow-men, is constantly engaged in teaching. From a purely natural view-point, all men have the physical faculty to impart to others anything knowable. But that such faculty may be called a right, that is to say, a moral power, it must necessarily be brought to bear upon a lawful object. Hence, no man has the right to lie, to distort facts, to teach immorality or anything else not in keeping with the welfare of society. Therefore if by the right to teach we understand, the right to make known that which is lawful and harmless, it is evident that such a right belongs to all persons either physical or moral—to every individual and to all societies legitimately organized, such as the Church and the State. But this is not teaching as it is generally understood. Taken, therefore in a restrictive sense it is a methodical and constant communication

relating to religion, literature sciences and arts ; or in other words it is the instruction and education of childhood and youth. It is hardly necessary to remark here, that in the latter as well as in the former case, the knowledge imparted must keep within the sacred precincts of things truthful, wholesome, and lawful. With our last definition, then, in mind, let us ask ourselves once more : Who have the right to teach ? In answer, we must agree with the law, both written and unwritten, and also with the common assent of men, and grant that right to all individuals and to all societies, sufficiently learned to be capable of exercising it. We shall therefore consider the right of teaching in individuals, in parents, in the State and in the Church.

That the Church has the right to teach is undeniable from the fact that Our Divine Lord formally commanded His Apostles, "Teach ye all nations." The Church, moreover, as the true and only representative of the God made Man upon earth, is essentially a teaching body ; for to Her alone was intrusted the authority and the sublime task of spreading the good tidings of truths eternal : to Her alone did Christ Jesus confide the interpretation of His sacred doctrines. The words " *Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes*" were spoken neither to fathers of families nor to rulers of nations but to the humble Twelve and to their lawful successors. Hers is that right and no earthly power can share it. "How can he teach unless he be sent?" demands the Apostle. The Church's right is, we may say, absolute in that respect. It cannot be limited by any civic or domestic authority. From the very fact that She, alone, has the right to teach revealed truths, and from the fact that all men are obliged to acquire the knowledge of doctrines divine, it is quite manifest that She must play an effective part in the teaching of mankind. Very incomplete and imperfect indeed would Her work be, did She not impart with zeal and charity that religious instruction which falls solely to Her lot. The Church, having directly received from God the sacred deposit of His revelation, which She must make known to all men by teaching, possesses by the very fact, indirectly at least, the right to teach science and literature, in as far as they are necessary and useful to the knowledge and practice of Christian truths and doctrines ; in as much as they may

heighten the glory of Christ upon earth and foster the spiritual interests of society in general and of Her members in particular. I do not maintain that Her right to teach the sciences and literature is an exclusive one ; but I affirm that Her primary right and duty to spread the sacred doctrines of Her God-founder necessarily implies the faculty and right of imparting any branch of learning that may aid in the study or in the inculcation of that divine teaching. In truth, could the Uncreated Wisdom say to His Church : "Behold thy destined end and way—save ye all souls created in my image" ; and at the same time deny Her the means to reach that end ? Assuredly not ; no more than could a master bid his pupils write, if at the same time, he refused them the necessary material.

But are not science and literature lawful means ? Do they not speak of God ? Do they not waft us to spheres far beyond the material heavens over head ? Are they not conducive to great and ennobling actions ? Are they not of God ? Were they not intended by Him to be the handmaids of Faith ? "If they (the sciences) are not of God," says the Angel of the Schools, "let us then divest ourselves of our nobler faculties and admit the existence of two mighty creative powers—one of evil and the other of good ; of two sciences battling together for supremacy—that of God and that of the world." Let us see now if science and literature can be useful means to attain the end which the Church has in view. Geology, Botany and Astronomy are certainly leading in the vanguard of scientific pursuits ; yet have they not enshrined Holy Writ, the text book out of which the Church teaches the principles, tenets and conclusions of life eternal, in a halo of unextinguishable light. Geology steps to the front and corroborates the facts of the Book of Genesis—facts which sacrilegious hands have tried to destroy in vain by making them the butt of their poison-steeped arrows and the object of their venom-laden ridicule. A faithful handmaid and a useful means is Geology to the teaching of things that are of God. Does Botany do less ? "The golden ear of corn in the field, the lowly blade of grass in the meadow, the humble violet wasting its sweetness in the lonely grove and the expanding leaves of the giant oak speak to me of God," says the great Pascal, "in a more forcible manner

than a score of philosophical volumes." Astronomy? Why, behind the wonders of the heavenly world is seen the hand of a governing power still more wonderful—God's. That much, methinks, is sufficient to show that science can be and is a powerful means to teach God's truths. As for literature, needless to say that it, also, can be a means, not as powerful as science, but nonetheless effective, in as much as it robes the rude phraseology of science in silken gowns. We can therefore draw this conclusion : The Church has the right to use all the lawful means which may help her in the grand and noble task of teaching Evangelical Truths. Nay more, if she has the right to the means, it must needs be that she can repel every unjust aggressor who may, directly or indirectly, forbid and prevent Her, either by unfair legislation or by force, the free use and the calm possession of them. But some may ask : Very well, give the Church the full right to teach, together with all the means available and will she be able to give us men capable of imparting the knowledge of religion, science and literature ? The Church fecundated by Divine Providence will always bring forth men able to teach the physical sciences and literature together with theology. From Alcuin to Saint Thomas; from the Angelic Doctor to the famous Secchi, we can see an unbroken chain of geniuses that have not as yet found their superiors among secular teachers. Hence the right and capability of the Church to create universities, to found colleges and schools of all kinds, wherein professors of unquestionable merit and capacity, may impart, not only the sacred sciences but also, all those that may serve man to attain his final end—everlasting beatitude. The dearest interests of the Church, in giving a sound and genuine scientific and literary training to Her Children are at stake; for she must make of them true and faithful Christians. She must watch with motherly fondness over the eternal destinies of their immortal souls.

History, moreover, that "herald of the distant Past," is ever ready to tell us that during several centuries, the Church, elicited from all impartial minds plaudits for the way in which She taught in Her schools. Though Science and Literature may have in view an object independent of religion, though they may lay down rules and establish principles and reach conclusions that are

neither Christian nor anti-Christian, it is nevertheless true that the teaching of science or of literature must be Christian ; and such it will be if Christian dogma and morals are respected. It will not be amiss to remark here, that while organizing and founding schools of divers kinds of Her own choice, the Church never denied to any one the privilege of doing the same. Never did she forbid the laity as such, the faculty of teaching. In fact, are not Christian laymen children of a same family? Can they not have the same aptitudes? Are they not able to give the same required guarantees? Besides the general right to teach profane sciences and polite letters, to control and establish schools wherein the same knowledge receives the full scope of Her attention and direction the Church has moreover the exclusive right to open Seminaries where young men who aspire to the dignity of the priesthood may receive the training which that sublime state requires.

Let us therefore draw our conclusion which will be evident to many, and certain to all unbiased minds : The Church has, and justly possesses the natural right to impart by teaching, the knowledge of any truth, be it godly or worldly, scientific or literary, simple or sublime, temporal or eternal ; and Hers is this right, even if we consider the Church as a purely human society. Legislators and civil rulers must in this respect, protect her and lend her kindly aid.

(To be continued)

R. B.



IMMACULATA.



HE Seraphim in purest fire
Of love in the far empyrean,
Looked in amaze to circles higher,
Whence came in light their radiant queen.

Fair cherubs clustered round the throne,
Heaven's children, in bright mazes blent ;
She smiled amid their dazzling zone
More lovely and more innocent.

The raptured angels' harps were strung
To ecstasies of harmony ;
But hushed them as she passed among,
For music most divine was She.

Man looked thro' storm and cloud distraught,
Beholding ruin everywhere :
A Dove the branch of promise brought,
And earth, redeemed, again grew fair.

E. C. M. T.

HOW WE WON THE CUP.



OME years ago the Quebec Rugby Union in order to encourage the game of football, offered a beautiful trophy for competition among the clubs contending for the championship of Quebec. The winners of the annual series were entitled to hold the cup as long as they remained undefeated. It was further stipulated that the team winning the Championship for three consecutive years should thereby enter into perpetual possession of the trophy. In the fall of '96, Ottawa College entered the lists determined to secure the prize for good and for all. Three foot-ball seasons have now elapsed and I am proud to say, the Ottawa College team has accomplished its object and this magnificent cup is ours.

I will endeavour to tell from experience how this was done. To appreciate the work done by Ottawa College during the past three years it would be well to remember that at the beginning of each season we are handicaped by being compelled to play a great many new men. We are also obliged to cope with large athletic associations like M.A.A.A. of Montreal and O.A.A.C. of Ottawa, while we have but a limited number of two or three hundred students to draw on. Having taken these difficulties into consideration, let us glance over our record.

The long series of victories which has made us the proud possessors of this beautiful cup, began on the College grounds on October 10th, 1896. The referee's whistle sounded at three o'clock sharp and we stepped on the field to face the famous Ottawa City team. A large crowd was in attendance. Although we were confident of winning, yet public opinion favored the City team. This was only to be expected for we are never backed to win at the beginning of a season. People change their opinions, though, sometimes and in this particular case they were obliged to whether they liked it or not because after one of the hardest games ever played on a Canadian football field, when the whistle sounded for the last time the score stood College 13, Ottawa City, 6.

Our next game was against our old rivals the Montreal City team. In these opponents we knew we had to deal with foemen worthy of our prowess and we prepared for them immediately. We were sure that this game would be football and not a free fight. The Montrealers have always proved themselves to be essentially football players and gentlemen. The game on October 17 on the M. A. A. A. grounds in Montreal was just what we had expected. The contest that ended that day with a score of 18 to 6 in favor of Ottawa College was admitted to be one of the grandest ever witnessed in the metropolitan city. The Montreal men, like true sports, admitted that they were beaten by a better team. But the Quebec Championship was not yet won; for perhaps the hardest struggle of the season was the one with McGill on the following Saturday. The McGill students came up with a strong aggregation and fully confident of winning. This game, like the one a week previous was clean, fast and very closely contested. The first half ended with a score of 11 to 1 for the Ottawa College men, who had enjoyed the advantage of the wind. It was then thought McGill would have the game easily when playing with the wind. But such was far from being the case, for one boys started with their famous mass plays and succeeded in holding their opponents down to the small score of two points. At the end of the game the score stood McGill 2, Ottawa College 13, and another victory was ours. This match practically settled the Championship of Quebec. Only one game remained to be played against Britannia and it was a fore-gone conclusion that this club would go down before us easily. Two weeks later this game was played on M. A. A. A. grounds and ended with a score of 37 to *nil*. "Hurrah, Hurrah, We Are Champions Again" was the joyous song of the Varsity students that night. In the history of this famous cup we inscribed the single word *one*. Now for our second year's experience and, by the way, it is a memorable one from the fact that we met with severe reverses in the beginning.

The Quebec Union during the season of '97, comprised four clubs, the Britannias having dropped into intermediate ranks. Home and home matches were to be played and the majority of points in the two games to determine the winner of the tie. On October 9th, our boys travelled to Montreal expecting to defeat

McGill on their own grounds. We were sadly disappointed however, for we were beaten by a score of 22 to 8. This defeat was easily accounted for by the fact that we were obliged to play eight new men who had absolutely no experience in senior ranks. It taught us a good lesson however and we felt confident that with a few changes we would be still in the race. The next game was against the Ottawa City team and we recognized the fact that it was going to be a hot one, consequently we prepared for it. Owing to a slight mistake they succeeded in outscoring us by one point. We played in the hardest kind of luck all through and this accounts partly for our defeat. On October 23rd, our club met the Montrealers on College Grounds and gave them the worst defeat to be found recorded in then history. When time was up the score stood 35 to 6 in our favor and everybody has been wondering ever since how it was done. Then came McGill for the return match with a majority of 14 points already against us. Though we were confident of winning the game, it was a question whether we could balance the 14 points of lead. We made a good attempt any way and it was the referee's whistle that prevented us. When it sounded to cease playing the score was 19 to 10 thus leaving us with a majority of only 9 points. We had failed by 5 points. Even then we felt sure that we were still in the struggle for championship honors.

Now came the famous game on the Metropolitan grounds in this city. This struggle will long be remembered for more reasons than one. It was, without exception, the roughest on record and it finished in a fizzle when the score stood 8 to 8. The brutality displayed on that occasion could not go unnoticed and a complaint was lodged with the officials of the Quebec Union against four Ottawa City players with the result that the Ottawas, at a special meeting of the Union, were unanimously suspended from the league. A new schedule was drawn up to finish season and decide Quebec championship. It was decided that College should go to Montreal on Nov. 13th and the winners of that game were to play McGill on the following Saturday. This game with Montreal is interesting from the fact that until within 15 minutes of the close the score was 13 to 1 in favor of Montreal. This looked discouraging but we pulled ourselves to gether and made the effort of our lives with

the result that when game ended, we had the long end by the small margin of one point. This meant that we were in for the final game with McGill on College grounds on the following Saturday and that immediate preparations were the order of the day.

November 20th. 1897, was anything but a pleasant day to play football, for the ground was frozen hard. Besides, the weather was cold and a high wind was blowing directly down the field. The wind was a great advantage, and College was lucky enough to secure it for the first half. We only netted 11 points however, and our supporters became very anxious about the result. Early in the second half all anxiety wasted away. Our boys played a defence game such as they never played before, and our opponents failed to score. This time, in the history of cup, we marked the word *two*.

All that remains is the present season's work and that is too fresh in the minds of our readers to need any lengthy account. However, there may be a few things in connection with it that are not universally known. At the beginning of the season things looked blue. We had played two years for the cup and at the beginning of our third year we had a score of 47 to 0 against us. What were we going to do? The answer came. Persevere. We did persevere and were rewarded by our victory over the Granites two weeks afterwards by the creditable score of 15 to 5. We then journeyed to Kingston. We were defeated but not discouraged for we were aware that if we could defeat Montreal, we were still in the race. On November 5th, we defeated Montreal on College grounds by a score of 3 to 2. This was the closest and most exciting struggle of the season. The three teams—Montreal, Granites, College—were now tied. Again it was decided that College should play Montreal in Montreal and winners play Granites on winners' grounds. Now comes the surprise of the season. It was a foregone conclusion in the minds of all, even of our supporters, that we would be easily defeated in Montreal. A score of 23 to 2 in our favor, has ever since been classed among the mysteries. Now for the Granites and the championship and cup will be ours. Of course everybody knows this game was never played. And for the reason, I have only to refer our readers to the admissions of Mr. Webster, the manager of the

Granites, at the recent meeting of the Quebec Union in Montreal. Mr. Webster distinctly admitted that the fault lay altogether with the Granites themselves. At that same meeting the Quebec Championship was honorably handed over to Ottawa College.

And thus in a hard, three-years' campaign, the Ottawa College footballers have proved themselves men of energy, men of perseverance—men with the will to do and the ability to succeed. And thus, too, after three-years' successive triumphs our footballers have secured a perpetual title to the trophy that now graces our club-room and that will there remain as a permanent monument to the prowess of the gallant boys that brought honor and glory to the Garnet and Grey in the memorable years, '96, '97 and '98.

TOM CLANCY, '98.

Capt. Ottawa College F. B. C.



WHEN WINTER COMES.

When winter comes with holly crowned,
 And ivy in his hoar locks bound,
 A mistletoe his royal mace
 And dimples in his jolly face,
 The earth moves in a quicker round.
 How light he treads the snow-clad ground,
 How cheerily his greetings sound,
 The poorest wight takes heart of grace
 When winter comes.

For him all cares away are frowned,
 For him our gladdest glees resound.
 For him gay laughter moves apace ;
 Yet to a Child must he give place—
 The Infant in the manger found
 When winter comes.

—REV. FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

THE VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES.



VISIT from any distinguished person of Church or State is always regarded by the faculty and students of this institution as a pleasure and an honor. Especially is this the case when we are favored with the presence of a representative of our sovereign, the Queen. With us it is not merely an occasion for an exhibition of hospitality and respect but likewise of loyalty.

On the evening of Tuesday the 13th. inst., Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Minto paid their first visit to our *Alma Mater*, and were tendered an official reception by the faculty and students. Their Excellencies on their arrival were received in the University parlors by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, and by Rev. Dr. Constantineau, O. M. I., rector, and were escorted to the Academic Hall, followed by the members of the faculties of theology, philosophy, law, and arts. Here they were met by the students who greeted their entrance by the singing of the national anthem, followed by an enthusiastic V-A-R-S-I-T-Y. An excellent musical programme was prepared for the occasion, the first number of which was a "Song of Welcome" (Rossini) by the Glee Club accompanied by the Canadian Institute Symphony Orchestra. This was followed by an overture by the orchestra. Mr. J. E. Doyle, '99 then read the English address of welcome :

To the Right Honorable Sir Gilbert John Murray Kynynmound Elliot, Earl of Minto, G. C. M. G., Governor-General of Canada.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :—

The students of the University of Ottawa beg to assure you that they appreciate very highly the honor of this visit from Your Excellency and the Countess of Minto.

To any representative of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, our welcome would be most loyal, but that welcome we feel should be more than usually cordial when it is extended to one who merits Her Gracious Majesty's esteem and confidence by connections and services like Your Excellency's. The record of the last century and of this, show that upon your distinguished family eloquence, poetry and statesmanship have shed their threefold lustre ; of Your

Excellency's loyalty to a soldier's duty in our own land, as well as in more distant fields, we have all heard. We pray the "King of Nations" from whom comes down every perfect gift, that the wisdom, prudence and success betokened by your illustrious ancestry and your own past career may attend your administration of this vast and important portion of the empire.

To the noble Lady Minto, we feel it at once a privilege and a pleasure to tender a hearty welcome, and to offer the homage of our kindest wishes. Like Your Excellency, she has already won the high personal regard of the people of Canada by residence in their midst, and all are pleased to see her return as First Lady in the land. We hope and trust that her stay in Canada may be a pleasant one, and that when she leaves our shores she may take away with her none but kindly and fond reminiscences of the Dominion. We would ask Her Excellency to believe that we shall never forget this auspicious occasion on which she graces with her presence our college home.

The institution which Your Excellency honors this evening was granted the privileges of a State University but little more than a quarter of a century ago, and she is still within the first decade of her recognition by the Sovereign Pontiff as a Catholic university. Benefactions to her have not been as munificent as those received by some of her sister institutions, but the untiring energy and devotions of her founders and their successors have gained her a reputable place. Our Alma Mater has for some years provided full courses in Arts, Philosophy and Theology, and already her graduates occupy many elevated positions in the Church and in the liberal professions. All parts of the Dominion are well represented in the University of Ottawa to-day, and among those who are happy to welcome Your Excellency are many students from the neighboring republic and a few from far-off Mexico, and from even the Old World.

We sincerely thank Your Excellency and the Countess of Minto for this gracious visit to our Alma Mater, and we assure you, we hope without presumption, that it will cause us the greatest satisfaction to see you present at any of our future entertainments or academic ceremonies that it may please Your Excellencies to attend.

Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99, on behalf of the French students followed with an address of which the following is a copy :—

À Son Excellence le Très Honorable Gilbert Jean Kynnmound Elliot, Comte de Minto, G. C. M. G., Gouverneur-Général du Canada.

EXCELLENCE,

Les élèves de l'Université d'Ottawa, honorés aujourd'hui de votre première visite, s'estiment heureux de pouvoir présenter à Votre Auguste Personne leurs très humbles et très respectueux hommages et d'offrir à la Très-Excellente et Très-Illustre Comtesse de Minto leurs souhaits de bienvenue.

L'histoire des Minto, Excellence, est déjà longue, glorieuse et variée. Le premier Comte de Minto a noblement représenté la couronne d'Angleterre sur

les bords du Gange et commencé le 19^e siècle par une série de nobles actions que l'histoire redira à la postérité. Votre Excellence après avoir servi sa patrie sur les bords du Danube, de l'Indus et du Nil, vient achever près du majestueux St. Laurent ce siècle déjà si fécond pour les annales de la famille des Minto.

Nous n'avons pas oublié que Votre Excellence a offert sa vaillante épée au service de notre pays ; et les plaines du Nord-Ouest ont vu le Vicomte Melgund lors de la rébellion de 1885.

Vous n'êtes donc pas un étranger dans ce Canada qui est notre patrie ; plusieurs années de séjour dans la capitale vous ont familiarisé avec nos usages et vous ont gagné l'estime et l'affection de ceux qui ont eu l'avantage de vous connaître.

Vous revenez maintenant au milieu de nous, Excellence, non plus comme attaché militaire, mais revêtu de l'aurole de la puissance suprême, vous venez présider à l'administration générale et sacrifier au développement de votre patrie d'adoption votre temps, vos talents et votre personne.

Les graves enseignements que nous recevons dans l'Université d'Ottawa sous l'habile direction des Oblats de Marie Immaculée, et le haut patronage de notre Mère, l'Église, nous apprennent que toute autorité vient de Dieu. Votre Excellence est par conséquent pour nous, en vue de l'éminente dignité qu'elle occupe, le Représentant du Dieu très-grand et très-bon, et nous la saluons à ce titre.

Notre Alma Mater renferme le cours Commercial, le cour Classique et le cours Scientifique ; elle prépare les jeunes gens pour l'avenir. Du Canada et de la Grande République voisine, nous venons ici pour nous préparer aux luttes de la vie, et nous osons dire que nous formons une pépinière de citoyens qui sauront se dévouer plus tard pour servir leur patrie.

Votre Excellence qui, en répondant aux souhaits de bienvenue de l'illustre maire d'Ottawa, a promis de porter le plus vif intérêt au progrès de la Capitale, vaudra bien nous permettre d'espérer qu'elle s'intéressera quelque peu à l'œuvre de l'Université qui est, elle aussi, une portion importante de la Capitale.

En terminant, nous demandons à Madame la Comtesse, Lady Minto, la permission de lui offrir encore une fois nos remerciements pour sa gracieuse visite, et nous faisons des vœux pour que les frimas et les glaces du Canada ne lui fissent point trop regretter la patrie absente. La loyauté, la vénération et l'amour de vos nouveaux sujets, Madame, seront pour vous des fleurs qui ne se faneront point, même au milieu des rigueurs de l'hiver canadien. Puissez-vous ne connaître que le bonheur et ne trouver partout que la joie et la prospérité pour vous même et pour votre illustre famille.

His Excellency, in reply, said :

Gentlemen,—I thank you for the cordiality of your reception and for the flattering allusions you have made to the history of my family. It is very pleasant to me to recognize the services of my ancestors have not been forgotten and it will be my earnest endeavor to follow as worthily as I can in the foot-

steps of those who have gone before me. My past services to Canada, to which you have so kindly alluded, have indeed been small. I hope it may be in my power to add something to them in the next five years. This is as you are aware my first visit to Ottawa University. I hope that I may have many opportunities of visiting it again. The objects which you have in view will always have my heartiest sympathy. Your University is still young amongst the Universities of the world. I, too, have been at a university, and shall always remember the time that I spent there as the happiest time of my life. You, gentlemen, have the world still before you. Remember the instruction you have received here. Go forth to the battle of life trusting to the Almighty Providence, who directs all things; determine to uphold the honor of your university and to do your best in the service of your country. Remember, the Alma Mater you are leaving will rejoice in the success of her sons.

Lady Minto asks me to express to you the pleasure it has been to her to be present to-night. Canada is not a new country to her. She knows the health-giving influences of the bright and cheerful Canadian winter, and we both look forward to a happy time at Ottawa, and we shall both always remember with pleasure the reception which you have given to us here.

After the applause which followed His Excellency's remarks had subsided, the programme was continued. The orchestra rendered Strauss' "Grand Valse," and then the Glee Club, sang the patriotic song "O Canada" (C. Lavallée). His Excellency once more arose and announced that at his request the Rev. Rector had accorded a holiday. This announcement was received with loud cheering expressive of universal satisfaction. The Glee Club accompanied by the orchestra burst forth in the inspiring strains of "God Save the Queen", the gathering dispersed, and the visit Lord and Lady Minto was one of the happy memories of the past.



A SPANISH TAUNT.



NOW who will carry the gate with me?"

Fernando del Pulgar cried:
Carry and hold it safe, while I
To the church of Mahomet ride?"

Fifteen stalwarts of old Castile
At the side of the hero strode.
They carried the gate, and in at the gap
Fernando del Pulgar rode.

He clove and shattered a helm or twain,
And gathered his reins and sprang,
And far and away in the silent night
The hoofs of his courser rang.

Fernando del Pulgar, sword and shield,
Helmet and hawberk too—
Through the startled streets of Mahomet's town
The sparks from the pavement flew.

On like the hurricane wind he rode,
With thunder of saddle and steel:
At the front of the proudest mosque drew up
With a crashing sweep and wheel:

And, "Ave Maria", high aloft
To the moonlit door, writ plain,
He pinned with his poniard point, and spurred,
And rode for the gate again.

Back with the thunder of saddle and steel,
The heart of the hero sprang:
Loud and sharp in the silent night
The hoofs of his courser rang.

Fernando del Pulgar, sword and shield,
Helmet and hawberk too ;
Back, like the hurricane wind he rode,
And the sparks from the pavement flew.

With a singing sweep and dint of his sword,
The blood of the Pavnim flowed,
Hurled this way and that, and out of the gate
Fernando del Pulgar rode.

“I have ridden,” he shouted, “Mahomet’s town
As free as light or wind,
And high to the door of Mahomet’s church
The name of the Virgin pinned.”

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Xmas, 1898



Literary Notes.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte (little)
 On books for to rede I me delvte,
 And to them give I feyth and ful credence,
 And in my herte have them in reverence,

—Chaucer.

A LEARNED YET PRACTICAL BOOK.



EDUCATION is to the mind and character, what the talents, studies, and chisel of the sculptor are to the block which he fashions, what the artisans and machinery in a manufactory are to the raw material. The mission of education, says Archbishop Ireland, "is to bring glory to God, by bringing intelligence and virtue to men." To educate means to develop and cultivate the various physical, intellectual, and moral faculties, and is thence divided into three branches—physical, intellectual, and moral. A plan of education is incomplete that fails harmoniously to mold the nature of man in any of these directions, and it is equally incomplete. The exclusive exercise of any one activity of the soul is detrimental to the rest, when it follows any one of them exclusively. So much will I think, be admitted by the people whose approval is of most value. To those who make ridiculous assertions to the contrary, I can only reply in the words of Antony :

"O Judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason."

I assume it as an axiom in philosophy that the felicity of the being must consist in the full development of its natural powers, and I see this to be the case with all the inferior grades of animals. I turn to man, and I see that the development of his animal powers does not satisfy him ; he asks for knowledge, greatness, immortality, and these are the attributes of the Deity. Why is this? Simply because the good which man seeks can be none other

than the development of an intelligent, and not an animal nature : It is this condition that demonstrates to all who wish to see that the nature of man is spiritual as well as animal.

What would any man, not dazzled by "the white glare of science" think of a system of education that catered only to the mere animal senses? Surely, he would be compelled to pronounce it very incomplete, since it left a great province of the human intellect in the dark which it should illumine. A graduate of such a half system has a special faculty educated often at the expense of all the others, and it would be irony to style him an educated man. Let us take nothing from the human mind : suppression is a crime. The exclusive exercise of the reason dwarfs the other functions of the soul. I do not think I am wrong in declaring that a jug-handled system of education that concentrates its attention on physical science almost to the total exclusion of all other knowledge, is held most in favor by what is known as the modern school of thought. Are the only truths of which we can be certain, by which we live and insist on others living, for which we should be ready to die, and perhaps inflict death on others, such truths as can be established by scientific evidence? I wot they are not. A man may possess a profound knowled of physical science and be ignorant morally. There are other certainties arrived at by other means, for which science affords no evidence whatever, but which men are as fully justified in proclaiming, in teaching, and in acting on and using as the bases of legislation and daily conduct as they are in teaching and acting on the ordinary laws of health. Physical science, as generally taught, says there are no such certainties : Religion says there are. This is a fundamental difference between the systems, but that it admits of settlement is, I think, quite obvious from its nature. Followers of Huxley and Draper tell us, it is true, that antagonism exists between certain dogmas of revelation and the results of scientific, investigation ; that the study of nature leads away from God ; that there must be an irrepressible conflict between theology and natural science ; that religion cramps and dwarfs the intellect ; that the champions of Christianity, conscious of the unequal conflict, view with alarm the rapid strides of the natural sciences and do all in their power to discourage the study of them altogether. All this we have heard

over and over again, and much more in the same strain. The air is thick with such charges and to enumerate them would sound as monotonous as the catalogues in Homer.

What the Church teaches is that there is no conflict between Science and Revelation. She points with pride to men of science within her own fold in all ages and climes. She does not deny there are truths of religion difficult to be reconciled with facts of science and she has busied herself to bridge those chasms whenever it was possible. She holds that all truth—dogmatic and scientific alike—comes from God. "The God who dictated the Bible," as Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, eloquently said, "is the God who wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies." Cardinal Gibbons very beautifully compares Science and Religion to the biblical sisters, Martha and Mary, because they are daughters of the same Father; they are both ministering to the same Lord though in a different way, since Science, like Martha, is busy about material things, and Religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of the Lord. Of all the false charges alleged against the Catholic Church the most senseless and unfounded is that she fears science. Against this charge we Catholics can appeal from Chrysostom to Augustine, from Augustine to Thomas Aquinas, from Thomas Aquinas to Wiseman and from Wiseman to the reigning Pope. On the contrary, Catholics feel a brotherhood with all true scholars and men of science, for they know that the history of the Church is the chronicle of learning, as whatever is had to-day of Greece and Rome came down through our Catholic ancestors, and just as the Church claims truth as her own wherever she finds it, so her children enter upon knowledge as their regular possession. But the Church is painfully aware that there is a pernicious tendency in some minds to so separate the natural from the supernatural as to make them appear antagonistic.

They deny that reason comes from God as well as revelation. They reject a supernatural doctrine because it cannot be made to a purely natural test. They wholly ignore the fact that truth may be reached by two different routes. They deny what Sir Thomas Browne so long ago said in beautiful English, "there is surely a piece of Divinity in us somewhere, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun." With the people

who make Physical Science their religion and Darwin and Huxley, and Draper and Wallace their prophets, the Catholic Church has an energetic quarrel. She has taken her stand with characteristic courage and somewhat of the disinterested bravery that nerved Curtius to leap into the abyss to save the nation from destruction. One would think that to confirm her words spoken in behalf of Christianity, there would, to paraphrase Milton, outfly many flaming swords drawn from the thighs of the adherents of other Christian Churches, but so far is this from being the fact that the philosophy of science upon the construction of which our separated brethren arrogate to themselves unmeasured praise actually proceeds upon the assumption that whether there be a God or not, science cannot recognize his existence. It is not the first time in history the Catholic Church has been suffered to do battle with error unaided and alone. The Church accepts the situation without a fear for the result. "With the jaw-bone of an ass," said Newman, "with the skeleton of Pagan Greece, St Thomas, the Samson of the schools, put to flight his thousand Philistines." The immortal spirit of the same St Thomas is abroad to day among Catholic teachers, thinkers, and students. Fortune mostly sides with the brave. In due time history will repeat itself, and during the interval the struggle must proceed. Owing to the thoughtlessness, or worse, of Non-Catholics, the doctrines of the multitudinous teachers of the quasi-science of our day are widely distributed. During the last few decades, the Church has been more and more steadily trailing her guns on the mock-science rabble. She fully recognizes that ideas are the great warriors of the modern world. Her acutest mentality is occupied with the changed conditions brought about by the recent rapid advance of physical science. Our modern Church by no means welcomes new ideas "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." It is said that certain savage tribes of Africa kill all strangers they meet. The Church does not practice the methods of the Africans on new ideas, and she has never so done, tons of lies to the contrary notwithstanding. But in her capacity of divinely appointed watcher on the tower of eternal truth, she calls upon them to stop and show their passport and if the document proves informal or false she brands it as what it is.

Catholics fight false science with true science. The works written by American Catholics alone on scientific subjects within the last few years would fill a library. A library is an armory where the warrior of ideas can find the weapon he needs. One of the most useful additions ever made to this practical literature happens to be one of the latest. "Clerical Studies", is the title of this book, and its author is the Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S. S., D. D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts. (Boston ; Merlies, Callahan & Co.) Walter Lecky, the novelist and fearless literary critic of the "Catholic News", under whose nom-de-plume there lurks, if I mistake not, a learned theologian, has pronounced the work an innovation and a delightful one at that. Its publication and respectful hearing is a sign of the times, he says, a sign that we are becoming less afraid of progress in those fields where it is needful, and that a foolish conservatism for tradition and the past no longer binds us from using the means through whose effect we will dominate the future. These means, he adds, are lucidly stated on every page of this book, by far the most important in English that claims to deal with such subjects. This is all well and concisely stated by a critic who, I believe, speaks with authority. To follow him in his humorous yet accurate description of the old system according to which science was relegated to a few venerable men, and all the isms, without any reference to their history or any detail as to their subtlety or perniciousness, were made to file in front one after another while the careless student with his syllogistic gun popped them one after another, but only in his imagination, would be to waste time, since the University of Ottawa accepted the new method when it was very new indeed, and more than one rotation of her students have known no other. All I desire to add is that the book, though in some respects specially adapted for the want of clerical students as its name would indicate, is the volume of all others among the guides to science and sacred study from which the Catholic layman will derive the most vivid interest and lasting benefit.

A NOTABLE MANUAL OF HISTORY.

More lies go to the composition of history than to any other division of English literature, and that is awarding it an exceedingly bad supremacy. Like all other statements advanced in these Notes, this is a mere personal opinion for which the compiler alone is responsible, but deny it who can. The real poets of our day, the people of the most soaring imagination and boldest invention, are, with a few exception, the historians. Thus Hume is the modern Chaucer, Macaulay the modern Shakespeare and Froude the modern Milton. Lecky quite frequently occupies a middle ground and is at least as much historian as poet. Since, back of every momentous occurrence there must exist a motive, true causation is the science and philosophy of history. The modern historian too frequently strives to warp the truth, not so much by mistaken speculation concerning causes, as by coloring his narrative so adroitly as to produce the impression at which he aims.

Ireland, with her customary run of bad luck, has had more than any one country should have had of incompetent, unvarnished or narrow minded historians. Were we to call the roll of those incapables, like Milton's fallen angels, we should "find no end in wandering mazes lost." The raw materials of Irish history, I believe, have never yet been systematically sifted and scientifically arranged, which is only an emphatic way of declaring that the preparation of Irish history has not been carried on under the cold but penetrating eye of Philosophy. There are two ways of writing history. One way is to get the facts and draw your own conclusions from them. The other way is to make your case first and search the records for facts to support it. Too much Irish history has been written in the latter manner. From the sorry category of the ignorant or vicious, or both, dabblers in Irish history, I exclude the Four Masters, old Keating, one or two of the chroniclers of single events and particular periods, as well as the moderns, Thomas Moore and Thomas D. McGee. The volumes produced by our two bards were intended merely as manuals, and

were written as pot-boilers. Within their fairly avowed limitations the volumes are useful, and the sketch by the Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P., has very many merits. Abbé Mac-Goeghan is not a poet; he eschews imagination and refrains from invention. He is indeed the Lingard of Ireland, but he shares Dr Lingard's predominating faults, and like the English historian he also has sacrificed literary style on the altar of historic truth, rightly believing, no doubt, that truth is to be sought in history, not cloquence, nor description, only he pushes a sound principle a trifle too far. This fault is one that leans towards virtue however. John Mitchells continuation of Mac Goeghan's history is a model of vigorous English and resembles the best writings of Dean Swift and William Cobbett. The works of those two authors, I venture to hold, constitute our very best modern history of Ireland. In such circumstances then, the recently published "Child's History of Ireland" by Dr P. W. Joyce, as it combines neat historical arrangement with good literary style, though specially intended for the use of children at school, should be a boon to the "children of a larger growth," our Irish men and women.

From the future historian of Ireland will be demanded much less than his predecessors gave concerning native kings, of whom the best that can be said is that they compare more than favorably with the English royal lines, surely a slender enough subject of boast; and much ampler means of judging what sort of lives were led by the people, how they spent their time, in what things they found their pleasure, to what business they devoted their energies, how they lived and how they died. Such a book is among the immediate wants of the Irish race. Someone capable should do for the Irish people what Greene has done for the English people, and, I venture to think, if Dr Joyce could only see his way to carry out the task, it would be well performed. I express myself thus because I have reached the conclusion that the slow judicial action of society, sifting out rights from wrongs by clumsy methods and tardy forms of procedure, and so establishing equity between its members, is almost all there is of history that is worth a serious study.

THE FALSE CHEVALIER.

The genesis of this book, as furnished by the author himself, is not without interest. Some years ago, it seems there was discovered in an ancient manor-house in French Canada, a bundle of papers, an examination of which revealed an extraordinary story. These papers came into the possession of Mr William Douw Lighthall, a worthy citizen of Montreal, who wrought out of their contents the novel to which he gave the name of "The False Chevalier" (Grafton & Sons; Montreal). The style is ambitious, sometimes vigorous, but it is also that of a bookman whose knowledge surpasses the agility of his pen. Many scenes of the story are laid in New France and are drawn in a masterly manner, being in some respects quite worthy of a place beside the delightful and trustworthy pictures of French Canadian social life produced by the inimitable author of "The Habitant". It is only when the author follows his hero to France that his hand loses some of its cunning but by no means all. The plot is well formulated and the movement sufficiently rapid. Germain Lecour is the villain of the story, but he is not without redeeming traits. Cyrene is a conventional heroine who speaks and acts her part in the manner so well known to habitual novel-readers. I turn willingly away from both those figures to view that of the fine old Chevalier de Bailleux who captures so much of my admiration that I found myself wishing he had been assigned a leading role in the drama, and had lived to discover the double-dealing of Germain Lecour. The Abbé Jude is a very bad priest, and, perhaps, this is not an unopportune occasion to state that we are given too much of the priestly villain in recent Canadian novels, and that, too, by writers who can know but little about Catholic priests, villanous or virtuous. Let the "bad priest" pass, my friends; the degraded clergyman of any denomination has few attractions; the genius of Victor Hugo and of Dickens could make little or nothing out of such refractory material, and where they failed our own Roberts and Lighthall could not succeed. There has never been a time in the whole round of history when the Catholic clergy as a class did

not excel in honor, honesty and manly worth. Character is property; to take it away is to rob. Truth is not less truth because it satisfies the imagination. Consequently, the romancer who sets up a wrong "type" stultifies his art and exposes his motives to ugly aspersions. If Catholic writers went out of their way to draw wicked clergymen and preachers, what a howl would be heard in the land! Mr Lighthall should have steered clear of unworthy priests and the French Revolution: the former are too small a theme for him, the latter too great for any a lesser writer than Carlyle or the author of "A Tale of Two Cities." German's father, the good, prosperous merchant of St. Elphege, and the affectionate ambitious mother are well portrayed. The Canadian part of the story has, as I have already insinuated, plenty of spirit, energy, invention, and life-like presentation of objects and events. Comparing this story with a former one by the same author "The Young Seigneur", I prefer "The Young Seigneur" both for its characters and its incidents. Yet, "The false Cavalier" has many notable good qualities and gives promise of still better work, when the author favors the public with another story, and, I hope, that will be ere long.

THE QUEEN'S SERF

This is a novel by Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling published by T. Fisher Unwin of London, England. "The Queen's Serf" was the significant appellation given in the days of Queen Anne to a man who had been condemned to death, whose sentence had been commuted. The fiction of Elza d'Esterre deserves high praise. Ambrose Gwinet was a young man, who, staying over night in a crowded inn on his way to visit his married sister, is put to sleep with the landlord. Next morning the landlord has disappeared and blood-marks are found on the bed linen. Ambrose is arrested, tried, and hanged. Owing to the fact that he went into a trance just before the hanging, he is still alive when gibbeted. His friend discovers this and releases him. He leaves the country, goes to America, is captured by the Spaniards and thrown into a Louisiana prison. He afterwards meets with the bed-fellow for whose

murder he had been hanged, the mystery is explained, and Ambrose returns to England to prove his innocence. These details are expanded in the story with every note of grace and attraction. I do not hesitate to affirm that this novel will stand the severe test proposed by the Rev. Sydney Smith. The main question as to a novel, he says, is—did it amuse? were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake ten and twelve for eleven? did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not—story, language, love, scandal itself cannot save it. Sydney Smith's contention cannot be assailed; that the story should be full of sustained interest is, I venture to hold, the first law of fictitious composition.

“OUR CONVERSATIONAL CIRCLE”

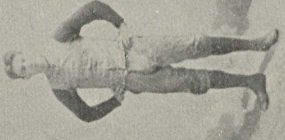
The little book bearing this homely title is from the pen of Miss Agnes H. Morton, (New York: The Century Co.) Since the appearance of Prof. William Mathew's instructive essay on “The Great Conversers” no work has been given to the public, that I can remember, so well calculated to restore the almost lost art of conversation as this one. It discusses with marked ability such topics as the elements of good conversation, the choice of topics, the essentials of an agreeable manner of conversing, the power of sincerity, and many other matters bearing upon the subject. The book sets one thinking and furnishes aid to reach a desirable goal, and it is, therefore, to be recommended. Although debate has been called masculine and conversation feminine, many can argue, not many converse. Yet in conversation, better than books, may be read human nature, and a sentiment dropped burning from the lips settles more deeply in the mind than the finest writing. A great thing is a great book, said Disraeli, but greater than all is the talk of a great man. Gladstone made it a rule to pump every man upon the subjects upon which he was best acquainted, and this habit goes far in accounting for the amazing variety of knowledge for which the great statesman was so famous. To form a perfect conversationist many qualities are requisite. There must be knowledge of the world, knowledge of books, and a faculty of



R. Phinney



G. Clark



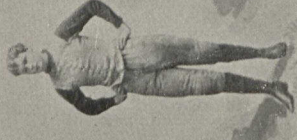
T. O'Connell



J. Murphy



L. Brennan



J. O'Connell



J. Lewis



J. Kelly



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell



J. O'Connell

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY
FOOT-BALL CLUB
1897

CLARENCE D. CAVALIER

imparting that knowledge, together with originality, memory, an intuitive perception of what is best to say, and best to omit, good taste, good temper and good manners. It would be too much to expect that all should become perfect conversationists, but, with perseverance, the dullest may hope to approximate perfection. An agreeable and instructive talker has the faculty of going "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," without an apparent effort, neither skimming so lightly over a variety of topics as to leave no impression of any, or dwelling so long upon one subject as to weary the attention of the hearers. The art of conversation repays close study, for Laurence Sterne, justly I believe, compared its practice to a traffic, and gave warning that if you enter upon it without some stock and a few tricks of the trade, the trade drops at once. If my personal observation be at all correct, it happens with most of us that it is by speech many of our best gains are made.



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No. 4

GLORY TO GOD ; PEACE TO MEN.

In this holy season of universal praise to God and of well-wishing to men we, too, echo the glad refrain that joy-thrilled angelic hosts first sang to enraptured Shepherds on the heaven-illumined plains of Judea : " Glory be to God on high ; peace on earth to men of good-will." Yes, peace be with you, beloved professors, staunchest of friends, most disinterested of counsellors, most conscientious of educators—you indeed are men of good-will. Peace be with you, kind subscribers, who have furnished the " staff of life " to our humble publication—you too are men of good-will. Peace be with you, generous contributors, who have lightened our labors and gladdened our hearts—verily are you men of good-will. Peace be with you, brother-scribes, that have received us into your midst with open arms and with blush-provoking expressions of welcome—truly men of good-will are you. Peace be with you, worthy critics—beyond all doubt you, also, are men of good-will, for " if peradventure you spoke against us on the

adverse side," you administered your words of criticism, we feel sure, but as

" a physick
That's bitter to sweet end."

Peace be with all—with friend and with foe, with men of every description and without exception of persons ; and thus united in bonds of mutual charity let us praise with gladsome voices the Infant Savior, Source Divine of peace and love :

" Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the Angels when Jesus was born.

* * * * *
Sing the song of great joy that the Angels began
Sing of Glory to God and of good-will to man."

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

How often is heard the sloth-betraying remark : "Oh, I give all my time to the principal studies. The secondary subjects may look out for themselves." Enquiry invariably elicits the ready information that in the "secondary" studies is included Botany, or Zoology, or Chemistry or Geology or Physiology or Astronomy according to the class of the speaker. Now against any such attitude towards the Natural Sciences we protest with all our energy. Even from a merely literary stand-point, physical science is a study most suggestive, a study greatly aidant in the cultivation of habits of close observation as well as of clear and orderly thought ; a study powerfully assistant in the quest for Truth—a study, consequently, highly conducive to literary invention.

Moreover, the Sciences, though marching in Indian file along the narrow path-way marked out by the curriculum. unite their forces at last on the broad plain of Philosophy to battle for Truth against sham Science fighting beneath the banner of Irreligion. He therefore, that has a complete mastery over this mighty phalanx, has a powerful auxiliary to aid him in getting possession of that priceless object which our intellects were created to attain.

Again an educated man, in the practical walks of professional life, is constantly called upon to defend his Faith against the attacks of men whose arguments are frequently based upon superficial or false scientific notions ; and what good may he not accomplish, if from the abundance of his knowledge, he can convince his antagonists that true Science is the handmaid of true Religion. And if this remark be true of the lawyer and the doctor with far greater reason is it so of the priest, the official defender of the Faith. How much easier, too, will it be for the Minister of God to make himself, as he should make himself, "all to all that he may win all to Christ," if he can enter with ease and pleasure into every region of scientific thought. Perhaps a casual conversation on plants and flowers, may disarm the prejudice and bigotry of some old florist. A brief but interesting intercommunion of ideas on things chemical, may prove the first hold on the mind and heart of some free-thinking young pharmacist. Clear and intelligent ideas on physiological topics may prove the only key to open the door of the dark spiritual prison in which some atheistical physician has voluntarily confined himself. A thorough knowledge of the whole circle of Sciences may serve to confound and to humiliate, and haply, to withdraw from the darkness of error, some rationalistic or pantheistic mind. Indeed the educated man, the doctor, the lawyer, but especially the priest, should be stranger to no sphere of intellectual activity if he wish to exert to the fullest his influence for good ; and, consequently, in this materialistic and utilitarian age, he should have at least a fair general knowledge of the physical sciences. Hence it is that, in view of these literary, philosophical and practical considerations, we earnestly protest against the neglect of the opportunities afforded here of acquiring a good general scientific knowledge, and hence it is that we rejoice in the re-organization of the worthy student-work known as the Scientific Society ; for we feel certain that the Society is calculated to do much good in encouraging the careful study of the various branches of Physical Science.

DR. CLARKE'S APPRECIATION OF OUR FOOTBALLERS.

Dr. C. K. Clarke, superintendent of Rockwood Hospital, Kingston, and founder as well as organizer and chief supporter of the Granite Football Club, has kindly permitted us to give publicity to the following letter :

ROCKWOOD HOSPITAL.

KINGSTON, DEC. 13 1898.

DEAR SIR,

I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at the banquet given by The Ottawa University Athletic Association to the Champions of the Quebec Rugby Union.

I should have liked publicly to express my appreciation of the fact that Ottawa College has done so much to advance the interests of foot ball in Canada. While it is true that the foot-ball season in the Quebec Union did not end as we could have wished—in a well fought battle between two good teams ; still I am certain that the unfortunate experience will lead to an avoidance of such mistakes in the future, and perhaps a better understanding than has heretofore existed. I regret it all the more because in the past Ottawa College has stood for all that was best in the senior-ranks and the Granites for the highest development of foot-ball skill among Juniors.

It is admitted by all well versed in the history of the game that to Ottawa College we owe the highest kind of praise as she has done so much to make the game of foot-ball one of skill and science and many of the best plays attempted by teams to-day had their birth on the Ottawa College campus. All honor then to the champions and best wishes for their success.

Yours sincerely,

C. K. CLARKE.

Mr. M. A. FOLEY,
Secretary of O. U. A. A.

Editorial Notes.

The Right Rev. John Grimes, bishop of the diocese of Christchurch, New Zealand, who is on his way home from Rome, spent several days in Ottawa during the present month and honored our *Alma Mater* with a short visit. Speaking of Catholicity in

New Zealand, His Lordship said that its progress had been very rapid. Sixty years ago, there was not a Catholic Church, nor a resident priest in the whole of that country, while at present there are four bishops, one hundred priests and a Catholic population of 100,000, which is about one-seventh of the total inhabitants. As yet the dioceses and parishes are very large and the obstacles and difficulties met with by the clergy are great. Education is also making good headway. The Catholics have received no aid from the Government, but by their own noble efforts have erected many schools. The natives are the Maoris, who were originally cannibals. At present, the Maoris number about 45,000, many of whom are Catholics.

We learn from *The Antigonish Casket*, that the Rev. (?) Justin D. Fulton, of Boston, Mass, the notorious anti-Catholic agitator has recently paid a flying visit to several towns in the province of Nova Scotia, and that the reception given him was one which if he does not cherish he will certainly long remember. It is only a short time ago that we heard that this reverend foul-mouth was down in Havana, but such a tramp must necessarily change his place of residence frequently and hurriedly. In the town of North Sydney, C. B., he could not get a hall nor a church in which to lecture. At Glace Bay, a mining village near Sydney, he obtained a hearing and lectured on what he described as the evil influences of the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba and the Philippines. A riot ensued and Fulton was kept busy for some time in dodging fragments of coal, decomposed eggs, and other choice bouquets. He was finally compelled to beat a hasty retreat to his hotel. Such a reception is certainly not calculated to encourage a second visit. An attack against the Catholic priests and nuns who so heroically devoted themselves to administer to the wants of the sick and dying in Cuba during the late war, is no doubt a fit theme for "Filthy Fulton," but he evidently mistook the intelligence of the people of Nova Scotia when he undertook to address them on that subject. Every sensible person is loud in praise of the services rendered to humanity by the priests and nuns in Cuba, and condemnation such as Fulton's, is the highest compliment that could be paid to them.

The following is an extract from an editorial in the *London Tablet* :

"It has often been pointed out to Anglicans that one difficulty in the way of reunion lies in the fact that Catholics, as well as Easterns, do not regard the Bible as used by the Church of England as complete. In a learned paper upon the apocrypha (the deutero-canonical books of the Old Testament) in last week's *Church Times* (High Church Anglican), we are glad to see this question mooted. The writer quotes Bishop Wordsworth (Anglican), as saying : "If you carry a Bible without the apocryphal books into Greece, Asia, Palestine, you would be told that you have not the Bible, but only a mutilated copy of it. . . . If you pass over to Italy and France, or to Spain and Portugal, they will immediately say to you : This may be an English Bible, but it is not the Bible of Christendom."

It seems strange that any person should be willing to know the truth, and not the whole truth, yet our Anglican friends persist in declaring that the Bible used by them is complete, in spite of the fact, which they themselves acknowledge, that much of the original Bible is missing in theirs.

It is amusing to note the progress (?) of Protestantism in Italy. Dr. Taylor, a Protestant missionary in that country has recently written a book entitled "Italy and the Italians," in which he states that as a result of over forty years hard labor in that country there are now 5,600 Protestants communicants. From the same authority we also learn that active and persistent efforts have been made since about 1850, at a large financial expense, to convert the Italians from Romanism to Protestantism. Commenting on this *The New York Times* says :—

"Does it pay to go into a Christian community for the purpose of converting at an enormous expense, followers of one Christian faith to membership in another Christian faith? Would it not be better for foreign mission boards to invest the large sums thus expended in Italy in efforts to convert the heathen—the genuine heathen? May be the workers prefer the surroundings and comforts of Italian life to life as found and reported in Central Africa."

In view of the fact that the population of Italy is 30,000,000, and considering the result of the past forty years' work we feel justified in saying that the scheme is neither profitable nor encouraging. There must certainly be some other attraction for the missionary in Italy besides the "heathen".

Events of the Month.

By D. McTIGHE.

Spanish-American Peace Treaty.

The treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was concluded in the early part of the month. The commissioners are now on their way home. Until they present the treaty to their respective governments, we shall be unable to learn what it really contains.

One of Cuba's Heroes Dead.

General Calixto Garcia, one of the foremost Cuban generals, died at Washington, D. C., on the 11th inst. Recently he went to the American capital as the head of a commission, sent by the Cuban provisional government, to plead for the early establishment in the island of an independent regime. General Garcia had a most interesting public career. Whether considered as a soldier, leading an army inspired with an ardent desire for independence, or as a rebellious adventurer, animated by an intense hatred of Spanish rule in his native country, he must be given credit for showing undoubted sincerity and undaunted perseverance. His death recalls the early stages of the Cubans' final struggle for freedom. He was one of the three generals, (the other two being Maceo and Gomez) to whom the Cubans committed the charge of their armies. These men prosecuted the war with such vigor that they attracted the sympathy of the United States, and the latter country obtained the independence of the island in a few months. This result, then, being achieved, it may be expected that the original leaders will find a memorable place in Cuban history. General Garcia died while learning to become a soldier of peace, in making the last efforts necessary for Cuba to become a nation.

The Evolution of Diplomacy.

These are indeed remarkable times, politically. With wars, actual and prospective, ancient dynasties decaying and younger ones nervously preparing for a greedy grab of the defunct nation's territory, the student is well nigh unable to keep in touch with it all. But the very excitement of it exerts one to the closest attention. Gradually we are



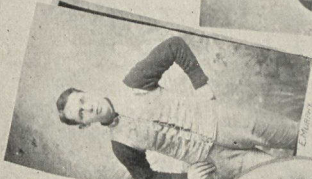
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P. H. HAWKINS

becoming acquainted with the working machinery of it, the levers and wheels of diplomacy that lift and turn with varying energy. Modern diplomats have so often astonished their fellow-countrymen and startled the citizens of other nations by unexpected utterances at critical times, that it is interesting to have them begin to explain whence this policy has been evolved. Sir Edmond Monson, British ambassador to France, was the first to undertake the task. At a banquet given by the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris recently, he ascribed it to "the enterprise of the press, the innovations of the mother country, and the originality of the American mind, ever restless to improve everything." Like all beginnings at anything, these references are rather vague. It is hard to conceive in what way "the enterprise of the press" has an effect on the propriety and discretion of diplomats, except to make them more cautious. "The innovation of the mother country" may include anything from explicit instructions to the merest inferences of the desires of the government. These may reasonably be important factors. But how "the originality of the American mind" is acting so changeably on the staid principles of British diplomacy is difficult to understand. The Americans have a brusque way of handling their foreign affairs, which we should think Her Majesty's ambassadors would be the last to imitate. However these things are not of weighty importance. It seems to us that Sir Edmond made this explanation, not so much to add to our information as to establish a precedent for saying the things that he had in mind on the occasion. We append an excerpt from his speech, which contains the most remarkable statements that he made. In this is constituted the radical departure from the discretion and aloofness that has invariably characterized ambassadorial utterances. Sir Edmond said :

"I would earnestly ask officials in power and unofficial exponents of public opinion to discountenance and abstain from a continuance of the policy of pin-pricks, which, while it can only procure an ephemeral satisfaction to a short-lived Ministry, must inevitably perpetuate across the channel an intolerable irritation. I would entreat them to resist the temptation to thwart British enterprise by petty manoeuvres, such as the proposal to start colleges as rivals of Gen. Kitchener's projected institution in the re-conquered Soudan. Such ill-considered provocation might have the effect of converting Great Britain's present policy of forbearance in Egypt into the adoption of measures at which, I presume, French sentiment is not aiming."

These are serious words; They are to be taken either as an approved hint from the home government, indicating a determination to prevent, if possible, such incidents as the Fashoda affair again becoming alarming, or else the whole speech is a mere display of individual power. At any rate it shows that diplomacy is undergoing a process of evolution. If it is to develop, we may expect to find the diplomat of the future something of a little government in himself and not, as heretofore, simply an agent.

Obituary.

JOSEPH MURPHY, EX. '02. AGED 21 YEARS.

In spite of the oft repeated warning *Memento mori* we are ever unprepared for such a sad announcement as that which reached us on Sunday the 11th inst. On that day Mr. Joseph Murphy, a member of last year's Third Form died at his home at Lac La Hache, B. C.

Joseph Murphy spent four years in this institution, and was a universal favorite with the students; and all who knew him will hear with deep regret the news of his untimely death. Previous to entering Ottawa University, he attended school at New-Westminster, B. C., where he contracted Bright's disease of the kidneys. At first his case was not considered serious, and on coming to Ottawa he was apparently in good health. Last year however he was confined to the hospital for the greater part of the year, and was obliged to return home before the close of the term. From that time until the final moment, death stared him constantly in the face.

Mr. Murphy was class medalist for two consecutive years, and in 1897 secured the gold medal presented for competition among class medalists.

That God may strengthen and console the afflicted family in this hour of bereavement, is our earnest prayer. He alone can heal the wounds of a bleeding heart and give comfort in trial and sorrow. For the soul of our former fellow student, we breathe likewise a most fervent prayer.—REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

In the matter of providing the best of Christmas reading, our Catholic magazines have taken no unenviable position. Though poem and essay may be the most important features in these issues "the good old fashioned Christmas story" is still the most potent element to keep our love glowing for the month of the Nativity. Some may cavil at its improbability and others remain stoically indifferent to the warm beneficent spirit it should infuse, but it is its improbability and cheerful influence that give the Christmas narrative additional charms.

First of the Christmas issues comes the *Catholic World* resplendent in green and gold. For years this magazine has stood at the head of our Catholic monthlies particularly on account of the variety and importance of the topics and its corps of eminent contributors. This number opens with an interesting story entitled "At the Crib of Assisi" with the Lower Church of Assisi as its setting. In the sketch of Joost Van den Vandel, we have a well written contribution which gives prominence to the character and works of that bright ornament of Catholic literature in Holland. In view of the conclusion of the Peace negotiations and of the increased interest Americans that are taking in their new territory, Father O'Keefe's timely article. "A Word on the Church and the New Possessions" will be read with additional interest. Under the title of "Catholic life in St. Paul" we have a realistic description of the great Catholic centre of the West. The article is accompanied by many fine illustrations consisting of views of Minnesota scenery, portraits of well known clergymen and distinguished citizens. Not the least notable among them is that of Archbishop Ireland, "the First Churchman and First Citizen of St. Paul". Perhaps the truest and most honest criticism of Hall Caine's *The Christian* that has yet appeared is that of Rev. S. Fitzimons in this issue. The much-lauded work is severely handled and deservedly so for it is certainly not worth one half the acclamation with which it was greeted on publication. According to the writer of this

criticism, the three great difficulties with this work are: "first that its author cannot be accepted in his self-appointed office of teacher; next, that he is far from being a great artist; and lastly, that he does not seem to have mastered sufficiently the philosophy of the passion of love to weave it successfully into the warp of a story of struggling human lives." Under the title, "Irish Local Government Act," the measure lately passed by the British Parliament to improve local government in Ireland is carefully considered. After discussing the benefits to be derived from this Act, he reaches the conclusion that "Out of the knowledge gained in such work of co-operation will arise an opinion which will not merely preserve the rights they have won against tyranny and intrigues of corrupt boards and officials but will enable them to obtain the power by which alone anything considerable can be accomplished to raise the county to a place befitting her natural resources and the qualities of brain and hand with which her children are gifted."

Readers of *Dunahoo's Magazine* scarcely expected, we think, such a splendid Christmas number coming as it did immediately after the exceptionally well executed Thanksgiving issue, but all have been agreeably surprised. Every reader of this Catholic monthly confidently turns to its pages expecting to be instructed, interested and entertained; and certain it is, that he can never lay it down with any sense of disappointment. One of the leading articles of this issue is entitled "Costly Indifference" in which the writer makes an appeal for the greater furtherance of Catholicity in the Western States. It seems that many of the children sent out to the West by Aid Societies, are Catholics; but through the bigotry of the agents, few of them find their way into Catholic homes and are consequently lost to the faith. Then there is a want of proper facilities for Catholic worship, but these being once provided many of those "ought-to-be Catholics" will ultimately be brought back to the fold. Many Americans will not agree with the course that the author of "Our Duty Respecting the Philippines" advocates. When Freemasonry and all the anti-clerical influences are considered, there is room to doubt that "The people of the Philippines can govern themselves better than we or Spain or any other external authority can govern them." Besides these

valuable papers, it contains six excellent contributions to its fiction with other seasonable Christmas reading to enliven its pages.

The December issue of *The Rosary* opens with a charming description of some famous churches in Rome and of affecting customs and incidents witnessed during Christmas week. Truly the most valuable article of this number is Father Coleman's second paper on "Friars in the Philippines" and as the author has given a true view of the insurgents and the deplorable work of Masonry, it is well worth the earnest consideration of all readers. Not the least interesting of the fiction is "Mrs. St. John's Secret" and another delightful story entitled "A Christmas at Sea."

The initial article of the *Ave Maria* of November 26th is a cleverly written criticism of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest book "Helbeck of Bannisdale". Every Catholic must feel the inadequacy of her presentation; for as the writer points out, Mrs. Ward has not recognized that intellectual conviction and the supernatural principle are essential to faith. Later issues of this weekly are, above all instructive, readable and stimulating and are in keeping with the high standard it has laid down for itself.

The first of our annuals of 1899 that we bid welcome is the *Catholic Almanac of Ontario*. The cover which is a well executed work of the designer's art represents the Madonna and Child in faint outlines of blue and white with a back ground of azure blue. This annual contains abundant information on civil and ecclesiastical affairs and in everything it is particularly accurate and complete. It merits a hearty recommendation to every Catholic in the province.

Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGLESON.

The Senior English Debating Society has been reorganized for another season's work. At a meeting of the members held on Wednesday, the 7th inst., the following officers were elected :

DIRECTOR—Rev. J. Duffy, O.M.I.

PRESIDENT—Mr. J. E. Doyle, '90.

SECRETARY—Mr. T. Stuart Albin, '00.

COMMITTEE—Mr. J. R. O'Gorman, '01 ; Mr. W. Martin, '02 ;
Mr. Geo. Kelly, '03.

The subject for the first debate is : " Resolved that physical culture should be a part of every university curriculum."

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On Sunday the 18th inst., the French students held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers for their Debating Society. The result of the elections was as follows :

DIRECTOR—Rev. T. Campeau, O. M. I.

PRESIDENT—Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99.

VICE-PRESIDENT—Mr. R. Lafond, '00.

SECRETARY—Mr. C. Langlois, '00.

COUNCILLORS—Messrs. Lachance, Laviolette and Frappier.

The first debate will take place on Jan. 15th, when the following subject will be discussed : " Resolved that the theatre corrupts morals."

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* *

The University choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I., sang at the benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at the church in Hull, on Sunday the 11th inst. The programme consisted of a trio " Jesu Dei Vivi " (Verdi) ; " Ave Maria " (Feltz), solo and chorus ; " Tantum Ergo " (Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I.) After benediction the singers were entertained at the rectory by the Oblate Fathers.

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The Sodality of the Holy Angels was re-organized among the junior students on Friday, the 9th inst. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel was present and preached an eloquent sermon to the young students urging them to cultivate obedience, meekness, charity and purity. After the sermon the members were enrolled in the Sodality by His Grace. The following is the list of officers: PREFECT, Arthur Laprés ; 1ST ASSISTANT, Francois Boulay ; 2ND ASSISTANT, Paul Benoit ; SECRETARY, Paul Ducharme ; TREASURER, George Verreault ; 1ST SACRISTAN, Olivier Dion ; 2ND SACRISTAN, Paul Taillon.

A grand banquet was tendered to our football team on Thursday the 15th inst., by the members of the University Athletic Association. At 7.15 p.m. the members of the team entered the banquet hall and were greeted by a deafening 'Varsity cheer. Among the invited guests present were Rev. Fathers Nilles, O. M. I. vice-rector, Cornell, Campeau, Henault and Antoine, Rev. Brothers Fortier and Boyer, Messrs D. J. McDougall, '94, Geo. Fitzgerald, '97, Geo. D. Prudhomme, '97, J. P. Clarke and Thos. Murphy. Letters of regret were received from Messrs A. G. Brooke Claxton, President of the Quebec Rugby Union, John F. Savage, vice-president Q. R. U., E. Herbert Browne, Secy, Q. R. U., and Dr. C. K. Clarke, founder of the Granites, Kingston. After justice was done to the material part of the programme, Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, President of the Association, arose and in a happy speech thanked the team for the noble efforts they had put forth and congratulated them on the successful result of their work. Speeches were also made by Rev. Fathers Nilles, Cornell, Antoine and Henault, Messrs. Clancy, McGlade, Fitzgerald, Shea and Doyle. Musical selections were given by Messrs. Gookin, Ball, Williams, McCormac, Sullivan and Frappier, and vocal selections by Messrs. M. O'Connell, A. O'Malley, Frappier, Payment, Hardiman, Cunningham and Clarke. The entertainment was concluded by a solo and chorus "We are Champions again."

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A meeting of the higher forms was held on Saturday the 17th inst., for the purpose of re-organizing the Scientific Society. The present organization is an old College association resuscitated. Its object is suggested by the name.

DIRECTOR—Rev. A. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., B. A.
PRESIDENT—Dr. T. Stuart Albin, '00.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Mr. J. E. Doyle, '09.
SECRETARY—Mr. M. A. Foley, '00.
TREASURER—Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01.
REPORTER—Mr. D. J. McTighe, '04.
COUNCILLORS—Mr. J. A. Meehan, '00, Mr. M. Conway, '01,
Mr. W. P. Egleson, '00, Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

By M. A. FOLEY.

The Buffalo *Union and Times* brings us news of the appointment of Rev. James Quinn, O.M.I., graduate and former professor of Ottawa University, to the superiorship of the Oblate Community at Buffalo, N.Y., and to the rectorship of Holy Angels' College. To Rev. Father Quinn, the REVIEW sends the sincerest congratulations.

We have lately received a card announcing the marriage of Dr. George Smith, ex-'90, to Miss Madeleine O'Neill.

Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Greene have written a joint letter in which they inform us of their present good-health and prosperity. They eagerly inquire concerning the fortunes of our football team of '98. We are happy to be able to tell you, gentlemen, that the famous Quebec Trophy is ours forever.

Thomas Cullen, ex-'99, writes an interesting letter from St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., where he is now pursuing his theological studies. We are confident that Mr. Cullen will distinguish himself in the Queen of Sciences.

Raoul Fortin, ex-'99, informs us that he is captain of a football team representing the town of Pembroke, Ont., and that he is endeavoring to show the team how old 'Varsity plays the game. Raoul also sends word that John Leacy, '00, is studying Dentistry in Toronto.

Dr. M. P. Conway is a very prominent figure in Catholic circles of Auburn, N. Y., where he enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

The occasion of the first visit of His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, to Smith's Falls was made one of unusual solemnity by the



Quebec Championship Trophy.

ordination of two young priests. One of the newly-ordained is well known to us by reason of his long residence here as student and professor. While a student here Father Mea was a frequent contributor to the pages our University Magazine. We are pleased also to recall that under his Presidency of O. U. A. A. the wearers of the Garnet and Grey won the Canadian Championship of '94. His friends, and their number is legion, rejoice with him now that he has at length attained the goal of his ambition. With our congratulations to Father Mea, we mingle prayers that he may be successful beyond even his most sanguine hopes in the career he has chosen.

On Dec. 17, another old student, a class mate of Father Mea's, was raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood. To Rev. Edward O'Mally the REVIEW sends the heartiest congratulations.



Athletics.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on Dec. 3rd. Collège was represented by Messrs. R. A. O'Meara and J. E. McGlade. The meeting proved most harmonious. The Q. R. U. begins a new season without a cloud on its horizon. Britannia and Brockville, winners of the intermediate championships in their respective unions, were admitted to the senior ranks. The union now comprises five senior, eight intermediate and six junior clubs. The following officers were elected for the season of 1899.

PRESIDENT—A. G. Brooke Claxton (Montreal).

1ST VICE-PRESIDENT—C. R. Webster, (Granites).

2ND VICE-PRESIDENT—J. J. O'Reilly, (Ottawa College).

HON. SEC.-TREASURER—E. Herbert Brown.