

UNIVERSITY
OF OTTAWA
REVIEW

Vol. IX

OTTAWA, ONT., March, 1907.

No. 6

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

The Hope of Ireland.

Passes the night of thy bondage, Banba?
Dying, was Patrick's vision true?
Breaks the roselight of thy long lost freedom?
Comes the deep joy of thy hope anew?

Many the hearts for thy freeing, Banba,
Quenched in the stillness forevermore;
Many the souls that bless thee, Mother,
Pray for thy weal from Death's dark shore.

Answers Banba: "The faith I cherished
" Guided me safe 'mid ruin and bale—
" Come when it may the hour of my crowning,
" Thine be the merit, God of the Gael!"

HUBERT O'MEARA.

Banba—A Gaelic name for Ireland.

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

St. Patrick's Day has come and gone, and the members of the class of 1907 have taken part in their last student function. However, they have every reason to feel proud of their final effort for the annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet, held on Monday, March the 18th, under the direction of the Irish students of '07 and '08, was a most unqualified success in every particular. The taste displayed in the decorations, and the excellence of the menu, the music and the speeches, all contributed to make the Banquet of 1907 a worthy peer of its many predecessors. Mr. J. E. McNeill, '07 acted as Chairman, giving due honor to the occasion, and his remarks were concise, appropriate, and eloquent. After the wants of the inner man had been attended to in true student fashion, Mr. McNeill proposed the toast to "The Day" in the following terms:

"As the sun rose on that green isle across the sea yesterday morning, every Irishman hailed its beams with a joyous heart, for in every civilized land in the universe the sons of Erin were gathering to celebrate Ireland's national day, and to revere the name of him who first enkindled the fire of Christianity in the hearts of the Irish people. In perfect accord with this spontaneous movement, of Irishmen the world over, the Irish students of Ottawa University have come together to celebrate this great festival. Since away back in the "sixties" St. Patrick's Day has always been a day of rejoicing in the University, but perhaps on no former anniversary, have her students had as much cause to rejoice as to-day, for never since the days of the disestablishment if the Irish church have Irishmen celebrated a 17th of March which promised a brighter future to their native land than does the present one. Right and fitting is it then that, true to the tradition of those who have gone before us, we should celebrate the national day of Ireland, and as faithful sons of the Emerald Isle, I ask you, gentlemen, to join me in a toast to the Day we celebrate coupled with the name of Mr. Hatch."

The latter's response was as follows:

"The festival of St. Patrick has again returned and, in every portion of the globe, the feast of Erin's National Apostle is hailed with joy and exultation.

St. Patrick's Day, it is true, is Ireland's national holiday, but

above all and beyond all, it is the greatest religious festival of the Irish people.

It is, gentlemen, on this day that the heart of every true Irishman wherever he may be, swells with a just pride; it is on this day that he feels the warmth of that Irish blood as it flows with increased speed through his veins; it is on this day that every fibre of his being tingles with inexpressible feeling. Yes, on this festive occasion his very soul is lifted to the Almighty in an outpouring of gratitude.

Why? Because the Irish race holds and ever has held that the most glorious fact in its history is the possession of and perseverance in the Catholic faith. This fact has been demonstrated by centuries of persecution, which have drawn forth from them, a manifestation of heroism and adhesion to faith that stands unsurpassed in the world's history.

To-day, the feast day of that glorious patron, who first planted the true religion on Erin's fruitful soil, it is fitting that we gather round this festive board, to honor that great champion of our faith, to commemorate a life so generously devoted to the cause of christianity and to attest our love and loyalty to those who with martyr blood have guarded and preserved that faith tho' it cost them their all.

What shall I say in this brief discourse of Patrick and the Irish people? I will pass by in silence, the controversy concerning the actual place of the Saint's birth, his early life, his captivity and the long years of preparation. I will not speak of his journey into the Emerald Isle, of his apostolic labors, or of the peaceful conversion of the Island, without the shedding of one drop of blood; with these, as with many other striking events of his life, each and all are entirely familiar. However, it seems but natural, that on this day, we the sons of Irish parents should gladly wander back through the lapses of ages and make at least a hurried review of Ireland's history, of every page of which we may be justly proud.

Ireland has a glorious history, one that commands the admiration of the world! But, what a mingling of joy and of sorrow, do we not find enrolled on its pages!

Where do records exhibit, a fairer picture than that of Erin in her golden age? Her fame had reached the remotest parts of the earth. She stood pre-eminent among the nations of the globe, wearing the proudest of titles that of "Isle of Saints and Scholars." But to this most glorious epoch, succeeded most bitter trials,

Danish invaders had barely been repulsed when the Saxon followed with seven centuries of torture, which converted the happy and prosperous Isle into a realm of misery and desolation. What sorrow did not Ireland experience during those long centuries of bloody extermination, those years of suffering, when distress and persecution came upon her and when year after year she beheld the highest, the noblest and holiest of her children fleeing from her bosom, obliged in fact to fly to the ends of the earth leaving her a desolate country?

Then it was, that the little Island was almost doomed to despair, and for the sake of peace was about to submit her national rights to Saxon rule. Her altars were desecrated, her cathedrals were demolished and a strange, repulsive and false worship was forced upon her, and everything high and holy was driven out of the land. Then it was, when she reached the summit of her calvary. But even then, her fidelity to faith never for an instant wavered.

Here, gentlemen, is the true greatness of the Irish character. It is the result of this fidelity, that the Irish people possess the qualities of faith, purity and spirituality, which distinguish them among the nations of the modern world. These are the traits of the Irish people, which show forth in their posterity and which animate them on this great festive anniversary.

The true Irishman, may be cruelly driven from his home, may be tortured and sent forth an wanderer and an exile, but escape these trials by giving up the faith bequeathed to him by Patrick never!

It is for this reason then, that the best, the noblest and the most heroic departed from Ireland's shores, but they have written her name in glory on the pages of many a nation's history and proclaimed her heroism on many a well fought field, invariably in the cause of justice and of God.

Such then briefly, has been the history of Ireland's devotion to St. Patrick and to its faith, a history, the greater part of which has been plunged into deepest sadness but through that vale of sorrow, we have seen Ireland immerge glorious and triumphant with youth renewed with hope undimmed.

We celebrate to-day the returning glories of Ireland, her day of joy is come and her good Friday is passed, the clouds of persecution have been scattered and now the sun of her glorious Easter is about to shine upon her.

The genius of Ireland, once more, is about to assert itself

throughout the whole world, and the crown of her ancient splendor, once more, is about to be placed on her head, as formerly when she was declared to be the "Lamp of the North."

We can readily understand, then, how each Irishman celebrates heart and soul, with fitting pomp and ceremony, the feast of the great St. Patrick, we can readily understand how the celebration of this festive day is naught else but the annual celebration of Irelands triumph in religion.

Yes, Ireland's ancient honor and glory is coming back and she is about to reap the well earned reward of her well tried faith. Faith which she preserved in joy and in sorrow, and which she shall always preserve pure and immaculate.

Let us therefore, on this day rejoice, and let us above all be faithful to our traditions, and to the inheritance that our illustrious ancestors have handed down to us, and further, let us resolve ever to be loyal to our church, to our country and to the land of our forefathers, "Ireland, The Mary of the Nations'."

In proposing a toast to the Pope, Mr. McNeill said:

"We would be recreant to every principle that we hold most dear, and false to the purest glory of the land of our fathers, did we fail to emphasize to the fullest extent that as Irishman, one of the most precious memories which circles round "the Day We Celebrate", is that Faith which Patrick brought to Ireland almost 1500 years ago. Ireland is the single country of the world of which the gospel took possession without bloodshed. At his coming, Patrick found the country universally pagan; when he died, 60 years later, he left it universally Christian. And Ireland is the single land in all the world which has never swerved from the teaching of the first Apostle.

To Pius X, then, the venerable head of that holy religion for which our forefathers fought and died, I ask you to honor a toast to which Mr. W. H. Veilleux, will respond."

He replied:

"On this day, when the members of a race, famed in history for their profound spirit of catholicity, are joyfully celebrating the feast of him who brought to their shores the priceless boon of the christian religion, it is only natural that the hearts of that generous people should go out, in loyalty and in sympathy, to the great Pontiff who now occupies the throne of St. Peter.

It was one of his predecessors, the saintly Célestine that commissioned Patrick to bring to the Irish people that religion, which,

if it has been the cause of all those centuries of persecution with which they have been afflicted, has also been the secret of their national strength, has brought them untold consolation in their miseries, and has been the source of that national grandeur, the like of which no other nation can boast.

Though it is their unfaltering allegiance to the chair of Peter, that they have been stretched out on the cross of a persecution, perhaps the bitterest and most unrelenting that the world has ever beheld, yet they have never faltered in their loyalty to the Head of the Church; they have never weakened in their child-like love for him, and they have never ceased to regard that tie which binds them to Rome, as one that will never be severed, even tho' it should cost them their existence to maintain it intact.

Being a people of high ideals, a people that have always placed the spiritual above the material, a people filled with the deepest reverence for religion and everything connected with it, one of their greatest characteristics has been their devotion, and fidelity to their priests and bishops, and especially to him, who, in the place of Christ Himself, guides the destiny of our Holy Mother Church.

And so it is that to-day, when the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X, finds himself beset on all sides by enemies, finds even those to whom the Holy see has shown the utmost consideration, solicitude and tenderness, rising up and despoiling the church of her properties and her rights,—poor, destitute, persecuted Ireland, sends message after message, to the Prisoner of the Vatican as protest against the ruthless injustice and shameless indignities that are being perpetrated against him, and as a mark of the sympathy that they bear him in the struggle that he is so nobly maintaining on behalf of the sacred charge confided to him.

Ireland, I believe, is the only nation, the public representatives of whose people have spoken boldly their indignation against the outrageous violation of the solemn compact that existed between Rome and France, and have given to the Sovereign Pontiff the pledge of whatever support it is within their power to offer him.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the people have spoken by the mouths of their local councils in no uncertain tone, and have given the world to understand that if Ireland possessed her national independence, Rome need have no fear whatever, that any attack would ever be made upon her with impunity by the implacable enemies of religion.

The choicest of Ireland's sons would gladly lay down their lives in defence of the sacred rights of Catholicity. They would be proud to display that native bravery and military genius that has rendered them famous the world over,—they would be proud to display it in driving back the infidel hordes that are now waging war against the church of Christ. And the pages of her history that she would cherish most, would be those that would recount the dauntless deeds of her sons, as they poured forth their blood in an effort to protect that church from despoliation and perfidy.

And, gentlemen, it is worthy of remark that Ireland's loyalty to the successor of Peter, is not less profound or less enthusiastic to-day, when she is about to enter upon that period of complete national prosperity and peace, for which she has so long and so valiantly fought,—it is worthy of remark that that loyalty is as sincere to-day as it ever was. A few years ago His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, who had been sent by the then reigning pope Léo XIII, of glorious memory, as Papal Legate to Ireland, thus made acknowledgement of the wonderful reception, of which he had everywhere been made the object;”

“Ireland has ever been primarily distinguished in its attachment to the Holy see, in its demonstration of fealty to the throne of Peter; and I know,—and have often said it—all the manifestations I have witnessed in my tour through your beautiful country, have been proofs, yes, abundant proofs of your great, grand holy faith, of your unaltered and unalterable fidelity to our Holy Father, the Pope.”

May Irishmen the world over, for all time to come, be faithful to the glorious example that has been left to them by their ancestors; may they always find themselves worthy of such a magnificent tribute as that distinguished prelate Cardinal Richard, lately paid to the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, in a letter addressed to the Irish Episcopate, thanking them for the kind expression of sympathy that they had sent to the Catholics of France.

In that letter the Cardinal says:—“Amongst all the children of the Church, the Irish have given the most striking proofs of constancy..... May we, by a courage as persevering as yours, be able to win back the liberty which you now enjoy. Your O'Connell, who was its most eloquent defender, wished that his heart should rest in Rome. That is the symbol of your unalter-

"able attachment to the Holy see. We ask God for strength to imitate your admirable fidelity."

That is a tribute of which Irishmen should feel proud, and which future generations of Irishmen may well strive to merit, as a reward for the support and sympathy that they will give to him who guides the destinies of the bark of Peter."

"Canada" was then proposed by the Chairman in the following terms:

"The next toast on the list—that to Canada—is one to which any Canadian will always be glad to respond. Canada is a country magnificently endowed by nature. Her great forest, agricultural, and mineral bearing areas are among the wealthiest and most extensive in the world. But they are not her only resources. What makes our country great is not these things in themselves. They are great assets in our national life, but our greatest asset, you will agree with me, is a thoroughly enterprising people who are determined to make the best of their country's vast resources. In the making of our country the sons of the Emerald Isle have played no insignificant role, and we find them to-day occupying some of the highest positions in the land. It is not necessary for me to cite you examples. We have some of them here to-day.

In this connection also we must not forget the active part taken by our French Canadian coreligionists in the shaping of our country's destinies. As one of the most illustrious of their number, I might mention the name of our distinguished premier, the Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

To Canada, our country, then, I ask you to honor a toast to which Mr. Marshall and Mr. St. Jasques will respond, the latter on behalf our French Canadian fellow students."

Mr. Marshall replied:

"Were it given to us to look into the future, and were we permitted to penetrate that mysterious darkness, which time alone can dispel, we might behold in this fair Dominion, a queen upon this western continent, a home of good principles, and behold in her the realization of the Canadian poet's picture.

The northern arch whose vast proportions,
Span the sky from sea to sea,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Home of unborn millions free.

Some few years ago not even our greatest optimist would have

depicted Canada as the twentieth century nation, and a nation that would have the making of an enormous history. No, not one would have conceded that Canada would rival that great republic to the South. Yet, to-day the whole world looks towards Canada. Instead of the Dominion being dependent upon the British Empire, the Empire's most far seeing statesmen look to Canada for the sinews of imperial strength. When the prime minister, the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, during the course of one of his speeches, remarked that "the twentieth century belongs to Canada", even Canadians themselves were struck with amazement. This prediction was regarded as idle talk, yet at present it seems likely of better fulfilment than we ourselves fully realize. To-day we see Canada entering upon a great commercial existence, and taking her place among the foremost nations of the world.

It has been truly said that Canada is the land of full and plenty. In her endless resources, her unsurpassed chain of lakes and rivers, her twenty-five thousand miles of iron-capped roads, extending east and west, north and south, her products of grain and minerals, her immense belts of timber and her prosperous commercial institutions, Canada has untold wealth peculiar to herself, and a wealth which even the broadest mind fails to comprehend. No more can she be called that valueless region of ice and snow, or the home of a few Indians, but the eye now rests upon a scene of almost unrivalled beauty, on a boundless garden, in which industry, taste, and wealth, have exhausted all their resources. Canada's pioneer days have come to an end, those years during which there was a continual financial fight for national existence, years during which many were disposed to abandon all, and shout annexation. That was Canada's seed time, the twentieth century is her harvest. Annexation is no longer possible. Conditions, which would have rendered such a move inevitable, have altered, and to-day Canada faces the world as a nation that has moulded her own future, as a nation that has developed from a few isolated townships separated by thousands of miles of untracked forests, from a mere handful of inhabitants, to a confederation of provinces, peopled with an enlightened industrious and prosperous race, loyal to the British crown, though first, and always Canadians.

On St. Patrick's Day, Canada should not be forgotten; because under her flag many of Ireland's sons have found that liberty, prosperity, and independence which a cruel foe had denied them in their own loved Isle of the Ocean. But while Irish exiles are

sincerely attached to the country if their adoption, they are none the less ardent in their affection for the land whence they have come. And, not only do they not forget their native Island, but they teach their children to love it by reminding them of its brave men, and its pure women, of its sufferings, its faith and its ancient glory. On this glorious day we behold the green and gold lovingly entwined with the national flag of Canada. Borne aloft amid cheering thousands are these streaming banners of love, friendship, and justice, by the sturdy sons of the Emerald Isle in the land of their adoption.

Canada has possessed Irish sons whose names are brightest on her honor-rolls. The history of their achievements in the church, in the halls of our legislatures, in the learned professions, in science, in literature and in art, is recorded by the deeds of a Lynch, a Walsh, a Baldwin, a Blake, a Thompson, a McGee, and a Sadlier.

In Canada, Erin's exiles, among the purest, the noblest, the most trustworthy citizens of our country, have tasted Canadian freedom; they have become an important element of the greatness of the world's future nation, pioneers in her progress, partners in the rich heritage of her giant trades, and of her mineral and agricultural wealth. They have grown with the greatness of the land of their exile, and have showered countless blessings back upon the land of their birth. Many are the sympathetic greetings wafted across that large expanse of ocean, by Irish Canadians on this most glorious of festive days.

We Canadians enjoy that great blessing—self-government, denied the Irish at home. Everything indicates that brighter days are dawning upon Ireland's people, and when that long-looked-for, and long-expected time arrives, and Ireland shall take her proper place among the nations of the world, she will remember that Canada was proud to be among her sympathizers."

Mr. St. Jacques followed:

"Years ago, there dwelt, in our fair Dominion, but one race whose boast it was, and still is, to celebrate a feast national and Catholic. Another race full of promise and bright hopes, endowed with similar characteristics, sprang up by its side and waxed stronger and stronger. Is it not then, most proper for us Catholic French-Canadians, in our zeal and love for the propagation of our faith, to join with our fellow-countrymen of Irish descent, in paying dutiful honor to one of the grandest saints of Holy Mother the

Church, and our highest respects to the Irishmen who have fought the good fight and kept the faith? Do not then inquire why we rejoice with you and claim a share of your felicity. It is always a happy occasion for an elder brother, to congratulate a younger one on his successful and heroic achievements.

Pray, do not imagine that this is simply a rhetorical display. No, gentlemen, "truth has such a mien that to be loved needs but to be seen." We worship the same God, are members of the same infallible Church, love and obey the same venerable and wise old man who sits on the Throne of the Fisherman. His laws, or rather the laws which Jesus has committed to his safe-keeping and which we both acknowledge,—are they not, these laws the very sanction of order and the stay of governments? And, as such, the Catholic Canadian that follows them must be trustworthy.

Indeed, gentlemen, trustworthy he is in the fullest meaning of the word and in every line of national industry. In his public and private career, he speaks but the truth, and acts as he speaks.

The sincerity of the true Catholic Canadian has never been doubted or questioned. Like his spiritual Master he is generous and liberal-minded. Charity guides him in all his social and commercial relations: he forgets injuries, seeks no revenge and never deceives. If you wish to know exactly what is christian tolerance, observe—not those that in public life have constantly this word on their lips—but observe the true Catholic Canadian. Though tolerant, he is not cowardly. He respects the liberty of others, but allows no one to trample on his rights. Justice, and justice alone, is what he seeks, and he fights for it. Mighty in the justice of his cause, he is noble and firm in his claims. Besides, God has gifted him with various and precious intellectual qualities too well known to be dwelt upon here. In fact, in every walk of life, the true Catholic Canadian has proved himself to be a perfect citizen, industrious, economical, honest, peaceful, intelligent, trustworthy, a loyal and self-sacrificing patriot. I believe that an element, such as the Catholic Canadian element, which fosters such men, peoples its lands with such citizens and patriots, favors the blossoming of such virtues, such an element, I maintain is giving to its country a far worthier boon for its future welfare and real prosperity, than all that wealth, commerce, industry of any kind will ever be able to guarantee.

United under one belief, Catholic Canadians are also bound together by a common national ideal. With all their energies they

stive to build up a God-fearing, self reliant progressive and happy nation. It may here be, repeated, with Mr. Marciel that Canadians to-day, regardless of their origin, are one people, faithful in their allegiance to the motherland, but loyal first and above all to their native country, Canada.

Canadians of Irish, and French descent have still one thing more in common. How many pages of their history bear evidence of identical sufferings and sad afflictions? Both have felt the scourge of persecutors of their faith and of their language. And let us remember that in this very province of Ontario the monument raised to Liberty and Equal Rights is but of recent date.

For these reasons and others Catholic Canadians live side by side and in complete harmony; live distinct, but not separate and and most of all not opposed to each one keeping his racial traits, each one evolving in his own sphere. Having the self-same ideals and aspirations, alike in faith and in history they entertain friendly intercourse, and are capable of becoming one for the defense of Catholic education and Catholic beneficial influence in this Land of the Maple Leaf. I may add, Gentlemen, that such a union and such friendly feelings, exist here in this University. The relations between students of different nationalities have always been most brotherly. The French Debating Society has never missed an occasion to invite to its closing exercises its English speaking comrades; and our presence at this banquet sanctions the existence of harmony. If dissensions have been heard of, they were but accidental and superficial. What classmate of mine could seriously maintain that he has never wrangled with his little sisters? And pray, was it for want of love? Such were these dissensions, simply light family disputes.

Since such Catholic and national principles animate the breast of Catholic Canadians, either of Irish or French descent, they therefore join in furthering the welfare of our country, and thereby place Canada where we all wish to see her the boast and pride of the Twentieth Century."

Proposing the toast to Alma Mater, Mr. McNeill said:

"In the natural order of things, every institution of learning has its struggles and misfortunes, and our Alma Mater has been no exception. On December 2, 1903, her main buildings were reduced to ashes, but, with the perseverance ever characteristic of a band of Christian Workers, the good Oblate Fathers immediately set about the constitution of a more beautiful and a more substan-

tial home of learning, which is still in the course of erection. Although their efforts have not been attended with the degree of success to be desired, we have every reason to hope that in the near future, the University of Ottawa will once more take her place among the leading educational institutions of Canada, a worthy monument to the patient and self-sacrificing efforts of the Oblate Fathers under whose direction she gained such eminent distinction in the past.

To the future of our Alma Mater, I ask you to join me in a toast to which Mr. C. J. Jones will respond."

In an eloquent speech Mr. Jones replied

"To me has been allotted the honor of responding to the toast of Alma Mater. It is indeed fitting that this toast should occupy a prominent place at a student's banquet, and doubly so when the occasion is the festal day of the patron saint of a race whose name with that of Catholicity and education is almost interchangeable. For truly has Ireland earned the title of "Isle of Saints and Scholars." Even before it became Christian, Hibernia was famed for its bards and its poets. This spark of love for learning, which seems spontaneous in its origin, needed only the invigorating breath of Christianity to fan it into a glorious flame that was to make Ireland the one bright spot in an age of darkness. With the establishment of the Christian religion, schools sprang up throughout the land and Ireland became the Mecca of those in search for knowledge. From her fountains students of every land, free of charge, imbibed their knowledge of Celtic Literature, of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, of Mathematics and Physics, of the Logic of Aristotle and of the works of the Fathers of the Church. For ages this flame continued to burn and to illumine, not only Ireland, but every portion of the then known world. Then came the dark days of suffering and persecution. But though the Penal Laws might dim the flame they could never extinguish it, and the spark which St. Patrick found when he first set foot on Irish soil, continued to smolder in the breasts of the children of Erin, to burst forth anew in the friendly air of freedom found in foreign lands. And this love for learning which prompts the Irish parent to make any sacrifice to give to his children the education denied him and his fathers in the land of their birth, has developed in the race a natural ability, has given it a preeminent position in every walk of life throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. From the humble position which the Irish were forced to occupy when coming first to Britain's colonies and

to the United States, they have consistently risen to the foremost positions in the industrial and intellectual life, and to-day the race can point with just pride to a son of Ireland, Jno. Redmond, as the greatest orator in the British Parliament; to another, Burke Cochrane, occupying a similar position in the American republic; to an Irish party the greatest body of parliamentarism in the world, —to a party that placed the cause of religious education for the children of the Catholics of England before their own greatest hope, national self-government.

It is but natural then, that with this love of learning innate in the Irish people, they should be affectionately attached to educational institutions. This is indeed true of our Alma Mater. For it they have ever had a most tender regard. Their generosity in contributing to the causes of education and religion has always been manifested towards Ottawa University. Generations of Irish students in the past have done their utmost to uphold in every way the honor of their Alma Mater. Among her graduates, scattered over every portion of Canada and the United States, the overwhelming majority are of Irish parentage. In the glorious days of Ottawa College football team, when it occupied the foremost position in Canadian sport, the Irish students were the mainstay of the team. Murphy and Gleeson, McGee and French, Callaghan and Clancy,—names that recall the days of football supremacy,—are but representative of a race whose many excellent qualities in every department of athletics have won many a championship for Ottawa University. And we should not forget the magnificent and generous support accorded by the Irish citizens of the capital, without whose material assistance and consistent encouragement, a football team would have been an impossibility. Nor should we lose sight of that loyal support and kind reception accorded by Irish supporters in other cities when the team had occasion to play away from home, and when, as anyone who has been a member of the team knows, encouragement and support were most required.

All this is tangible proof of the affection of the Irish people for Ottawa University. Consequently we may be sure that when a satisfactory solution of the difficulties which now face the University has been reached,—and we have the most absolute confidence that the wisdom and prudence of the present administration will find a satisfactory solution,—there need be no misgivings

regarding the practical sympathy and material support of the Irish people throughout the country.

And the University may rest assured that that spirit of loyalty and affection which characterized her students in days gone by,—a time when the graduates were possessed of a love and loyalty, certainly not exceeded, and probably not equalled, among the Canadian or American institutions,—she may rest assured that that spirit will return in all its vigor and all its power for good, when this satisfactory solution has been found.

On behalf of the class of 1907, who to-day, for the last time, enjoy the privilege of being present at this festive board, let me express the hope, the earnest and heartfelt wish, that Ottawa University may in the future be worthy of the most sincere affection and loyalty on the part of its students and graduates; that the football team may soon regain the honored position in the world of athletics which it occupied in years gone-past,—in a word, that Alma Mater may emerge from its difficulties, like the Irish people from theirs, strengthened and invigorated, and more potent for good.

Finally let me utter the hope, and in doing so I feel confident that I am but expressing the sentiment of every student of Ottawa University, past and present, that our Alma Mater may fulfil its glorious destiny, that its progress may be, as it should be, proportionate to the progress of our country, that as Canada is but entering upon that period of development which is destined to make of her a populous and prosperous land, our University may also, like her sister universities, develop into that magnificent institution of higher education which it would seem Providence has destined her to be,—a bulwark of great strength to Catholicity in our Dominion. And as the sons of Irishmen in Canada are seeking in rapidly increasing numbers the blessings of higher education; and since like their forefathers in the Isle of Saints and Scholars, they are anxiously desirous that this education should be both secular and religious, they may be relied upon to show in a most practical manner, their gratitude for anything that our Alma Mater may do towards giving them the opportunity to secure this education, towards giving the opportunity of gratifying this craving for knowledge, a heritage from their Celtic ancestors."

The Chairman next introduced a toast to the United States. He said:

"Alma Mater numbers among her students many whose homes

are in the great republic to the south of us. It is not necessary for me to say that their Canadian fellow students entertain towards them the kindest feelings. The more we see of Americans, the more we will be pleased. All we want is to know each other better than we do, and to help each other as much as we can, for it is manifestly our destiny to be closely identified in commerce, in social life, and in civilization. Indeed there could scarcely be greater intimacy than now exists between the two peoples. Of a common ancestry, moving freely across the border in either direction, intermarrying almost daily, trading with each other on a large scale, sympathizing with each other in all that makes for usefulness and nobility, we are bound together by ties of substance and sentiment that will always make us friends. We, on this side of the border, love Canada dearly, but our intense love for her by no means diminishes the high esteem with which we regard the Stars and Stripes.

To Columbia then I ask you to honor a toast to which Mr. E. H. McCarthy will respond."

Mr. McCarthy's response was as follows:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

"These stirring words of Sir Walter Scott, seem a most fitting introduction for the toast, to which I am called upon to respond. The very theme itself is one that sets the heart strings in motion, and sweet cadences fall upon the soul and from the pulsating heart bursts the melody of "Home Sweet Home," "My Own Native Land." Cold and dead indeed would be that spirit, which would not be quickened into life and receive free inspirations from such patriotic sentiments:

Would that I had the eloquence of a Cicero, that I might portray the greatness, grandeur, and sterling worth, of the country I claim as my birth place. A country, which stands to-day as a model for the rest of the world, a country, which in the advancement of civilization and the uplifting of the human race, shall stand unrivalled among nations; the idol of the universe!

As a matter of history, you know that these United States had their origin in the early settlements made in this country by the English and Irish emigrants, on that long strip of Atlantic coast line, extending from Maine to Georgia. As time wore on

the various colonies became prosperous. George III came to the throne of England and began an unjust system of extortion, from the colonists. Had he but listened to the pleading words of Edmund Burke, the probabilities are that these early colonies would have still been loyal subjects of the present monarch Edward VII. But George III was going to force the unruly colonies to submit. In America, the settlers were aroused with indignation.

"Taxation without representation!!" "Never!" was the cry. The patriotic words of Patrick Henry "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" was their watchword hence forward. It was at this time that the colonists banded together and formed what has ever since been known as "The 13 Original Colonies." I need not recount the bravery and courage, the devotion and self-sacrifice of the patriots in that long and terrible struggle of the Revolution. The mere mention of the name of Washington, Franklin, Sullivan and Barry, are sufficient to portray the type of men that led the struggling colonists on to victory and formed the foundation of that Republic, which has ever since shown the world what is meant by Liberty and Justice! A nation where oppressed Irishmen have found that peace and happiness of which they were deprived at home.

But to-day, behold this nation! This paragon of progress! Stretching from the broad Atlantic, westward in marvelous highlands and lowlands to the boundless Pacific; and on the north, from the confines of the majestic St. Lawrence and this fair country of yours, far away to the sunny South till it meets the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. What wealth! What industries! What possibilities are held within her grasp! And yet the nation is but in her infancy! As an independent country she sprang into being in 1776, just 131 years ago. At that time the extent of her territory was only 400,000 square miles. This by tact and good diplomacy has increased till to-day she lays claim to 3,747,000 square miles. Within this vast expanse, live 80,000,000 of souls who enjoy the freedom and protection of their mother country. How does she control this immense population, and cause her children to live in peace and harmony, surrounded with the atmosphere of contentment and prosperity? By training her people to respect law and order and fit themselves as far as possible to become useful citizens of their beloved country. To do this she begins at the very foundation. Her best efforts are put forth to maintain an educational system, which is second to none on the face of the

globe. In every village, town and hamlet we find the district school rearing aloft its glorious banner of the Stars and Stripes. Any lesson of patriotism, think you, in that? Aye! they breathe it in from their very cradles. No wonder then that they are ready to "do and die" for their country.

What have the results been? In a very short space of time this infantile country has produced a most illustrious race. By the artifices of man all nature has been forced to yield up her treasures. These great rough barriers she has thrown up on the face of our mighty land, have been torn down or bridged over by the wonderful ingenuity of man. Railroads, canals and artificial waterways have bound all parts of our country together and by this great internal system, industries have been propagated and social intercourse thoroughly established.

United States stands first in the commercial world, first in inventive powers, and first in electrical developement and she is largely accountable for the 20th century receiving the title of "The Electric Age."

Think of it gentlemen! it is of a comparatively new nation, I am speaking of one not even yet in the prime of vigor of her youth. What glorious possibilities await her! Surely the world is better for her coming! But, to whom shall we attribute her greatness? It is largely due to those sturdy Irish immigrants, who were driven by oppression, from their own dear island home, and who have brought with them those sterling qualities, which have placed them in the forefront of the nation, preeminent in every walk of life.

The United States stands, not the envy, but the admiration of the world! Her attitude is friendly to all and her sense of right and justice is unquestioned. All other nations are proud of her achievements and would gladly reach her the helping hand in her hour of need. Right here, your own dear country, this fair Canadian sister of ours, has ever been our warmest friend and kindest neighbor. Never before were our social relations so pleasant, our business interests so allied.

Is it any wonder then that Americans boast of this glorious heritage of ours? Is it surprising that her praises are sung from the rising to the setting of the sun? Humanity is her cry, and her watch word Liberty and Justice to all!

But this great country of our is only at the foot of the great mound of fame. She is swiftly but surely scaling its rocky heights, and ere the world ceases to be, she will be seen, firmly established

on the pinnacle of greatness, clasping in one hand, the American Eagle, symbolic of power and strength, and in the other the grand old Star Spangled Banner, hailed by every government under the sun, as:

The Pride of Nations!
The Promoter of Peace!
The Leader of the World!"

The toast to Soggarth Aroon was then proposed by Mr. McNeill in these terms:

"Of all the characteristics of the Irish people, their respect for their priest is one of the most predominant. It is a natural sequence of that faith which once implanted in their souls, neither centuries of suffering and persecution, nor the most alluring prospects of wealth, fame, glory have ever been able to extirpate. But if ours to-day is the privilege of gathering to sound the praises of Ireland and her patron saint, if ours to-day is the privilege of wearing "the kingly ermine of her faith," for whom shall the honor and the glory of all this be -- if not for the Irish Soggarth who, through the centuries that have gone has proved himself to be the real friend of his people, and whose unwavering devotion to his persecuted, down trodden Irish children won for him so large a share of their love and affection, as to impel this warm hearted people to crystallize in their own imperishable Celtic speech their grateful appreciation of his undying devotedness and attachment, by giving him a little to which no other language can furnish a parallel, whose wonderful expressiveness is its greatest charm -- that grand and glorious title -- soggarth aroon -- "dear friend of the soul."

To Soggarth Aroon then I ask you to drink a toast coupled with the name of Rev. Fr. Hammersley."

In his reply the latter spoke feelingly of the tender relations that have always existed between the Irish priest and his people, and concluded with a fervent tribute to the Irish Soggarth.

In toasting "Our Guests" the Chairman said:

"We have been honored by the presence here to-day of several of the most prominent citizens of Ottawa -- gentlemen holding high positions in both the Church and the State. On behalf the Irish students of the University I wish to thank these gentlemen for having accepted our invitation. I am afraid our youthful efforts could hardly have interested them very much, yet by honor-

ing us with thier presence they have 'given us an incentive to put forth nobler efforts in the future."

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, The Rector, Rev. W. J. Murphy, Hon. L. G. Power, L. J. Kehoe, Fr. Fitzgerald, Fr. Fallon, Dr. Freeland, and T. F. Clancy replied in a happy strain on behalf of the guests.

Barrett's orchestra furnished excellent music throughout the afternoon, and the following vocal selections were rendered with good effect. "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls," by P. Cleveland Harris; "The Maple Leaf," by E. H. McCarthy; "My Ottawa," by the Glee Club; "Columbia," by E. H. McCarthy; "The Wearing of the Green," by Rev. D. Finnigan.

The list of invited guests included the following: His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. L. G. Power, Hon. T. Coffey, Hon. G. P. McHugh, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, Canon Sloan, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Hon. F. R. Latchford, D. J. McDougall, M.L.A.; Chas. R. Devlin, M.P.; Mayor Scott, E. P. Stanton, L. J. Kehoe, E. P. Gleeson, J. J. McGee, J. McC. Clarke, Dr. Chabot, Dr. O'Brien, Dr. Nagle, Dennis Murphy, Patrick Clarke, B. Slattery, D. Freeland, and others.

The committee in charge was as follows:

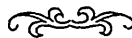
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A PASSION TIDE MEDITATION.

"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

It was a lonely sorrow, as all sorrow must be. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and none other, save God only, can measure or understand it. "I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with me." Alone. "I looked for some to have pity upon me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me." The man of Sorrows, therefore, the King of Grief, must tread the Sorrowful Way in utter loneliness, even as we. "All His disciples forsook Him and fled."

It was an unmerited sorrow. "I paid them the things that I never took." Sainly George Herbert, an ardent lover of Passion, bids us dwell on this:

"Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree,
 "The Tree of Life to all but only Me:
 "Was ever grief like Mine?"

Some sorrows, fallen on "beloved ones, than self more dear," seem undeserved, inexplicable, and, indeed, are only to be read as proofs of Divine Love: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." And He loved none as He did the Son of His love, whom He chastened most sorely.

It was a bitter sorrow. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The chalice of His Passion was so bitter that even He prayed that it might pass from Him. Yet He drank it, to the very dregs. "Being in an agony, He prayed the more earnestly." And to Him, as to us, the needed help was given. "My flesh and my heart faileth": "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." And the answer? "There appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him." So, too, when we come to drink of the same "chalice of salvation," we shall know, in truth, that "He hath given His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways"; most of all, surely, in the way that leads to Gethsemane and to Calvary.

It was a disciplinary sorrow. Therein consists its wonder, its surprising mystery. Why should He suffer? Let Saint Paul tell us. "For it became Him, *decebat enim Eum*" — it was fitting—

"for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation **perfect through suffering.**" (Heb. II, 10). Why? First, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man," but, chiefly, that His brethren might know Him to be indeed True Man, as well as True God: that there is no sorrow in which He has not shared; that it is through suffering that we must be perfected, even as He was.

What authority, we ask, could even Saint Paul have for such a statement? None other than his Lord's own words, as recorded by Saint Luke: "The same day there came certain of the Pharisees, saying unto Him, Get Thee out, and depart hence: for Herod will kill Thee. And He said unto them, Go ye, and tell that fox, Behold I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, **and the third day I shall be perfected.**" (C. XIII, 31, 32).

But the mystery does not end here, nor does Saint Paul hesitate to say more. "Though He were a son, **yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered,**" (Heb. V, 8). That "need" to learn obedience was, of course, part of the unfathomable mystery of His Incarnation, whereby "He humbled Himself, and became "obedient unto death" (Philip, II, 8); whereby "He went down to Nazareth, and was subject" to His Mother and to Saint Joseph. And, if He "learned obedience by the things which He suffered"; if, in some real sense, passing our comprehension, He "needed" so to learn, how much greater need have we to learn the same lesson; "O dust, learn to be obedient." So Saint Bernard, in his first homily in praise of the Virgin Mother, as quoted by Thomas à Kempis in his chapter on "the obedience of one in humble subjection, after the example of Jesus Christ." (Bk III, C. XIII).

It was a meritorious sorrow. It is true, of course, that all that Our Lord did and suffered was meritorious, but His sorrow has a deeper meaning still; it was necessary, as well as meritorious; a necessary condition of His after glory, as of ours. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." Saint Paul, in speaking of Our Lord's obedience unto death, "even the death of the Cross," goes on to say: "Wherefore" — because of His obedience — "God hath highly exalted him." And of "our light affliction," light, surely, even to the nothingness, compared with the sorrow that is like no other sorrow, he says, that "it worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (Cor. IV, 17); and that the sufferings

of this present time are not worthy of the glory — *non sunt condignæ* — that shall be revealed in us." (Rom. VIII, 18).

Here, again, in his "wherefore," Saint Paul does but repeat Our Lord's own words. Of all the scenes which followed His resurrection none, perhaps, none, at least, of those recorded, is more full of tender intimacy, more full of lessons for us, than the journey to Emmaus. Think what this must have meant to those two heart-saddened wayfarers: "He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself." And why? So that they might understand how it was needful that He should suffer, in order to enter into His Glory, into an even greater glory than before. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Nonne oportuit haec pati Christum?" Was it not right and fitting that He should suffer these things? "In truth, "Christ must needs have suffered" (Acts XVII, 3), since "in all things it behoved him — *debut* — to be made like unto His brethren" (Heb. II, 17).

Yet, even so, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My Sorrows"; any loneliness like unto My loneliness; any chalice bitter as the Chalice of My Passion. "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." She, only, and above all others, may ask, as He asks, "if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow"? "To what shall I liken thee, that I may comfort thee, O Virgin, Daughter of Sion?" "Thy sorrow is great as the sea." She "stood by the Cross of Jesus," and, so standing, learned, in all its loneliness, all its bitterness, the Sorrow that was like no other sorrow. "By the Cross of Jesus." It is there that we, too, may learn, with Her, "to rejoice, inasmuch as ye are Partakers of Christ's sufferings" (I. Pet. IV, 13); knowing that if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him," that if, by sorrow, He was made "in all things like unto his brethren," it is by sharing in His sorrow that we, like Mary, His Mother, shall be made like unto Him, even "partakers of the Divine Nature."

BEATUS, O. S. B.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates on application.
Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. IX.

OTTAWA, ONT., March, 1907.

No. VI

TO PREVENT STRIKES

Our Parliament has been devoting itself to some useful law making. Strikes among workingmen have been regular features for years and always occasion damage and immense inconvenience to the public. Under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, as passed by the House of Commons recently, strikes and lockouts cannot take place until after full investigation has been made into the cause of a dispute between employers and employees. The term "public service utilities" includes all agencies of transportation or communication such as railways, steamships, telegraphs and telephone lines, street railways, gas, electric light, water and power works, in fact all of the large quasi-public undertakings on which the successful carrying on of industry as well as the prosperity of a community depend. The act provides for a full and expeditious investigation where disputes arise in any of these industries. Boards of conciliation and investigation must be created

within fifteen days after notice has been given of a threatened strike or lockout; and must commence their enquiry immediately. They have the powers of ordinary courts of summoning witnesses, compelling production of documents, examining premises, etc. These boards shall attempt to settle dispute pending enquiry, and, when unsuccessful, shall report their finding to the Minister of Labor who shall immediately announce the recommendation of the board to both parties and to the public generally. Publicity and public opinion is relied on to compel an equitable adjustment of industrial differences.

Among the Reviews.

Donehoes for March is attractive in every item. Anything by Seumas MacManus is read, so we eagerly sought an article of his entitled "Micky Meehan's Exile." The sad news and the glad news consisted in a trip nine miles away to "heir" a farm. That there were much grief and solemn farewells, is all very humorously described. "The feeling grew upon every soul that Micky was about to leave them and Ireland, forever."... On the fourth morning after, Micky Meehan, with his little bundle, stepped into the parish of Knockagar again." A contribution of very actual interest is "Newfoundland and its Fisheries."

"The Religious Situation in France" is a valuable article in the Catholic University Bulletin. Every phase of the struggle from the signing of the Concordat in 1801 down to the Law of Separation is reviewed. "Early Mission Schools of the Franciscans" in New Mexico and California sheds light on the missionary history of these states, Philosophy receives attention in the articles "The New Psychology," "Introspection and experiment," The word Celt is shown to have a very old and interesting history.

The Scientific American mourns the death of Mr. Orson Desaix Munn, the last of its two original founders. Mr. Munn gave the whole of his attention to the interests of his journal. He was at his desk as recently as February 15 - the day preceding a slight stroke of paralysis, which carried him off on February 28, in the sixty-third year of his age. The keynote in the character of the deceased was his benevolent optimism. Although when occasion required he could act with a strong sense of justice, he was essentially by choice kind and gentle - - as keen in his sympathy with

the unfortunate as he was in his dislike for all the forms and instruments of violence. The late Mr. Munn will be mourned by the many who were the objects of his generous and unostentatious benevolence as well as by the large circle of the readers of the *Scientific American*.

Exchanges.

The Exchanges have a multitude of good things to say of the *College Spokesmen*. The "Washington Number" is indeed a neat affair from cover to the athletic column. The heroes and events of the American revolution receive considerable attention. The cuts are worth grouping and framing. The verse is didactic and often devout. "French Thieves in the Temple" is the emotional expression of the idea contained in a well-reasoned editorial entitled "Washington versus Fallieres."

St. John's University Record for March continues an interesting sketch of the college. "Saint Patrick" is a brave bit of verse. "The Rock of Faith and Courage," in a birds-eye view of Irish History. "The Dark and Sunny side of Richelieu" is, we think, an attempt to give a fair estimate of this remarkable man.

In the March *Acta Victoriana* we scanned with pleasure the poems "Easter Day" and "The Mother." The following stanza like the others, strike the dominant note of this the Passion tide.

Do you see beyond His babyhood,

Thro' the darkning years that 'round Him fall?

Do you see Him alone, misunderstood?

Do you see the Cross at the end of it all.

The "scientific" column in the *Acta* is always readable and nearly always very practical.

The *Lux Columbiana* from New Westminster, B.C., is a new comer to our Sanctum. Welcome comrade!

Priorum Temporum Flores.

At a recent meeting of the Mediro-Chirurgical Society of Ottawa, Dr. J. L. Chabot, '99, was elected president.

Rev. Father Fitzgerald, '97, Mr. Louis J. Kehoe, '96, and Mr. Thomas Clancy, '98, were the guests uniting this year's students of St. Patrick's Day Banquet with the students of past celebrations.

Before the Lenten season began the joyous sound of wedding-bells came from Watertown and we learnt at the same time that Mr. Francis Burns, '02, more familiarly known in college days as "Bobby," leads no more a single life. Mr. Burns is a member of the legal profession in his native town.

During the month, Alma Mater was favored with visits from Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, of Haileybury, Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, of Cornwall, and Rev. Joseph MacDonald, '03, of Kingston.

The Rev. Bros. Nolan, Day and Hagerty of the Oblate Scholasticate of Tewkesbury, received deaconship on January 20th, from the hands of his Grace, the Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, Coadjutor of Boston.

Rev. Father William Kirwin, O.M.I., a former professor and prefect of discipline of the University, came up from Montreal, where he was assisting in giving a mission at St. Patrick's, and paid us a flying visit.

The late Sir William Hingston, so far famed for his professional skill and so justly esteemed as an eminent citizen and great Catholic lay-man, was honored by the University in 1898, with the degree of LL.D.

The University numbers among her graduates the late Honorable John O'Meara, '99, who in the capacity of junior Judge for Carleton County, had won the respect and good will of the people of Ottawa.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Mr. Derbyshire, a graduate of the commercial course of '03, gave us a call a short time ago.

Mr. T. M. Costello of Calabogie was an "interested" spectator at the Renfrew-Vankleek Hill hockey match here on the 11th inst. It was rumored that he had accepted a position in the parliament library, but after several lengthy consultations with a prominent "M.D." on the medical staff of the Normal School, he has decided to enter the medical profession, and will no doubt be found prominently connected with the above institution shortly.

The basket ball team is rapidly improving and has become quite proficient in the finer point of the game.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society the subject discussed was "Resolved that the Government should not encourage the immigration of non English-speaking races into Canada." Messrs. G. P. McHugh, '09, and J. Lajoie, '10, argued for the affirmative, while Messrs. P. Lyons, '09, and V. Gorman, '09, upheld the negative. The judges awarded their decision in favor of the latter.

Prof. (in Botany) — Give me an example of a perfect flower.
H — — —: — A marsh-lily.

On the evening of Wednesday, March 6th, the students enjoyed a rare literary treat in the shape of a lecture by Dr. John Francis Waters on Joan of Arc. Mr. Waters showed himself to be a thorough master of English, and from the excellent manner in which he portrayed the many admirable traits of character in the heroic French maid, he won the heartiest applause from the large audience present. The Rector, Rev. W. J. Murphy, presided, and during the evening, a vocal solo by Mr. E. H. McCarthy and a chorus by the Glee Club were much appreciated. Mr. J. E. McNeill in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer of the evening on behalf the students, expressed the hope that although it was the first time they had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Waters, it would not be the last.

The following was handed to the local editor by one of the roomers in the Wilbrod street flats, and partially accounts for our Senator's bad humour the other morning:

A tom cat sat on our back shed
And warbled sweetly to his mate,
And said, "When students are in bed,
I love to sit and mew till late."
But as he sits and sweetly sings,
Up jumps Q - - - m mad with hate,
And knocks the cat to fiddle-strings,
For he too loved to Mu!!!-ate.

Prof. (class of Latin, Tuesday morning). — What are the principal part of "Gusto."

T-m O'N. — Hay.

McH. — J-n-s' ambition is to be a man of letters.

Mc.N. — Yes, delivering them.