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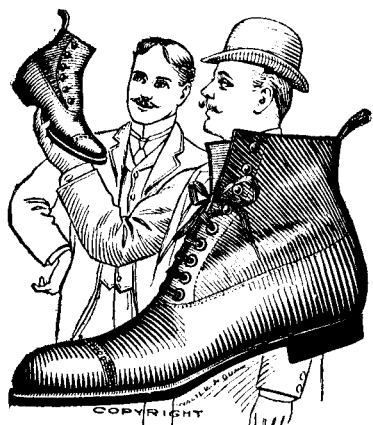
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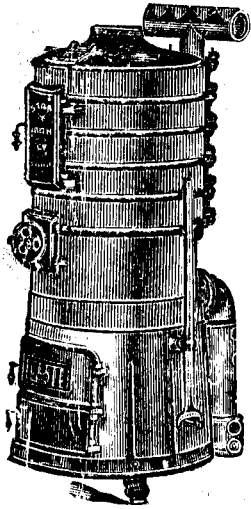
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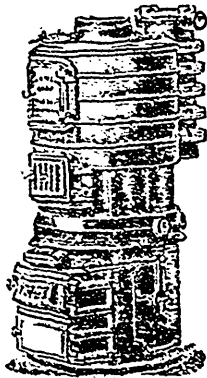
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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 8

APRIL, 1904.

Vol. VI

LUDWIG WINDTHORST.



THE Church of God has known persecution in almost every age : from the days of Nero and Diocletian down to the present religious tyranny in Catholic France, France, her history presents one awful series of colossal outrages on the part of her opponents. Whether hunted into the Catacombs by the Roman Cæsars, or beset by the fierce followers of the Prophet, or attacked from within by the forces of Protestantism, or lastly harassed and dominated over by the infidel governments of modern Europe, the Spouse of Christ has had to contend with the same enemy who Proteus-like disappears for a time only to reappear in a more dangerous and misleading guise. But Christ has not forgotten his promise to be with his Church until the consummation of the world, not indeed in person but through the instrumentality of godsent and apostolic heroes, and consequently the darkest eras of the Church's existence have been illumined by the radiance of her greatest sons. Athanasius, Dominic, Bernard and Ignatius were the champions of a suffering Church, and their voices were raised for Christ when the clouds of error were blackest and the gales of wickedness fiercest.

Turning to our own times and to the humble ranks of the laity, we can point with pride to an O'Connell emancipating a down-trodden Ireland, a Montalembert pleading for a distressed France, a Morino bleeding for a divided Ecuador, and a Windthorst battling for a suffering Germany. The last named we have

chosen as the subject of our sketch, for his memory has been revered by the late action of the Bundesrath of the German Empire in repealing the last of the anti-Catholic measures, the decree of banishment against the Society of Jesus.

Ludwig Joseph Windthorst first entered on the scene of his life-work the 17th of January, 1812, at Ostercopeeln, in the old Kingdom of Hanover. In 1836 at the close of his university career, he was graduated and admitted to the bar of Osnabrück. His judicial knowledge and his eloquence soon led to rapid promotion. Within a few years he became the leading barrister of his native city, and after filling with singular integrity such minor portions as the lay presidency of the ecclesiastical tribunal he was called in 1848 to Celle, as member of the upper division of the Court of Appeal. Meanwhile, on the 29th of May, 1858, Windthorst had entered into the married state.

In 1848, Germany was divided into two great political parties : one demanded that Austria be placed or rather retained at the head of the German Confederation, the other strove to exclude the Catholic power and place the hegemony in the hands of Prussia. Elected to the diet of Hanover in 1849, Windthorst, who now had entered upon his political career, sided for Austria, especially as the Austrian government promised to allow the various States to retain their autonomy. Moreover he contested to the utmost of his power against the members of the German Parliament of Frankfort, who had offered the imperial crown to King Frederick William IV, of Prussia. In 1851 upon the accession of George the Fifth to the throne of Hanover, Windthorst, now president of the Hanoverian Chamber of Deputies, received the portfolio of Justice. He continued to exercise the functions of this charge till the 21st of November, 1853, when the ministry of which he formed part was dissolved. Nine years later in 1862, he again became Minister of Justice, and in 1865 he left the cabinet for the second time to take up his duties as Procurator-General to the Court of Appeals at Celle. The intervening years were devoted to the promotion of Catholic interests at court and at home, while he rendered an eminent service to the Church which resulted in the re-establishment of the Diocese of Osnabruck, and the appointment to the restored See of Mgr. Melchers, former Vicar General of

Munster and later on the glorious Archbishop of Cologne, who imprisoned and exiled suffered for the same holy cause that Windthorst battled for from the rostrum of the Reichstag.

The time had now come for Windthorst to assume the life role. Hitherto the world had known him for the principal counsellor of George V, the intrepid defender of the independence of his own country against the encroachments of Prussia, and the influential protector of Catholic interests at a Protestant court. But God had marked out for him a more far-reaching and lofty destiny. He was to exchange Hanover for the German Empire, and the portfolio of Justice for the leadership of twelve millions of suffering co-religionists. The former statesman of a Catholic kingdom was destined to become the great leader of a great party, the ablest speaker and tactician of a Protestant Parliament, and what more, the fearless champion of the Church of God, and the white-haired veteran of sixty winters was to bear the brunt of a twenty-year battle with the persecuting Prime Minister, Von Bismarck.

How well he fought, how indefatigably he labored, how nobly he suffered and what triumphs he wrung from a relentless foe, triumphs in the cause of truth, justice and liberty, all this has passed into the history of the Fatherland and brightened the sad pages of the Kulturpompf.

Upon the absorption of Hanover by Prussia, Windthorst with the practical good sense that ever guided his action, swore fealty to the Prussian Constitution and, having accepted a writ to the Landtag, was elected first to the Constituent Assembly and later in 1871 to the Reichstag of the North German Confederation. He remained in the last named body until his death, representing the district of Neppen. Following in the wake of the Piedmontese occupation of Rome, the destruction of the temporal power and the unification of Germany with the power in the hands of the Protestants, the Catholics, apart from the purely political group, had organized a party, which was to adhere purely and simply to the established government, while undertaking the defence of the Church and popular rights and endeavoring to solve the social and economic questions of the day. This was the beginning of the great Centre party, which to-day is the leading political and social factor in the Empire. The Catholics of 1871 gave the new party

a perfect organization, so perfect indeed that it has survived the assaults of the Government and will no doubt issue forth victorious from its present struggle with the forces of Socialism. The "Centre" as it was called from the fact that its representatives occupied the middle portion of the Reichstag, was intended for a middle party to stand between and harmonize the Government and the Opposition, and as such it has fulfilled the purpose of its organizers. In order to insure success the pioneer members resorted to the most strenuous measures: each deputy chose some special department of knowledge and directed every effort towards mastering it, so that the representatives of the Centre soon acquired the reputation of being the best informed and most erudite body in Parliament. It was not long before the party had at its command learned specialists in every department of law, civil, canon, and international, history, theology, statistics and the like. The perfect knowledge of statistics proved of the greatest utility, for the Chancellor and his supporters were often very inaccurate in the line of figures, especially when it served their interests to be so. Time and time again, this system of specialization was the means of correcting and humbling the minions of the Government. Windthorst, who had been one of the principal organizers of the Catholic party, soon became its recognized chief.

The Catholic party had hardly sprung into existence before the adherents of the Chancellor directed against it the shafts of ridicule and abuse and the fell weapons of misrepresentation and calumny: they persisted in terming it "a party of opposition, a kind of mobilization against the State itself." Windthorst took up its defence on January 30th, 1872, and his word on that occasion are specially memorable as they give us a true insight into the purpose and workings of the party: "The Centre," he says, is prepared to join in with the other political fractions, should they present an acceptable programme. Yea, in the interests of peace it will go even farther. Let the war, which the king directed against the Church, cease and the Centre will dissolve voluntarily; however, should the struggle continue, the Centre will guard its position not offensively but defensively and withal energetically. On another occasion he said: "The Hon.



HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. J. T. DUHAMEL, D. D.
Archbishop of Ottawa, Apostolic Chancellor.

Loewe pretends that we receive our orders from Rome and that the orders from Rome are contrary to the spirit of the nation. The only injunction we receive from Rome is to obey ecclesiastical authority in religious matters and civil authority in temporal affairs. The Centre is an independent party and its sentiments like its convictions are those of the people. Be assured, Mr. Deputy and all you who are concerned in the matter, that the Centre and the people will continue in the path they have trod heretofore. They have confidence in each other and will soon prove, should they find themselves in the minority, that the minority stood for something when they are firm and solid.

“But this I would have you understand, that we are not degenerate sons of Rome ; we will ever show ourselves worthy of Rome and the Papacy. Moreover we are not degenerate sons of the Fatherland ; and never will we fail to make the same efforts as you to maintain the interests, the greatness and the dignity of the Empire. We are convinced that our attachment to Rome can never be to the detriment of our love of country, and that the two sentiments mean in our case practically the same. We are the friends of Germany as well as you, we will live and die as such, but also as friends of the Pope and of Rome.”

In June, 1872, Bismarck flung down his gauntlet to the forces of the Church, and on July 4th of the same year an Act of Parliament against the Jesuits told the Catholic world that the die had been cast and that the long-threatened “Kulturkomph” had at length burst forth to disturb the religious feelings of our Empire. In April, 1873, the right of self-government, given legally to the Catholic Church in Prussia, was abolished, and the State arrogated to itself a supreme control that it was to find, later, to its cost, was not in its power to have. In 1873, also, the laws known as the May Laws, four in number, published in May, or as the Falk Laws, from the name of their nominal author, Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship, claimed for the State the education of the clergy up to the very time of ordination to the priesthood, and decreed that nomination to ecclesiastical positions could take place only with a State certificate. “We want to exterminate Catholicism in Germany,” said Dr. Falk one day to the Belgian Minister, “and we shall do that the more effectually by

the extinction of the clergy." The bishops were commanded by government to take an oath to observe without restriction or condition the State laws ; diplomatic connection with the Holy See was severed ; civil marriage was made obligatory ; the religious orders (numbering 9,956 persons) were driven from the realm, with the exception of those engaged in hospital work ; all the bishops except three were either imprisoned or exiled. An eminent Protestant official said to a Silesian : " If your Church is able to survive this struggle, I will become a Catholic.

But the German Government was radically astray in its reckoning. The cruel and crushing measures served only to call forth from the German clergy and laity the most unflinching loyalty to the Church and the successor of St. Peter. Bismarck had power to drive bishops and archbishops into prison and exile, to close seminaries and to deprive the Rhine valley of its pastors from the Alps to the confines of Holland, but no power availed to make them take an unlawful oath. In their combined Memoir of Jan. 10, 1873, they exclaimed : " Let them drag us before the tribunals ! The grace of God, we trust, will grant us strength to give an unalterable witness to our faith as did our innumerable predecessors in the apostolic ministry in ages past, and to bear with joy the harshest treatment in the cause of Catholic liberty." As to the German laymen, they naturally looked to Windthorst for guidance and grouped themselves in serried phalanx around their glorious leader in the famous Centre ; and in answer to the Government's demands, the Catholic champion flung back these memorable words : " You can torment us, you can make our hearts bleed, but you have no power to take from us our faith ! When you have closed all our churches, we shall meet in our forests to pray."

From the beginning, the Government had attached to its service the non-Catholic press of the country. These organs did not scruple to misrepresent the Catholic side of the question and succeeded in turning public opinion against the Centre and its supporters. To counteract this Press campaign, the Catholic leaders organized a rival press which did its best to circulate political and religious pamphlets among the common people and thus to keep their minds from becoming inoculated with the poison of the Government journals.

E. J. STRAUSS.

(To be continued.)

Our Destiny.



ONCE more we have celebrated the feast of our patron saint with an intense fervor of which less warm-hearted peoples are incapable. Our apostle found a high-spirited, warlike race, he kindled in their hearts the fire of divine love, and he obtained for them favors such as were granted to no other race. He sought from God, and promised before his death, that the fruit of his toil would last throughout time, that the Gael should never prove unfaithful to his religion. In the early ages our country shone forth as the star of Western Europe. Her famous universities were the resort of students from all the surrounding nations, and her missionaries bore her learning to England and to Scotland, to Germany, to Gaul, and to many other places. Her cities were the most splendid of the west, and her armies alone withstood the marauding Vikings of the north. Erin was the isle of saints and scholars, but she was to become the land of martyrs and heroes. From the day our great apostle breathed forth his spirit into the hands of its Omnipotent Maker Erin's Catholicism and her nationality have been blended in one dutiful sentiment, in one undying reality. But other nations apostatized, and God has made, and will make, this faithful the one instrument of their redemption. The island, blessed by St. Patrick, which has never been soiled by the trail of the serpent, was destined to serve a noble purpose.

When the adulterous King of England broke away from the church, and brought his people with him, the Irish remained steadfast. Perhaps they remembered an unworthy prince of their own, whose offence, unlike that of Henry VIII, had been punished by expulsion from the land, but who had been reinstated by a people of less delicate morals. Edward VI and Elizabeth inaugurated persecutions; for this chosen people was to be chastened by ages of bondage and slaughter. Under the first two Stuarts, from whom the Gael expected leniency because of their noble Catholic

ancestress Mary Queen of Scots, the fairest part of Ulster was planted with English and Scotch Protestants; for the destruction of the Irish race was henceforth the determined policy of their invaders. Nevertheless, when King Charles' own people drew the sword upon him our forefathers loyally rallied to his aid. When Owen Roe O'Neill, the only Irish leader who might successfully have coped with the genius and treachery of Cromwell, died before that worthy met him, Erin's blackest foe, the fiend in human form, whose name is to this day an imprecation in the mouths of Irishmen, came nearer to exterminating the race than any of his predecessors could have hoped. The Lord Protector, combining military strength with hypocrisy, obtained the surrender of the various Irish forces that did not go to France, sang hymns of thanksgiving, and proceeded to murder all whom he did not send as slaves to Barbadoes. He massacred the women and children beneath the sign of their redemption and in their churches. Finally he sent forth his notorious mandate ordering the Celt to Connaught or hell. Naturally the Catholics chose the former place, fearing, as they did, a second meeting with their terrible persecutor if they went to the latter. History tells us of the thousands that perished before a merciful Providence struck down this tool of the devil, whom the English cravenly feared and the Irish helplessly hated. When James II's disloyal subjects had dethroned him, the holy island became Europe's battle-ground between the heretic and the faithful sons of the Church; and Boyne, Aughrim, Athlone, and Limerick testify the unbroken spirit of that race which but a short while before Cromwell had so mercilessly crushed to earth. The martial heroes of great Sarsfield wrung from the usurper a guarantee of religious freedom, a monument to Irish might and Saxon shame, the treaty of Limerick. Then when their exiled manhood were winning laurels, and dying, upon foreign fields, we find our people suffering under the penal laws, the most terrible punishment which any people has ever endured. When—

“ Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.”

when education was banned, and hell's most ingenious effort made to degrade the martyr race, we find the priests transmitting from



A. O. VON HERBULIS,
Architect of the New Building.

generation to generation the jewel of faith, which the darkest powers of the infernal regions could not wrest from them. One by one these heroes stole away from their native land, poor and unknown (save as Irish boys), prepared themselves, and returned to teach their people—

“ Among the poor, or on the moor.”

Then, invariably, with their life-blood they dyed the sod of holy Erin. The faith lived on when all else was lost ; and the priests of Ireland, saints and martyrs, human representatives of the great supernatural,—of God himself, won an influence with their faithful people, which they shall never forfeit.

But a more dangerous snare awaited our forefathers, when Daniel O'Connell had burst their bonds, and education was again permitted to them, but in a poisoned form. English schools taught English manners, a foreign language, and even attempted to implant in the minds of Erin's youth a heretical foreign creed. When our people starved, the tempter held forth gold as the price of their faith : but God was faithful to this people, and kept among them those wonderful Irish priests whom they revered, loved, and obeyed, as only the Celt can. Then it was that one immense part of our mission began to be accomplished. Millions of emigrants left the old land and bore the Catholic religion with little else, except talent, to the great English speaking portion of the New World. To our own Canada came many, whose less fortunate brethren died by the roadside of famine and disease. England herself has begun slowly to return to the faith ; but three-fourths of her Catholic population are Irishmen. At the price of their language, of most of their own national attributes they became the instruments of God to reclaim the Anglo-Saxon race. On this side of the Atlantic they have made a new Ireland in the United States ; but long before that country is wholly reclaimed to the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome, we, the proud representatives of their race in Canada, shall have made our influence felt among the Protestant portion of our population. This is our task, not that of our co-religionists and countrymen of the Province of Québec, who are of a different language, different nationality, and different sympathies. An incident in the life of Archbishop Lynch is related, in which he met at one time in Rome four other pre-

lates who had been his classmates in the little college in the north of Ireland where he received his early education. One was the Bishop of Calcutta, India, one was from Australia, another from Africa, while the fourth came from the United States. Archbishop Lynch himself, as we know, found the field of his apostolic labor in Canada. Throughout that "greater empire than has been" our widely scattered race are carrying on a work which raises them to the most noble position which any people may occupy on the earth.

But in the old land our nationality is not hopelessly merged into that of England; for, under the guidance of Irish soggarths, our country has revived, and is rapidly developing her distinct nationality, her customs, and above all, her own Gaelic Irish language. The awakening of Eirinn is marked by the decadence of her persecutor in many things, especially in literature. May we not hope that reviving Ireland may yet furnish a home, a fountain head, to those religious orders, the hope of the Church, which have been expelled from fallen France. We have reason to believe that the day is not far distant when Erin, a nation, will govern herself, when Home Rule will be accorded, as a step to something higher; for surely history has sufficiently demonstrated that not the devil's most dexterous artifices, not his sternest power can turn from their glorious course the inhabitants of Innisfail, the island of destiny. Our race is distinguished by qualities of soul and of body, of heart, of intellect, and of will, which made its countless anointed priests, orators, statesmen, and warriors, the admiration and wonder of men, while even yet the people was trampled in the dust. Our nationality is certainly an extraordinary one, but ever pre-eminently a Catholic one. The time will surely come when the high-souled inhabitants of the Emerald Isle will lead the nations in a more dignified manner in supporting the glory of the Church. To evangelize the world is ever the exalted destiny of the Irish race.

WM. F. P. CAVANAGH, '06.

Shakespeare's Brutus.

MARCUS BRUTUS, the son of a father bearing the same name, and of Servilia a half sister to Marcus Cato, has been depicted as a man of many virtues, possessing a character full of beauty and sweetness, and moreover being gentle and upright.

“What is this that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on death indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.”

Brutus' father having died when he was but eight years of age, he was placed under the care of Cato his uncle, from whom he learnt the maxims of Stoic philosophy. Brutus was held in the highest regard by Cato, and as a reward of his many virtues Cato gave him his daughter in marriage.

Brutus has been drawn into this conspiracy, not in hopes of becoming Caesar's successor, but to fight the cause of justice. He did not like the idea of the Empire being governed by a monarch, although he loved Caesar, and had confidence in Caesar's ability to govern their vast empire.

Brutus. “What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.”

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

Brutus has been drawn into this conspiracy that he may satisfy the people, who would naturally be incensed at the murder of such a hero. Brutus was probably, next to Caesar, the most popular man in Rome, and as he had been Caesar's particular friend, the only one in whom Caesar seemed to place full confidence, the conspirators considered Brutus' remarks to the people would fully justify the assassination.

Cassius. Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house ; three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts !
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

The others, particularly Cassius who was jealous of Caesar's power entered on account of the hatred they bore Caesar.

Brutus, when in public office, refrained from extorting money by bribery or fraud ; yet we see, he charged extortionate rates for loans, and enforced payment with rigid pertinacity. We must judge him according to the customs of his time, although even now such a thing is not unusual.

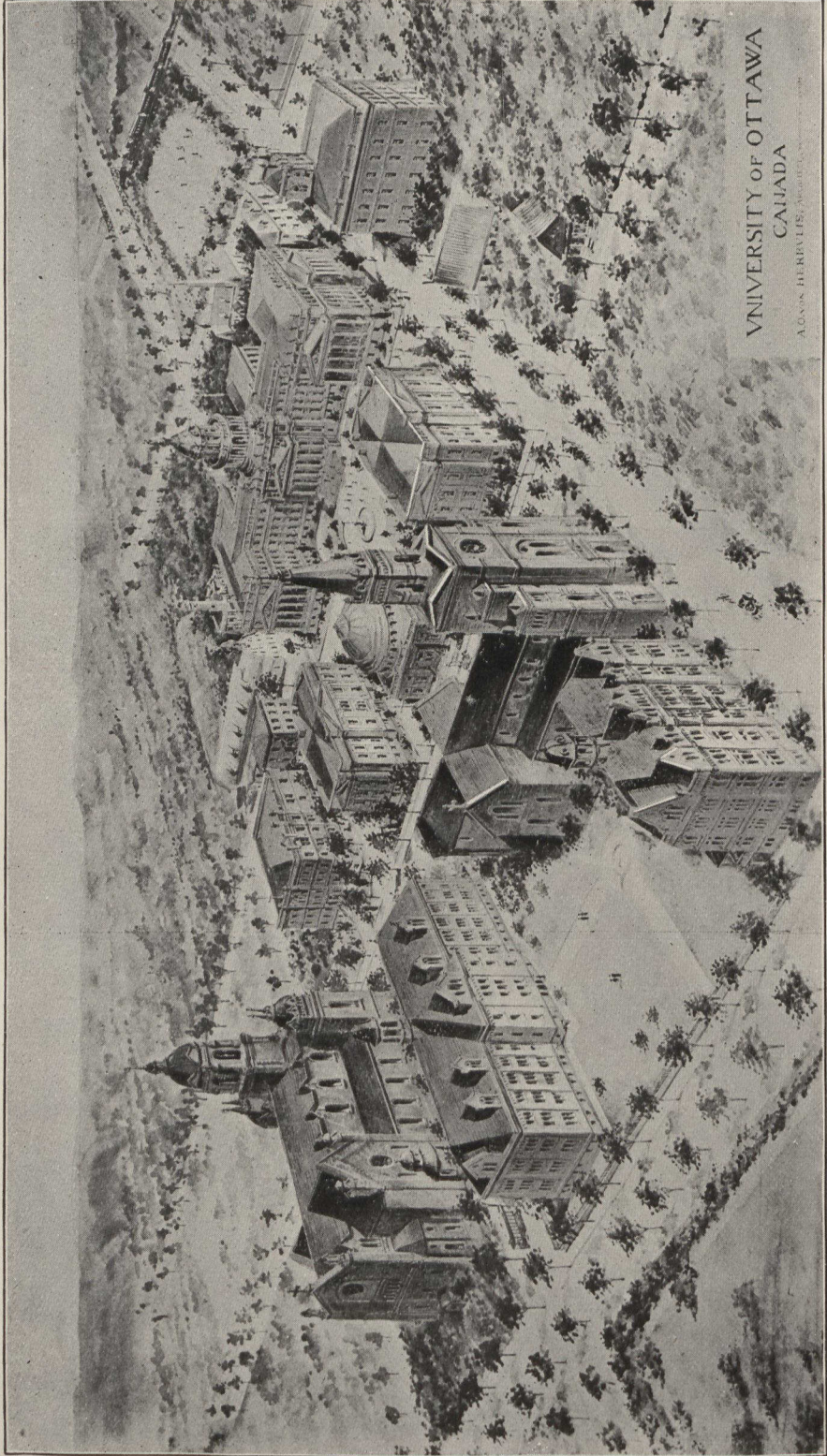
PERCY R. MARSHALL. '07.

AN APRIL MORN.

AN April Morn ! All things rejoice ;
Sweet, peaceful bliss reigns all around :
All nature's calm save for the rain
That gently patters on the ground.
The air is dull ; the sense of sight
Can scarce perceive the drops that fall
With measured cadence soft and sweet,
Obedient unto nature's call.
Silence reigns throughout the street,
Nor man, nor beast will stir abroad :
All creatures seem to feel the spell
That binds their thoughts this morn to God.
The sun is hid from mortal view ;
A sombre darkness shrouds the town ;
The chimney top across the way
Seems ever apt to tumble down.

My soul is calm ; my thoughts are turned
To Him who framed our mundane laws ;
No proof I need : I am convinced
That Nature's wonders have a cause.

CANIGH, '04.



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA
CANADA

A. GOSK. HERBULET. ARCHITECT.

Plan for restoration of University of Ottawa partially destroyed by fire December 2nd, 1903.
Each group will be of special kind of architecture and material.

✻ St. Patrick's ✻

St. Patrick and Eire's Day.

AS the sun rises on our mundane sphere this morning every Irishman hails its beams with a joyous heart ; for this is St. Patrick's day, and in every civilized land the sons of Eire,—the Shamrock proudly pinned over their hearts, are meeting to celebrate her national day, and to revere the memory of her Patrick.

In perfect accord with this spontaneous movement of Irishmen the world over, the students of Ottawa Varsity—their hearts attuned to the grand chorus of Eire's praise, their souls expanding with the fire of the love they bear her ; every fibre of their being quivering in the intensity of their affection for the " Emerald Isle "—, with these sentiments the students of Ottawa have come together to keep this great festival.

But the skeptic—the man of narrow mind will say, " Why do you keep Eire's day? She is no longer a nation. She has lost her independence. She does not rank as a free country. The keeping of her national day is nonsense."

Truly the observing of Eire's day, to the superficial reader of history may indeed seem a paradox. For, being unable to penetrate beneath the shell of the hard facts related by the historian, he will accept the statements that she is no longer her own law-maker ; that she is no more governed by her own representatives in a national parliament ; that a foreign foe has usurped her national rights and robbed her of her independence ; and he will conclude from the narration of these facts that she has lost her nationality.

But the true student of events, who knows how to analyze

statements, who has learned something of the philosophy of history, he knows well that between national rights and national life, between independence and nationality there is a distinction. Independence with its accompanying symbol national rights is something material and may be destroyed ; but nationality—the principle of life in a people—the soul of a nation is not material but spiritual and as such it is as eternal as the existence of the people in whom it is found.

Therefore, it is, gentlemen, that notwithstanding the efforts of the Danes to destroy it ; in defiance of the fact that since the days of Strongbow Ireland has been ruthlessly oppressed and harassed by the Saxon ; in defiance of all that for centuries the powers of hell and the malice of man have done to destroy it, the pulse of Irish national life is still beating, even as it throbbed on the day when Brian Boru marshalled his forces on the field of Clontarf : and as the martyrs of old would say to their persecutors, “ You may destroy our bodies but you cannot kill our souls,” so Irishmen can exclaim to their Saxon oppressors “ You may steal our national rights ; you may rob us of our independence ; but not even by your numbers or your treachery, nay not by the skill of Satan your auxiliary can you destroy our national life.” Yes, Gentlemen, that pulse though enfeebled is yet alive ; it needs only the restoration of Eire’s rights to quicken it and bring back its native vigor ; the fire of Irish nationality is still burning ; nor will it be extinguished e’en though but one man in all the world be left to proclaim to the nations,—“ I am an Irishman.”

Meet and fitting is it then that we celebrate the national day of Ireland.

But not alone do we sing the praises of the “ gem of the ocean ” to-day ; we must also heed the impulse to honor St. Patrick. And why ? Simply because the good Irishman cannot avoid the one and think of the other. The national life of Ireland has received such an impression from the work of St. Patrick that it would be indeed foolish to consider it, apart from him who took it in the plastic state of its pagan juvenescence, and moulded it into that special and peculiar form, in which after centuries, it still presents itself before us.

When Patrick undertook the execution of his divine commission he had no easy task to perform. He came to Ireland. He found the people prostrate in adoration before false divinities; their leading priests were conjurers; their commandments were made by a few practiced deceivers. Yet, even in the days of their paganism, the Irish exhibited those lovely traits of character which we find in them to-day; and the peculiar cast of their nature, so receptive of the true and the beautiful, was indeed a fruitful soil for the planting of the sublime doctrines brought to them by the great Apostle. Yet it was some time before they could be convinced that Patrick was no deceiver. Our saint had to prove his divine commission.

The work went on gradually at first, and ever in the face of the fiercest opposition of the priests and King Larghaire. A few noted conversions were made. Patrick was fast preparing for the decisive conflict. With undying perseverance, unflinching courage and an unshaken faith in the success of his mission, the divine warrior pushed forward in the cause of heaven, advancing even to Tara, the stronghold of the King. He kindled the forbidden fire on Easter morning; it was the signal for hostilities. The struggle between truth and error began. For three days the conflict raged. The most noted battle in history was not to be won without supreme effort.

Our saintly hero conquered. The people saw and believed.

“ When the waters of Boyne began to bask
And fields to flash in the rising sun,
The Apostle Evangelist kept his pasch,
And Erin her grace baptismal won.
Her birthday it was: his font the rock,
He blessed the land, and he blessed his flock.”

The good work was continued. The land was made christian, and so well did the saving truth of our faith suit the temperament of these favored children of God, so well did Patrick accomplish his mission, that, after centuries, we find the tree of faith planted on the hill of Tara, still standing in all the bloom of perennial verdure, its branches stretching to almost every clime, its fruits—millions of faithful catholics, and thousands

of Irish prelates—enriching the storehouse of the faith in every land under the sun.

Ye the work of Patrick, — as enduring as the faith he preached, — perfected the Irish nationality, stamped it with the indelible impress of the faith of Rome, and made it an object of veneration the world over,—the pride of the children of Eire, — the admiration and the terror of her bitterest foes.

Therefore, gentlemen, when we toast Ireland day, we logically and properly honor the memory of him who made sacred her nationality.

But why do we assemble to celebrate Eire's day? Why do we toast her statesman saint? Is it because it is a time-honored custom to do so? Is all this festive warmth a mere effusion of words, a mere outburst of sentiment? No, gentlemen, our banquet has a deeper and broader significance than simply a momentary admiration of Ireland and her saint.

I gaze round me, and see ranged about this festive board, not only those who boast the happy privilege of being Irish by birth or by descent, I see many who are here not by any right as Irishmen, but by that which is equally to be admired—love for Eire and sympathy with her cause. Yes, I feel safe in saying that all here on this day of rejoicing are Irishmen, if not by nature, at least by affection; and I believe that if it were given me to behold things incorporeal; if I could see the sympathies of everyone in this hall to-day, I would find them tainted with a hue as green as the leaves of the shamrock itself.

Gentlemen, Ireland has much to gain from such gatherings of representatives of various nationalities. It will make her ills not those of her sons alone, but of every lover of justice among us regardless of nationality; it will tend to foster that brotherhood so conducive to our mutual welfare and success in this country; it will swell the army of supporters of Irish rights and liberties. And this is but natural, for is it not the discharge in part of the debt of obligation which the world owes Ireland, who for centuries poured forth her greatest efforts to advance humanity?

My sentiments on this topic, Mr. Toastmaster, are unutterable. If I could express them, if my abilities bore any propor-



Snapshot — Tearing down the Walls.

tion to my zeal, I would raise my voice to such a note of admonition, it would reach the ear of every Irishman the world over ; aye, it would penetrate to the soul of every man on our globe. I would say to the Irishman, " Be a Home-Ruler " ; to those of other descent, " Espouse the cause of justice. Ireland is a suffering nation ; help to restore her rights." I would say, " You who by blood are Irish, be true to the land of your nativity ; you who are not sons of Eire, love that land and work for her even as Patrick, who was not an Irishman, loved her and labored for her."

Therefore, gentlemen, let us heed the lessons which this day teaches. Let us rejoice in the privilege which is ours of joining once again in the choral anthem of Eire's praise ; let us not forget the duty which as men of honor and justice we owe her ; but, when we leave this festive hall this evening, let each of us be resolved that, if he can achieve it, she will, ere another St. Patrick's Day comes round, recover her rights and be restored to her place among the nations.

H. J. MACDONALD, '04.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

A little day ran past
Without a word from me ;
I thought it ran too fast,
But that could hardly be,
Because a little boy next door, they say,
Found time to speak a happy word that day.

A little day was spent
Almost before I knew ;
I wondered where it went,
And so, indeed, would you,
If, of a sudden, at the set of sun
You found how very little you had done.

PIUS X.

TO-DAY we are assembled to do honor to the great saint who first brought the light of faith to Ireland's shores. On this day Irishmen all over the world unite in venerating him who bestowed on their fathers the greatest gift of earth. But it has always been the boast of Irishmen that Ireland, in spite of all obstacles, has retained the faith imparted to it through St. Patrick and has remained true to the Church of which that great saint was so illustrious an apostle. There is no nation on earth that has a prouder record. Towards the Holy See, Ireland has ever been most loyal. It is, therefore, befitting that we should, in the same breath with St. Patrick, give honor to the Holy See and mention with love and loyalty the name of the present head of the Church, the living representative of Christ, Pius X.

When last we met on this occasion, we drank a toast to Leo XIII. Since then we have suffered the loss of that great and venerable pontiff, and all Irishmen grieved most sincerely to learn that this brilliant defender of the faith, this staunch friend of Ireland, had passed from amongst us to his reward in a better world. When Leo began his pontificate the enemies of the Church were confident that they had given it a death-blow. When Leo died the Church was stronger than ever before, and never before had the Supreme Pontiff been regarded with so much reverence and admiration by all mankind. Such was the change wrought by Leo, and then, after his death, the College of Cardinals almost unanimously elected Cardinal Sarto to fill the vacant chair of Peter.

What manner of man is this who has been chosen to carry on Leo's great work? There can be no doubt that the choice is a wise one, for when has the College of Cardinals made a mistake in such a matter? When we examine the known character of the man, the same conclusion is only more forcibly driven home.

The first characteristic we note in looking over the life of Pius X. is his evident genius. He was born in an obscure station



Viewed from Shop on April 4th 1904.

of life, and now, by his own ability and sterling qualities of head and heart, he has risen to be the ruler of the Church, the guiding star of nations. He has never thrust himself forward, but nevertheless his rise has been as steady as his worthiness is undoubted. This is surely an evident proof of his own greatness, as well as of the essential democracy of the Church.

Until he was chosen to succeed Leo, Cardinal Sarto never occupied a prominent place in the public eye. His position was such that with the larger world he had no close relations. As parish priest, as Bishop and as Patriarch of Venice, his care was wholly devoted to his flock, but in every case he has been remarkable for his zeal and piety, and his amiable character is amply attested to by the love borne him by all with whom he has ever come in contact. His humility is also noted, for all the world knows how reluctantly he accepted his present holy office on account of diffidence in his own power of fulfilling his sacred and important duties worthily.

And truly it is a great burden he has undertaken to bear. The learning and sanctity of the lamented Leo won the respect of even his enemies, and now all reasonable men look to the Vatican for counsel and guidance in the solution of the great political and sociological problems of the day. He will also, no doubt, be called upon to protect the Church from the attacks of her enemies, who are always busy for her ruin. At present the main point of attack is in France, but when the conflict there has ended in the discomfiture of the Church's enemies, as it surely will, it will be continued in some other part of the globe.

Great indeed, then, is the work prepared for our new Pontiff. But who can doubt his ability to carry it through to a successful completion? In the few months since his election, he has issued an encyclical which shows him to be a worthy successor of Leo, and he has already instituted a movement for the complete and general reform of church music, a worthy as well as an arduous task. He has shown his determination to maintain the decided stand taken by his predecessor in regard to the usurping government of the Quirinal, and he will not yield an iota in any matter where the rights of the Church are concerned.

Gentlemen, Pius X. is still young in the Papacy, and his career is yet before him. We, as Irishmen and Catholics, unite with Irishmen all over the world in honoring him to-day. Ireland turns towards him with loyalty and devotion as she has done to his predecessors, and we may rest assured that he will not be unappreciative of her fidelity. May he be long spared to us, and may he prove as great and successful as was his predecessor.

J. V. MEAGHER, '04.

Ireland's Saints and Scholars.



YOU have already toasted the day we celebrate, and we have already honored ourselves by drinking the health of the august Pontiff Pius X, and just now you have called up the memory of that glorious army of Irish Saints and Scholars, who by their learning and piety have shed and still continue to shed a lustre on the Irish race, and who held aloft the glorious banner of Catholic Faith when Christianity was very young and stood trembling in the helplessness of infancy. How Catholic we Irish are after fifteen hundred years! And you, Sir, have honored me by coupling my name with the toast you have just drunk.

Ireland of old escaped the Roman Conquest. True it is, that Agricola dreamed of invading it, but happily his intentions were never realized. Saved from the proconsuls and praetors the genius of the Celtic race found a full development; it created for itself a language, a religion, a poetry, as a result of which Irish civilization was second to none in the then known world.

About the middle of the fifth century when the seeds of pagan civilization sowed centuries before in the Western Isle, had matured and were blooming in all their freshness, in all their grandeur, in all their exquisite beauty, there suddenly arrived among the people—a man with a mitre on his head and a crozier in his hand with the cross of Christ upon it. And this man was Patrick who came from Rome to preach the doctrine of Christ crucified to the Irish kings, to the chieftians, to the bards and to the people. And then began that wonderful agency of

Christian faith, Christian hope, Christian charity, which has ever since down to the present day formed the national character of the people. They received the faith from Patrick and rose at once into the full perfection of a Christian people. They, at the very dawn of their Christianity became a nation of priests, bishops, monks and nuns. Wherever Patrick preached the Gospel, he founded convents and schools by means of which he enlightened and civilized the inhabitants at the same time as he converted them.

These schools soon became so famous that they were frequented by students from France, Germany and the Flanders as well as from the different parts of Britain. At St. Patrick's Seminary in Armagh, Gildas the most ancient of British writers whose works are still extant, pursued his course of studies as did also St. Agilbert, a Frenchman, the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this Ireland became the Mecca of large numbers of students, poor as well as rich, where the hospitable monks not only taught them gratis, but even fed them gratis. Has such hospitality as this ever been equalled? So well and favorably known did the Emerald Isle become as a seat of learning that a residence there, like a residence now at a university, became almost an essential to a literary career.

But the work of the Irish monks did not stop here. Not content with teaching the youths who came to them for instruction the Irish clergy spread themselves over the greater part of Europe for the sake of combatting paganism and of instructing the unlettered Christians. St. Killian became the Apostle of Franconia, St. Columban of the Swiss, St. Gallus of the Grisons; not to speak of St. Donatus, bishop of Fesuli; and St. Cataldus, bishop of Tarentum; nor of St. Fursey and St. Rupert, who preached the doctrine of Christ crucified, in the forests of France and Germany. In short, Mr. Toastmaster, there is hardly a diocese in the countries above mentioned which does not record the learning and sanctity of several illustrious Irish missionaries who formerly served it.

The most illustrious seats of learning both on the continent and the British Isles were founded by Irishmen. It was the Irish bishop St. Aidan who founded Lindisferne, which enlightened the

northern and midland parts of England. It was Maidulph who opened the famous school of Malmsbury, which diffused Greek and Latin literature, sacred as well as profane, over the southern and western part. St. Columbkil whose name is enshrined among the very greatest saints in the Church's calendar founded the monastery of St. Iona—the great mother and fountain head of all monasticism. The founder of Luxeuil and Bobbio was St. Columbar, while in the Alps St. Gall established that far-famed university which bore his name. In a word to the Irish, Europe is indebted for well nigh all the universities of modern times.

Such is a short history of the works of the early Irish priesthood. Has the world ever witnessed their like? What innumerable graces their deeds have brought down on their successors and on the heads of the Irish people. The grace of God infused by them into the Irish clergy has remained with that body of Levites ever since, for it is a remarkable fact—almost incredible—that among the hundreds of learned ecclesiastics which Ireland gave to the Church in 1400 years, not one of them ever originated a schism: while other nations have changed their creed, Ireland remained as firm in her first faith as the rock of Peter. Let this fact be engraved on the heart of every Irish Catholic; let it be proclaimed at home and trumpeted abroad; let it be lisped by mothers to their babes; let it be told by old men; in a word let it be so spread that the whole world shall know it.

Ye priests, born of Irish mothers, ye, Christ's representatives on earth, ye successors of such illustrious predecessors, the glory of Columba, the glory of Columbkil is upon you! Prove yourselves by your deeds, their worthy successors.

The glory of an unconquered race, the glory of a faith so well tried and long defended, the glory of a national virtue which has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world is, gentlemen, our responsibility. What a great inheritance we have—let us guard it jealously. What our forefathers have been let us endeavor to be in the future—a nation and a church without stain. Let honor, patriotism, charity and constancy be our distinguishing virtues, and thus show ourselves to be the noble sons of a noble people.

JOHN E. BURKE, '55.

CANADA.

IN conveying your minds from dear old Ireland to our Canadian home, on this glorious festive-day, we feel confident that we heartily accord with the sentiments of every true son of Ireland. For, on this day, in no other land are the spirit and traditions of the Emerald Isle more befittingly displayed than in this our Canadian Dominion. Here Erin's son, together with his fellow-Canadians, whether Briton, Scot or Frenchman, harmoniously unite in proclaiming the glories of that little Isle and those of her Patron Saint.

And Canadians may justly do so. For, does not Canada possess within her midst an Irish population, which in no small degree has contributed to her welfare and prosperity? Yes, to-day no one wears that little cluster of the immortal shamrock upon his breast with more pride than the Canadian; none chant the Irish melodies on this day more earnestly than he.

Years ago, during that dark period of Ireland's history, there landed on our shores a colony of men, who, sorely oppressed by persecution and famine, deigned to suffer exile from home and country, rather than forsake their religious belief and national courage. Such was the advent of our primitive Irish settlers, whom Canada so generously greeted to her shores and so hospitably provided for. These men sought the protection of a free country, where they might partake of those precious blessings, so dear to an Irish heart, religious and civil freedom. With no other capital than his integrity and vigor, the Irish immigrant strove against severe adversity and privation in this young country. Nor were his efforts in vain, as his present proud position in our national interests testifies.

Since that memorable Irish immigration into Canada, Irish Canadians have ever contributed to this country, a goodly quota of excellent statesmen, zealous clergymen and distinguished professional men of every class. With that indomitable spirit characteristic of the race they are likewise ever advancing the interests

of the Dominion. Here unlike their native fatherland they are free to exercise their rights unmolested, and though staunch Irishmen, are ever most loyal and firm Canadians.

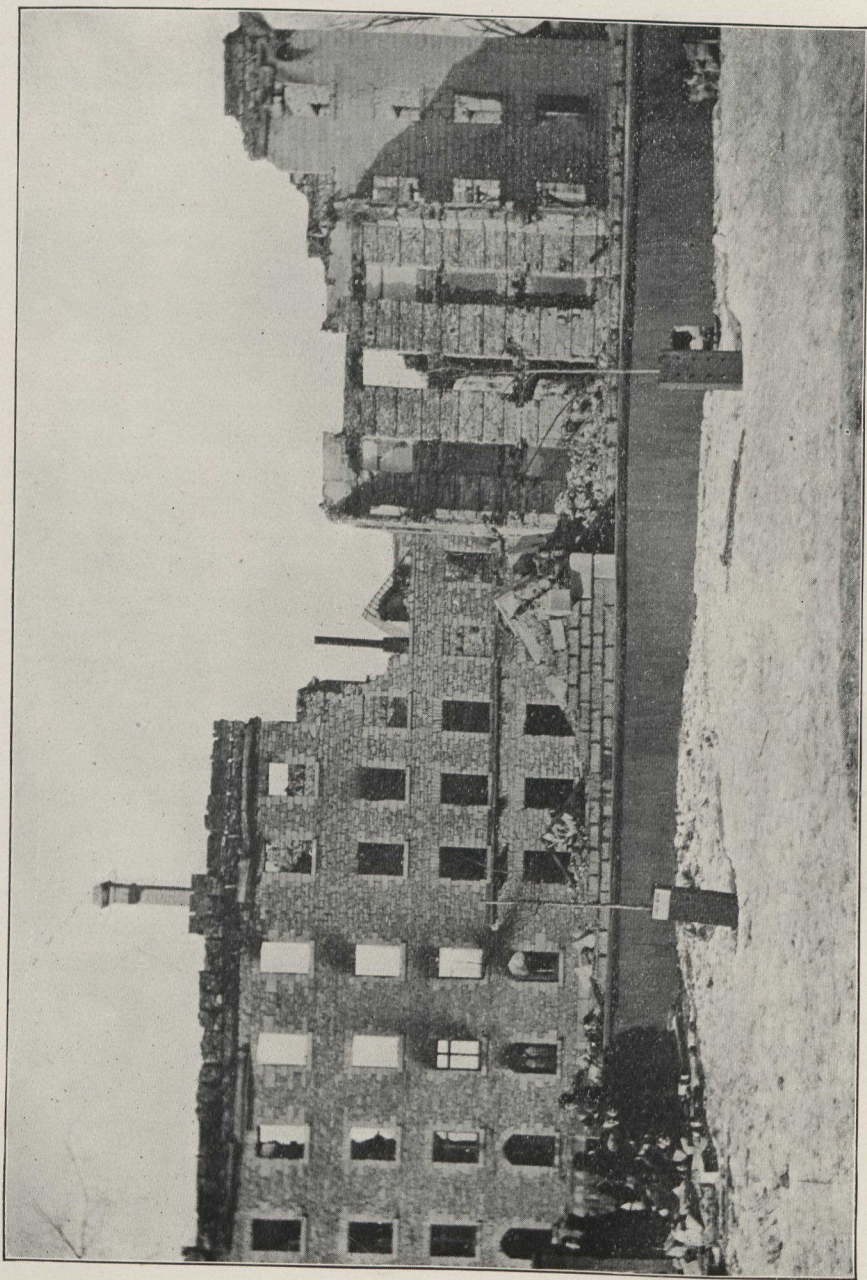
Since the time of Confederation the Irishman's position in our legislation has ever been a most worthy one. In the Senate and Commons he is always well represented. Such names as McGee and Blake need but be mentioned to summon our admiration for the eminent statesmanship of these men; while the distinguished line of our present Irish legislators is unsurpassed.

The Irish cause to-day, has no more fervent sympathizer than our Canadian Parliament, which already has expressed its sentiments in this respect by passing resolutions for Ireland's home rule. The Canadian Constitution is the Irishman's ideal, in fact a similar one is all that he asks for his native fatherland. And here in Canada we have a standing rebuke to that oft-repeated calumny: that Ireland is incapable of governing herself. Is it unreasonable to expect that the Irish can do as much for their own country, as they are doing for this, the land of their adoption? With self-government such as Canada possesses would not Ireland constitute as loyal and as firm a portion of the Empire as Canada? This is the reason why our Dominion has ever advocated the Irish cause, that Ireland may possess the blessings which she herself enjoys.

What the future has in store for Canada we are unable to ascertain, but surely her destiny is a most promising one. Her vast territorial extent, her natural resources and wealth, insure for her future generations a magnificent inheritance. Her immense prairie belt of fertile fields and her excellent mode of government, enable us to reasonably look forward to a bright future for this country, with a contented and loyal people.

As Canada has done in the past, so in the future may she ever maintain her unstained record. May her flag ever be the symbol of peace and justice, wherever it waves. May her regions grow in splendor, and a loyal and patriotic people ever guard her glory. Such is the destiny for which we should strive towards this fair Domain, which bears as its emblem the Maple Leaf.

O. J. McDONALD, '04.



Central Building — Ruins of Chapel and Seminary — From Cumberland St.

Music and Literature of Ireland.

Would that in some slight degree I were fitted to do justice to those renowned fellow countrymen of ours who won for that "dear land of Erin" the much esteemed titles The Island of Song, The Land of Saints and Scholars.

That Ireland is the land of Saints and Scholars is a fact so well evidenced that it has never been denied; for during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries she was the most learned country in all Europe. Students attracted by her genius flocked to her from all parts of the civilized world to be educated in her colleges, where the language of Greece and Rome, as well as the old Gaelic tongue were studied and mastered. Love of learning has been an Irish attribute from time immemorial, no mind, not even the Athenian had ever a greater thirst for knowledge than the Irish mind. Intellectual vigor, spiritual fervor and ardent patriotism have been and are still the predominant characteristics of the Irish Celt.

And this is the more to be wondered at when we consider the seemingly insurmountable barriers, and the numberless obstacles with which Ireland and Irishmen have had to cope the world over. Yet that "ill-fated Island" can point to such a galaxy of intellectual giants, to such a list of eminent names in every department of learning and in every branch of literature, from the time of Swift down to our day, when the Celtic renaissance is so much in evidence, owing largely to the transcendent abilities of Hyde, Segerson and Yeats, I repeat gentlemen, that such a list cannot be equalled in the history of any other nation.

It is true that Ireland has not produced a Dante, nor a Shakespeare, nor a Cervantes, but looking back through the vista of the last century alone, what a magnificent account has Ireland given of herself in the realm of dramatic, lyric and ballad poetry; and though few in number the novelists of modern Ireland have given immortal contributions to the world's literature.

And with regard to the eloquence of Ireland, much need not

be said for we know that it is almost unequalled, and her orators will compare favorably with the best that Greece and Rome have given to history.

No more fitting, no grander, and no more ancient title can history give to Ireland than the singular title "The Island of Song." For she stands alone among all the nations of the earth in this respect, that she has for her national emblem a musical instrument, the "Golden Harp of Erin."

It is not denied that Ireland is surpassed by Germany, Italy and England as regards purity of style, depth of expression and that lighter and more pleasing style of music, yet great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples there is not one of these nations, or any other nation that can point back to such a national melody, to such a body of national music as the Irish; the Irish music is such as lives in the hearts and voices of all the people; it is the true song of the nation, the true national melody that is handed down from the remotest ages.

And so when Ireland's poet, Tom Moore, came and found the glory of Ireland eclipsed by that of the past, he had but to seek those ancient melodies which had been handed down by tradition, and interpret the Celtic in which they were found into the language of to-day. Or as he more beautifully expressed it:

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover
Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wave passing heedlessly over
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own.

Yes, gentlemen, it was the music of Ireland that kept the nation's life-blood warm even when that life-blood seemed to be flowing from every vein. It was the sympathy of Ireland's music, the strong, tender sympathy of her bards that sustained the National spirit even when all around seemed hopeless.

And in spite of Henry the Eighth, who enacted a law that every harper and every minstrel in Ireland should be put to death; in spite of Elizabeth who passed a law that they were all to be hung, (recognizing as she did that Ireland could never be conquered, nor could ever be made Protestant, as long as the minstrels were there); and in spite of Lord Barrymore, officially

appointed by Elizabeth to act as hangman, (and who accepted his position with much pleasure); in spite of all these circumstances, gentlemen, these glorious and immortal bards and minstrels lived on down to the time of O'Carolan the last of the bards.

But a few years later, the greatest of Ireland's modern poets was born, and he immortalized himself as well as the songs of his country in his famous Irish melodies. And gentlemen, where have you ever heard such simple yet such entrancing melodies? The immortal Mozart is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of that simple melody "Eileen Aroon" than all the works that ever came from his pen or from his mind.

Besides the Irish melodies are not only sung in Ireland and by Irishmen; they are sung the world over, in every land, they are admired wherever the influence of music extends; and it should not be forgotten to them is also due the fact, that they have softened and prepared the English mind to grant us Catholic Emancipation. But much better is their influence expressed in the following lines:—

But tho' glory be gone and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs,
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs,
The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion let us hope that as we— as a nation have the privilege among the nations to hold in our national melodies to sweetest and tenderest strains of human song, so may we as children of that nation and land of song, carry our taste with us into the field of the purest melodies, and that those who sang best upon earth may sing best in the courts of God.

JOHN P. EBBS. '04.



COLUMBIA.

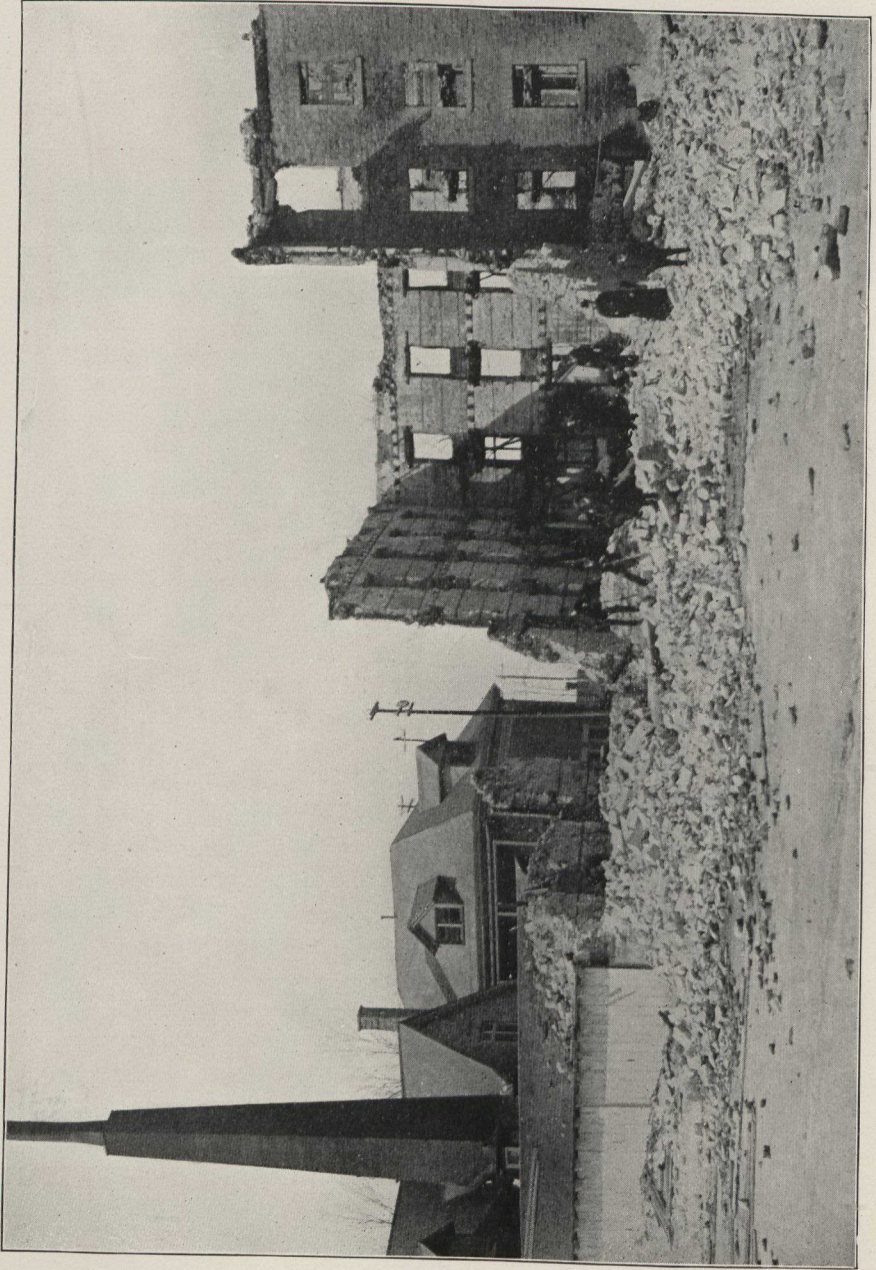


WE are here on this anniversary of our great patron saint, to once more vividly recall his deeds and example, both, noble and ennobling : we are here as Irishmen, filled with sorrow at the recollection of what our ancestors have endured ; suffused with wonder at their power of tolerance and fortitude, and finally, bubbling with fiery pride at their victory, their works and the standard raised by them as a criterion for prosperity. Such is the prime object of this assemblage. But these matters have been duly and fittingly treated by the gentlemen who have spoken.

Our worthy toastmaster has proposed a toast to Columbia, "Columbia !" merely a word, but what a word ! And behold our beautiful flag ! Think of the former, look at the latter ! What do they suggest ? I would say, what does any national emblem not suggest to him who is under it and loves it ? It arouses in me and I know every other Irish American here an ardent love and feeling of sincere devotion to that country which we are in duty bound to serve.

As we glance over the history of our great Republic, many famous names meet our eye. And, as we look them over, the thought suggests itself—"I wonder if any of those great men were of our nationality ?" Surely, we are fond of the noble achievements of our forefathers. So, we find that at all stages of our national career, they have ever been prominent. In its infancy, was there a greater promoter than Patrick Henry, whose power of intellect, uprightness and courage carried all before it ? At all times, in government, in courts of justice, in educational matters, on the battlefield, in short, in all that goes to further a country's interests and place her among the leading nations of the world, Irishmen have always distinguished themselves.

And have we not reason to be especially proud of our ancestry ? Consider what our own forefathers did when our country was merely inhabited and that was all. Those who first came there were Puritans, a religious sect whose liberties had not



Academic Hall from Seniors' Yard.

been recognized. They fled to a land of refuge, where they might do as they would, where they might worship God as they pleased. But they alone were not persecuted. Our ancestors were driven almost to despondency by the Penal Laws, with the stipulations and barbarity of which you are all familiar. Some of them, too, fled to this side of the water, anticipating peace and freedom, but were they not in turn deprived by the Puritans of the very privilege which the latter had fled to secure, the sacred right of worshipping and glorifying God as they pleased? Still, they were not disheartened; they persevered, they trusted in the way that their parents had taught them to trust—and have succeeded.

Irish Americans have always been faced with opposition by this Puritan and present atheistic element, people refuse to recognize Catholicism, who impede and prevent any measure for its advancement. But it is an inherent part of Irish nature to persevere, to work with a will, to follow in the footsteps of our progenitors, to accomplish more fully what they have begun and thus to leave our work as a stimulus for those who are to come.

So, it is indeed evident that our predecessors endured and toiled in the interest of their religion, their country and themselves, not with a view of their own generation in particular, but with an outlook for their descendants and thus, it is our duty to do likewise. Shall we allow that indomitable spirit and utter determination which has ever been the characteristic of Irishmen, both in adversity and prosperity, to relax one iota? Shall we drag along through life, conscious of the fact that we are trailing a hitherto pure standard in the dust of sloth and indifference? Let us therefore, take up our burden, bear it cheerfully and loyally, and when our little part is accomplished, give it up to our successors with a feeling that we have done our duty, we could do no more.

Surely, the deeds of our illustrious forefathers, their devotedness to that emblem so dear to us all, only excite and spur us on to greater efforts. Our debt is great for the benefits we have received and are receiving. May we never forget it, and may we ever be mindful of that unending love and tenderness which emanates from the soul of every loyal American for the "Star Spangled

Banner." I feel that we will do our utmost to serve Columbia and help to preserve her fame and illustrious name among nations, for

" Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears.
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, all with thee,"

HENRY V. MACK, '05.

ALMA MATER.



R. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers, and gentlemen, need I say that it is with feelings of pleasure and joy that I arise to respond to the toast—Alma Mater. It has been your happy privilege to listen to the speakers who have preceded me eulogizing in glowing and appropriate terms the Apostle of Ireland, whose feast we celebrate to-day. And, while our surroundings and actions proclaim us true and patriotic sons of Eire, still we must not lose sight of the fact that we are all, irrespective of national feelings, united as becomes the children of the same Alma Mater to honor the Patron Saint of Ireland.

With the students of Ottawa University the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, has now become a cherished and honored tradition, and like many of Ireland's sons, who persecuted and oppressed beyond all power of human endurance, bidding farewell to the green shores of their native land, were forced to seek elsewhere the freedom and liberty denied them at home ; so the students of Ottawa 'Varsity compelled by the destruction of their beloved Alma Mater, and fearing that such a calamity would this year necessitate the non-observance of this great feast, were forced to seek other quarters, in order to follow in the foot-steps of those who have gone before, to pay tribute to Eire's national festival.

Hence it is, gentlemen, that the 17th of March, 1904, does not find us assembled in our recreation hall wherein we were wont for the past 20 years to give expression to the sentiments, which pervaded every true and honest Irish heart on such an occasion as the present. Hence it is that I am unable to point with a

student's pride to the pictures of those who in years gone by were ever ready to don the Garnet and Gray, to defend the honor and reputation of Ottawa College upon the foot-ball field. Hence it is that the trophies emblematic of many a hard and well fought fight with worthy foes, do not loom up before our view to remind us of championships won. But, while we all regret exceedingly the well nigh irreproachable loss we have sustained in this respect, we may still be consoled by the thought, that though such material things are destroyed, the reputation which Ottawa Varsity has won for herself as an exponent of clean and manly sport still lives and, I trust, ever will.

What sentiments of loyalty, love and affection rise in the heart of every student at the mere mention of the name Alma Mater! Would that I could find words expressive of our feeling towards her, under whose protecting roof we have lived these many years, progressing under her motherly guidance, not only in the arts and sciences which in after years will play such an important part in our worldly careers, but also in the development of Catholic principles so essential to a youth's education; with the result, that when our course is as run and we are thrust upon a cold and indifferent world we will be able to combat successfully the errors of those who seek the downfall of the Catholic faith. Would that words of mine could repay in some measure the debt of gratitude which rests upon us. But, gentlemen, there are times when the heart is too full for utterance and the lips unable to express its emotions. Truly can I say with Tennyson:

"Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

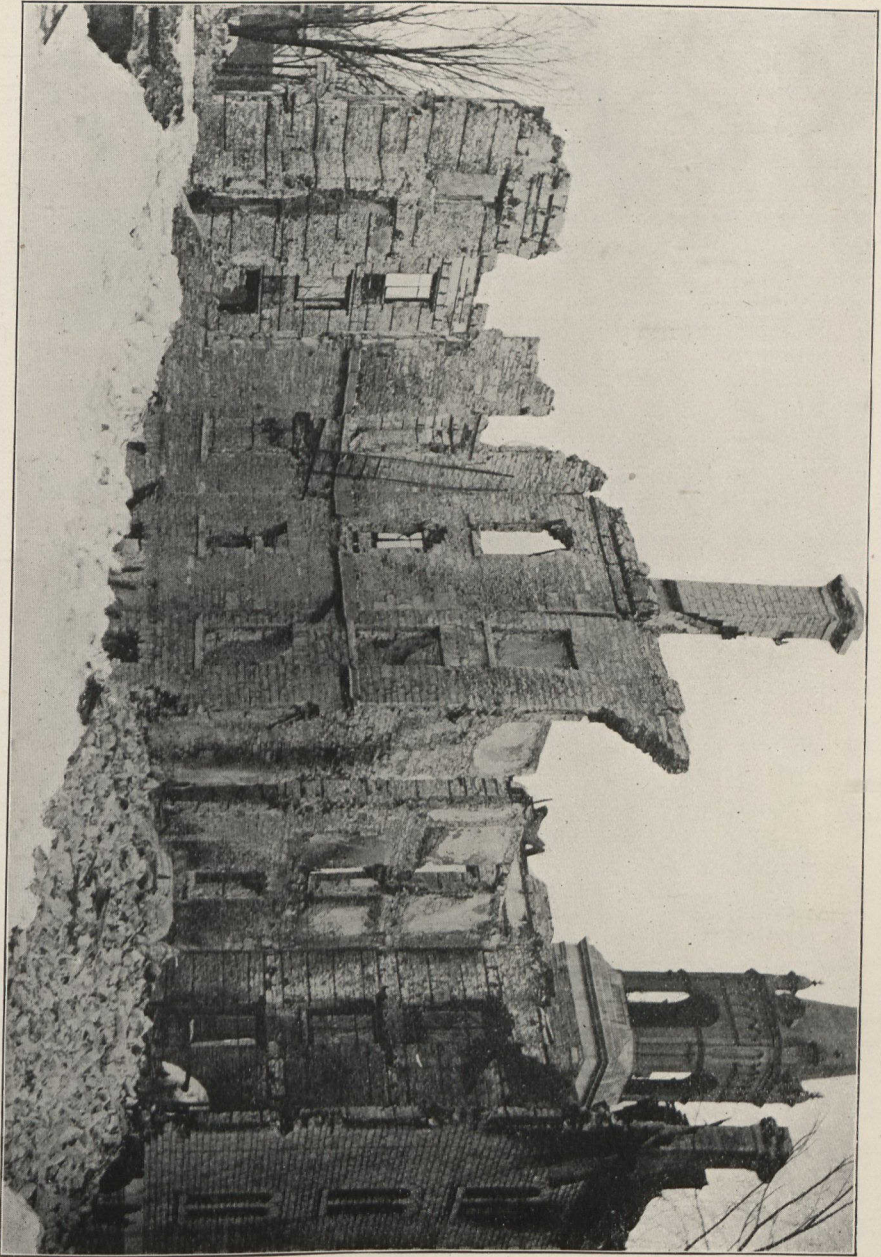
But a few short months ago Ottawa University, the chief seat of Catholic learning of this Province, and second to none in the Dominion as an institution of higher education, was fulfilling her earthly mission with her accustomed zeal and devotedness in total ignorance of the dreadful calamity that was impending. And in shorter time than it would necessitate to tell it, our beloved Alma Mater was a heap of smouldering ruins. The chapel wherein we were accustomed to gather every morning to hear mass, the class rooms wherein we received that instruction so necessary to fit us for our chosen professions in after life, the recreation hall where

we spent so many happy days, in fact, all that we held dear and sacred, in a few short hours lay at our feet a mass of ruins. To-day it would appear to a casual passer by that nothing remained save the bare walls of what was once the pride of every graduate and student. Such however, is not the case, for the good Oblate Fathers with that great zeal and love for the education of youth, which has ever characterized them, with perseverance seldom met with in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, immediately procured suitable quarters wherein to carry on their noble work. Hence the debt of gratitude incumbent upon us, who as students are proud to acknowledge such an institution as our Alma Mater.

In view of this sad state of affairs which at present surrounds our beloved University, and which has cast a gloom over the student body which Father Time alone can remove, need I add that it is meet and just that Alma Mater should be toasted to-day. If Ireland has her sorrows so also has Alma Mater. We have but to look around us at those present here to-day to find that some are missing; we search in vain for two familiar faces whose genial companionship we enjoyed just a few short months ago. Yes, gentlemen, two are wanting to make the enjoyment of this feast what it should be; two who were at last year's banquet are not with us to-day. And I feel safe in saying that were they present to-day, they would rejoice with us in the celebration of St. Patrick's day, and would I am sure, unite their efforts with ours to make this banquet, one long to be remembered in the history of Ottawa University. It is hardly necessary on my part to say that I refer to Father Fulham and Father McGurty.

Let us travel in thought to the little Oblate cemetery in Ottawa East. There we find two newly made graves which contain the mortal remains of these dearly beloved Priests. Pausing beside the now snow clad mounds, we meditate awhile upon the dreadful instability of life, then inwardly breath a fervent prayer for those whose sudden and sorrowful demise has thrown a mantle of sorrow over to-day's banquet.

By the deaths of Father Fulham and Father McGurty the Oblate Fathers have lost loving and esteemed brothers; the students the most kind, affectionate and sympathetic of friends.



East Wing—Partially Demolished.

May the memory of their saintly lives and happy deaths ever abide with us, and serve to keep us always in the paths of virtue and duty.

In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me on behalf of the class of '04, to say that in a very short time, we bid farewell to the dear College home where we have spent some of the happiest hours of our lives. With a thousand delightful recollections of the past crowding our memories, it is now especially that we begin to realize what a debt we owe our Alma Mater, that we begin to feel with a painful keenness how cruel a thing is separation from those whom as professors we have learned to love so dearly, from the students with whom we have been associated these many years, and whose lives have been linked with ours in the bond of mutual love and good fellowship. Truly will our parting be a sorrowful one, but if there be any truth in the saying that we are what our College education has made us, then can we go forth to meet the dangers and stern realities of life without the least hesitation, knowing full well that the training we have received at the hands of our Alma Mater, both from a spiritual and intellectual point of view, will abide by us and guide us successfully over the rugged and dangerous walks of life.

To those who in future years will guide the destinies of our Athletic Association we wish the fullest measure of success, may victory ever perch upon the Garnet and Gray, may the championship which our Athletes so nobly and courageously endeavored to uphold last season find its next home within the new and magnificent buildings about to be erected.

To the other societies which so ably co-operate in the perfecting of our education, and to the REVIEW we also wish continued prosperity. Need I say it is the ardent wish not only of the class of '04 but of the whole student body that our Alma Mater will arise again glorious and triumphant to carry on the excellent work which has characterized her efforts in the past and finally :

“ Let us be patient these afflictions not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions,
Assume this dark disguise.”

R. T. HALLIGAN, '04.

The Awakening of the Gael.



THE title of the next toast on the list does not indicate exactly its subject matter. What Gaelic awakening do we mean? Is it that wonderful awakening from the dreams of superstitious paganism, when Patrick spread the light of faith among the Irish? That has been already honored in more than one toast. Perhaps we refer to that glorious period when King Brian Boromhe awoke Ireland to the reality, that the Danes were trying to make the island of the Gael, Danish and pagan? That glorious morning of Clontarf 890 years ago, when Ireland saved civilization from the Dane, needs no peroration : it speaks for itself.

Yet it has a lesson. For over two hundred years the Gael had been defending his country against the Dane, or, as he is called in Irish, the Gall, that is the stranger. Nevertheless till the time of Brian Boromhe the Gael never seemed to realise that the fight decided whether the country would belong to the Gael or the Gall.

But the lesson was forgotten. For, less than three centuries later, when the Gall, this time the Norman and Saxon, invaded Ireland, the Gael never thought that this was going to be another fight of races. During four centuries the foreigners lived in Ireland, formed an England within Ireland, and called it the Pale. But alas ! the Gael would not unite. Finally when the Pale was backed by the whole power of Elizabeth, the Gael did again awake. Poet and bard, chief and priest—all united to save Ireland for the Gael. There is no more glorious period in Ireland's history, than from the day in 1591 when Owen Roe O'Donnell escaped from bondage, to the day one hundred years later when Patrick Sarsfield forced the treaty of Limerick from the Galls. That indeed was a century when the Gaels were awake.

But the dreadful night of the penal laws followed. The Gael was in the eyes of his conqueror no better than a beast. Yet during this very time those same hunted and persecuted people, those heroic Christian martyrs produced Gaelic poetry and Gaelic music that should make them immortal.

About this time in the Pale appeared great men like Burke and Gratton. And when the poor Gael was no longer subjected to the iniquitous penal laws and began to get his rights as a man and a citizen, he thought he should imitate his prosperous brothers of the Pale. He would learn English, forget his native and national language, literature, music, customs—in a word cease to be a Gael. This happened of course, somewhat unconsciously. But all during the nineteenth century, Gael after Gael, became a Gall, till at the end of the century, Ireland was the—Pale.

After eleven hundred years of fighting, the foreigner, the Gall, seemed to have at last conquered. What he had failed to do by centuries of fire and sword and penal laws, was now about accomplished. The Gael, while not exterminated was being transformed, evolved into an Anglo-Saxon, and the Gaelic race seemed to have entered the sleep of death, the sleep of inferior races.

Yet signs of an awakening have lately appeared. Irishman after Irishman began to see that he had about lost his nationality, and determined that he would become again a Gael. Poet, priest, statesman, citizen, all are awakening. Only two days ago the world was electrified by the news that John Redmond had temporarily defeated the British Government in their attempt to prohibit Gaelic from being taught to the Irish school children. And to-day in Ireland Gaelic games, Gaelic songs, Gaelic dramas, and Gaelic sermons, will on this blessed feast of St. Patrick, enkindle in the heart of many an Irishman, the firm resolve of becoming, what God meant him to be, a Gael. This, the last, most difficult and most glorious awakening of the Gael, is our toast. May Ireland instead of becoming a few Anglo-Saxon counties, be again a Gaelic nation! May the Pale be made Gaelic, and the whole country once more the Land of Song, the Land of Saints and Scholars. Is Ireland to be the Land of English Song? the Land of English Scholars? No. Ireland must resume her God-given place among the nations.

What then is our toast? "Not Ireland for ever," for Ireland is an English word and may mean the Pale, an Anglo-Saxon Ireland. Here's to *Eire*. By the prayers of Patrick and the grace of God, may her sons make her again, a Gaelic nation!

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

Thoughts on Good Friday.

TIS the day of the death of Christ our Lord,
And the world is as still as still can be ;
For a sadness o'ercasts the earth and sky,
Like the darkness that reigned in Calvary.

'Tis the shadow of sin—yet undestroyed,
Which envelops the world and makes us sad ;
And because it remains yet undispeled—
We refuse to rejoice or e'en be glad.

You may say that the Christ atoned for sin,
By his death whom the demon might not tempt ;
But his death was in vain for those who think
That he made them from sin's results exempt.

'Tis with man that the choice must e'er remain
Since by God he was made an agent free :
Unpredestined he is to heav'n or hell ;
And he can if he wish a sinner be.

Hence it is in the world that men yet sin
And a sorrow o'ercasts the earth to-day ;
For the wicked refuse their God to serve,
And they turn from their Christ in scorn away.

Yet O Christ ! There are saints who weep and mourn,
That a God should abaséd be by man :
E'en the wicked must pause, and trembling think,
That the "Searcher of hearts" their thoughts can scan

And the world is solemn because of sin,
For the sinner yet wills to be its slave :
Oh ! That man may return to Christ to-day,
And acknowledge the life for us he gave.

'Tis the day of the death of Christ of Lord,
And the world is as still as still can be :
For a sadness o'ercasts the earth to-day,
Like the darkness that reigned on Calvary.



HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. SBARRETTI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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APRIL, 1904.

Vol. VI

LETTER FROM MGR. SBARRETTI.

REV. J. E. EMERY, D.D.,

Rector, University of Ottawa.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER.—It is a source of pleasure to me to make known to you a letter which I recently received from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda in answer to a report which I forwarded to him concerning the destruction of the University. His Eminence, although he already sent a message of sympathy through Archbishop Duhamel, requests me to convey to you again the very keen regret felt for your loss by the Sacred Congregation, and to express to you the gratification with which he learned of your labors to provide the means of reconstruction. But what will, I have not the slightest doubt, be particularly gratifying to you and the Fathers associated with you in the work of education, is the

personal interest taken in your loss by the Holy Father himself. His Eminence writes me to make known to the Catholics of Canada, that the reconstruction of your University is expressly desired by His Holiness, who through me as the representative of the Holy See in Canada, invites all who have at heart the vital interests of the Christian education of youth to contribute generously towards this work.

In the sorrow and perhaps despondency which your great loss has occasioned, I am confident that the personal interest of the Holy Father will be a consolation to you and at the same time encouragement to do all in your power to overcome the present difficulties, and to work with renewed energy and strength for the advancement of higher education.

Wishing you every success,

I am,

Reverend dear Father,

Yours very sincerely in Xto,

† DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegate.

PREPARATIONS FOR LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The REVIEW presents to its readers several views of the ruins—souvenirs of a dear old institution which exists no longer, except in the memory of its students and its many friends. These ruins even, have melted away and soon the last traces will be gone. Nothing remains of the old block except heaps of fallen stone. On the different sides of the square loom up more imposingly than formerly, the Science Hall, the St. Joseph's Church, the Juniorate, and the Sacred Heart Church. The workshop and laundry flanked by the Sisters Infirmary, originally intended wholly for practical purposes is indeed doing double work, while offering to the passer-by effects that passed unheeded previously. The statue of Dr. Tabaret in its isolation has become a prominent feature.

The contract for the new Arts building has been awarded to the well-known firm of Peter Lyall & Sons, Montreal, who undertake the whole work. There is a great amount of ornate stone carving

required for the exterior and fine decorating work planned for the interior, in consequence of which, a very complete equipment is required. The time set for the completion of the work was an important condition. The plans had been widely advertised in Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. The successful tenderers, having had considerable experience with large contracts of this kind, and possessing special machinery were alone found to be in a position to rush the work in order to have the main-building ready for occupation by autumn at the latest.

The plans chosen are those submitted by Mr. Von Herbulis, the well-known Catholic architect of Washington, D. C. The design as may be seen from the illustration is pure Greek ; the most suitable for a home of classic studies. The other and separate, buildings to be erected later as necessity—and funds—shall dictate, will of course correspond with this central one.

The main entrance will be from Laurier avenue, the Arts building cut showing the view from that thoroughfare. The building will occupy part of the site of the old University and the square on all sides will be laid out as a park dotted with ornamental trees, fountains and flower plots, and traversed by walks. The students' entrance will face on Cumberland street directly opposite St. Joseph's Church, with a park in front. The statue of the founder of the University, Dr. Tabaret, will be removed from its present position facing Wilbrod street, to a central spot in the park facing Cumberland street and St. Joseph's Church.

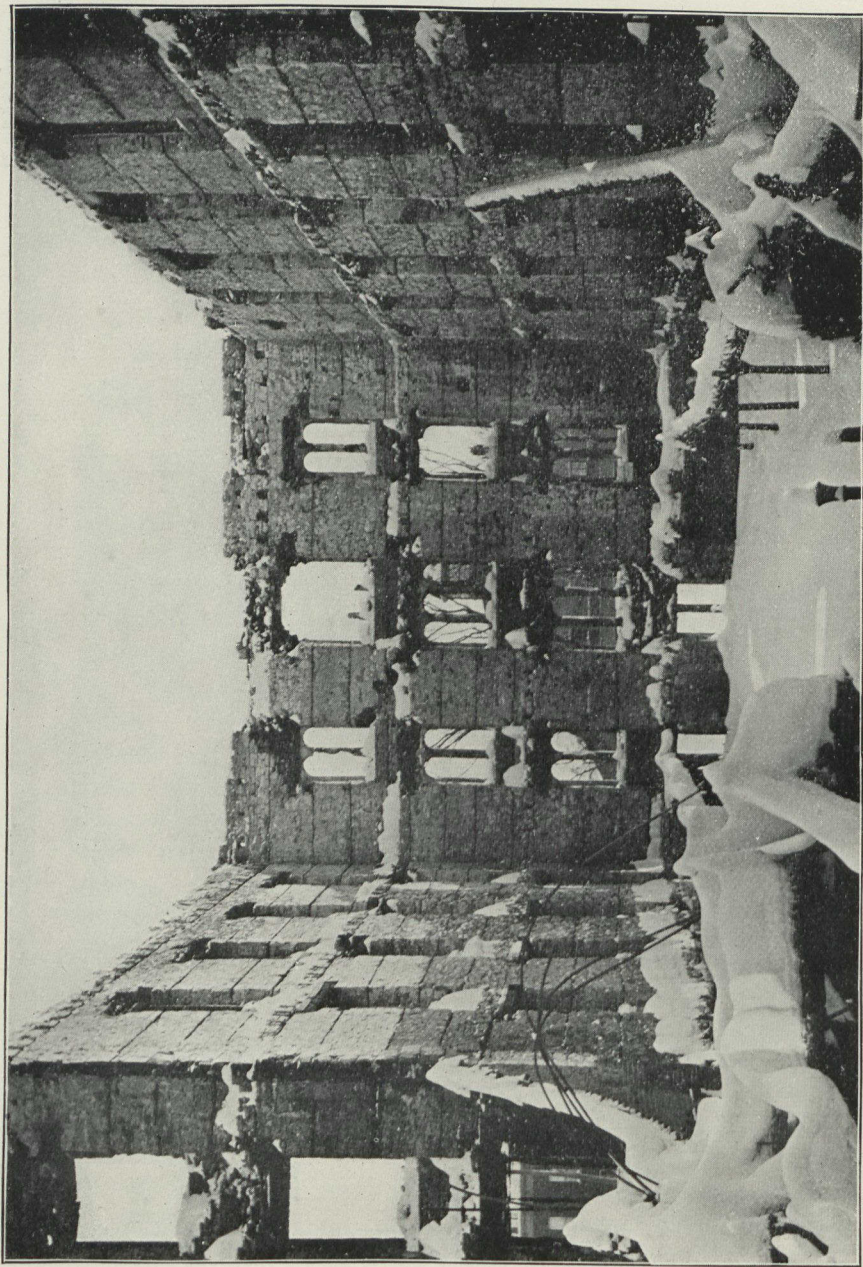
This is not the time to enter into minute architectural and other details, suffice to say that the building will be fire-proof in the most up-to-date and perfect manner possible ; of the best material obtainable, and that it will provide ample and convenient accommodations for class-rooms and all else that constitutes a well-ordered and modern college.

The laying of the corner-stone on Victoria Day, May 24th, promises to be a memorable event. Invitations have been issued to the representative men of Canada and the United States, including heads of sister universities and seats of learning. Cardinal Gibbons has kindly consented to honor the occasion by his presence.

All the old students and friends of the University are earnestly requested to be present on this occasion as the guests of the University. As their addresses have nearly all been lost in the fire, they are asked to correspond immediately with the president, Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., so that he may make, if possible, special arrangements for the transportation and accommodation of the visitors.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK.

A few weeks more will bring the examinations to hand. While work in the various faculties has been pursued during the past year with all the concentration characteristic of the college man—still we do not hesitate to say that much yet remains to be done, and more activity must be shown by the many who are expected to bear away some trophy as token that their wooing of the College muses have not been without success. We have indeed little faith in the so-called student, who, for the large part of the term has been a stranger to earnest study, who comes into the lecture room merely to “put in appearance,” depending on the few weeks prior to the examination time to “cram” down work in a way to procure the required average, work that can only be ephemeral in its result. We can but have little hope of the ultimate success of the partisan of this unsystematic game, still we are convinced that no period gives the seeker for academic honors the same opportunity as that afforded during the final weeks of the course. It is a period when he is in a position to arrange suitably all the material he has been simply collecting heretofore, when he may dispose of it to the best advantage; in fact, it is then that the student fills in and completes a plan of campaign against the formidable host of questions which litter the path to his degree. The REVIEW therefore begs leave to call the attention of its student readers to the fact that the present is the time for action, not a moment is to be lost. It is now the moment to reflect on the best means of using one's knowledge relative to the matters set aside for examinations. That text books have not been memorized, is no reason for discouragement. It is not the individual who knows every word printed by the prescribed author, nor the one who



Where Actors of bygone days delighted large Audiences.

regards every word in the text as essential, who inevitably succeeds in his examinations. The really intelligent student, far from being content with the dry letter of any one author, resorts to superior resources such as experience, observation, reflection, analysis. "The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read," cannot in reason compete with the "all-round student." The former, not the latter, always fears the examinations. The ideal student studies with interest and judgment the prescribed author and does not fear to go, if he can, beyond the field his text leads him into. However the duty of the hour is to prepare for the examinations. With that capital point in view, everything else that has no bearing on the examination will be laid aside. Nothing is now so important as study and the things which help study. The student, now more than ever, will be found with his books.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by the students of Ottawa University in honor of Ireland's patron saint was this year held in the Windsor Hotel, on Thursday, the 17th day of March. Although, as before stated in the columns of the REVIEW, the affair could not this year be held as formerly within the historic walls of the University, where so many such happy reunions have taken place, nevertheless it would certainly not have reflected much honor on the Irish students of the College if this time-honored custom were this year allowed to lapse into neglect on account of a temporary inconveniencé.

The committee in charge was, as may be seen by a glance at the names submitted below, composed of representatives of many different nationalities, which is but another proof of the esteem in which Ireland's saint is held among all peoples, and also of the excellent spirit of unanimity and concord existing among the students. The toastmaster, on whom so much of the success of the banquet depended, was Mr. J. J. O'Gorman '04, a man who has ever been zealous to promote, among his Irish fellow-students, an interest in Ireland and things Irish. Mr. O'Gorman acquitted

himself of his arduous duty to the perfect satisfaction of every one. The executive committee was as follows:—

Chairman	- - -	R. T. Halligan, '04.
Secretary	- - -	J. P. Ebbs, '04.
Treasurer	- - -	A. L. McDonald, '05.
J. E. Burke, '05.		R. T. Lapointe, '05.
R. J. Byrnes, '05.		H. V. Mack, '05.
L. D. Collin, '05.		J. J. Mack, '05.
J. J. Downey, '05.		H. J. Macdonald, '04.
A. J. Desrosiers, '05.		O. J. McDonald, '04.
J. I. Freeland, '05.		J. V. Meagher, '04.
L. V. Gauthier '04.		J. J. O'Gorman, '04.
		J. C. Walsh, '05.

The dining-room of the Windsor was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, in which the immortal green held first place, although the Union Jack, the Canadian flag, the Stars and Stripes, and the Tricolor were also in evidence. The tables were laid out in all the profusion of white linen, flowers and china. The students filed in to their places and were followed by the guests who were ushered to seats surrounding the toastmaster at the centre. Pretty soon the repast commenced. Course followed course amid the rattle of dishes, the hum of voices, and the strains of sweet music rendered by the orchestra in the corner, kindly provided for the occasion by that great friend of the students Mr. B. Slattery; and it was not long before even the hungriest son of Erin was satisfied.

Then began the speeches and songs and toasts. The monotony which is a natural consequence of much speech-making, no matter how excellent, was relieved by songs representative of the different nationalities present. "My Own United States" was sung with excellent effect by Mr. Torsenay; while Canada's national anthem "The Maple Leaf Forever," was rendered by Mr. Halligan in his usual artistic manner. Several Irish songs were sung by Messrs. Halligan and Maguire, and the musical program ended by all singing heartily Ireland's national anthem, "God Save Ireland."

The speeches in response to the toasts were universally con-

ceded to be as good as any which have ever been made in a St. Patrick's Day Banquet, although they were necessarily curtailed by shortness of time. After making a few preliminary remarks concerning the greatness and universality of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the toastmaster introduced the toasts by asking the company to drink to "St. Patrick and Erin's Day." The response was made by Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '04, one of the men who so worthily represented Ottawa College in the Intercollegiate debate against McGill in Montreal last fall.

Following the toast to "St. Patrick and Eire's Day" came one which is very characteristic of any gathering held by Irishmen. "In every Catholic banquet," said the toastmaster, "one toast is sure to occupy an honored position on the list—the toast to the Pope, our Holy Father. This toast has a special significance to-day Ireland's Day—Ireland, most faithful of the daughters of the Church; and it is still more fitting at this banquet since we are honored by the presence of the Pope's delegate and anointed viceroy. To Pius X., then we drink, Pius already the favorite and admired of the world, Pius whose proudest title is worthy successor of Leo." Mr. J. V. Meagher, '04, in a much appreciated speech, responded.

Then followed the toast to the "Land of Saints and Scholars." Mr. J. E. Burke, '05, the other College man who upheld the honor of Ottawa University against McGill, made a very eloquent speech in response to this toast.

The toast to Canada followed and was replied to in a very pleasing speech by Mr. O. J. McDonald, '04. "The Last of the Bards," was responded to in a speech remarkable for clearness and terseness by Mr. J. P. Ebbs, '04. "Columbia," was replied to by Mr. H. V. Mack, '05, and he paid a very graceful tribute to his native land.

The *pièce de résistance* of the day was the *Soggarth a aroon* toast by Rev. James P. Fallon, O.M.I., '96. In a comparatively brief speech he eloquently described that most noble of men the Irish sogarth.

Following came the "Alma Mater" speech by Mr. R. T. Halligan, '04, a most apt speech and well rendered, after which the toastmaster, Mr. O'Gorman, spoke a few words about that

great Irish movement at present in progress in Ireland, the "Awakening of the Gael."

The toasts to "Our Guests" was very ably responded to by Rev. Father O'Boyle, O.M.I. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was obliged to leave before the close of the banquet, and gave the students a very instructive talk before departing. His Grace the Archbishop also did not remain till the end, but before going he treated the company to a most entertaining address. There were many other guests present whom all would have been pleased to hear, but time was limited, and accordingly the banquet like all good things was under the necessity of coming to a close.

RAILWAY RATES FOR CLERGYMEN.

The *Catholic Record* in an editorial some weeks ago, put up the following strong plea:—

"We have received from several quarters complaints that the railway companies have refused of late years to issue tickets to the clergy at a reduced rate, as was done in the past. We fully agree with our correspondents on this subject that the companies should reconsider their action on this matter. The clergy of all denominations are expected to attend the sick at all times and at great personal sacrifices, and to hold divine service, no matter what difficulties may stand in the way from bad roads, snowdrifts and other causes. Their remuneration is frequently inadequate, and often there is no remuneration whatsoever, as they must attend the poor equally with the rich. We are certainly of the opinion that in a Christian country every facility should be afforded to enable the clergy to fulfill their duties in this regard at as little cost as possible to themselves and to their people."

"By virtue of their peculiar duties in behalf of the most distressed part of humanity, clergymen are subject to a heavy burden, one too in which promptitude is of the utmost importance. But to show that this is not a privilege claimed exclusively for the clergy, the editorial continues:—

"Theatrical performers whose exhibitions are frequently of evil tendency, even to the corruption of public morals, are allowed to travel at a fare one-third less than God's minister, who has often to go about to correct the evils which these companies have caused by their performances. We know that there are instances where priests have to spend \$100 or \$200 on railway fares during the course of each year, in order to attend their missions properly. Considering the large sums spent in this way would it not be even to the



Another view of the Western Portion.

advantage of the railway companies to invite patronage by giving "cut rates" to such good customers? They do this for commercial travellers and the same for those who transport a large amount of freight over their lines, and why should they not do so for clergymen, particularly for those who live along the railway line, and who make frequent use of the line in the performance of their duty? Even on business principles the railroad ought to allow some fair reduction in this case."

Indeed it seems to us that clergymen are as much entitled to mileage, to passes, and to reduction in rates as are persons who with guaranteed expenses in legislative or official work, are required to travel much and far in the interests of the public. Surely the attitude of railways which take advantage of their necessity in which clergymen are constituted by their duties, and which make no allowance at all for their benevolence is shortsighted, unfair, if not in some cases inhumane, and therefore, should not be tolerated in an enlightened community like ours.

AN EDITOR THIRTY YEARS.

The REVIEW is glad of the chance to say a word of praise for our Catholic press. The difficulties and obstacles which beset this department of journalism have wrecked more than one hopeful and valuable enterprise in this field. The successful ones are however, not few and richly deserving of admiration. Among them we find the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*, whose editor Dr. Cronin, has lately completed his thirtieth year of continuous work on the paper. The event has brought out an unanimous expression of good wishes and gratitude all over the country. "Thirty years ago" observes the *Intermountain Catholic*, Rev. Patrick Cronin took up the work which others surrendered. They surrendered because failure marked every footprint in the sand of the old *Catholic Union*. The day that Father Cronin took charge of the editorial desk some good angel nailed a horseshoe to the door."

"Father Cronin is dean of the Catholic press. For vigorous, caustic comment, give us Father Cronin. And again for something written that one wishes to remember, give us Father Cronin."

"Editor, preacher, poet, teacher and admirable citizen," says the *Daily News* of Buffalo, "Father Cronin has the respect and

confidence and esteem of the city to a degree accorded to few men, and he deserves it all. The best wishes follow him as he continues his work and the prayers of the people that he may be able for many years to come to heed the apostolic injunction and in many directions 'adorn the doctrine of God.'

Library of the University.

The authorities of Ottawa University desire to extend their most sincere thanks to the generous donors of the 779 volumes received for the Library since the last issue of the REVIEW.

The University of Toronto has sent 112 volumes, and its distinguished Librarian, Mr. H. H. Langton, a former citizen of Ottawa, has collected besides 180 volumes.

The Petit Séminaire de Ste. Thérèse's handsome contribution contains most excellent works, among which a set of Bossuet's.

Besides other valuable books, Rev. C. J. Poulin, a former pupil, has donated the Migne's Course in Holy Scripture in 28 volumes.

His Grace, Mgr. C. O'Brien of Halifax, has kindly sent his own works, and three precious and rare volumes : Origenis opera omnia.

Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow, Scotland, 27 volumes.

A Friend, Ottawa, 4 volumes.

Rev. Fr. Th. V. Tobin, Chattanooga, Tenn, U.S.A., 41 volumes.

R. Roy, Esq., Ottawa, 5 pamphlets, 5 volumes.

Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Chrysler, Ont., 1 volume.

University of Toronto :—

University Duplicates, 112 volumes.

Prof. Fraser, 41 volumes.

Dr. Arthur C. Hendrick, 7 volumes.

Prof. Hume, 4 pamphlets, 1 volume.

Prof. Van der Smissen, 109 volumes.

H. H. Langton, Librarian, 12 volumes.

Educational Department, Toronto, 1 volume.

Petit Séminaire, St. Marie du Monnoir, P.Q., 64 volumes.

A Sister of St. Ann, Lachine, P.Q., 43 volumes.
Rev. J. C. Poulin, Clarence Creek, Ont., 48 volumes.
American Book Company, New York, 1 volume.
Rev. J. H. Rabeau, St. Lambert, P.Q., 13 volumes.
Petit Séminaire, Montréal, P.Q., 50 volumes.
W. L. McKenzie King, Dep. Minister of Labor, 3 volumes.
Petit Séminaire, Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, 173 volumes.
His Grace, Mgr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax, N.S., 12 vols.
Dr. S. E. Dawson, King's Printer, etc., Ottawa, 2 volumes.
Sisters of Providence, Montreal, P.Q., 1 volume.
Rev. L. P. Gravel, New York City, 2 volumes.
Virtue & Co., Toronto, 2 volumes.

The following circular will interest the readers of the REVIEW:

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,
LIBRARY.

January 11th, 1904.

Dear Sir,

At a meeting of the Library Committee it was resolved to extend to the Catholic University of Ottawa, every assistance possible in restoring their library recently destroyed by fire. Besides contributing all the available duplicates in the University Library, the Committee decided to appeal to members of the Faculties of the University and its allied institutions to give whatever volumes they can spare from their private libraries. The University Library undertakes to forward to the University of Ottawa all books offered for this purpose. Contributions will be received up to the end of January and transmitted as soon as possible thereafter with a list of the donors.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. LANGTON,
Librarian.



Inter Alia.

“ If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith he’ll prent it.”

Think for yourselves, gentlemen. The chameleon is an interesting creature, but not a model to be followed. The bearings of which remark lies in the application of it. The chiel has his feelings, and though willing—like Barkiss—is loath to express them. Think for yourselves, an it please you. Which, also, is significant of much.

Yet it remains true that Providence provides brains, but man must use them.

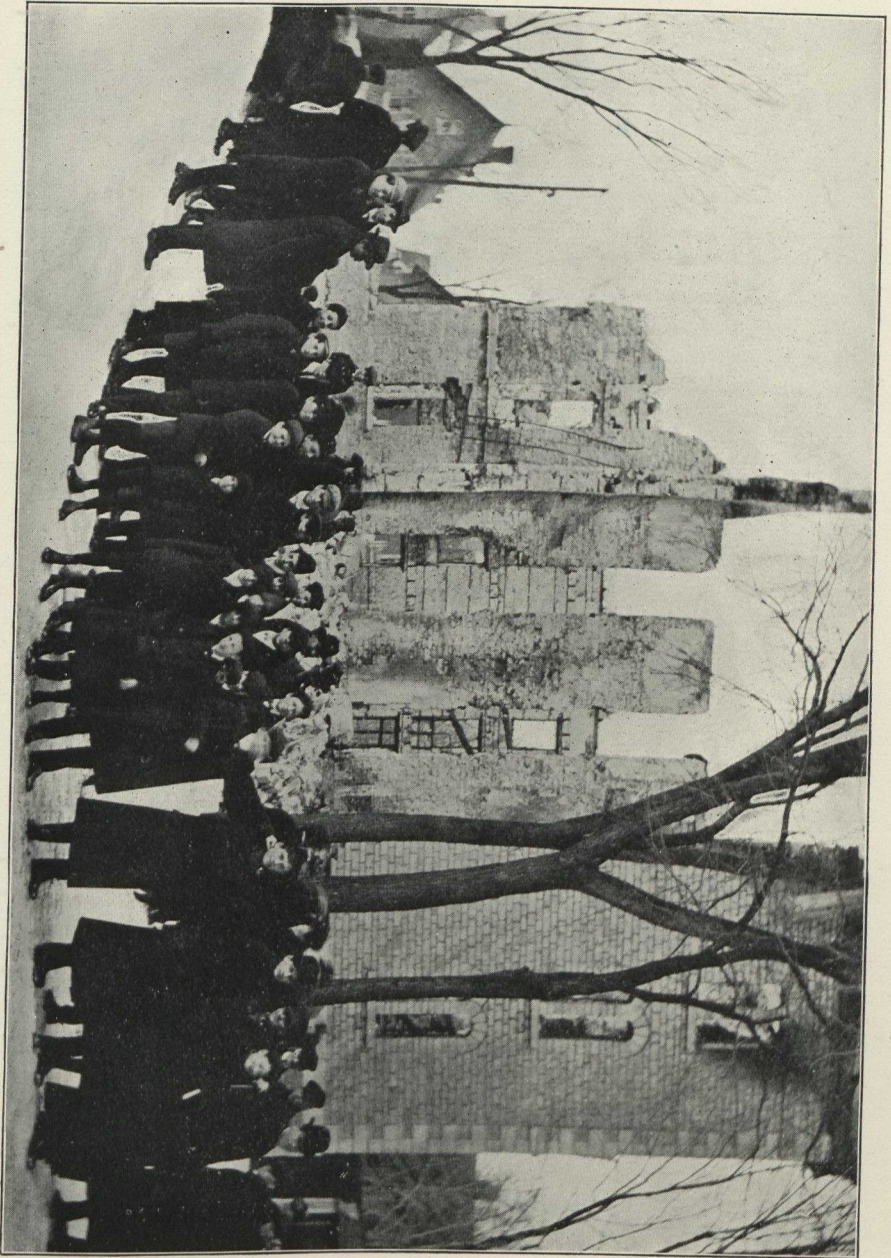
Send a horse to the water, ye’ll no mak him drink ;
Send a fule to the college, ye’ll no mak him think ;
Set a craw to the singing, and still he will craw :—

Verily : “ though ”—but Latin were more polite : translate it, an ye list, “ *Si contuderis stultum in pila non auferetur ab eo stultitia eius.* ” (Prov. xxvii, 22). Which is significant of more.

That the mind, during a course of study—the study of one author—should become “subdued to what it works in, like the dyer’s hand” is one thing. The chameleon is nature’s “lightning-change artist” and, as such, admirable. The wilful, intellectual chameleon is a moral opium eater, and is quite another ; which is mixing of metaphors, for which the chiel is prepared to do penance.

Who will “rush in where angels fear to tread?” Not the chiel, let who may, venture. Whereanent? “Music, the least important of all the adjuncts of Divine worship.” Why not a choir composed of students? Echo answers “why?” The chiel presumes too far, perhaps, in asking. He presumes no further. But he has his feelings.

Revenons à nos moutons : Back whence we started. Think for yourselves : Whether it be essay or debate, the same rule



Interested Spectators of the Work.

applies. Don't fear to think "originally." You cannot. "There is nothing new under the sun," not even ideas. But let the idea take colour from your mind: an idea is of the nature of a chameleon, and has the right to be so. Your mind is not, and has not. Not to put too fine a point on it, this is enough. Possibly too much. The chiel apologises; but—is he to enjoy no privileges? He is the mildest mannered villain that ever cracked a joke or set a penance. "You have my leave to depart."

THE CHIEL.



Book Review.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS: A story of modern times and old fashioned prejudices, and how the latter are overcome by equally old fashioned honesty and manliness. A thrilling love story runs through the whole book, and it is told in a most interesting manner.

Benziger Bros., are the publishers.

THE FATAL BEACON, by F. Von Brackel, and published by Benziger Bros., is another very interesting love story whose scene is laid in a little Village of Germany. It furnishes a couple of hours entertaining reading. The style is simple and suited to the theme.

"**THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD.**"—Very real and with that touch of sadness which fills the life of the "Young Color Guard."

Mary G. Bonesteel gives an interesting sketch of some of the happenings which made up the days events during the period of the American Cuban War. The characters around whom the story is woven are attractive, while the heroic ones are fascinatingly so. The book is pleasant reading and leaves a wholesome memory behind it.

The "**STRONG ARM OF AVALON,**" by Mary T. Waggaman, is a cleverly thought out and well written historical tale of the days when the State of Maryland was undergoing her baptism of blood

and fire. The old missionary in the person of Father Maurice, the little boy Giles, son and heir of the "House of Avalon," are characters beautifully portrayed and around which a wonderful fascination exists. The little heroine in the person of Deborah Wade, a charming young girl of Celtic Jewish origin, presents a most thrilling picture of a child Nature. Published by Benziger Bros.

Among the Magazines.

A very interesting article in the *Catholic World* for March is "The English Bible upon the Reformation," wherein the Rev. George Beid of the St. Paul Seminary, shows that Catholic vernacular translators of the Bible existed before Wyclif's time. The April number of the same magazine furnishes a very able article by M. J. Hurson, on "Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D.," the distinguished American reviewer, controversialist, publicist and philosopher. Another article of perhaps more present interest is entitled "Mission work in Japan," by A. T. P. Coleman.

The Easter *Donohoes* offers two noteworthy articles entitled "Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary," by Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., and "Gladstone's cousin and Her Adopted Daughter" "The Chair of American History in the Catholic University," has already received much notice in the press. In a contribution entitled "The Mission of the Risen Christ," the reader is treated to reproductions of Paul Albert Bernard's marvellous symbolic paintings for the Franciscan Hospital in Berk-sur-mer. This study by Anna Seton Schmidt will bear more than a second glance.

The Messenger covers a vast territory and covers it well. The writer of "The Nation Evil of Divorce," in the current issue, sacrifices himself to the utterance of truths which are of vital importance, which, however, the general public will not respect in practice much less discuss seriously. M. M. Malloch on "Thackeray" gives us the substance of the first biography of this great literary worker. The several other topics are dealt in a manner uniformly refreshing and sprightly.

Exchanges.

We quite agree with the *College Spokesman* that "the exchange column should not be used for the interchange of compliments." The exman's task is one of pleasure mixed with more or less pain. We would wish to do justice to the many journals which monthly reach our table, but time allows us merely to glance at many of these, while space will not permit us to give a lengthy review of those we do read. It has been our policy to commend our fellow workers in the field of journalism, in as much as they have done well; while at the same time we feel it our duty to point out where with more diligence they might have done better.

The Boston *College Stylus* is the first exchange to claim our attention this month. "In College Education and Matrimony," the author takes issue with some learned (?) pedagogues who would increase the sale of marriage licenses by shortening the college education. We fear that a longer college course is more necessary in the great republic to the south, that men may know the duties and obligations of the married state. "How Reddy got into Central," is well written, but the plot is long since worn threadbare, and should only be used when time will not permit us to stray into the fresher fields of fiction.

The *Xaverian* is a college journal of high literary merit. In the March number it has done its little to throw the search light of truth on the pages of history. The article entitled "The Apostle of the West" is a scholarly defence of Archbishop Tache, a character rightly loved by all true Canadians. In "Measles and Politics," the author brings home the all important fact that parliament is not a good training school for judges. "The Last Farewell" proves that the *Xaverian* has contributors who possess the rare trait of telling a story well. The April *Xaverian* is just in and is the *meatiest* one yet.

We rejoice with the *Laurel* that the Marquette statue has at last been brought from the cellar and given a place of honor in

Statuary Hall. Surely among all its noble companions it is hard to find one more worthy of honor than the pioneer missionary of the west. We would remind the writer of the "Eastern Question" that the same spirit which relegated the Marquette statue to obscurity is the back-bone of many of Russia's actions. Catholicity has seldom found a fiercer foe than Russia—nay not even in the tan-skinned Jap.

Queens' University has a frontispiece which is a temptation to the exchange man to use his scissors. Do you not consider it worthy of mention in your contents, gentlemen?

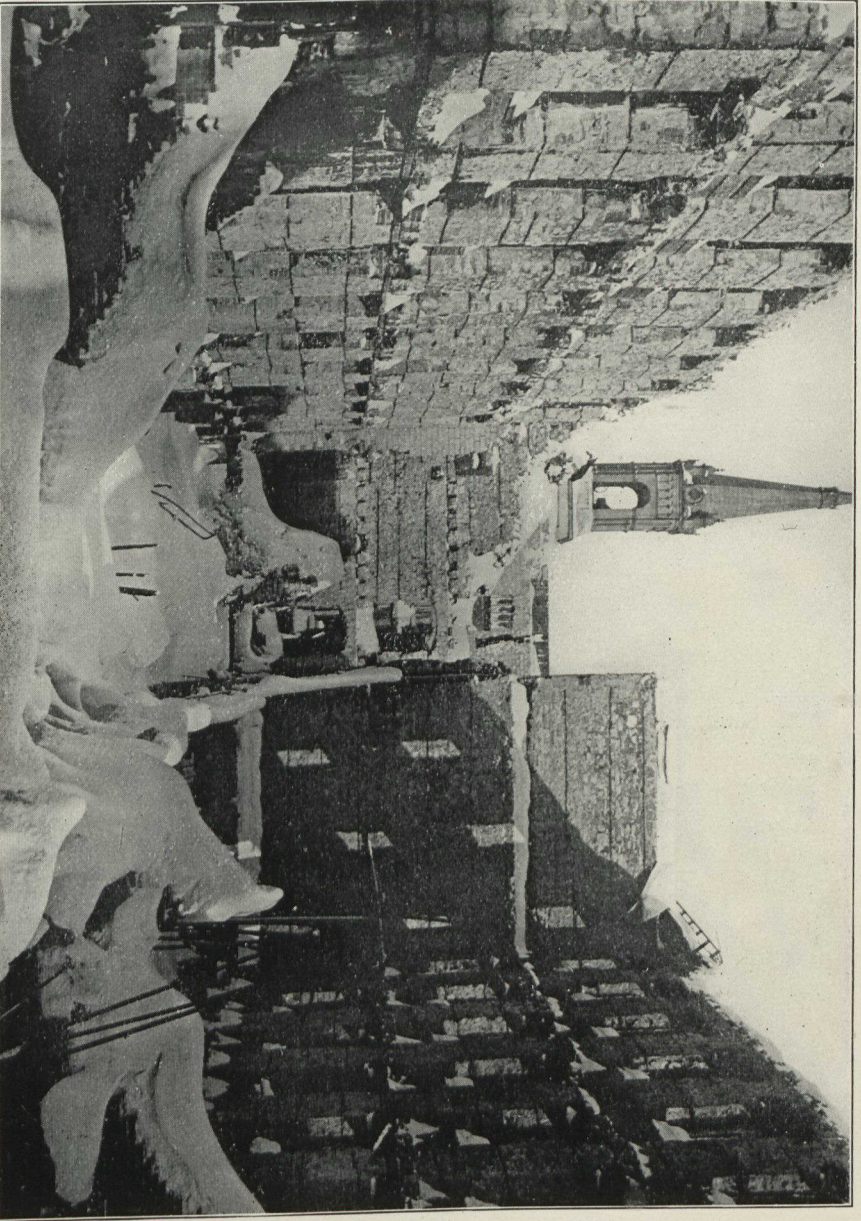
The March number of the *Victorian* contains an article entitled "Irish Melodies" which is worthy of perusal.

A "pieceful" hour at St. Clara is doubtless responsible for all the good things in *The Young Eagle* each month. There is gossip such as the girls love—lots of it, and also plenty of other good "pieces." After a first glance at "The Exchanges" and a hasty look at some of the "poems," we sought solace in the company of "The Academics, '04s," God bless them. That able old rogue "Frederick the Great," next holds our vision. A few pieces more and a turn of the *studio* makes us regret that our own pages do not give more tokens of "The Voice of the Brush;" but we console ourselves in the Japanese proverb "Live under your own hat."

We are very grateful to the exchanges which give friendly notices of the REVIEW.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

It is with pleasure that the REVIEW notes the appointment of one of our graduates to the position of Judge in the High Court of Ontario. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. F. B. Anglin, the recipient of this distinguished honor. The present Judge is the son of the late Hon. Timothy W. Anglin, Speaker in the House of Commons under the Mackenzie Government.



Looking into the Ruins from Western End.

He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1865, and later received his education at this University. Mr. Anglin was called to the bar in Toronto after a brilliant final examination taking honors and a medal. He at once entered into partnership with the late D. A. Sullivan, author of many legal works and a member of the law faculty of the University. His practice grew in consequence of ability displayed in several well known cases and he was entrusted with a large amount of Crown business. This year Mr. Anglin has been one of the Separate School representatives on the Board of Education.

By reason of Mr. Anglin's worth as a lawyer, his high character as a citizen and a man, his appointment by the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, meets with general approval.

In this connection the REVIEW wishes to add its voice to many tributes paid Mr. J. D. Donohue, of St. Thomas; Mr. J. J. O'Meara, of Pembroke; and Mr. J. L. Dowling, of Ottawa; who were elevated to the Bench at the same time as Mr. Anglin.

W. J. Collins '04, a happy scholastic in the Oblate Novitiate at Lachine, reports that just before Ash Wednesday he had a visit from Messrs. Letang, Dooner, Harrington and Hurley, who are pursuing their theological studies at the Montreal Grand Seminary. Will has been kind enough to supply the following items.

Among those receiving Holy Orders at the Christmas Ordination in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, were the following former students of Varsity: "Tonsure—A. J. Morin, '02. Minors—L. E. Staley. Subdeaconship—J. R. O'Gorman, '01; and J. T. Warnock, '01. Those raised to the priesthood were J. G. Dulin (Alexandria); J. A. Meehan, '00, (Kingston); J. F. Breen, '00, (Pembroke); M. Patrick Galvin, '00, was ordained at the church in Ennismore, his home, by Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro'.

Philip A. Landry ex-'07, after making a course in the University of Vermont Pharmacy Department, is now in the employ of J. W. O'Sullivan, a leading druggist of Burlington. He was last fall a member of the University eleven, playing the position of full back.

José Gonsalez has enlisted in the American cavalry stationed at Fort Ethan Allan, Burlington.

Eugene Seguin, '00, Commercial, has been appointed Paying Teller in the Bank of Ottawa, at Shewanigan, Que.

Arthur Fink, '04, Commercial, has accepted a position in the Branch Office of the Bank of Ottawa at Lachute, Que.

The following letter explains itself :—

Your favor to hand. As graduate of Ottawa University, and an ex-editor of the REVIEW, I will be only too happy to give you any little assistance, which is in my power to grant, and which at the same time will add to the interest of the College journal.

Three of the graduates of 1900 were raised to the holy order of priesthood in December last, Rev. P. J. Galvin, J. A. Meehan and myself.

Father Galvin is now stationed at Peterboro, Father Meehan is curate at Gananoque, while I am secretary to his Lordship Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke.

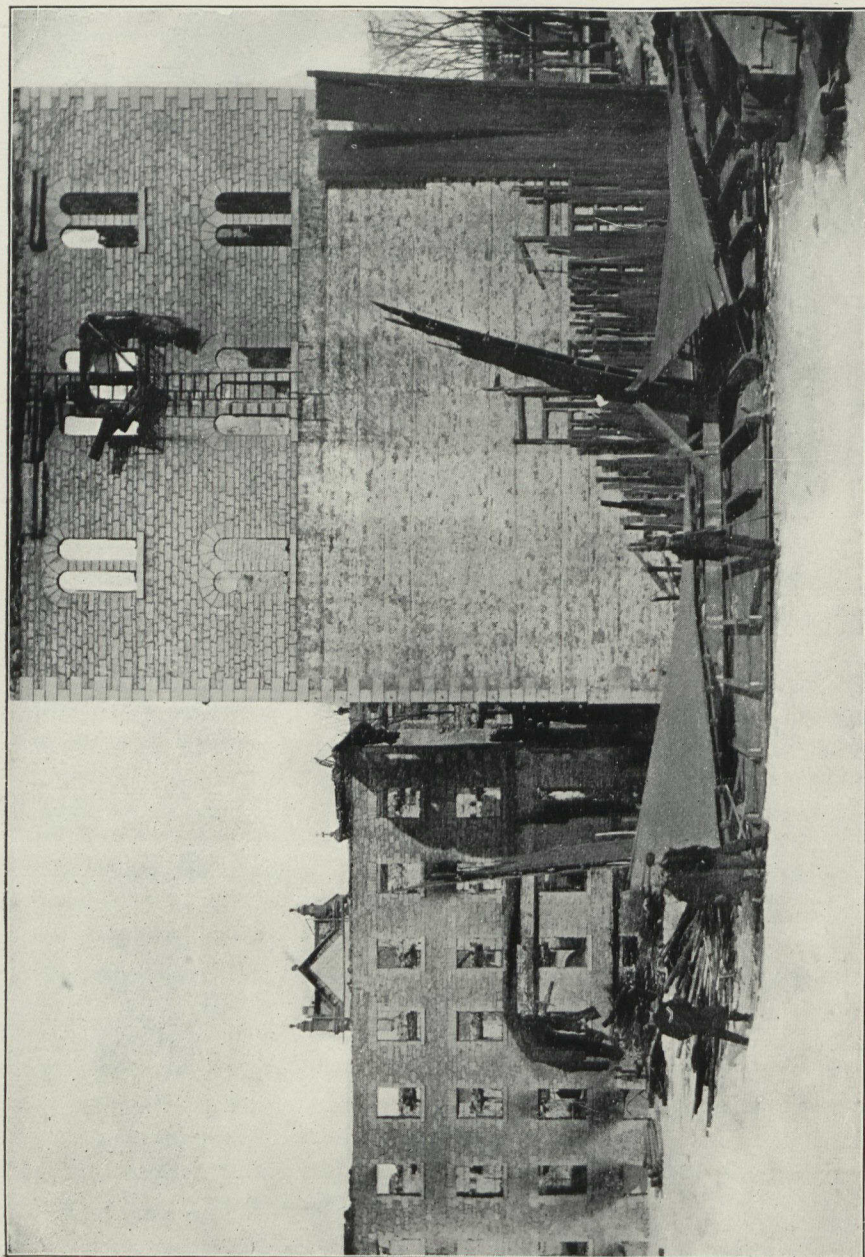
Three ex-graduates Revs. J. W. Dulin, P. J. Kelly and R. A. Shanahan were also ordained priests at the same time. Revs. Dulin and Kelly were students at the Grand Seminary. Rev. Father Dulin is now curate at Glennevis, Alexandria diocese ; while Fr. Kelly is curate at Trout Creek, Peterboro' diocese. Fr. Shanahan made his philosophical and theological studies at Rochester, (St. Bernard's Seminary) and is now attached to the Bishop's Palace in Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. T. S. Albin, a graduate also of 1900, and a student at the Grand Seminary, was ordained September last at Grand Rapids, and is now curate at Alpena, Mich.

Rev. M. J. O'Connell, another graduate, is a student in St. Bernard's Seminary.

Mr. M. A. Foley, another graduate of '00, is engaged in the hardware business with his brother in Syracuse.

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my subscription to the REVIEW. My address is Bishop's Palace, Pembroke.



Alas ! The poor old Handball Alley.

If I can be of any further assistance to you in any way, kindly command me.

Wishing you every success.

I am, yours,

J. F. BREEN.

Mr. Armand Lavergne, of the class of '98, was elected member for the County of Montmagny, at a recent by-election. Mr. Lavergne, M.P., has the honor of being the youngest member that ever sat in Parliament. The students join the REVIEW in wishing the youthful member of Parliament a long and successful career in the service of his country.

OBITUARY.

MRS. PERREAULT, OTTAWA, ONT.

It was with much regret that we learned of the rather sudden departure from this life of the late Mrs. E. E. Perreault of Ottawa, on March 18th. Deceased was prominently connected with the various charitable works of her parish, and ever rendered generous assistance to the needy. With Willie and Hector and the bereaved husband, the students deeply sympathize in their great sorrow and loss. R.I.P.

MISS KENNEDY, FALLOWFIELD, ONT.

The student body extend their heartfelt sympathy to Wm. Kennedy of the matriculation class, who has suffered the loss of his sister, who died at Fallowfield, on April 1st. Deceased was ever admired for her sterling character by all who were acquainted with her, and deep sympathy is felt for the bereaved family. R.I.P.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

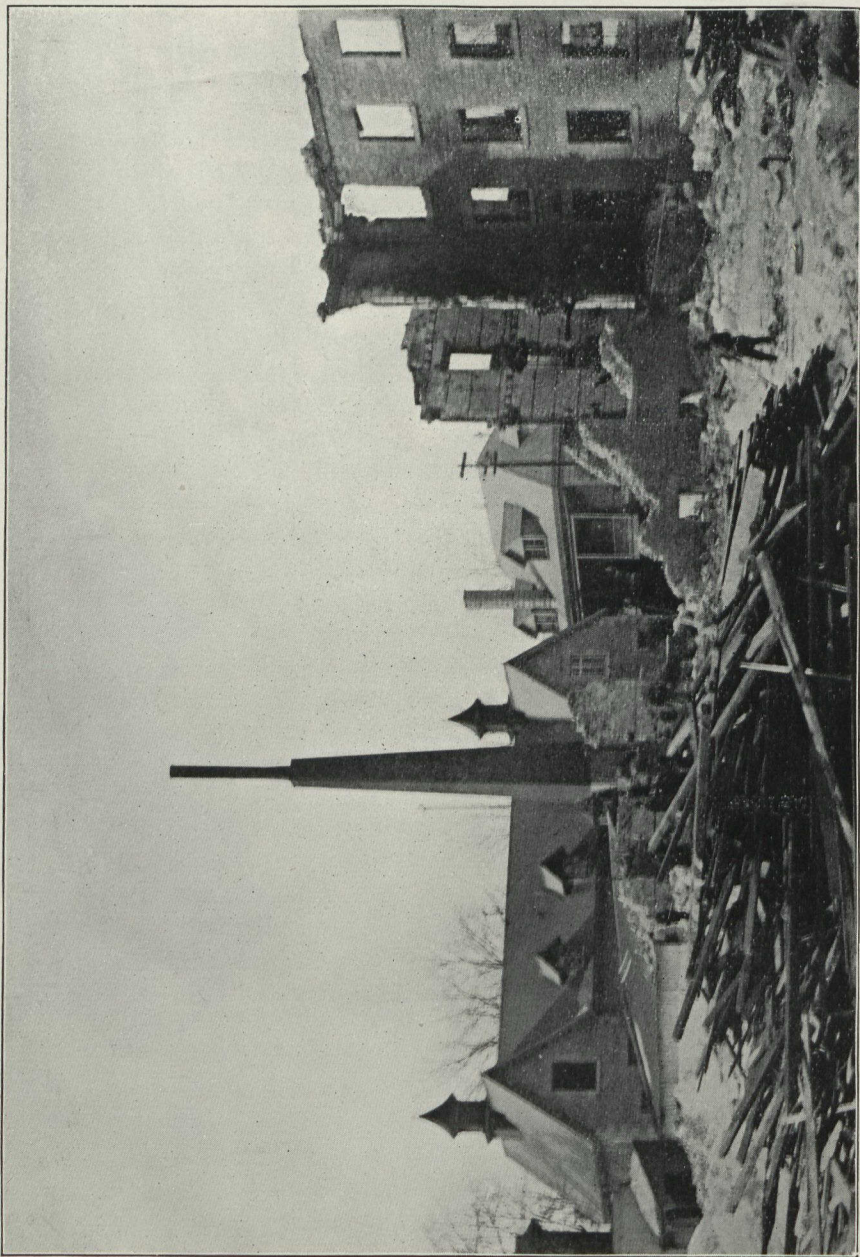
For a number of unforeseen reasons it was impossible to complete the hockey series this year ; but the Executive decided that Mr. McDonald's team had a sufficient lead to guarantee his ultimate victory. His seven were consequently awarded the championship and hockey picture.

ANNUAL MEETING OF O. U. A. A.

It has always been heretofore customary to hold the annual Athletic Association meeting for the election of officers on Easter Monday. This year, however, as a number of students went home for the Easter vacations, a quorum could not be obtained ; and the meeting was postponed until the 16th. Considerable interest was manifested in the proceedings and almost every member was in attendance when the President, Mr. R. T. Halligan, called the meeting to order. The treasurer, Mr. H. J. McDonald, read the financial statement which was found satisfactory and adopted. Then Mr. T. Sloan, in a clear, well-prepared statement gave an account of the work accomplished in the different Athletic departments for the year. After the adoption of this report the president reviewed the work of the Executive for the past year. Referring to the disastrous fire which destroyed the College buildings in December last, he paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Fathers Fulham and McGurty, the two unfortunate victims of the conflagration.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was next called for and after an interesting contest, the following gentlemen were declared elected :

- Hon. President—Mr. B. Slattery.
- President—Mr. A. L. McDonald.
- 1st Vice-president—Mr. R. O. Filiatreault.
- 2nd Vice-president—Mr. J. B. McDonald.
- Corresponding Secretary—Mr. Thos. Sloan.
- Recording Secretary—Mr. H. Donahue.
- Treasurer—Mr. J. E. Burke.
- 1st Councillor—Mr. J. Lonergan.
- 2nd Councillor—Mr. H. Murtagh.



Shop, Sisters' Residence and Western Portion of Ruins from Seniors' Yard.

After wishing the Association every success for the forthcoming year Mr. Halligan vacated the chair in favor of the newly-elected president. Mr. McDonald thanked the members for the honor which they had conferred upon him and promised to do all in his power to further the interests of the Association. In return he asked for the unanimous support of the boys in whatever the new Executive might undertake. Only by the united efforts of the members and Executive could we achieve success worthy of the past glories of the "Garnet and Grey." He praised the retiring Executive for their disinterested and unselfish conduct in dealing with Association matters throughout the year. He assured these men that they would always be gratefully remembered by all true lovers of sport with whom they came in contact during their several terms of office.

The President then called upon the Director, Rev. Father Ouimet, who wished the new Executive every success and exhorted the students to remember their motto "Ubi concordia, ibi victoria." Then with a vote of thanks to the retiring Executive and a good old V-A-R--the meeting was brought to a close.

The new Executive have decided to hold the annual spring foot-ball games, and Mr. J. B. McDonald was appointed to look up likely material for four teams. The captains chosen for this year are Messrs. Kennedy, Lonergan, Filiatrault, and A. L. McDonald.

Mr. H. F. Donahue has been chosen manager of the baseball team, and as the game is likely to boom in this vicinity this year, we predict a successful season for the Varsity nine. As there are a number of vacancies on the team this year every player should turn out at once in order that the very best College team may be put on the field.

Of Local Interest.

On March 24th, the University Debating Society held the last debate of the season. The subject discussed was as follows: "Was the United States Government justified in interfering in the Panama affair?" To defend her action in this connection the United States had two of her own countrymen, Mr. Torsenay, '06, and Mr. McCarthy, '07. On the negative were Mr. Boucher, '06, and Mr. Murtagh, third form. The decision was awarded to the affirmative. This terminates the regular debates, held by this society, for the season; but, as formerly, the society will end its work for the year by the annual Prize Debate. This promises to be as interesting as these debates usually are. The students who are to compete are men who have long been connected with the Debating Society, and who have distinguished themselves as able debaters. The subject to be discussed is the advisability of Canada possessing full treaty-making powers as contributing to the Imperial defense. Messrs. J. Torsenay, '06, and C. J. Jones, '07, will uphold the affirmative; while Messrs. R. T. Halligan, '04, and R. J. Byrnes, '05, will support the negative.

On Thursday, April 14th, an excellent lecture was given under the auspices of the University Scientific Society in St. Patrick's hall, by Rev. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D., of the University. The theme was "Ancient Rome"; and with the aid of a splendid assortment of lime-light views thrown by a lantern operated by Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., director of the Society, the audience was enabled the better to accompany the reverend lecturer on his tour through the eternal city. In connection with almost every view, Father Sherry related some important historical fact, giving in many cases details that are not easily obtainable, except by a person who, like him has had opportunity of long personal research and study in Rome itself. Many of the slides also represented modern Rome and the great art galleries which people travel from all parts of the world to see. Mr. H. J. McDonald, president of the Society, presided and introduced the lecturer. A number of songs were sung by Mr. J. Torsenay and Mr. C. Maguire, Mr. J. J. Mack

accompanying. Rev. Father Lajeunesse gave a few interesting remarks on the continual change going on in the world, as suggested by the ruins of ancient Rome depicted on the screen and described by Father Sherry. He thanked the audience, on behalf of the Society, for their encouragement in attending and expressed the gratitude of the Society to St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association for having placed the spacious hall at their disposal. Professor Grey of the University, moved a cordial vote of thanks to Rev. Father Sherry for his lecture, which was most heartily endorsed.

The new mode of living, so different from their former quiet, orderly, studious routine of daily duties, which the Fathers have been forced to adopt since the fire, does not appear to be very conducive to their health. There are a great many of the Fathers who have not enjoyed good health since it has been necessary for them to change their habits of living. Many of them have been in hospital, while others have not been so seriously attacked. The residence of the Fathers on Daly avenue has been particularly unfortunate, there scarcely having been a time at which there was not at least "one vacant chair." We are glad to see Rev. Father Gervais, Rev. Father Kirwan and Rev. Brother Binet so fully recovered from their serious illness.

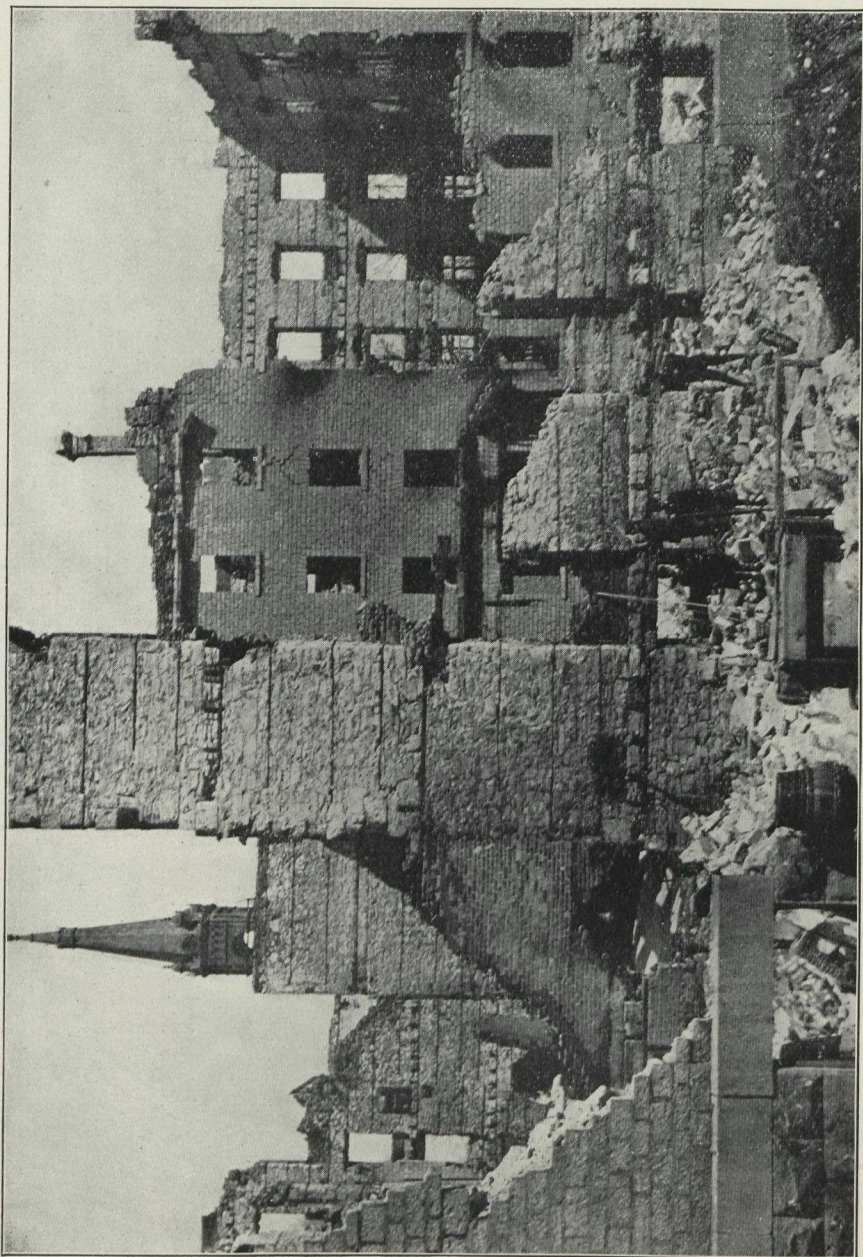
The demolition of what the fire left standing of the College walls is now complete; and at present nothing is left erect in that immense block where once stood the main University buildings, except the statue of Rev. Father Tabaret, the Sisters' house, which is now the University headquarters, and—the "industrial building." The clearing away of the ruins is proceeding rapidly. Many of our students and Fathers are very fond of watching this work going on. There seems to be an attraction, especially for those who are immediately concerned, to see turn out of the masses of jumbled material, things which formerly figured in the daily life of every one. Nearly every person is looking for a souvenir of the fire, if possible, some personal effect or some object with which he has been familiar. The fact that a gold watch little damaged was found the other day has given zest to a search for such articles

The excavations going on at the site of the old refectory holds probably the most interest for us students. It brings us back to breakfast on that fatal Wednesday morning in December, to see turned up by the pick and shovel a spoon, a fork, a knife, or broken china. Warped desk-irons, iron bed-steads twisted out of shape, skates, and all sorts of metallic and inflammable articles are of frequent occurrence, and even such very perishable things as paper, books, etc., are sometimes found little injured. The corner stone of the new building, which will occupy the site of the old, is expected to be ready to be layed shortly.

A great many of our students who live within short distances of Ottawa took advantage of the Easter holidays to spend a few days at home.

"I hope my father has been seized with a *remittent fever*" said our funny man the other day when the prefect handed him a letter from home.

On Saturday evening, April 16th, the French Debating Society held the final *seance* of the season. An extremely interesting program was arranged and carried out with due credit to those who took part. Mr. Raoul Lapointe, '05, President of the Society presided. In his opening remarks he eloquently referred to the work of the past year as the most successful in the history of the Society, pointing out the obligation which rests on those of French extraction, to conserve and cultivate their mother tongue. He dwelt with some fervor on the work of Archbishop Langevin in upholding the rights of the French Canadians in the North-west, while reminding his hearers that they have a similar duty devolving upon them. Piano solos by Messrs. DesRosiers and Séguin, were much appreciated. Mr. Séguin's rendition of "The Palms" with variations deserves special mention, and stamps the young player not only as one of the foremost amongst us, but as one who with study may become an artist in the truest sense of the word. A duel by Messrs. Belliman and St. Jacques was executed in first class style. Mr. H. Lamothe contributed a couple of pretty vocal selections. A declamation by Mr. D. Collin was much



From Waller Street. Walls partially demolished.

appreciated. Scenes from the "*Mariage forcé*," and "*Le bourgeois gentilhomme*" of Molière were acted in a highly creditable manner. A duel in figures by two little boys, O. Gibault and A. Fontaine, was the cause of much laughter and applause. One of the most interesting numbers on the program was a declamation contest, which gave every evidence of ability on the part of the contestants, while it evinced the solicitude with which the Society promotes the talents of its junior members. We think that this special work of the Executive deserves particular mention, as one well calculated to be an adjunct of a Debating Society. Mr. Rène Morin took first place, thus procuring the medal to be awarded at the end of the year; Mr. W. Barrie came second and carried off the prize awarded by Rev. Father David, O.M.I.; and Mr. H. Legault won the Secretary's prize for third place. The margin between the various contestants was very small, and each has every reason to be proud of the manner in which he acquitted himself. A few well chosen remarks by Rev. Father Fortier, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Jeanotte, O.M.I., Superior of the Junioriate, brought the meeting to a close. The entertainment was a treat, and was well calculated to mark the close of a year, in every sense successful. The Executive of the Society deserves every congratulation for the success of their work of the past year. Executive of the Society :—

President	-	-	-	Raoul Lapointe.
Vice-President	-	-	-	Douat Collin.
Secretary	-	-	-	Louis Gauthier.
Councillors	-	-	-	{ Oliver Dion.
				{ Avita Seguin.

The bell that marked the hours of study and other appointments in the University of Ottawa before the fire, was unearthed from the ruins lately. It was all broken to pieces. These will make quite interesting souvenirs of the old days. Seeing the state in which the bell was found, not much hope is entertained of discovering any remains of the late Miss Danis, who is supposed to have perished quite close to where the bell hung.

Professor in Zoology,—“O’G—dy, what is the difference between you and the monkey?”

Tom.—“They are too numerous to mention.”

The REVIEW is greatly beholden to the Rev. Fathers La-jeunesse and Gauvreau, for the excellent views of the Ruins reproduced in this number.

Junior Department.

The Junior Editor is happy to be able to present a group-picture of their Hockey team. These young adepts of our winter sport have cut some surprising stunts on the ice this season. Besides its part in the local league the Junior seven have puzzled the pucks with more than half a dozen outside clubs, winning in every contest except one. The total of goals scored during the the season—Juniors 52, opponents 18—shows that the supremacy of the former was never seriously endangered.

The recent conflagration has brought out the fact the Junior athletes have many good friends and well-wishers. Several of these have already forwarded very tangible proofs of their sympathy. As the result of a communication from Rev. Fr. Tourangeau, O.M.I., a former prefect, the department now possesses a splendid new outfit for spring games. The recipients highly appreciate the kind tokens and the Executive of the J. A. A. takes this opportunity of expressing heartfelt thanks to the Rev. donor and to other generous friends.

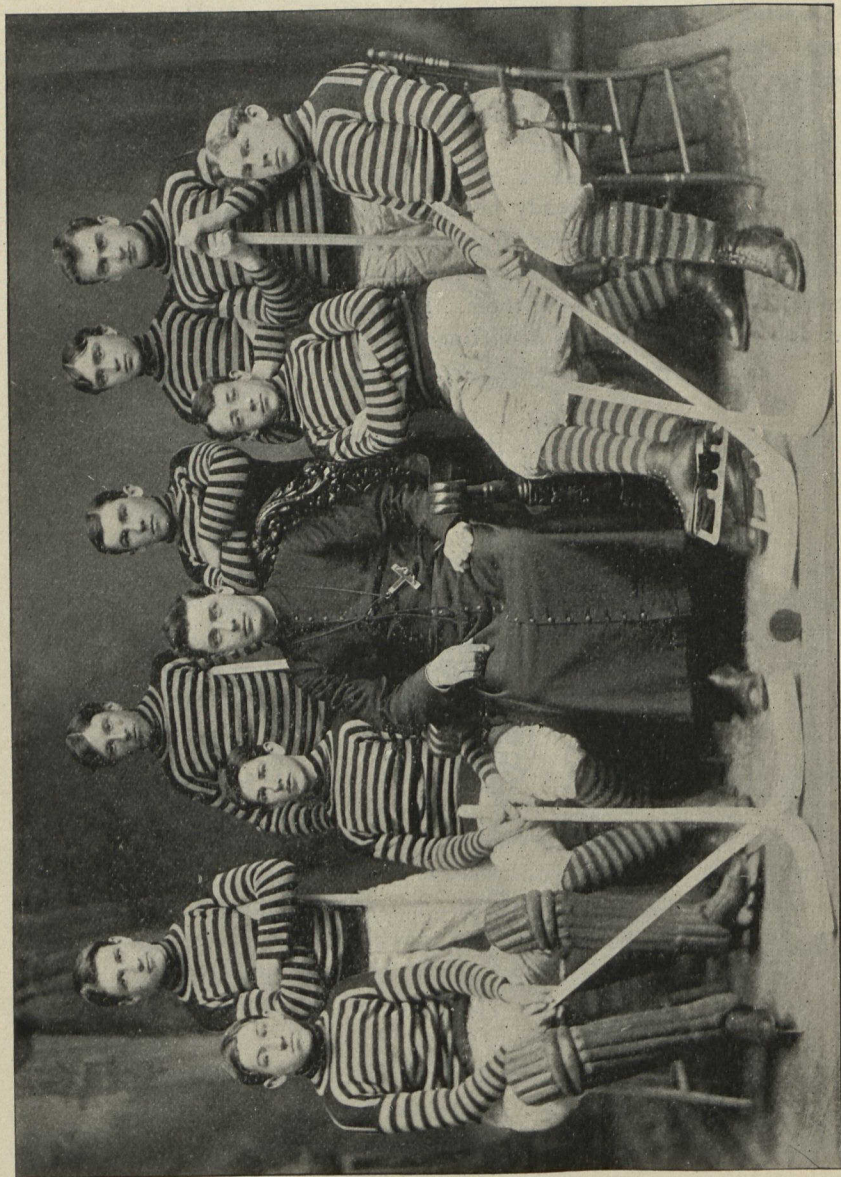
Master J, Labrosse, the devoted president of the J. A. A., has left for his home in Vankleek Hill, where he has accepted a position in the town branch of the Bank of Ottawa. The Juniors join the Editor in wishing him success.

"King" Costello, M.D., made a short call at the "Junior Camp" during the month and received the congratulations of the members upon having passed such brilliant examinations in medicine at Queen's University. The genial doctor is a former president of the J. A. A.

Spring poets have already begun to get troublesome. During the last week the number of poems received has been so great that the Editor was forced to seek the aid of the other members of the staff to help to classify them. For the future no spring poet need apply for space in this department.

A. S.





1903—JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM—1904.

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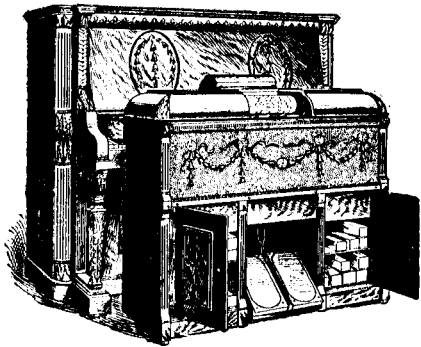
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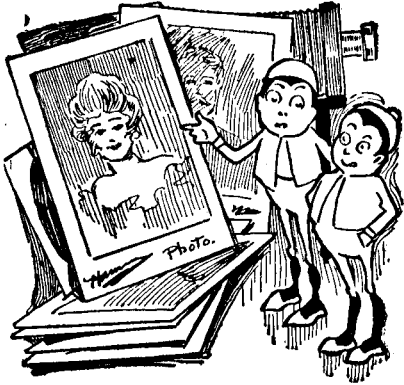
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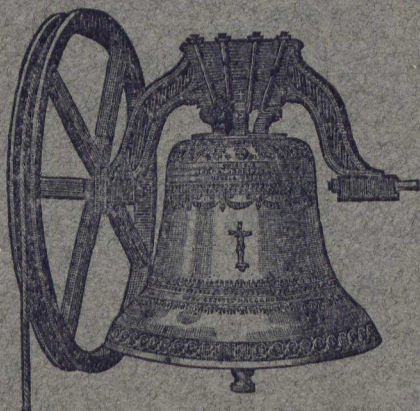
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