

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POETRY :	
The Snow Storm.....	335
The Shamrock.....	341
Energy, Nature's Manifestation of Divine Love.....	336
The Death-Dice	342
The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.....	344
King Laogare's Daughters	352
Books a Better Means of Education than Travel	355
EDITORIALS :	
The Day Celebrated in Ottawa.....	359
An Alumni Society.....	361
Ireland's Turn.....	363
Parliament.	365
The University of Ottawa Library.....	366
Inter Alia.....	367
Book Review.....	368
Among the Magazines..	369
Exchanges	371
OBITUARY :	
Rev. Father Keough... ..	372
Brother Wilfrid Labonté, O M.I.....	372
Athletics.....	373
Of Local Interest.....	375
Junior Department.....	377



UNIVERSITY
OF OTTAWA
REVIEW

No. 7

MARCH, 1904.

Vol. VI

The Snow Storm.

THE sage, deep thinking, sought to find the way
By which this world was first aroused from sleep,
When, without form and void, in gloom it lay,
To wake when "Let light be" rang o'er the deep:
What essence underlay its primal form
Of light, to give it power to change to heat
And force voltaic; to attract and beat
Inert, transparent matter to a storm
Of atoms to be moulded into spheres,
Of worlds innumerable. If man had seen
The act, his piercing mind had been
Informed. In refutation there appears,
From laws that make the starry systems crude,
A crystal storm of mimic worlds at feud.

F. '05.

Energy, Nature's Manifestation of Divine Love.



THE object of this paper is to show that energy, the subject of so much long and technical treatment in Physics, is after all a manifestation of Infinite power the unspoken expression of Divine Love. To this end it may be well to preface that energy, as it is scientifically defined, is the ability to do work. But as there is never any work done without a consumption of heat, so also an expenditure of energy always involves a corresponding loss of the same.

Physicists to-day unanimously agree that heat, light, electricity and the other forms of physical and chemical phenomena, are merely modifications of energy, or heat. This conclusion had been scientifically stated by Dr. Mayer, who first introduced the expression 'mechanical equivalent of heat' And this same conclusion has also been proved by Joule, Tyndall, Tait, Helmholtz and a score of others. From their experiments, it may be safely inferred that energy is a form of work, manifested in its different modifications, and what appears a loss in the form, is really a gain in the modification.

A brief consideration of the vicissitudes of nature during the different seasons of the year, will suffice to show the main object of this paper;—that energy is a manifestation of Infinite Love, and that nature is the direct proof of its existence.

In winter, the heat of the day cannot compensate for the loss during the night. To supply the deficiency, nature makes use of every possible source of energy, and especially of the ground. The roots of flowers, trees and shrubs are protected with a dark covering, which attracts the heat, and prevents its exit when once acquired. The heat taken from the ground is restored to it again by the rain, which in freezing stores away what is known as hidden or latent heat. And this heat is liberated again in melting. When the earth can no longer supply the heat which nature demands, snow and ice supply the loss by this constant freezing and melting.

Man is also called upon to give his share of energy. To protect himself he wears dark clothing which readily absorb heat. The sensation of cold which he feels, is caused by the egress of heat from the body. To supply this energy more food will be required than during the other seasons of the year. During this season nature is shrouded in gloom, but from the midst of this gloom we realize the existence of that "Power unknown!"

" From the veil
That shrouds Thee. from the wood, the cloud, the void,
O, by the anguish of all lands evoked,
Look forth!"

And yet "only the willing see." They alone fully realize that

" The things of God are born for naught,
Unless the eye in seeing,
Sees hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being."

The return of the robin announces the beginning of spring. Nature now buds forth in all the simplicity of childhood. The earth is covered with a beautiful carpet of green, which appears doubly resplendent under the dazzling brilliancy of a clear blue sky.

" Wildly sweet
The season, prince of unripe Spring, when March
Distils from cup half gelid yet, some drops
Of finer relish than the hand of May
Pours from her full-brimmed beaker. Frost, though gone,
Has left its glad vibration on the air ;
Laughed the blue heavens as though they ne'er had frowned,
Through leafless oak-boughs."

The noise of the brooks dashing "from rock to rock" through mountain and glen; the fragrance of the mayflowers and the trailing arbutus; the cloudless sky; the trees adorned amidst a bower of leaves and blossoms of the most aromatical fragrance; all these speak a strange language, which can be understood only by the immortal soul of man. As if in enigma they seem to say: "We are not He, but He is our Creator, and we are the manifestation of His love."

" In love God fashioned whatever is,
 The hills, and the seas, and the skiey fires ;
 For love He made them, and endless blis
 Sustains, enkindles, uplifts, inspires."

Under the powerful influence of energy the snow and ice melt, communicating their latent heat to the atmosphere. The frost in the ground transfers its heat to the roots of trees, shrubs and flowers ; to be utilized in the process of growth. This gradual interchange of energy between the ground and the atmosphere is constant and so arranged as to make both ends meet. It is, indeed, an invisible proof of the unseen hand of Love.

" Shepherd youths,
 " Who spread the pasture green beneath your lambs,
 And freshened it with snow-fed stream and mist ?
 Who but the Love unneen ?"

The farmer again goes forth to his fields, and as he approaches his pastures,

" Mild-eyed milk-white kine
 Smile him a welcome."

His heart, "shamed at (its) spring-tide raptures," unconsciously utters a prayer of thanksgiving :

" My Father, fair is sunrise, fair is the sea
 The hills, the plains, the wind-stirred wind, the maid,
 But what is like a people onward borne
 In gladness ?"

Energy, deep laid everywhere, points to the manifestation of divine Love :

" Spring-touched, the blackbird sang ; the cowslips changed
 Green lawn to green and golden ; and grey rock,
 And river's marge, with primroses were starred ;
 Here shook the wind-flower, there the blue-bells gleamed,
 As though a patch of sky had fallen on earth."

Summer bears the same relation to spring as youth to childhood. As youth is the perfection of childhood, so also is summer the perfection of spring. The increase of energy during this season has a debilitating effect upon man, who uses every means in his power to prevent the access of heat to his body, such as wearing light colored clothing which repel light, or by the use of

natural elements. Nature also supplies him with glands, which keep the body at its normal temperature, by allowing the surplus energy to pass off in the form of perspiration. To repair this loss ice-cold water is dangerous, on account of the energy which must be expended in reducing the temperature of the water to the normal temperature of the blood. Thus nature teaches man the lesson of moderation. Under the influence of this increasing energy nature is adorned in its greatest glory,—everywhere bespeaking the beauty of “Transfigured Life.”

“ Above the rock, above the wood, the cloud,
There laughs the luminous air ; there bursts anew
Spring buds in Summer on suspended lawns ;
There the bell tinkles while once more the lamb
Trips by the sun-fed runnel ; there green vales
Lie lost in purple heavens.”

The seeds of spring now appear as full-grown plants. The meadows are redundant with the fragrance of delicate orchids. On the mountain-side the lupine and columbine raise their fairy heads, whilst in the forests the jack-in-the-pulpit delights his audience with a speech on the star of Bethlehem. This is indeed the season of joy and gladness :

“ Mourners I have known,
That homeward wending from the new-dug graves,
Against their will, where sang the happy birds,
Have felt the aggressive gladness fill their hearts,
And smiled amid their tears.”

Autumn, unable to supply the energy required for growth, causes the wrinkles of age to appear on the face of summer. The leaves, beautiful by the loss of heat, are changed from green to golden.

“ The ripening cornfields whisper 'neath the breeze ” that the harvest time has come. They invite man to look above and see the Guardian of his crops :

“ Naught ever raised my heart to God like fields
Of harvest, waving wide from hill to hill,
All bread-full for my people.”

And yet that manifestation of Love remains unspoken :

“ God might have changed to Pentacostal tongues,
The leaves of all the forests in the world,

And bade them sing His Love! He wrought not thus;
 A little hint he gives us and no more,
 Alone the willing see."

As the cold weather again sets in, man fully realizes the changes which constantly take place. He sees the birth of spring, the growth of summer, the harvest of autumn, and the decay of winter, constantly reminding him of the innocence of childhood, the joy of youth, the maturity of manhood, and the decline of age. Burdened as he is with the joys and sorrows of this life he longs for the day when time has no interval, death, no decay. But all the days of his life he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, according to the divine decree: His life is a life of energy; and a life of labor is one of prayer, "Laborare est orare." The sea, the earth, the heavenly bodies manifest "with music of a million spheres" the existence of Him

"Who called the worlds from naught? His name is Love!
 In Love He made those worlds. They have not lost
 The sun his splendor, nor the moon her light,
 That miracle survives."

And now, before concluding, a few points may be mentioned about energy for the benefit of those who may wish to make a more detailed study of this subject.

Energy is never lost. Its conservation is effected by means of a transformation of energy into one or several of its modifications. And it is for this reason that the physicists speak of all forms of physical and chemical phenomena as modifications of the form of energy. From this premise, the following conclusions may be drawn: that an absolute loss or gain is a nonentity; that there will be a corresponding gain for every loss, and a corresponding loss for every gain; that the sun is the source of energy; that the manifestation of this energy is seen by the influence which the sun exerts upon the earth; that energy has a decided influence upon the moral and physical nature of man. But more than all these, energy teaches man that the more he studies the marvellous phenomena of nature, its changeableness and corruption, the more does he realize the existence of the infinite Power,

Incorruptible, Unchangeable and Unchanged, Who is at one and the same time Master of Science and the Servant of all.

“ Earth, that sing'st
 Since first He made thee, thy Creator's praise,
 Sing, sing, thy Saviour's! Myriad-minded sea,
 How that bright secret thrills thy rippling lips
 Which shake, yet speak not! Thou that mad'st the worlds,
 Man, too, Thou mad'st; within Thy hands the life
 Of each was shapen, and new-woven run out
 New-willed each moment what makes up that life?
 Love infinite, and nothing else save Love!”

J. GOOKIN.

The Shamrock.

By DENIS A. MCCARTHY in March *Donahoe's*.

PATRICK, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God,
 Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the
 sod.

“ Here is a symbol,” he said, “ and a sign of the faith I preach!
 Here is a symbol,” he said, “ and a sign of the truth I teach!”

“ God is not many but One. One God, One only, is He,
 God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three,
 E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you—” holding it forth to them,
 “ Still is but one, though its leaves are triple upon the stem.”

Flashed o'er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile
 [dim,
 Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him,
 Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod,
 Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to the One True
 [God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people, and made
 Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade,
 Centuries-old is the story—yet Irish women and men
 Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever since then!

The Death-Dice



WILLIAM of Germany strode quickly up and down his room in the Imperial Palace. His brow was dark and stern, and there was a cruel gleam in the grey eyes that boded ill for the one that was the cause of his anger. "Betrayed," he muttered, pausing in his walk, "betrayed, and by some one of my own soldiers: oh! my country, 'tis hard to defend thee, when those that are sworn to protect, turn against thee: but woe to the traitor, should he ever be known; and by all the Saints, he must be found." So saying, he strode to the table and rang the bell viciously. A page entered almost instantly. "Send the Count von Hammerstein to me immediately" commanded the Emperor. The page departed, leaving William to continue his moody promenade, until interrupted by the entrance of the Count von Hammerstein, the Minister of Justice. "Sire, you sent for me?" said the Count. "Yes, von Hammerstein, you know, of course, that our plans for the southern campaign were betrayed to the Austrians by some of our troops."

"I know, sire, and regret it exceedingly." "Regrets are useless now, but there yet remains vengeance, and, by all that's sacred, I'll have it. Count, set your men to work; spare no pains to find the traitor and let him be brought before me."

"It shall be done, sire, instantly." So saying the Minister bowed and withdrew, leaving the Emperor to continue his rapid walk and his bitter meditation.

The scene changes to the Court of Justice within the Imperial Palace of Germany. On a raised seat, surrounded by his ministers, sits Emperor William. The same stern look is yet upon his face and the same ominous light shines from his piercing grey eyes. But this time his gaze is not on the floor, but on two men who stand bound before him. They are both fine specimens of manhood, and as they stand there in the uniform of the German army, they are soldiers of whom any leader might well be proud. Yet

it is with anything but a proud look or a kind voice, that William, rising, addresses them. "Henry Froebel and Theodore Kritsch" thundered the Emperor, "one of you, we know not which, is guilty of treason, guilty of selling your country's interests. The crime rests between you, that is certain; let the guilty one speak, and so not add to his already heinous crime, by dragging an innocent man to punishment with him."

"Sire," said Theodore Kritsch, "I have loved and served my country too well, all my life, to betray it in my later years."

"Sire" exclaimed Henry Froebel, "I am innocent, I swear it."

"Both innocent" mused William, "and yet one of them, we are sure, is guilty."

"Sirs," he continued aloud, "I expected a denial from both of you. Since human law cannot decide between you, let Heaven be the agent of justice. What is hidden from us is clear to God. Let Him decide. Here are dice; let each of you take one throw. Who throws highest is innocent, and lives; the other is guilty, and dies. Now make your cast, and may Heaven adjudge the guilt where it belongs."

Theodore Kritsch, relieved of his bonds, steps forward, takes the dice from the hand of the Emperor and shakes them in the box. Every head is eagerly inclined and every eye is strained to the utmost as he makes the throw. "Sixes," cry the crowd as the dice settle, "twelve is the count; Froebel is the guilty one; death to Froebel;" and the maddened crowd would have fallen on the poor unfortunate and beaten him to death then and there, had not the towering form of William rose stern and commanding. "Peace!" he cried, and the tumult was hushed. "Theodore Kritsch," continued the Emperor, "thou hast made a good throw, the highest possible, and thy innocence is well nigh established; nevertheless the other must have his throw. Froebel, thy turn has come."

"I cannot beat that cast, and yet I am innocent," and with these words he dashed the dice with such force that they fell to the floor, one of them split in twain. But when the eager crowd pressed forward to see the count, lo! the whole dice showed six, one half of the broken dice also showed six, while on the upper

face of the other half was a one spot. "Sire," they cried, "the count is thirteen." William stood perplexed, not knowing what to do. "The count is thirteen, but——" At this moment a terrible cry rang through the lofty vaulted hall, "'Tis the judgment of Heaven; I am guilty," and so saying, Theodore Kritsch fell to the floor at the foot of the brazen statue of justice that stands near the throne. He had passed to a higher tribunal. Let us hope that there he met with more mercy than he could have hoped for in the Court of Justice of Emperor William.

J. J. FREELAND '05.

The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

PART III.

HOW HE FINISHED HIS MATINS.



HAT a man, presumably sane and truthful, should, in this twentieth century, set down such a tale as that which follows may lead to doubts as to his sanity—or of his veracity. The tale, however, is a simple narrative of facts, such as can be vouched for by more than one unimpeachable witness; also, the still stranger tale, of which it forms, in some sense, the conclusion—or to which it may, if you choose, be taken as an introduction—is, I honestly believe, true in every particular. But then, as I am constrained to admit, I have reasons of my own for this belief. In any case, I will tell my story, and you can credit me or not, as you please. For myself, I am convinced that, utterly unworthy though I be, God has favored me in a very special and very wonderful fashion.

To begin at the beginning. My uncle's interview—if I may use the expression—with Prior Oswald has been related by one who, without intending to do so, overheard all that passed. But the narrator—possibly because he did not think it necessary—omitted to tell how, as a result of that same interview, my uncle ceased to be the Superior of the (Anglican) Society of Saint Augustine, and became, shortly afterwards, a monk at the Benedictine Abbey of Emborough. Where, in fact, he is Prior at the present time.

Now, Emborough—known to many as the new Glastonbury—is not many miles from Bath, where, at the time of my uncle's "going over to Rome," I was curate of a very "Catholic" church, indeed, St. Jude's, Lansdown. So Catholic were we, in fact, that only Saint Michael's, Shoreditch—lately famous—could be said to excel our "Catholicity." But that—for me, at least, and for those most likely to be interested—is ancient history.

One other piece of topographical information—though I love "Saint Aldhelm's country," and could write about it till the end of time—and I will get to my story, which, I can safely promise you, will be neither as long—nor as interesting—as that of Brother Cedric the Cellarer or of Prior Patrick, late of Waterford in Ireland, and of Duns in "the Low Countries."

My uncle—Dom Hilary Robinson, to give him his name—was not long a monk before he—with the Abbot's sanction—set out to discover all that could be learned concerning Prior Oswald, whom the Abbot, also, had seen and heard on the occasion already referred to. It was the Abbot who suggested that some trace of him might be found at Steenbrugge Abbey, near Bruges, whither the Community at Duns had migrated, after the troubles of the French Revolution. "Some of the Glastonbury monks went to Duns," he said, "as did some of our brethren from Waterford."

With this information to guide him, and a letter from his own Abbot to the Abbot of Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary started on his quest, which, at first, did not hold out much promise of success. The records of Duns, he was told, had been destroyed when the Republicans destroyed the abbey. There were traditions as to the Irish and British refugees, in the sixteenth century, yes: more they knew not. Perhaps Monseigneur Béthune—Chanoine of Bruges—might know more. He was "antiquaire," and familiar with all kinds of ancient legends.

To Monseigneur Felix de Béthune—justly beloved by all English visitors to Bruges—Dom Hilary betook him, without loss of time. Monseigneur listened; Monseigneur smiled—as one who knows. Briefly, he did know. His uncle, dead these seventy years and more, had been chaplain to the Beguines of Bruges and had left diaries—copious diaries, in Latin, fortunately, not in

Flemish, which diaries,—all of them,—were very much at Dom Hilary's service.

It took my uncle a month's solid hard work to read them through, but he read them, word by word. Nor was his labor unrewarded. The Abbe Van Haecke was diffuse, given, as Dom Patrick Desmond would say, to much prolixity, but he forgot nothing, however seemingly trivial or irrelevant. Among which he noted the fact that his predecessor—and tutor—as chaplain to the Beguines had been an Irish monk—from the Abbey of Maredsous.

Now Maredsous, more fortunate than Duns, had escaped destruction at the Revolution. Its records would, therefore, most probably, be intact. So, at least, Monseigneur de Béthune was of opinion, who gave Dom Hilary a letter of introduction to his—Monseigneur's—particular friend the librarian, Dom Gregorius DeVriendt. Armed with this, and a letter from the Abbot at Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary set out for Maredsous.

From the day of his arrival—so he told me, afterwards—he felt certain of success. Dom Gregorius was just such another as Monseigneur de Béthune—or my uncle, himself, for that matter—an antiquarian who really deserved the name. In virtue of his office as librarian, he could do much; as one who could, literally, lay his hand on any book or manuscript in the library, he could do more—and did it.

"Irish monk," said he, with a queer little bird-like motion of his head peculiar to him; "date about 1785. Dom Michael O'Connor; must be."

"How do you know?" enquired my uncle in amazement.

"Because my memory is better than your Lord Macaulay's," returned Dom Gregorius, with a vanity pardonable under the circumstances. "He knew all the Popes and Chancellors; I know all the Abbots, Priors and Sub-Priors of the principal Benedictine Abbeys. I have made it my life-study, mon cher," the old librarian continued. "Dom Michael O'Connor was Sub-Prior of Maredsous from 1780 to 1785. He died in 1785."

"Have you any diaries of his?" asked Dom Hilary, anxiously. Of what use to know the name, death year of this

Irish chaplain of the Beguines, if that were all the information to be obtained?

"Diaries? Ciel!" Dom Gregorius threw out his hands with a gesture that spoke volumes. "Tiens! I will show you." Which he proceeded to do.

Followed another month or five weeks study of crabbed Latin which pained my uncle's classical soul as a bagpipe march might be supposed to pain Palestrina. But he found that of which he was in search, and the "Latin" was forgotten. Dom Michael O'Connor, dead at 90, spoke of a certain manuscript which he had seen, when a very young novice; in the year 1718, to be exact. "A tale passing my credence" was his comment.

"That must be our manuscript," said my uncle, on reporting his discovery to Dom Gregorius; "but I wish Dom Michael had given more details."

"Patience, mon cher," returned the librarian; "What date does the good Sub-Prior mention?"

"1718," answered Dom Hilary. "Any further clue," he enquired anxiously.

"Plenty, plenty," was the confident answer. "1713," Dom Gregorius continued, thoughtfully. "Yes"—suddenly, "Abbot Van den Steen de Jehay died in 1720. He is the man to tell us about this manuscript and its author."

As, indeed—to cut a long story short—it proved. The good Abbot spoke of a certain manuscript, left in his charge by "one of our brethren, Dom Patricius Desmond, to wit, late Prior of Waterford, in Ireland, and now Prior of our neighboring abbey of Duns, which manuscript," his lordship added, "you shall find in our muniment room in the oak chest that beareth mine initials and mine escutcheon."

And that is where and how my uncle Dom Hilary Robinson found the "Strange Tale of Prior Oswald," which it has been my privilege to edit, under the pseudonym of "Thomas the Rymer." The Abbot of Maredsous, on being appealed to, gladly consented to its transfer to Emborough Abbey, as to "the new Glastonbury." How proud and pleased a man was my uncle, you may imagine—if you can.

That, you may be inclined to think, is the end of Prior Os-

wald. Not quite. Our Abbot—thank God that it is my privilege to call him so!—having, as I told you, seen and spoken to Prior Oswald, was certain that, sooner or later, the good Prior would be seen and spoken to again. “And,” he added—so my uncle told me later, “I should not be surprised if your nephew, ‘Father’ Robinson, of St. Jude’s, Lansdown, were the favored individual.” Why he should have thought so I hardly know, unless it were that he had read my sermon on “Devotion to the Mother of God,” and could foresee what—thank God and our Lady—has proved the inevitable consequence of such devotion—though I say it who am not worthy of the favors shown me.

But, as it proved, our Abbot was right. I have seen Prior Oswald, and, if I have not actually spoken to him, I have heard him. Let me tell you how, as briefly as may be.

Saint Aldhelm’s Church, at Bradford-on-Avon, not being a parish church, but a proprietary chapel, belonging to the lord of the manor, the Bishop could not “interfere” with the “Catholic doctrine and ritual” for which that ancient and venerable building became famous, about five years ago. It happened that Sir William Mackey, the squire, was an Oxford chum of mine, as was his chaplain, “Father” William Johnson.

Now, on the Feast of St. Aldhelm, two years ago, “Father” Johnson, with the squire’s consent and approval, resolved on a “function” worthy of the occasion. A returned Colonial Bishop, undeterred by “Establishment”—or by canonical usage—had promised to “pontificate”; “Father” Smith, S.S.J.E., from Cowley, was to preach, at “Mass,” and, incidentally, to act as “assistant priest” to his lordship. “Father” Johnson was to be deacon; I, sub-deacon. That was the “official programme,” which had *not* received the sanction of our “Right Reverend Father in God,” the Bishop of Middlehampton.

But: “Man proposes, and God disposes.” As to myself, I dare not speak; as to others, bishop, clergy and lay-folk, I *know* they were in absolute good faith. They were, each and all, associates of that saintly “Community of Reparation” at Garrison, New York State; each and all devout clients of our Dear Lady Mary, users of Her Rosary.

That, I doubt not—nor does the Abbot doubt—"accounts for it," as we say; briefly, it was our Lady favor to Her clients.

The bishop, the others and I, had met to sing "the First Vespers of the Feast"—according to the Breviary, not the Book of Common Prayer—followed by Compline. Our devotions were over, but we, of the clergy, and the squire, remained in the little church—as did some others—for confession and private prayer. What followed—believe me—was sober fact, seen and witnessed to by all present.

It was then about ten at night. There was, first, a sound as of many feet outside the church door, and our natural inference was: "Protestant rioters." But, when the door opened, we saw, not "Gospellers," as they are pleased to call themselves, but—Benedictine monks, with a mitred abbot at the end of the procession. Strange to say, none of us felt any resentment at what we might, naturally, have regarded as an "intrusion." We knew—how, I cannot explain—that these "Romans" were not of our time.

Slowly, reverently, they filed into the little church, and took their places, as of right and custom, in the Choir stalls. Then, solemnly, reverently, they began to chant the Divine Office, and we who—as we honestly believed—were of their Faith, joined with them. "*Regem Confessorum Dominum, Venite, adoremus.*" But we noticed that there were four psalms to each Nocturn—as our Holy Father Benedict enjoins—and four Lectons.

It was the Prior who went to the Lectern to read the Lectons of the First Nocturn, Saint Paul's ideal of a Bishop. His Latin was particularly soft and musical, which, somehow, set me thinking of a certain "Strange Tale" which my uncle, Dom Hilary had lent me, knowing my keen interest in such matters. From thought to recognition was no lengthy process—the reader must be, Prior Oswald's very self. Then I wondered whether, this time, he would finish his matins.

Long as they were, they seemed brief to us, and Prior Oswald finished them without sign or symptom of untimely somnolence. Lauds followed, with the beautiful antiphons which begin with: "*Ecce Sacerdos magnus. qui in diebus suis placuit Deo*"; surely, a fitting tribute to the "sweet St. Aldhelm." It was after half-

past eleven, nearer twelve, in fact, when we began the "Benedictus."

Then the mitred Abbot, laying aside his cope, vested for Mass, in vestments which the monks had brought with them; not modern Roman or French "fiddleback" atrocities, these, or Pugin-esque "adaptations," but genuine Gothic, full, flowing, perfect symbols of "the beauty of holiness." The Abbot's assistants, duly vested, went with him to—our altar.

But, first they sprinkled it with holy water, by way of removing all taint of heresy and schism, and, once more, none of us felt any such resentment as we might have been supposed to feel. Then, on it, they laid a duly-consecrated altar stone, covered with fair, white linen cloths, and, on these the sacred vessels.

By this, it was midnight, for we heard the hour strike in the tower of the parish church, hard by; but none of us, I am sure, took any count of passing time. The Abbot began the Mass, with its appropriate Introit: "Sacerdotes Dei induantur iustitiam," and we—"Romans" and "Anglicans"—joined, heart and soul, in the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice.

Believe me, once more, that this is a simple narrative of facts, and can be witnessed to by many others besides myself. Note, then, that when the Abbot turned to take the Chalice, after he had poured into it the wine and water, the same wonder happened as has been described by Dom Patrick Desmond. The Chalice vanished—borne away, I doubt not, by the hands of angels—and, in its place, surrounded by a radiance such as shone on Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, stood the True Chalice of our Master, Christ, the Holy Grail. And, with it, the finished Mass.

But, when the Mass was ended, the Holy Grail stood yet upon the altar—God's altar now, in very deed. Then came a voice—whose, we could only guess, but, for my part, I took it to be Aldhelm's—"Brother, thy task is finished. Take, then, the Chalice of the Lord, and go thy way, until the time of his appearing." Whereat, the Prior, whom I knew to be Oswald, drew near the altar; worshipped, fittingly, the Chalice of the Christ, then cast his cowl about it, and the glory vanished. With it, too,

he vanished from our sight ; the monks and abbot, chanting as they went, passed out into the night, and we saw them no more.

There was no "function" in Saint Aldhelm's Church, the next day, though there have been many Masses said there since, by me and others, and the Divine Office, as our Holy Father Benedict enjoins. But, in the church at Emborough Abbey, there took place a ceremony which none who saw it will ever forget. An Anglican bishop, three priests—for we were all in valid Orders, though schismatical, jansenist, in fact—and some twenty lay-folk were, that day, received into the One Fold of Christ. The bishop and priests are monks of Emborough Abbey, the lay-folk worship in Saint Aldhelm's Church, of which it is my privilege to be the pastor.

So, with the accomplishment of his appointed task—for such, I cannot doubt, it was,—ends the Strange Tale of Prior Oswald. As for those other monks, their task, I am convinced, is not yet done. But I am equally convinced that, at no distant date, they shall sing Mass and Office, each in his own Abbey, in a Merry England, once more, as of old, the Dowry of our Lady Mary.

And so—as our old chroniclers were wont to say—God have you in His holy keeping.

BEATUS ROBINSON, O.S.B.,

Monk of Emborough Abbey, England.

(F. W. G.)



So many books there are to read,
Their names one can't recall,
And, ignorant which one to choose
I do not read at all.
The new books and the old I leave
Untouched upon the shelf,
The whole world now is writing books—
I'm writing one myself.

—*The Herald.*

KING LAOGARE'S DAUGHTERS.

TO aid the spread of the Gospel in Ireland, Dehu, the chief, lent St. Patrick a chariot drawn by two white buffaloes. By means of this chariot, on which he placed the altar stone and the sacred vessels, the Apostle journeyed through Erin

The poor, the slaves and the afflicted flocked about him. These people knowing only their dark and cruel gods, Patrick spoke to them of the charity of Christ, and his words—like soft, delicious music—ravished their hearts. When he did not preach, he often sang, and at the sound of his silvery voice the plowman left his plough, the fisherman his nets, the shepherd his flocks. All ran to hear him. Frequently the women and maidens unfastened their necklaces and bracelets and laid them on the altar, but to their grief he always returned them.

Laogare, then king of Connacht, had two daughters of great beauty. The eldest was named Ethnea (the White), and the younger Felthlena (the Rose). In all the countries of the world, the care of the young was confided to the priests. The upbringing of the princesses was given to two old Druid priests, Kaplis and Kaplid. Each of the brothers bore his royal pupil a truly paternal affection, and great was their anxiety as they heard of the approach of Patrick.

The Apostle had at last entered on the lands of Connacht. Skirting the Shannon veiled in the thin morning mist, he advanced through the forests of the Druids. The birds singing in the branches flew about the chariot and seemed to welcome the Apostle of Ireland. Not far away, the king's two daughters—more beautiful, more graceful than Homer's Nausicaa—were bathing in the Well of Klebah. On a neighboring height, amid their sacred stones, the old Druids, Kaplis and Kaplid, were endeavoring by arts of magic to conceal their pupils from Patrick's eyes. Suddenly the rising sun was veiled, dense shadow overspread the place, but (according to the old legend) Patrick had

merely to extend his hand and the sky was lit up by five brilliant lights. He made the sign of the cross and the charm was lost. The sun reappeared more brilliant, the birds sang more sweetly, and the Saint calmly pursued his journey towards the Well of Klebah. On perceiving the princesses, he alighted from his chariot and went towards them. Without saying a word he seated himself at the edge of the basin. The radiance from his face and his strange garb made the young girls think that he was the Spirit of the Mountain.

"Who are you? Whence are you come?" they cry out together.

"It is far better to know my God than to know who I am," he answered, looking at them kindly.

"Your God!" exclaimed the eldest, "and who is your God? Who adores him? Where does he live? In the heavens, on earth, in the ocean, on the mountains, or in the valleys? Is he powerful? Has he made gold and silver? Are his daughters more beautiful than we are?"

The Apostle answered:

"My God is the God of all men, the God of heaven and of earth, of the seas and of the rivers; God of the sun, of the moon and stars. He lives above and in the heavens. He governs and rules all things. During the day He illumines the sun with His beams and at night causes the moon to glow. He makes the fountains of the earth to bubble forth, and has placed in the seas islands which it cannot engulf. This God have I come to make known to you with confidence, and I counsel you to study what He has revealed."

"We listen: instruct us," replied the young girls.

Patrick instructed them, and when they were prepared, he baptized them and clothed them in a white robe.

Great was the anger of the Druids, but greater still the anger of the King. But this anger soon gave way to anxiety, for, shortly after their baptism, the princesses fell very ill. Patrick was sent for. When he came to the castle he knew that nothing less than a miracle would save the sisters. God had placed His power in his hand with command over life and death. He did not wish, however, to retain on earth these pure souls who were going

to their Lord in all the splendor of their recent baptism. They still wore the white robe in which he had clothed them at the well. With his venerable hand he crowned the dying girls with flowers, saying :

“Go to the love that never fails ; go to the eternal nuptials. Here is the Spouse.”

“We are anxious to see His face,” replied the sisters, smiling in spite of their suffering.

The Saint brought them the Divine Food, and while the Bread of Life descended into their hearts they bent their heads like “two roses before the rain.” Kaplis, who had educated Ethnea, was at the foot of the death-bed, broken-hearted and in despair. With his brother he had refused to believe in God. He suffered much at seeing his royal pupil about to leave him. Now, when he could see her no more, what was life to him ? But Ethnea had loved him on earth and would continue to love him in heaven ; and as he gazed through his tears at the lovely face of the dead girl, it seemed to him that she besought him to believe in the true God. Faith entered his heart. Rising, he fell at the Saint’s feet, crying :

“I believe in Christ ; I am a Christian.”

Kaplid, the Druid, entered and seeing his brother on his knees before Patrick, carried away by anger, exclaimed :

“What ! Kaplis also a believer in Patrick. As for me, I curse him !”

Patrick allowed his anger to spend itself, then, in answer, pointed to Fethlena, whose face beamed with a celestial joy. The Druid was unable to look without tears, and, tearing the sacred bands from his forehead, he, too, fell at Patrick’s feet.

On the same bed were laid out Ethnea the White and Lethlena the Rose, and the same white shroud enwrapped them ; around the bier the parents mourned and the bards intoned their chants.

“The rose blossomed beside the lily. O my native land, what flowers hast thou given us ! Weep o’er the fallen flowers.”

When the bards were silent, Patrick recited Christian prayers. The good shepherd had prepared a grave on the bank

of the Shannon near the holy well of Klebah where he had first seen these gentle lambs.

A church was afterwards built on this spot. "The Hymne of Virgins," composed by St. Patrick in memory of the daughters of King Laogare, was often sung there.

M. I. F.

Books a Better Means of Education Than Travel.

EDUCATION, says Webster, comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, form the manner and habits of youth, so to fit them for usefulness in their future stations.

To people like ourselves, who have yet the world before us, and who must choose a career, education, as defined above, when we come to look into it, is a serious thing. In order to be fitted for usefulness in our future stations we must undergo a formative process which comprehends all that "series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper and form the habits of youth."

The word stations is rather a quaint term, the meaning of which it may be well to note. Indeed, it is manifest to all that there are many different stations or pursuits in life. God in His infinite wisdom has distributed the burdens of society among its members and calls on every individual to take up his fair share of same. Much depends on it, whether he enters that walk in life for which his abilities suit him and much also, whether he is prepared to use his abilities to the efficient discharge of the duties of that position into which he finally settles. For certain positions, very little apprenticeship perhaps is necessary, but there are also posts or stations, the holding of which demands a most careful training and a most thorough education in every respect.

The question to be treated here is, which of the two means—Books or Travel—is best adapted to give this complete education.

It is not to be denied that Travel in certain cases is very beneficial and even necessary ; that it seems to do much in correcting and broadening the knowledge received from other sources. But Travel cannot, we believe, compare with Books as a means of education.

In the first place, if education in its best and widest sense depended on travel, a very restricted number would enjoy the boon. Not to speak of other reasons, very few of us could command the fortune that a more or less extended journey supposes. It is true that the money necessary for travelling expenses if not originally at hand may be, in time, acquired in the usual ways by thrift, labor and economy. In this case years must elapse, during which the aspirant would remain in a practically benighted and uncultivated condition. Moreover, when the opportunity to enter upon the moulding process, which means exposure to the various impressions necessary in real education, the ardor, the receptivity in fact, and all the more valuable conditions of mind and body which usually attend this period of formation, have usually departed with youth.

Doubtless the thing never happens in real life, but for the purpose of forming an argument we may suppose education to be at its initial stage in two young men. One of these, having all the means needed for the purpose, proposes to travel, to become a globe-trotter, in order to prepare himself for the stern battle of life. His route takes him to Rome, to Paris, to London ; to the other centres of human activity. He examines all the great works of nature, the scenes made famous in the course of ages,—the fields of Marathon, Philippi, of Austerlitz and Waterloo. He views the magnificent structures which men had through centuries been erecting for either his benefit or his glory. Yet, with a mind unprepared to grasp the significance of all these things, without any aid but what his own impressions may afford, how far is this untutored rover going to derive benefit from his observations? He gazes at the Vatican and St. Peters, but appreciates little of the treasures they contain, of the traditions which every stone represents. He passes in review the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists ; he may pause for a moment to admire these masterpieces of man's ingenuity, and then pass on more or

less careless as to the agencies which combined for the production of these great works.

Or to remain nearer home, the traveller enters for the first time a modern factory. He looks at the immense driving-wheel and at the innumerable smaller ones, in motion or at rest; how little is he impressed with their purpose and utility. To him the mechanical laws and the power made use of to propel all this complicated machinery remain more or less a mystery. It may occur to him that these wonderful mills and engines must have had a history involving years of effort, invention and progress before they arrive at their present state of perfection. But in the considering of all that bewildering mechanism and in the absence of its previous imperfect forms he will be always at a loss to trace it back to its origin and its starting point. He sees the effects but may never account by observation and travel alone for the remote and generally obscure causes which lead to these magnificent results.

It is very different for the youth who has taken the "Books," as a means of education. While his companion was adventurously seeking knowledge in travel, he spends his time in mastering with the aid of friends and teachers in the elementary notions which must precede and accompany his acquaintance with printed works. Afterwards he may require some more teaching according to the language or the subject he takes up. In reality this aid is not essential: its absence may retard but does not necessarily check resolution and industry.

Patience, courage and diligence can open the way to the knowledge of all the secrets of nature and arts of the past and just as far as it has been carefully gathered and stored up in books. Thus the young man has only to read the best authors to enjoy the benefits of a liberal education and appropriate to himself what the greatest thinkers and writers of the world have added to the ever growing sum of human knowledge. Is this possible for the travelled youth? If he does not enjoy in his explorations, the previous or the present aid of books, his education will certainly be defective. He may study deeply objects as they may happen to be in their present conditions, but he will never attain to a view of things as a whole. These effects are generally nothing

more than the existing links in a long chain of effects and causes the knowledge of which may be suspected through observation but can often be no longer fully obtained except through books : which is true if the first links disappear as the primeval forests of our country have disappeared.

No effort is required to show the superiority of Books over Travel in imparting such lines of knowledge as the Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy, and especially of History. What is the globe-trotter likely to learn, merely from his rambles, of great men, of the generals and legislators who have laid the foundation of nationalities and governments? What will he know of Homer and Virgil, Zenophon and Dante : and of our own immortals, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Scott—to name but a few. To him these names will convey scarcely more meaning than the commonest words in our language.

Bacon says that "*Histories* make a man wise ; *poets* witty ; *mathematics* subtle ; *natural philosophy* deep ; *moral* grave ; *logic* and *rhetoric* alike able to control." If these qualities can be obtained from books,—and they certainly can, for the majority of the world's noted men so obtained them,—if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, few will think of exchanging Books for Travel as a means of education.

Perhaps our opinion on this point would not be so pronounced if necessity were not present to reinforce it, if any choice of the means of education apart from Books offered itself. But practically there is no other alternative. What is more, all kinds of Travel are not equally good. There is travelling that is intended merely to amuse, to 'kill' time if not to work, effects that are positively harmful. So there are Books having the tendency to defeat the aim of education. But by the disposition of a kind Providence we students are given in the authority of our curriculum and of our professors a safe guidance to follow. If for the present we give all our attention to the books which College approves we may later provide for ourselves, if we still desire it, all the advantages of Travel.

C. J. JONES, '07.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

TERMS:

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

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

EDITORIAL STAFF.

H. J. MACDONALD, '04,
O. McDONALD, '04,
A. McDONALD, '05,
J. MACK, '05.

J. J. O'GORMAN '04,
R. HALLIGAN, '04,
J. FREELAND, '05,
G. BUSHEY, '06.

J. TORSNEY, '06.
J. V. MEAGHER '04,
J. E. BURKE, '05,
H. MACK, '05.

Business Managers: J. C. WALSH, '05; T. GORMLEY, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

No. VII.

MARCH, 1904.

Vol. VI

THE DAY CELEBRATED IN OTTAWA.

March 17th had pretty much the appearance of a holiday. Business was to a great extent suspended. During the morning the churches were thronged, perhaps more than usual by devout worshippers. His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, officiated at St. Patrick's. Excellent music, and an eloquent panegyric from Rev. Prof. O'Boyle, attracted many of the students to St. Joseph's. The majority however, took part in the parade, consisting of all the Irish Societies of the city; the objective point of which was St. Bridget's Church. Here the chief features at the High Mass were the presence of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, and a most effective and practical discourse in honor of the Apostle of Erin, delivered by the Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rector of St. Joseph's. After the Mass the procession was reformed, and, to

the music of the three bands, marched back to St. Patrick's Hall, when Dr. Freeland, read resolutions expressing sympathy and active interest with the constitutional Home Rule movement in Ireland. The 49th annual national concert given by the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association, fittingly closed the Day. The Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop were present at this event together with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, several Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament. The noted Irish American orator, Hon. Bourke Cochran, appeared for the first time before an Ottawa audience and fully maintained his reputation as a finished and vigorous speaker, in a discourse intitled "Ireland in the Twentieth Century."

But for the College boys the event of the day was their own banquet held at the Windsor Hotel. The dining hall was bright with foliage and bunting. British, Irish, French and American flags were arranged side by side around the hall. Mgr. Sbarretti and Archbishop Duhamel, honored the occasion with their presence, and made speeches that were greatly appreciated. The toast list brought out some very fine speeches from the under-graduates. As the next morning's paper remarked, these speeches were an indication that "the University of Ottawa was developing a high standard of oratory and sending forth from its doors graduates who will credit the pulpits, legislative and public halls of the country. The characteristic Irish command of the English language was very much in evidence." The April REVIEW will probably publish these speeches, as well as an account of the proceedings.

Undoubtedly the seventeenth of March this year was wanting in much of the noise and circumstance that characterizes most national holidays, but this fact does not lessen our joy and gives us a better chance, perhaps, of feeling more fully the truth in these words of Father Faber's beautiful hymn :

*" But the best of our glories is bright with us yet
In the feast and the faith of St. Patrick's Day."*

AN ALUMNI SOCIETY.

In a recent issue of the REVIEW there appeared a notice of the organization of a board of graduates of the University to receive subscriptions towards the fire-fund. It may have seemed strange to some that such a board should have been under the necessity of being organized; for every University which can claim as her graduates men of such distinction as those whose names figured in that connection, invariably possesses an association known as the Alumni Society of that University. It must unfortunately be acknowledged that hitherto this matter has been neglected in the University of Ottawa.

The course of studies in our University is of seven years duration, and there are many students who have spent these whole seven years within the College walls. During this time it can well be imagined how many succeeding generations of students one individual man would meet. With all of these he has lived on terms of closest intimacy—together in class, study, dormitory, recreation, etc. But now he passes out, and enters on new scenes with new companions. Is it possible that all these ties have been entirely forgotten; that all the memories of those seven years have been completely obliterated from his mind? It seems not. Those seven years may have been, as some will state, the happiest of his life. Even if they were otherwise, the companions, at least, of those years will certainly be recalled at times. But still he scarcely ever hears of or meets any of his old class-mates and fellow-students except by chance. Therefore, it seems to us it would be well to have some sort of an association that would ensure communication among ex-students and their meeting from time to time.

In such a crisis as that through which we are now passing since the University fire, such a society would be very useful as facilitating the procuring of aid from old students in this hour of trial. Ex-students would not need to form a board to assist their Alma Mater, but would already belong to a society which would be in a position to render prompt and adequate aid.

Again every one is aware of the strength of union among men. In a thousand and one ways could Catholic graduates aid

one another after leaving College. A young man, after graduating, often feels his battles for success in the world difficult. Any person can recognize the importance of having a number of friends in such cases who are bound to support their fellow alumni. Especially is this of necessity in a community in which Catholic students are in a minority, as is the case for the most part in Canada and the United States.

Such a society joins together the past and the present. The doings of ex-students are kept account of, and published in the University magazine. By this means all old students are informed of one another's doings, thus increasing the interest and circulation of the College organ. As it is at present it is well-nigh impossible for our *flora* editor to keep in touch with the events concerning ex-students, being compelled to depend on such scraps of news as he can pick up casually.

In alumni associations it is usual to have periodical reunions. Some societies hold annual alumni banquets, while in others the members of a particular graduating class meet in a certain time. Either of these gatherings certainly must afford a great deal of pleasure to those who take part in them. It seems only natural to think that students who have taken their course together would delight to meet one another after a number of years, and to see what success in life each one has attained. Again what more enjoyable meeting could be imagined than a banquet of alumni, which would remind those present of the old time St. Patrick's Day and Football banquets in the hall of Ottawa College?

Therefore, it seems to us that an alumni society could be a great power for good in our University. Alumni would feel that although locally separated from their Alma Mater, they were with her in heart, for they would be sharing and taking interest in all College doings. Some one we have heard say that College friendship, as formed in Ottawa University, is not lasting. We do not know of the truth of this. But it seems to us that it might be otherwise. If the graduates of our University were more united after leaving her halls there is reason to think that the friendship formed in old Varsity would be of life-long duration.

It seems to us that the initiation of this matter must be taken

by the students of the sixth and seventh forms at present in the University. If they start the movement there is good reason to expect it will be continued, not only by the succeeding graduating classes, but also that the matter will be taken up by old students, and that an alumni society will be formed among graduates and ex-students.

IRELAND'S TURN.

In this eminently positive and materialistic age it is greeted as folly to believe in any power except money and brute force. Success in the use of these and kindred agencies is loudly advertised as justification of no matter how unscrupulous a disregard and violation of natural and vested rights. If profession and practice can be considered as final courts of appeal in morals, robbery and bribery are become legitimate and ordinary pursuits. As a consequence, the victims of such nefarious arts find themselves blamed for thinking of putting forward their claims. They are accused of bad taste, of criminal extravagance, of a mischievous itching to disturb the public peace when they do not cheerfully submit to the entirely disinterested intentions and acts of aggressors. These latter, moreover, know how to gain the ear of the public. Chiefly through a venal daily press, the process of forming public opinion is begun and steadily maintained until the sentiment is created of the necessity of a reform, of a change, lest certain people destroy themselves and endanger the community. There is no judicial examination into the matter; merely a blind cry, let the work begin. At this point the promoters of the enterprise come forward; if they do not actually claim as a divine right to govern others and dispose of the property of these, generally to their own profit, they reach the same object, posing as philanthropists. as the enlightened exponents of human progress and liberty. And if they meet with opposition in holding positions to which they can really show no better title than that they were unscrupulous and successful in arriving thereat, forthwith they call on all the so-called friends of civilization to behold how ungratefully and unjustly they are treated. In the eyes of such people if, a movement wrongly begun and wrongfully carried out, becomes an accomplished fact, it must be left

alone, it is right. Therefore, those who have suffered and suffer therefrom are to be considered morally unfair if they complain and protest against a proceeding of the kind. The fallacy may not always take this form, but it is in substance what it amounts to. This reasoning describes very aptly the case of Ireland and the Irish people. By direct rapine—sometimes termed conquest,—then by wholesale corruption, which are facts of history, the Irish have been deprived of their lands, their institutions, of their natural and national rights; and half the world to-day seeming to forget this, wonders why they are poverty-stricken, ignorant, rebellious and discontented. The Irish are so because grave injustice has been and is still at the bottom of all their degradation—injustice to which they cannot tamely submit. That Divine Providence has permitted this condition of things the Irish have too much faith not to believe. They hold, moreover, the firm hope of better things in store for them. Mr. William Butler Yeats expresses this feeling when in a recent lecture in Boston he said: "The day will come some time when the world will recognize that to destroy a nation, a fountain of life and civilization, is the greatest crime that can be committed against the welfare of mankind." There are many things which should convince those who govern Ireland so badly that they cannot hope to continue to do it permanently. One of these is the uprising in which Robert Emmet lost his life. "Just as when it seemed that they had bribed everything that mattered in Ireland, this young man came along and laid his life down. He showed that there was something in Ireland which not all the wealth of the world could purchase. He seemed to say: What can you offer to us if we do not fear to leave even life itself?" The reason of this hope Mr. Yeats also explains. "The nations of the world are like a great organ. A little while ago, a few centuries ago, the organ pipe that we call the Empire of Spain was sounding, and it had filled the world with its music, and then that fell silent, and the Divine hand moved to another stop of the organ; and the pipe that we call the empire of England began to sound. And we need not doubt that the Divine hand will move again that the pipe that is called Ireland will once more begin to sound and that its music will fill the world."

PARLIAMENT.

The last session of the ninth Parliament of Canada was opened March 11th by Lord Minto in usual state. The weather being ideal the pageant was a brilliant spectacle. The Speech from the Throne was a very brief one and referred to the excellent trade conditions existing at present, the rapid growth and development of the North West, the necessity for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and for modifications in the original agreement, the increase of the North West Mounted Police on account of the growth of the Territories, the proposed amendments to the Militia Bill, and the placing before Parliament the papers in connection with the Alaska boundary award. In three days the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was disposed of. The House went at once into a discussion of money matters, the first portion of the estimates, to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars, being passed. The Senate, after listening to one or two bills being read for the first time, adjourned till April 13th. The budget is expected to announce a surplus again this year, the revenue having been enormous. The number of private bills is quite limited. There seems to be a disposition on both sides of the House to hurry matters so that the session may not last much beyond the end of May.

It may be well to note that the first act of the Commons on convening was to elect Mr. N. A. Belcourt, K.C., LL.D., to the Speakership vacated recently by the reception of Hon. Mr. Brodeur into the Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. The Hon. Mr. Belcourt is eminently qualified for the position and enjoys the confidence of both sides of the House. Since 1891 he has been a member of the law faculty of Ottawa University.

CLEARING AWAY THE RUINS.

The general plan of the new building having been considered by the authorities of the University, the work of clearing off the charred walls of the old structure was begun March the 12th. However, the contractors who first took the work in hand soon found that the walls were not so brittle as they seemed. The using of dynamite did not give satisfaction, and the conditions of

the work threatening to prove too onerous, the contractors at their own request were relieved from their obligations. Brother Joseph Normand of the University, at once took over the direction of this work, with the result that considerable progress is being made. In less than six weeks, it is expected, the ground will be free and active operations towards laying new foundations will begin. The REVIEW hopes to be able to give next month a cut of the projected building and the manner in which the present block is to be utilized.

The University of Ottawa Library.

The University offers its sincerest thanks to its friends for the following generous contributions. The number of volumes received since the last list of contributors was published in the February number of THE REVIEW is 1,301, which are gratefully acknowledged.

The handsome donations of the New York Public Library, as well as those of Morang & Co., Publishers, Toronto ; 546 volumes have been obtained by Dr. Henry J. Morgan.

The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 188 volumes.

W. C. McCarthy, Bart., Ottawa, Universal Classics, manuscript,
1 volume.

J. G. Kilt, Ottawa, 11 volumes.

L'Universite Libre de Bruxelles, Belgium, 41 volumes.

Adam and Charles Black, London, G. B., 31 volumes.

Rev. L. A. Dubuc, Viauville, P.Q., 9 volumes.

Rev. Mr. Hudon, P.P., Rockland, Ont., 4 volumes.

Mrs. Rachel Logue, Ottawa, 1 volume.

Dr. S. G. Dawson, Ottawa, 5 volumes.

A Friend, 11 volumes.

New York Public Library, 513 volumes.

A. Poisson, Arthabasca, 2 volumes.

Seminary of Montreal, 76 volumes.

John J. McGee, Ottawa, 77 volumes.

R. and F. Washbourne, Publishers, London, G.B., 9 volumes.

Library Bureau, Ottawa, 1 volume.

Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill., 9 volumes.
 Hinds & Noble, Publishers, New York, 72 volumes,
 Dr. N. E. Dionne, Quebec, 2 volumes.
 Morang & Co., Publishers, Toronto, 33 volumes.
 State Library, Albany, N.Y., 21 volumes.
 T. G. Coursolles, Ottawa, 189 volumes.
 Ginn & Co., New York, 20 volumes.



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.”

Professor Goldwin Smith, the chiel notes, has hailed the vote at Oxford *re* compulsory Greek as a “ loosening of ecclesiastical trammels,” or, as the soldier said, “ words to that effect.” The Oxford correspondent of the *Tablet*, however, reminds us that the statute which must be framed in accordance with the vote has to pass through convocation before it becomes law, and that the non-resident voters—old fashioned country parsons and others—have yet to be heard from. The result is by no means so certain as the sage of Toronto appears to believe. “ The wish is father to the thought.”

Concerning the change— if change there is to be—the chiel can only say that it appears to be inevitable. Possibly “ significant of much ” ; among other things, of modern “ scholarship.” Time, doubtless, is money : other studies are more commercially valuable than Greek. “ Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground ? ” But there are values which cannot be measured by double entry.

The average man, one supposes, does not “ read Plato with his feet on the fender ” : he reads Kipling, or Mercantile Law ; and prefers Pope's Iliad—if any—to Homer's. But, with Greek, another link with past ideals vanishes. A superfluous one, if you will ; but a link, nevertheless. *Requiescat.*

Latin, presumably, stands where it did. Even Greek finds defenders, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Lister, among others. If made non-compulsory, however, its true votaries will hardly be fewer; least of all at Oxford, "the home of lost causes." Its unwilling victims will be set free. Compulsion, anyway, has its limits.

The chiel, it may be said, grows didactic, not to say prosy. If so, he makes his apology; but remarks that he cannot always be amusing—or even try to be, which, probably, is nearer the mark.

THE CHIEL.

Book Review.

A story for children under the title of "TWO LITTLE GIRLS," comes to us from the versatile pen of Lillian Mack. The childish simplicity and trusting faith of innocence is so beautifully portrayed in a crippled boy, that one cannot read it without feeling benefited therefrom. The tale is told in simple language, and it is a book which should be found in every home where there are children, that they may draw from it many useful lessons which it contains. This book is published by Benzinger Bros., at the small cost of 45 cents.

"THE GREAT CAPTAIN."—A story of the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, from the pen of Katharine Tynan Hinkson, the Irish novelist, is told in such a charming manner, that the reader forgets for a time that there is history in the tale, seeing only the man, his ambition, his success and his sorrow. Every chapter is full of incident and makes delightful reading as well as affording information. The cover of the book is neat, the point clear, and it is published by the well known firm of Benzinger Bros., for 45 cents.

The American Book Company have issued a revised edition of Rolfe's "As You Like It," one of Shakspeare's most sparkling comedies. There are several important changes including the abridgment of the textual variations and the critical comments.

There are substituted newer comments by the editor and a concise account of Shakspeare metre has also been inserted as an introduction to the notes on the play. The notes have undergone changes throughout. The introduction includes a history of the play, the sources of the plot and general comments on the work. The appendix includes comments on the characters, the moral of the play, etc. The new edition was prepared especially for the use of teachers, and should meet with their approval.

Among the Magazines.

We welcome the *Banner of Mary Immaculate*, published by the Oblate Fathers, Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, Ottawa. This is an annual which years ago attained to an enviable reputation, but suspended. It now reappears in a more devout guise if possible than ever, being as its title page announces it a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception. Its reading matter is introduced by letters of approval from the Apostolic Delegate of Canada, and the Archbishop of Ottawa, and by several very valuable half-tone cuts. There are some lively and very edifying descriptions of the work done by the Oblates in Canada, the United States, England, Germany, as well as here in the Juniorate itself. The whole publication in fact, while very neat and tasty in its make-up, furnishes very select and very interesting reading. This "Souvenir" we predict will be a popular one.

The *Rosary Magazine* opens with a timely article on "L'Art Nouveau," of which the principal promotor was William Morris, poet, artist and craftsman. Leaving aside William Morris' social theories, his influence in the domain of the industrial arts has been, as is here shown, immense. The reform of English and American taste in decoration, color and design, during the last generation is largely due to the manufacture of wall paper, stained glass and other fine-art decorations begun by Mr. Morris in 1863. "A few years before his death in 1893, Mr. Morris established at

Hammersmith the Kelmscott Press, whence were issued editions of Chaucer, Herrick, Rossetti, and other works, including his own volumes, in type and binding that were the admiration of all book-lovers." Some history in hospital work is given in the two articles "The White-capped Angel of Mercy," and "The Famous Hospital Train."

Among the periodicals that reappear, we note the *Le Propagateur*, issued by the Cadieux and Derome Publishing Co. Its motto now more than before is "to propagate. What?—It will propagate ideas, useful, Christian; ideas at times pleasant, always agreeable. The *Propagateur* is to be the vehicle of ideas, in other terms, a review, a true review replete with things substantial but easy." In the three numbers which have already reached us we see that the editors are carrying out this programme pretty fully.

Two new exchanges appear, both in their second number. One is the *Power Review* of Montreal, the subtitle of which—Compressed Air, Gas, Steam, Electricity and Water-power—shows what its scope will be. Though there are several such reviews in Canada, in our opinion sufficient attention has not as yet been given by our people to those branches of practical sciences which are suitable to develop the immense resources of the country. Huge estimates are voted for wharves to be built in lonely creeks, but little or nothing to aid technical education.

The second review styled the *Electric Club Journal*, hails from Pittsburg, Pa., the centre of the iron and coal industry in the States. It is the organ of the "Electric Club," which has been organized to provide a means for the effective co-operation among Westinghouse men in their engineering improvement and social recreation. The frontispiece presents a likeness of, and the first article sketches, George Westinghouse, "Mechanic, Inventor, Financier, Friend of Labor, Tireless Organizer, Founder of Enduring Industries."

Exchanges.

The University fire swept away our beautiful new sanctum with the shelves where reposed bundles of the College paper—perpetual reminders of what had been achieved in years gone by. Our registers and mailing lists were involved in the same ruin. It is impossible to verify the failure of any of our College magazines to make their wonted appearance; three or four have failed to report, not a few taking care to remind us of the duty to return their call by the significant notice, "Please exchange." Besides those we have noticed lately, we are glad to see the *Victorian*, *Queen's University Journal*, *St. John's University*, *St. Vincent's*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Purple and Gold*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Georgetown College*, *S. V. C. Student*, *Xavier*, *Niagara Index*, *Bates Student*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Agnesian*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Orphan's Friend*, *Bee*, *Young Eagle*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Amherst Literary Monthly*, *S. V. C. Index*, *Ontario Ladies College*, *Trinity University Review*, *Ottawa Campus*, *Xaverian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*.

All these make a jolly company. If we unwittingly omit any name from the list, we would be gladly advised of the fact.

With extreme satisfaction we remark some new comers such as the *Hya Yuka*, *College Spokesman*, *Exponent*, *Nasareth Chimes*, *College Wide Awake*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*. The *Geneva Cabinet*, the latest Santos Dumont in college journalism, thus gives a greeting which deserves repetition: "The University of Ottawa REVIEW is a new arrival. We are glad to make its acquaintance, and while we would represent doctrines much different in nature, yet Covenanter and Catholic must encounter the same hardships in propelling a college journal; so we recognize the bond of sympathy. The REVIEW seems to have some contributors that are capable of an excellent style of fiction."

From across the Atlantic comes *St. Stephen's*. There is not a wasted inch of space in all its clever, closely packed small-typed twenty-five pages. The language is sharp, biting; in most of the departments appears the tendency to rub people the wrong

way and thus get fun out of them. It jauntily tells us to shoot our Junior Editor, as if fire-eating were customary here. It is a pity it had only our September number to form judgment from. It was then too soon after vacation to expect the printers to eschew "slush" type-setting and contributors to use their pens to best advantage.

OBITUARY.

REV. FATHER KEOUGH.

On March 9th was announced the death of the Very Rev. John Keough, V. G., of the Hamilton diocese. Father Keough, who was 64 years of age, was born in Guelph, and was educated in the Ottawa College from the year 1865. Some of his school-mates were the Apostolic Chancellor, Archbishop Duhamel; Hon. Justice Curran; Bishop Macdonald of Alexandria; Mr. Foran, the eminent jurist; Dr. Angus McDonald, now physician in Minnesota.

Father Keough's first appointment was Walkerton, where he erected a new church, rectory and convent. Transferred to St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, he wiped out the debt of \$30,000. In 1886 he was placed in charge of the church at Dundas, where he remained until a year ago when ill health forced him to retire from active work.

At the funeral held from St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, the University was represented by the Very Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., Rector.

Father Keough was an ideal priest, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and was greatly esteemed by clergy and laity. *Requiescat in pace.*

BROTHER WILFRID LABONTE, O.M.I.

It is with sorrow that we announce the demise of Brother Wilfrid Labonté, O.M.I., who formerly contributed to the pages of THE REVIEW under the pseudonym of *Imo*. Born Jan. 23, 1885, he was early left an orphan by the death of his parents; and was

brought up in the orphanage of Worcester, Mass. In 1896 he came with his brother, Arthur, to the Juniorate at Ottawa, whence he entered the Oblate Novitiate at Lachine, taking the habit Aug. 1, 1902. Here pulmonary disease, so fatal to the other members of his family, declared itself; and after an illness of several months he passed peacefully away Jan. 17, 1904. He had the happiness of pronouncing his final vows *in articulo mortis*.

His loss is the more keenly felt as he was a young man of unusual talent and promise, with a spirit joyous and elastic to the last. He leaves a brother, A. Labonté, O.M.I., the sole surviving member of the family, who is completing his theological studies in the North West. For him, as well as for the numerous friends of the deceased, THE REVIEW wishes to express its heartfelt sympathy.



Athletics.

HOCKEY.

On Friday, Feb. 26th, the College Hockey team travelled to Hawkesbury to play an exhibition match with the fast seven of that thriving town. Though the Collegians hoped to give their opponents a hard run, not even their most ardent supporters expected them to defeat the experienced representatives from the Lower Ottawa. So when College left the ice victors by a score of 3 goals to 1 there was great joy in the 'Varsity camp. For College, Lamothe in goal, played a remarkably strong game, stopping every shot that came his way; and it was only by the greatest luck that Hawkesbury tallied a single point. Brennan and Collin played a strong defense, the former performing some stunts that struck the eye of both opponents and spectators in a most forcible manner. Bawlf at centre and Capt. Ebbs as rover played and skated their covers off their feet. Halligan held down right wing with all the ability of an experienced player, whilst Cosgrove performed equally well at left wing. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the game, and College are already looking forward to the day when they can revisit Hawkesbury.

ETIAMS 3, UTIQUES 4.

Such was the score at call of time when the much-heralded Philosophers game was over. The game was played at Rideau Rink on March 7th, the feast of St. Thomas, the patron of Philosophers. From early morning there was a suspicious stir about the two respective camps; and when Referee Brennan blew his whistle at 9.30 sharp an ominous silence fell upon the expectant thousands who lined the sides. The Etiams or seventh form representatives took their side with a grand flourish of trumpets, and the sixth form, silent but confident in their ability to triumph over their more learned adversaries, took a position at the other end of the arena. And then, ye gods, what hockey! Never was so exciting and ably contested a game witnessed in Ottawa before. For half an hour the contestants struggled, and at half time the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the younger disciples of Zigliara. The Etiams started in to enliven matters and scored two more goals in quick order. Then the Utiques took a brace and scored two more goals and so ended the match, 4 to 3 in favor of the junior students of St. Thomas. The teams and officials were:

<i>Etiams.</i>			<i>Utiques.</i>			
L. Gauthier	-	-	Goal	-	-	E. Burke
O. McDonald	-	-	Point	-	-	A. McDonald
J. O'Gorman	-	-	Cover	-	-	D. Collin
R. Halligan	-	-	Centre	-	-	J. Freeland
J. Ebbs	-	-	Rover	-	-	R. Byrnes
V. Meagher		-	Wings	-		J. Downey
H. McDonald	}	-			}	J. Mack

Referee—L. Brennan.

Umpires—W. Ryan, J. Walsh.

Timekeeper—R. Lapointe.

The Etiams attributed their defeat to the fact that their goaltend was too *skaty*, but Louis claims that it was because the point of gravity fell to (de feet) defeat.

The fair hockeyists who cheered the Utiques said that what Edmund B-rk- could not do in the line of hockey was not worth attempting (and he swallowed it all), but he came to grief when he tried to eat the puck.

The Etiam's cover-point was in poor condition because he is an inveterate *gorman*(d).

Umpire W-l-h's official arm was seen to take involuntary flights skyward, but his intentions were good. "The wish was father to the act."

J. Terra-libra, in a brilliant speech, said that he felt too full for utterance.

That philosopher who bears such a striking physical resemblance to the Angelic Doctor aspires to equal his intellectual qualities also.

Of Local Interest.

The University Debating Society held two meetings since our last issue, at which the following questions were discussed :

February 26th.

Resolved, "That books are more advantageous for education than travel."

Mr. Jones, '07, and Mr. Donohue, '07, spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. Valillee, '08, and Mr. Brennan, '08, defended the negative. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

On March 4th, a very interesting debate took place on a subject of present interest, the Japanese-Russian war. The question of debate was as follows :

Resolved, "That Japan should have the support of western nations in the present war."

Mr. J. Mack, '05, and Mr. O'Neil, '07, upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Byrne, '05, and Mr. Cosgrove, third form, argued for Russia's claim to western support.

The decision was awarded to the negative.

On February 24th, Rev. Father Gauvreau, M.A., Professor of Chemistry, lectured before the Scientific Society, on the subject of *Phosphorus*. Prior to the fire, the Rev gentleman was preparing a public lecture on this subject ; but, owing to the loss of all his notes, and certain other causes, a public lecture could not be held at the present time. There was a good assemblage of students present however, and all were delighted with the masterly manner in which the Rev. lecturer handled his subject. The lecture was illustrated with some very instructive experiments.

During intermission in the lecture, Mr. J. Mack gave a piano solo, and Mr. Torsenay sang very artistically.

On March 2nd, Professor Grey gave a lecture before the Scientific Society, on *Oliver Cromwell*. The lecture was very interesting, and gave those present many ideas concerning this great man which are very valuable. Some of the members seemed to hold the opinion that Cromwell was much worse than he was painted by Mr. Grey, but the general sentiment at the end of the lecture was that Oliver was not such a bad fellow, whatever the Irish may say to the contrary.

The Gaelic Society, like all other societies, and everything else in connection with the University, was somewhat embarrassed by our recent misfortune; but neither was it inferior to the other societies in reorganizing and endeavoring to continue the work it was carrying on in *ante-ignens* times. Although it has no permanent quarters in which to hold regular classes as formerly; yet, through the kindness, and zeal for the cause, of some of the members resident in the city, the Society has held several pleasant reunions. The Gaelic Society owes a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Freeland and Mr. Clarke, for the thoroughly enjoyable meetings held at the residences of the above named gentlemen.

On Saturday, February 27th, in the Basilica, some of our Scholastic brothers were given degrees of Holy Orders by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Brother Turcotte, O. M. I., was raised to the dignity of Deacon; Brother Normandin, to that of Sub-deacon; while Brothere Kunz and Stanton, received minor Orders; and Mr. Ryan, Tonsure.

Were the Etiams defeated? Utique.

Fl. G.—“Who did that?”

M. W.—“Don’o who.”

Someone says that “Cough up your dough for the banquet,” is a flowe(u)ry expression.

Professor—“I have heard it stated somewhere that, at the time of the full moon, the patients in an insane asylum are more

demented than at other times. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but——”

Jack—“ Well, that's easily explained.”

Prof.—“ How?”

Jack—“ Why at such times they are more *lunc(y)*.”

P.S.—If you can't see the joke, look up your French.

It is stated by someone who has heard him that Gillis is ever singing that lovely piece of verse, “ The Honeysuckle and the *Bee*.”

Tom Campbell sings of war-like deeds,
 Bill Byron dreams of love,
 Will Shakespeare deals with tragedy,
 Milton of God above ;
 But sweeter than the four of them,
 Is heard outside of rhymes,
 'Tis F-ll-n's voice when roaring out :
 “ Hard luck, old man ! ten times.”

The American pool team defeated the philosophers the other day by 45 points. Mac. says the Americans are now open to engagements from all comers.

Mr. O'G. declares that the Gael can rule the world. Doc. says that it is a *brceazy* expression.

Students generally were very much pleased with the proposed plans for the new building. If realized, they will certainly be the pride of every student of Ottawa University.

Many of the students while away a few minutes every day after class watching the work of pulling down the old walls, which is now going on under the supervision of Brother Joseph Normand.

Junior Department.

Taking a retrospective glance over the happenings in “ Kid-dom ” since the beginning of the winter term, the Junior Editor beholds, with tear-dimmed eyes, the twilight of uncertainty already settling over several events, and that if these are not noticed at

once and rescued from oblivion, the dark night of forgetfulness will eventually descend upon them. It is, indeed, a pleasure to recount the events of such a successful season, to narrate episodes which, like fragrant flowers and flowery banks, invite the over-worked midget to turn for a while from the dusty road of knowledge to refresh himself. The hockey season has been in every way successful, the glassy surface of the small rink having been the scene of more than forty battles. Every midget had an opportunity of demonstrating how nicely he could wield a hockey stick and how dexterous he was in guiding the restless rubber. Some tested their strength with telling effect on the other fellow's shins, while others measured the hardness of the ice by the number of bumps on the head.

The senior series afforded some very interesting games. The fact that not till the bitter end were the legitimate holders of the trophy emblematic of the championship decided, indicates how evenly matched were the four teams composing the league. However, to Captain *Ed. Byrnes* and his sturdy followers fall the spoils of war, and rightly do they deserve the honor of having their names engraved on the outer surface of the "*perster*" mug and of drinking its contents made sweeter still by the measured sounds of "*Hurrah! We're Champions again.*"

The junior league also provided some very good sport, and an authentic account of all the troubles, perplexities and confusion to which it gave rise, would make interesting reading. However, as space is limited suffice it to note that although Captain *Mc-Hugh* was often heard instructing his men to "shinny on their own side," his team came through the season with an immaculate record. When the team's work in the final game became the sole topic of conversation the victors were lead off to the dressing-room and treated to a dish of hot cabbage and a pinch of snuff. To show that the members forgave and forgot the misunderstandings of the past, the pipe of peace was passed around, each one feeling quite happy and contented in the company of his "*old chum.*"

Willie (at the telephone).—Excuse me. Central, it's the door bell that is ringing.

During the month of January the first team was allowed to live under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the racking tranquility of terrible expectation. On Feb. 6th they were called from their "haven of rest" to hold the fort against the "Canadians," seven broad-shouldered, fierce-whiskered youths clad in striped suits, who came determined to teach the "kids" how to play hockey. Long hung the contest doubtful for the Lower Town aggregation, owing to its size, played a wonderful defense game. Though a sprinkling of snow cooled the ardor of the contestants, as a bucket of water thrown on the drowsy youngster in the early morning hours, yet they paused but for a moment to clean the rink, and returned with tenfold fury to the charge. When the hour had elapsed, and, the rink cleared, it became known that the home team had proven its superiority in the fray. The visitors, vowing vengeance on their conquerors, packed up their paraphernalia and waddled away.

Ten days later the return game was played on the Rialto rink. The ice was perfect, and the large crowd that travelled down to Bolton street was certainly repaid for its trouble. For some time previous the "Canadians" had been boasting of the great and many things they were going to do to the Collegians. The former defeat was to be wiped off, and they would send home the wearers of the Garnet and Grey sadder but wiser. But never had they stopped to think of Junior skill and pluck till after the game they realized that hockey is not entirely a game of chance. As "Canadians" stepped upon the ice the sounds of horns, megaphones and tin cans filled the air. A few minutes later the Juniors skated to their end of the rink amid the cheers of their supporters. The master of ceremonies gave the usual sermon, blew his whistle and the great game was on. Then began the desperate struggle, the maddening desperation and utter confusion of battle. The puck travelled with lightening speed from end to end of the rink. Bang! as it struck the sides and rebounded—whack! went the sticks as the owners fought for possession—thump! as an aching head came to a sudden stop as it struck the hard ice. "Storm the goal," shouted Rosey on the tiptoe of excitement. "Lift the puck" roared the "Canadian" coach—

boom ! boom ! went the big bass drum—until all became unintelligible. Grunts of pain, shouts of fury and the triumphant cry of hurrah ! all mingled together to make the night hideous. At last the gong struck and the excited mob made its way to the score-board where in bold hieroglyphics was told the result of the first half. Canadians—3. Juniors—0.

A wave of depression spread over the junior ranks. After a few encouraging words from the manager the "Kids" again took up their positions determined to overcome the opponents' lead, and, if possible, to pull the game out of the fire. The puck was faced anew. In less time than it takes to note it the juniors came down the ice like a thunder-bolt and found the nets, thereby scoring their first goal. Both sides redoubled their efforts, but the "Canadians," their supply of energy exhausted, found their goal besieged, and when the bombardment ceased the score stood 2—3. Astounded and totally discomfited at the sight of a victory now almost beyond their grasp, the valiant "Canadians" fell into disorder while Labrosse sent the rubber singing through the air and true to its course as was the missile discharged by Ajax at Hector, it evaded the goalkeeper's eye and nestled in the nets. This shot was decisive. The home team, pressed harder than ever, were obliged to retreat with the visitors in possession of their fortress, though there was not the loss of a single player on either side. It was truly a night to be remembered. A huge supper was prepared in honor of the conquerors, at which were seated, "as in one great constellation," the big and the little stars of the small yard. Plates of fish, fowl and carrots were destroyed, bottles of pop drunk, and many a pipe "lit up" in honor of the occasion.

On the 12th inst. the Rockland juniors met the first team in Rideau Rink. The visitors were strictly juniors, having left at home the two senior men that had played against the small yard in Rockland. The score at full time was 14—1. and is a fair criterion of the game.

A. SHORTFELLOW.