

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 3

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1906.

Vol. IX

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

The Christmas Vision of Prior Oswald.

OSWALD, the Monk of our Holy Order, he who was Prior at Bradford, on the River Avon, in the Kingdom of Wessex, and who, as I have elsewhere written, fell into that strange sleep, wherefrom none might waken him—what time the Blessed Aldhelm communed with him, as he journeyed toward Douling, and, as it fell out, toward Heaven, and his Lord : Oswald, I say, on a certain Feast of the Nativity, beheld a dream or vision, if, indeed, such it were, which I cannot doubt, and which by command of our Lord, the Abbot, I here set down, as nearly in his words as may be.

I stood, said he, as thou knowest,—for indeed, I was deacon at that same Holy Mass whereof he spoke,—at our Altar, while the brethren, as the custom is, sang the *Credo*. And, at the *Incarnatus est*, as is meet, right, and our bounden duty, we kneeled in adoration of The Word made Flesh. Whereat, as on a sudden, darkness fell on me, and then light, not of our Altar, but as of sunshine brighter than our island knoweth, brighter than that of Rome itself. And, from the light, I passed, methought, through a lowly doorway, into a room such as I had never looked on, wherein sat a Maiden, fairer than any that the world hath seen, whom I knew, in sooth, for that Most Blessed One that should be Mother of the Son of God. Then, as I watched her at her tasks and at her prayers, there fell on her a

brightness greater than the sun of that fair land at noon, a brightness such as fell on Saul of Tarsus, what time he journeyed to Damascus ; that filled the room with glory as of Heaven. And, in the brightness, I was ware of a presence. Nor I, alone ; she also, that Most Blessed Maid, was ware that not I, but another, spake with her. "Hail, full of grace," said he, "the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women." Reverently he spake, and bowed in lowliest homage, as an herald to a Queen, yet she was troubled as his salutation, deeming him, methought, a man, and she a Maid most pure, most innocent. Thereat, he spake again, and, lo ! his voice was full of cheer : "Fear not," saith he, "for Thou hast found favour with God." Then knew I that this was the Messenger of God, Himself, who should tell this Maid of the Coming of the Son of God ; who should wait, if I may say it, her consent, her "*Fiat mihi*," since thus only, in the councils of The Most High God, might The Word be made Flesh and dwell among us.

Thereat, meseenied, he turned to me and said : "Understandest thou what thou hast heard and seen ?" And I made lowly answer, "Yea, my lord, now do I understand." Then he : "Know thou," he saith, "that even such an homage as thou hast now seen me pay, "me, Gabriel, who stand in the Presence of God, shalt thou and all "men pay, now and ever, to this Blessed among women, who hath "found favour with the Most High, to be the Mother of His Son."

Then did my dream change, as dreams use, and, methought, I journeyed on a rugged, stony mountain pathway in company with an Hebrew carpenter of middle age, and with the Blessed One, his espoused wife. In haste they journeyed, as it seemed to me, yet gladly, as who were fain to reach their journey's end. Then came we, presently, to a walled mountain town, passed through the arched gateway, where the elders sat, in the coolth, fathers of many sons, and, therefore, not ashamed to speak even with their enemies in the gate. Through the narrow streets hasted they, and I with them, as the sun sank toward his setting, till they came to a certain house, where, it seemed, they would abide. For, lo ! as the hoofs of the patient ass, whereon the Blessed Mary rode, clattered over the stones of the street, there came one to the door clad as a priest of the House of Aaron, and with him his wife, stricken in years, even as he. And to the younger spake the elder woman, even the Blessed Elizabeth,

with an unwonted reverence: "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of My Lord should come to me?" The rest said Oswald, thou knowest; how the babe unborn bare witness to the Presence of the Word made Flesh.

Yet once again was my dream other than it had been. 'Twas a winter night of radiant moon and stars, the like of which thou hast not seen, nor I, save only then, a night of bitter cold. Late though it were, the streets, methought, of the little town were thronged with strangers, seeking where they might abide, asking, and finding not. And, in their midst, who, I knew, had come hither to be taxed at the command of Cæsar, Joseph the carpenter and that Blessed One, his espoused wife. They, too, as I saw, sought shelter for the night, even shelter for that Blessed One, in the hour of her wondrous and most glorious Motherhood, when she should bring forth her Son, even the Word made Flesh. Then, as they sought vainly, and my heart was sore within me that I might not aid or succour them, came one, a shepherd youth, who gazed on them wonderingly, yet reverently. And anon: "There is a stable," saith he, "in our field hard by, if ye will go with me, peradventure it will serve for want of better shelter. Methinks the world hath come to Bethlehem to-night," Whereon, Joseph the carpenter thanked the lad, courteously, and that Blessed One smiled on him as they wended whither he did lead them. Thereat, for a season, they were hidden from mine eyes, when, on a sudden, on the cold night air, there came to mine ears a song as of angel voices singing, and a glory shone round about me, as of heaven itself. "*Gloria in excelsis*," sang they, "*Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*"; and, lo! I stood by the little stable whereof the shepherd lad had just now spoken. And over it held, meseemed, by an angel's hand, shone a star fairer than all stars of all God's firmament: within were Joseph, Mary, and her New Born Babe, Emmanuel, even the Son of the Most High, made Man for us, and for our salvation. Then, as I kneeled in humble adoration, with the Wise Men and with the shepherds, lo! the vision passed, and in mine ears the voices of our brethren, chanting: *Et Homo factus est*. Then knew I that for the soul, as for God Himself, there is no past nor future, time nor space, but only *now*: the which, in Holy Mass, is made *now* for us.

This is the vision of the Prior Oswald, of our Holy Order, which he saw, in that brief space, the which, by command of our Lord, the Abbot, I have here written down. And so, God have you in His holy keeping at this Holy Tide.

BEATUS, O.S.B.

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## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

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Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations rise
 Join the triumph of the skies!
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold He came
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see
 Hail the incarnate Deity
 Pleased as man with men to dwell
 Jesus our Emmanuel!

Risen with His healing wings
 Light and life to all He brings.
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Hail the heavenborn Prince of Peace!

E. D. R.

The Nativity.

(From Farrar's Life of Christ.)

ONE mile from Bethlehem is a little plain, in which, under a grove of olives, stands a bare and neglected chapel known by the name of the Angel of the Shepherds. It is built over the traditional site of the fields where, in the beautiful language of St. Luke—more exquisite than any idyl to Christian ears—"there were shepherds keeping watch over the flock by night; when lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them" and to their happy ears were uttered the good tidings of great joy, that unto them was born that day in the city of David a Saviour which was Christ the God.

"And suddenly", adds the sole evangelist who has narrated the circumstances of that memorable night in which Jesus was born, amid the indifference of a world unconscious of its Deliverer, "there came with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men of good will."

"Come now! let us go unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass which the Lord made known to us," said the shepherds, when those angel songs had ceased to break the starry silence. Their way would lead them up the terraced hill, and through the moonlit gardens of Bethlehem, until they reached the summit of a gray ridge on which the little town is built. On that summit stood the village inn. The khan, (or caravanserai of a Syrian village at that day, was probably identical in its appearance and accommodation with those which still exist in modern Palestine. A khan is a low structure built of rough stones, and generally, only a single story in height. It consists for the most part of a square enclosure in which the cattle can be tied up in safety for the night; and in arched rooms for the accommodation of the travellers. The *lucern*, or paved floor of the recess is raised a foot or two above the level of the courtyard. A large khan might contain a series of such recesses which are in fact low small rooms with no front wall to them. They are, of course, perfectly public, and everything that takes place in them is visible to every person in the khan. They are also totally

devoid of even the most ordinary furniture. The traveller may bring his own carpet if he likes, may sit cross-legged upon it for his meals and may lie upon it at night. As a rule, too, he must bring his own food, attend to his own cattle, and draw his own water from the neighboring spring. He would neither expect nor require attendance, and would pay only the merest trifle for the advantage of shelter, safety and a floor on which to lie. But if he chanced to arrive late and the *locavans* were all occupied by earlier guests, he would have no choice but to be content with such accommodation as he could find in the courtyard below for himself and family with such small amount of cleanliness and decency as are compatible with an unoccupied corner on the filthy area, which must be shared by horses, mules and camels. The litter, the closeness, the unpleasant smell of the crowded animals, the unwholesome intrusion of pariah dogs, the necessary society of the lowest hangers on of the caravanseraï are adjuncts to such a position which can only be realized by any traveller in the East who happens to be placed in similar circumstances.

In Palestine it not unfrequently happens that the entire khan or at any rate a portion of it in which the animals are housed, is one of those innumerable caves which abound in the limestone rocks of its central hills. Such seems to have been the case at the little town of Bethlehem Ephratah in the land of Judea. Justin Martyr, the Apologist, who from his birth at Shechem was familiar with Palestine, and who had lived less than a century after our Lord, places the scene of the nativity in a cave. This is indeed the ancient and constant tradition of the Eastern and Western Churches. Over this cave has risen the Church and the Convent of the Nativity, and it was in a cave close beside it that one of the most learned, eloquent and holy of the Fathers of the Church—that great St. Jerome to whom we owe the received Latin translation of the Bible—spent thirty of his declining years in study, and fast, and prayer.

From their northern home at Nazareth, in the mountains of Zabulon, Joseph the village carpenter, had made his way along the wintry roads with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. The object of this toilsome journey, which could not but be disagreeable to the settled habits of Oriental life, was to enroll their names as members of the house of David in the census which had been ordered by the Emperor Augustus. Travelling in the East is a very

slow and leisurely affair and it was likely to be still more so if, as is probable, the country was at that time agitated by political animosities. Beeroth which is fifteen miles from Bethelam, or possibly even Jerusalem which is only six miles off, may have been the resting place of Mary and Joseph before this last stage of their journey. But the heavy languor or even the commencing pangs of travail, must necessarily have retarded the progress of the maiden-mother. Others who were travelling on the same errand would easily have passed them on the road, and when, after toiling up the steep hillside, by David's well, they arrived at the khan—probably the very one which had been known for centuries as the House of Chimnam, and if so, covering perhaps the very ground on which, one thousand years before stood the hereditary house of Boaz, of Jesse, and of David—every *leevan* was occupied. The enrollment had drawn so many strangers to the little town, that "there was no room for them in the inn." In the rude limestone grotto attached to it as a stable, among the hay and straw spread for the food and rest of the cattle, weary with their day's journey, far from home, in the midst of strangers, in the chilly winter night—in circumstances so devoid of all earthly comfort or splendor that it is impossible to imagine a humbler nativity—Christ was born.

Guided by the lamp which usually swings from the centre of a rope hung across the entrance of the khan, the shepherds made their way to the inn of Bethelam and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in the manger. The fancy of the poet and painter have revelled in the imaginary glories of the scene. They have sung of the "bright harnessed angels" who hovered there. They have painted the radiation of light from His manger-cradle, illuminating all the place till the bystanders are forced to shade their eyes from that heavenly splendor. But all this is wide of the reality. Such glories as the simple shepherds saw were seen only by the eye of faith; and all that met their gaze was a peasant of Galilee, already beyond the prime of life, and a young mother, of whom *they* could not know that she was wedded maid or virgin wife, with an Infant Child whom since there was none to help her, her own hands had wrapped in swaddling-clothes. The light that showed in the darkness was no physical, but a spiritual beam; the Day-spring from on high, which had now visited mankind dawned only in a few faithful and humble hearts.

The Coming of the King.

(Written for the REVIEW.)

A cloth of silver, set with gems,
 Is laid, a carpet fair,
 From West to East, its splendid hems
 Are fringed with pearls rare;
 While sparkle royal diadems
 In midnight's starry air.

The golden banners of the North
 By spirit hands are waved,
 And, 'neath their streamers sally forth
 The armies of the saved.
 They go to celebrate His birth,
 Who freed them when enslaved.

Once more He leaves the great white throne.
 And comes to earth, a child;
 Once more upon each altar stone,
 As He in Bethlehem smiled,
 The shepherds and the kings—his own,
 He greets all sweet and mild.

Then, spread your carpet, wintry snows,
 Glow, burning stars and make
 Bright crowns for Him, who crownless, goes
 To earth for mankind's sake.
 Dear God, and King, may love's red rose
 For Thee, in all hearts wake.

Camco.

Time for Study and Sleep.

—The innocent sleep;
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher of life's feast.

—*Shakespeare.*

STUDENTS, as a class, are apt to ignore a very important law of nature which requires that a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four be set aside for rest and sleep. To curtail the hours of sleep is not at all a sensible procedure as a writer in the *American Medicine* very rightly contends. Nature does not allow her laws to be violated with impunity. The student who desires to succeed in his classes and, at the same time avoid a physical and mental break-up, is careful not to carry his studies into the late hours of the night or the wee hours of the morning.

Mothers say that the new born infant must sleep about twenty-two hours, and that this amount is so slowly lessened that the child still demands twelve hours when it is about 12 years old. It is quite likely that the normal amount is not reduced to ten hours until about 18 years of age or perhaps until 21 years. Nine hours may be required until well along in years.

To let boys of 14 sit up until 10 o'clock and then rout them out at 5 is nothing short of criminal, but it is a long established custom. Lower animals can be quickly killed by depriving them of sleep—the boy is not killed, but perhaps he is so exhausted that he loses resistance to disease. Medical students not infrequently make the same mistake, forgetting that a tired brain never absorbs anything. The midnight oil frequently represents wasted time and money and the student sleeps during the next day's lecture when he should be wide awake. A good test of exhaustion is the tendency to sleep during a dry lecture—and this is no joke.

Experience has proved that those who retire in time to sleep at least nine hours, and occasionally ten, get far more out of their course than the "grinds." Some of the best men habitually take ten hours. Theoretically a student should be as fresh at the end of the term as at the beginning—the vacation is for another purpose than sleep. The whole subject, though very old, is so new to the laymen

who do the damage to school boys, that there is urgent need of wider publicity and much discussion for enlightenment. Not only will proper sleep permit more to be gained for less effort, but it will prevent the exhaustion which so frequently follow school courses.

There is much comment upon the large number of midshipmen who fail at the Naval Academy in a course not worse than in many colleges. It is suspected that they would do better if they had ten hours sleep daily.

Experience demonstrates that energetic mental work is far more exhausting than manual labor and that the consequent weariness, bodily as well as mental, is not so quickly repaired. Considering the multifarious calls made upon his time and resources in the course of a school-day, it is a question whether the industrious brain-worker in college ever averages anything like nine or ten hours' sleep. In prudence he should undertake no more obligations than are required by the college standing. In some places it is the custom to supplement the night's rest with a *siesta* or the half-hour's noon-rest. It is certainly productive of indigestion to turn to one's books immediately after a meal.

Bertha's Christmas.

“CHRISTMAS will be here in two days now, but I don't care to have it come: it is so different from what it used to be.” And a tear glistened 'neath Bertha's eyelid, as she bent over her sewing and called up the sweet, sad memories of bygone days.

“Eddie! try be quiet like a good child; mamma is asleep,” she said to her small brother who was engaged in pulling the tail of the family cat. Eddie accordingly stopped mauling the poor feline pet, and sat very still for a while following his sister with his large eyes as she put aside her sewing and arose to prepare the midday meal.

“Mamma is awake now,” called out Eddie as a voice was heard from the neighboring bedroom, and he immediately disappeared in

that direction. Bertha soon followed him, gathering up the viands, few and spare, on a tray along with a bunch of grapes and a glass of milk for the invalid.

As the two children sat at their meal chatting merrily, a look of relief came over the pale face of the poor mother, but it did not remain long. From her restless fidgety manner, it was evident that illness and fever were not the only causes of her physical depression. Loss of fortune and husband, expulsion from her old home, a precarious existence in a rented tenement, and her own utter helplessness, were trials which weighed heavily upon her mind. Then there was her wayward son, away from home, from whom nothing had been heard for over four years.

But yet Mrs. O'Rourke did not fully appreciate the straits to which the family was reduced. Bertha was very skillful in sewing and embroidery. She toiled with her needle every moment she could spare from the sick room and from her household duties and even late at night, but all she could earn, after buying the bare necessities of living, was not sufficient to make up the ever increasing arrears of rent: far less had she any hope of affording to her mother the comfort and freedom from care which the doctor declared necessary for the recovery of the patient. Bertha had to bear this heavy secret alone; Eddie was too young to confide in.

In fact the youngster, with his buoyant spirits, had hard work even to obey his sisters warnings not to disturb the quiet of the sick room. At times also he would break loose, get away unnoticed and go for a ramble on the streets, obliging his sister to seek him out. This day Bertha had a long chase after him. At last she found him in a church across the way kneeling before the altar railing. He was praying, he said, to the Child Jesus for mamma to get well. As the pair came back home, they were not aware that they were narrowly watched by two gentlemen who by chance were passing by.

"So you can't recognize this young person?" asked one of the two who seemed to have the stranger's privilege of asking questions.

"I did not get a full view of her face," returned the other. "Besides, it is four years since I left this city, and how could I know people living so far from the quarter in which I then lived."

"I inquired, George, because I was struck with a remarkable

likeness in her features to your own. Were she not your sister, she would be your cousin. Was your sister older than you?"

"No, she was younger. She was a convent girl when I left home; but of course she would be a woman now."

"And your brother?"

"He was an infant in my mother's arms."

"And now he has grown these four years."

"I understand where you would lead me," said George, "but I have been too often disappointed already to foster unfounded hopes. You know what a wild chap I was when I first met you. You know how I had deserted my home, and even after you had brought me to my senses how pride kept me from writing to my parents. I wanted to show them by labor and some wealth acquired that I was a changed man. Well, my pride and folly have been severely punished. When I left you two weeks ago to come home and spend Christmas with them, I found the old house occupied by strangers. My father was dead, they told me, but I could get no other information. I suppose my mother was only too glad to have her poverty unknown to her proud friends of former times. But even though I have been disappointed in all my efforts to find them, I have managed to buy back the old homestead, and I am glad you arrived here today that I may have at least one friendly face with me by the old familiar fireside. But, putting sadness aside, it seems to me you take a deeper interest in the young lady of the tenement yonder than the probability of her being my sister would warrant."

"Well," returned the other, "I have been keeping my eyes open for some one lately. And you may rest assured I shall not lose sight of this young lady bringing home her small brother."

It was Christmas eve. Bertha sat beside her mother's bedside in higher spirits than usual. That morning a receipt had been received from the landlord—*Rent Paid*—by whom it was a mystery. What gave her further pleasure, were some delicacies sent for the sick, toys for Eddie, and a lovely fur wrapper for herself—with a message, "*from a friend you will soon know.*" Just as it was growing dark a sleigh drove up to the door with snow bells ringing merrily. Bertha hurried out wondering who it could be. You can

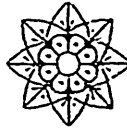
imagine her astonishment when she was met by a tall, well-dressed youth who folded her in his arms with the endearing words:

"Sister I have found you at last !" and he added, pointing out the stranger who accompanied him, "My friend Alfred Bowden to whom I am indebted for finding you."

It was a happy family group that gathered to eat the Christmas goose next day, not in the wretched tenement but in the old and cozy family homestead. Mrs. O'Rourke seemed to revive with the return of her lost son who was so happy now in rendering service to those he loved. Little Eddie was at the height of boyish delight, while Mr. Bowden claimed a just share of the family enjoyment as the betrothed of Bertha.

"It is a Merry Christmas after all," murmured Bertha as she raised her heart in thanksgiving to the Divine Child whose birth first made this a day of rejoicing for mankind.

MONA, '03.



The quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty not only in boyhood, but when their boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.—*The Leader*.

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.

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Vol. IX.

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1906.

No. III.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

The holidays are looming large on the College horizon. In a few days lectures will be suspended for a fortnight in order to allow the students to spend Christmas and New Year in the bosom of their families.

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

To the students during Christmastide "there is no place like home". It is hardly needful to suggest a few rules for the proper enjoyment of this season. Have all the fun you can ; find as much as possible of it in making things cheerful for other folks ; be delighted with everything that is given you ; give what you can afford and not very much more ; don't eat too much ; don't drink too much ; finally, if you can go out into the country, have a real old-fashioned time with plenty of out-doors and as much sport as possible. The old-fashioned Christmas has never been beaten and never will be. The ideal, as we find it set forth in our authors, calls for a roomy house, a large family, some carols, some mistletoe, much feasting, a boar's head, a big open fire, a yule-log and plenty of cheerful people. To this ideal America in its riches has contributed the turkey, the cranberry and the oyster. The Christmas tree comes from the German. Santa Claus is a regular feature. Green wreaths are hung in our windows and green things drape our churches. It is, indeed, the Church and the Crib that explain all the gladness of this season. Christmastide is a holy feeling in this respect that while it makes the hearts of men rejoice, the joy is tempered with the consciousness that beneath the note of triumph in the angels' hosannahs, there runs the sombre strain of the tragedy that was to consummate the work of our redemption. Sorrow is the portion of fallen humanity, but sorrow for us is made holy and suffering consecrated by the sublimity of a Divine example. While we rejoice then, that "unto us a Child is born" we cannot forget the price that this redemption cost. We can join with Mary in her rapture as she gazes upon the lineaments of her heavenly offspring but we must not forget the prophetic glimpse of the future which tinged her felicity with an overpowering anticipation of calamity unequalled in the history of the human heart. This is the feeling that renders the joy of Christmastide so fine in emotion woven in the loom of our human nature—a web of transcendent gladness with a word of profoundest anguish. While our hearts overflow with gratitude to Him Who sent us a Saviour, we must not be unmindful of the fearful price at which our freedom was purchased. This thought will chasten our acts during the coming weeks and inspire us with a desire to live better and nobler lives. In sentiments of the sort we offer our readers our most cordial wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

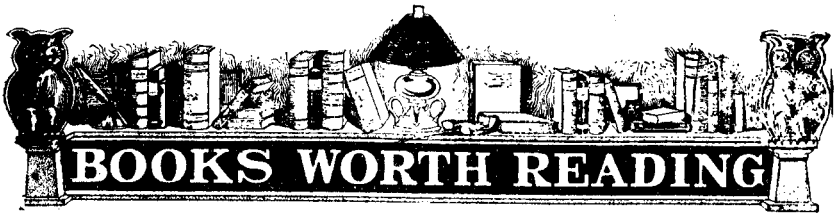
COLLEGE AND PROFESSIONAL ATHLETICS.

A Toronto paper, reviewing the football season, observes that the college teams were not up to the standard when compared with city teams. It is easy to explain this. It is easy to explain why college teams could not cope with those of Montreal and Hamilton. Between them is the difference that exists between professionals and amateurs, between the seasoned soldier and the raw recruit. College players are strictly amateurs. According to the rules of the Inter-collegiate Rugby Union, they must all, before they participate in a game, present certificates showing that they are all *bona fide* students, receiving no compensation in any way and engaged in no lucrative occupation. That this rule is not a dead letter is amply shown by the number of games which the Board of Reference declared forfeited by the winning teams. What is the result? Ottawa College taken as an illustration, a practically new set of players must be tried out each fall. As the old players graduate or depart the coaches are obliged to take up raw material at hand and hammer it into shape. For this reason Ottawa College "got away badly" at the beginning. After all, this seeming hardship is an advantage. Under a system of professional athletics the college stripling would join in unequal contest with matured men, men who are in the prime of life, who are usually veritable Goliaths, and who moreover seem too often unscrupulous in their treatment of weaker competitors. "The ideals that animate amateurs and professionals are different" (we quote a correspondent of the *Ottawa Journal*). "With the professional there is an obvious necessity of winning in order to hold his job; with the amateur the manner of winning is everything, the mere fact of winning is a secondary consideration. The ideal of the professional is to win at any cost while that of an amateur is to lose gracefully, never to win disgracefully." There can be no doubt which ideal parents prefer for their boys; they do not certainly relish the prospect of exposing them to be ruthlessly maimed and crushed, neither do they wish to see "the boy driven from the campus and retiring with his pale cheek and his cigarette to 'the grand stand". The true friends of education know that some form of physical exercise at school is necessary to occupy the hours of relaxation from arduous study. Mental and physical development should go hand in

hand. No expense is therefore spared by most colleges to provide a thorough course of physical training as a means to the development of vigorous physique and a high moral courage. The advantage of competitive sport is the ability it begets to obtain efficient results with the least waste of exertion, to concentrate nervous energy, or make the body obey the mind in an instant. Men with years of experience will repeat that skill is more vital than muscle, "form more than blundering brawn". It is these qualities of absolute fairness, courage, and form, that college men seek for, and easily attain, in college sports.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRE.

December the 2nd, will ever be a dark page in the history of the University of Ottawa. Those, who lived in the fine old building, recall that the day (1903) was bright and frosty. While the students were at breakfast, about 7.30 a.m., flames were noticed in the Academic Hall, and almost before anything could be done to check their ravages, the extensive edifice was a mass of ruined walls. At the time of its destruction the College gave shelter to three hundred persons. It contained besides a commodious hall, a chapel, a library containing 3,000 volumes and lecture rooms to accommodate 500 students. Of the entire contents of the University nothing, except movables to the value of a few hundred dollars was saved. Though the students providentially escaped without serious injury, one aged servant perished in the blaze while two of the professors in attempting to escape received injuries and burns from which they died some days later. Another professor who jumped from a third story window and hovered for weeks between life and death, recovered by a sort of miracle and to-day bears no other mark of the ordeal than its memory. The new Arts building, the present headquarters of the University, is a structure to be proud of but it does not make one stop sighing a little for the old College. The existing building is grander and more convenient, as far as it goes, than the former one but it has not yet given back the academic hall, the chapel, the libraries, the gymnasiums, that had grown dear and familiar to generations of students and professors.



Among the Magazines.

We omitted to notice last month the *Catholic Home Annual* for 1907, to be had at Benziger Bros., New York. No better Christmas gift could be desired for young or old. There are good engravings of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and of other works of art; verse by Katherine Tynan, a very complete and artistic calendar of the year's feasts; a contribution by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; illustrated stories, by Marion Ames Taggart, Jeannie Harte, P. G. Smith, Grace Keon, Mary T. Waggaman, Anna T. Sadlier, Maud Regan; two or three articles of graver reading; a good summary of the events of the past year—altogether a very complete and varied menu for the modest price of twenty-five cents.

A half hour's pleasure and instruction is always to be expected from the *Leader*, which is published by the Paulists Fathers, of New York. This is a monthly designed for boys, who will find the illustrations as suggestive as the reading. The lagging reader may have experienced, like the writer, the smartening effect of "The School-Bells"

Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!

The teachers all wait;

So you must not be absent,

Nor must you be late;

"For the road to learning is long," they say,

"So take up your march this very day."

Ting-a-ling! In the school-room

All voices are still;

And the children are working

With eager good will;

"If the road to learning is long," they say

"We'll take up our march this very day."

When we pass to the *Rosary Magazine* we find the conscientious and successful effort to place before the intelligent reader, in attractive and clear expression, the highest religious, philosophical and social problems. Evidently the main object the editors seek, is not to gather in the coin by keeping the public in a flurry by means of "sensations" or "scoops," but to present the things we must remember or learn, in order to think correctly and live decently. "The passing of the San Francisco refugee camps," is a bit of practical experience in Economics. Our seniors ought to read "Albertus Magnus" who, next to St. Thomas Aquinas, was the great light of the middle-age learning. This man "as philosopher, theologian, naturalist, mechanic writer, excelled," though, among English-speaking nations at least, his very name is now almost forgotten.

We have two numbers of the second volume of *St. John's Quarterly*. The editor is evidently conversant with the philosophical schools of the preceding and present generations, as a glance at such titles Comte, Kant, Hegel, Tolstoi, Neo-Christian School, will show. Besides articles of this nature to keep the student abreast of the researches of the day, there is in this magazine much information on world-topics as well as fiction for the moments of relaxation.

The *Canadian Messenger*, by its connection with the devotion of the Sacred Heart, has a large circulation. Its editor is author of "I cross widest America" that is, a story, of a trip from St. John's, Newfoundland, via the C. P. R. to Victoria, Seattle, thence to the gold fields of Cape Nome. In the October number, the editor thus reasons about good and bad reading: "There is analogy between the food of the soul and that of the body. No parent in his sound senses would allow a child to run at random in a drug-store before he had labelled or safely stored away the poisonous drugs. He knows that there are salts and liquids which, if absorbed, would quickly kill the body, so it is with literature . . . Sound reading instructs and fortifies the mind and the heart; while bad books or newspapers are dangerous to both faith and morals; and to persist in giving the soul such food is to expose it to the danger of perishing."

Exchanges.

The editor, in his abounding self-satisfaction and good nature, wishes all his fellow Ex-men a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The ink sketches in the November *Villa Shield* compelled our attention to the spirited thanksgiving story "Lunn and Reynolds' Bakery". The Ex-man pronounces vigorously in favor of the exchange column.

Good stories and literary criticism of the work of present-day authors characterize the pages of *St. Mary's Record*. "Dr. Bluffkin's Patients" is a skillfully wrought farce.

We sat up and rubbed our eyes some as we noticed in our Baptist confrere from Kansas, the *Ottawa Campus*, the frank admissions made by the writer of the article "The Debt of Literature to the Monastic Movement". This college paper has always maintained a high literary form. We subscribe to the following: "The main purpose of inter-collegiate contests is for the improvement of contestants, the widening of fraternal feeling, the display of power to restrain the temper and to be self-composed. It is human nature to wish to win a game by every fair means. But it is not a disgrace to lose to a better player—unless one loses his temper".

The Adelpian, of St. Bonaventura College, Newfoundland, is the large size college periodical. It contains some interesting disquisitions on historical matters. The article "The Teacher's Power" will appeal to pedagogs. There is an ode devoted to John Penny, Newfoundland's third Rhodes scholar, a young man evidently fulfilling the conditions required to obtain a coveted berth in Oxford.

From the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I., hail the *Observer*. The opening article by Rev. S. J. Woodroffe serves to show that the Faculty welcomes competitive athletics. There are some good illustrations of country scenes.

We are informed by the *Argosy* that the Mt. Allison University footballers have again won the cup which has been in their possession for the last two years. The Rhodes trustees announced that the appointment of a scholar for New Brunswick for 1907 devolves on Mt. Allison.

The Pharos from the Pacific border of the Dominion gives us some good reading in "First Impressions of New Westminster." In the "Athletics" column we learn that the campus "is too small and unlevel for football."

We warmly welcome the *Patrician* of St. Patrick's, Columbus, Ohio. This institution which is for day students only, has an excellent campus, handball alleys, a new gymnasium with good equipment, and groups of "enthusiastic athletes planning for the fall and winter games.

The works of Rudyard Kipling receives attention in the *Vox Wesleyana*. So does "France under Louis XIV, though not, we think, in the same kindly, judicious tone. There are some instructive remarks about obtaining and publishing the results of examinations in Manitoba. †

The *Niagara Index* commemorated the golden jubilee of the University by a special cover and by an acrostic admirably worked out. This fortnightly gives testimony to the activity of the graduates in philosophical subjects, there being scarcely a number without an essay, dealing with some high speculative theme according to the most approved scholastic methods. *Prosperc procede, Niagara!*

We admire the loyalty and courage of the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonais. Ill. Last February fire swept away their fine buildings. "After two weeks the students returned to live, sleep and work within the narrow confines of the gymnasium and it was no uncommon thing to see them with sleeves rolled to their elbows doing the manual work required about their cramped quarters." After the summer they return to prosecute their studies and suffer many inconveniences for awhile. For the first time in the his-

tory of the College they are without a representative football squad, simply because their campus is a mass of stone piles, derricks and railroads. Sympathize: we have been through the ordeal.

The *O. A. C. Review*, organ of the Agricultural College at Guelph, is both literary and practical in its scope. There is an abundance of good illustrations "Our Annual Field Day," delightfully describes an always pleasing college event. The successful contest of the '07 tug-of-war team against a stout span of horses is a novel method of training.

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### Priorum Temporum Flores.

Items of news relative to the success and achievements of former students and graduates will be gladly received by THE REVIEW.

On November the 30th, in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Kingston, the Rev. Richard Carey, '03, was raised, by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier, D.D., to the sublime dignity of the priesthood.

The Rev. Patrick Roche, a former student, but to-day vice-president of the Church Extension Society of the United States, has been honored by the University Senate with the degree of LL.D.

In recent Municipal difficulties of Ottawa, Charles Murphy, '86, has made it evident that he is a factor in law matters and must not be slighted or over-looked by opponents.

We learn with pleasure, that one more of the class of '03, the Rev. J. J. Keeley, will, during the Xmas holidays, be ordained priest in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston.

The Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, paid his many friends and acquaintances in Ottawa, a welcomed visit on the occasion of Father Joseph McDonald's first Mass.

The Rev. Charles Mea, an old student has been made dean of the teaching faculty of Regiopolis College.

At the Ottawa ordination, Nov. 30th, the Rev. John Dowd, the Rev. Jos. Lebeau and the Rev. E. Richard, all of '03, received deaconship.

**OBITUARY.**

MR. P. J. HURLEY.

The REVIEW tenders its heartfelt condolence to Mr. John Hurley of Lindsay, a former student of the Arts Course, who has recently been deprived by death of his father. Mr. Hurley was a prominent business man and much esteemed citizen of Lindsay. His untimely decease last month brought regret to his townsmen.

To Mr. John Hurley and all the members of the bereaved family we extend our sincerest sympathies

R. I. P.

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**Athletics.**

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QUEENS, 31—COLLEGE, 0.

This relates the disaster which befell our team on its visit to Kingston on Nov 10. A special train with about 200 supporters left the Hull Electric depot at 8 a.m. and reached Kingston at noon. The game took place on Queen's Campus and a regular gale blew up the field and it fell to the luck of Queen's to play with it during the first half. The score at the close was 8—0.

At the beginning of the second, the ill-luck which seemed to pursue College continued, and the gale, which should have been with us, veered completely, and enabled Williams to perform a feat unique in Canadian football, to drop four goals in one half, making in all, five goals during the game or a total of 20 points. McDonald, who at quarter-back had no peer in the Union, was injured early in the game, but pluckily continued to play until early in the second half. Durocher also received injuries which forced him out of the game early in the second period.

A disagreeable feature of the game was the dangerous and illegal tackling indulged in by Queen's and allowed by Referee Wilkinson and Umpire Ritchie of Brockville, who otherwise gave satisfaction. The final score was as given above.

## MCGILL, 6—COLLEGE, 17.

This represents the reversal of form manifested by College on Nov. 17 over that of the previous week. McGill came to Ottawa confident of victory, but before the game was long in progress it was very evident that this confidence was to receive a rude shock. McGill was never dangerous and was on the defensive the major portion of the time. Our wings had no difficulty in holding their heavier opponents and the backs were thus afforded an opportunity to get in their best work. This they certainly did. The work of Marshall Bros., O'Neil and Durocher was a revelation to the stand. E. McDonald had not recovered from the injuries received in Kingston, and Filiatrault replaced him at quarter-back. It is safe to say that "Fili." never showed to better advantage. Courtois went on at second wing and made a reputation that stamps him as one of the most promising wing-men of the future. This was his first senior game. Of the other men on the line it is impossible to particularize. Suffice it to say that not once did a McGill man get away for a run and in most cases the one receiving the ball was downed in his tracks. The tackling was of an exceptionally high order. The score at the end of the first period was 3—1 in College's favor. In the second College had added 14 points to its end before McGill was able to reach the line.

To the spectators the game was most interesting. McGill was fortunate in having a large number of supporters present. Though the weather was not propitious, a large crowd turned out to see the game. Dr. Mackenzie and J. D. McHugh of Toronto officiated.

It was indeed fortunate for the Tigers that they were not under the jurisdiction of the C. I. A. U.

The husky centre-scrimmage of the McGill team suffered a grievous disappointment. We were very sorry, Frank, but we had to do it.

That the sporting public of Ottawa appreciate good football is evidenced by their attendance at the College games this fall. And the best of it is that in every case they got their money's worth. Though the gate receipts are not as large as last year, owing to



defeats away from home, still they are in excess of those we were accustomed to in the Quebec Union.

Our representative, C. J. Jones, attended the special meeting of the C. I. R. F. U. executive in Montreal on Nov. 9th and the Annual meeting in Toronto on Nov 17th. At the special meeting the principal business was the disposal of the postponed game between McGill and Toronto 'Varsity scheduled for Nov. 13th, but which was not played owing to the accidental death of a member of the 'Varsity squad. McGill in this case displayed the same spirit as on the occasion of the protest against Ottawa, and their committee demonstrated that at no time are they averse to a committee-room victory. Only the intervention of the faculty prevented McGill from claiming the game by default. Failing this they endeavored to have it counted out of the series, or played in Montreal. The executive failed to see the matter through McGill glasses, and refused to sanction this injustice to the other teams in the Union. The game was ordered to be played in Toronto.

At the Annual meeting the principal business was the abolition of the throw-in, on motion of our representative and unanimously carried. The meeting refused to adopt the Canadian Union rules in toto, as it was thought that these rules gave greater opportunity for charging and tended towards the Burnside system. At the election of officers, Mr. G. P. McHugh was chosen as Vice-President for the ensuing year.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Rev. Prefects for the encouragement they have this year given to the students who wished to play football. The series in which teams, each managed by one of the prefects, took part, is a method which we hope to see emulated in the future and which is destined to provide material for the senior squad in future years. Under Rev. Father Stanton's careful tuition a third team was produced which played a style of football that delighted every lover of the strenuous game. It was this system of developing material which made College invincible in the past, and never was there more need for than now when we are thrown upon our own resources, and these so limited in comparison with those of our opponents.

## THIRD TEAM.

This year saw the formation of a new regular football team in Ottawa College. In former years almost no attempt was made to develop new football talent. But last year's experience in the I.C.U. proved that since "bona fide" students only can be played, new men must be ready to replace the seniors, in case of accident, or graduation. With this end in view, the team was formed. It was to be picked from all students, not playing on first or second teams. Rev. Father Stanton, the originator of the scheme, was chosen coach, and it was mainly owing to the spirit which he infused into the boys, to the importance which he placed on frequent practices, and to the clever and impenetrable system of signals which he devised, that it was successful.

A series of games was arranged with the Collegiate Institute. The first game was played on Oct. 27th, before the St. Patrick—Westmount game. Frith's kicking and Robert's running won the game for the visitors. The Third Team showed want of signal practice, and seemed to be a little "scared" at the size and weight of their opponents. The final score was 10-11.

In the second game, Nov. 3rd, College showed decided improvement. At first the signals did not seem to work as they should have, but, after the first few minutes of play, every man knew where the ball was going, and every man played for the ball. By a series of mass plays, timely kicks and end runs, Third Team won out by a score of 13-12. Corkery and O'Meara were the stars for College, and Frith played his usually brilliant game for Collegiate.

There yet remained one game to play, as each team won one and lost one. The deciding match was played on Nov. 17th, before the McGill—College game, only one admission being charged to see the two matches. This was by far the best game of the series. The working of the Third Team was magnificent to behold, and at all points the team showed the effects of the excellent coaching it had received. Tandem after tandem was directed against the Collegiate line, and end runs, criss-crosses, and cross-bucks were worked for long gains. Collegiate at first tried end runs, but the promptness with which they were foiled or perhaps the suddenness with which they were brought into contact with cold water and mud caused them to abandon this style of play, and they took to a kicking game.

College continued to hammer the Collegiate line, keeping possession of the ball for almost three-fourths of the play, and in one instance taking it from their own twenty-five yard line, over for a touch, without losing it or having to kick it once. The final score stood 20-0.

This year the wearers of the Garnet and Grey have been unfortunate in their games away from home. This is partly accounted for by the loss of valuable players at critical moments, and in two of the games, partly by the decidedly adverse condition of the elements. These reasons do not wholly suffice. To give one is beyond the ability of the writer. But when we consider that our team was beyond a doubt, the lightest playing senior football in Canada, that at least nine of its members had not played senior before, and that some of these had not played the game before the fall, we have good reason to feel very much satisfied with the work done. We have tied for second place in our Union; we have defeated the present champions of the Union in the final game by the decisive score of 17-6; we have defeated the Dominion champions of the previous year; we have provided for the foot ball public of Ottawa the most interesting and exciting games seen in the Capital during the past season; and lastly and most important, we have trained a considerable number of young students, who next year will be veterans, and who will, let us hope, afford the sporting Editor, when performing a similar duty for the next Christmas number, an opportunity of relating the circumstances under which the C. I. R. F. U. championship journeyed to Ottawa.

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## Of Local Interest.

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On Sunday, Nov. 27th, the question: Resolved that Simplified Spelling, advocated by Pres. Roosevelt, etc., was the subject of a lively discussion in the Debating Society. Messrs. E. Byrnes and N. Bawli ably supported the affirmative. Messrs. M. Doyle and

A. Fleming being judged to have adduced more conclusive arguments for the negative, were awarded the decision.

On Dec. 7th, in Wicliffe Convocation Hall, Toronto, took place the inter-collegiate debate between Ottawa and Toronto on the question: Resolved, that the Action of the British House of Lords in Relation to the English Education Bill of 1906 is justifiable. Messrs C. J. Jones and J. E. McNeill, of College, defended the affirmative, while Messrs. W. A. Cameron and N. A. McEachren of 'Varsity, supported the negative. The judges were; W. T. White, B. A., Rev R. E. Walsh, B.A., and Rev J. R. Teefy, M.A., LL.D. Mr. White, the Chairman, while paying a high compliment to the young men who took part in the debate declared that the judges, having carefully weighed the arguments of the opposing teams, decided to award the victory to the representatives of Ottawa University.

The final debate between Queens and Ottawa will take place here in January.

It is the custom for the Washington Club to choose its officers for the ensuing term on the American Thanksgiving Day. This year the elections on Thursday, Nov. 29, resulted as follows:—

Rev. Moderator—P. J. Hammersley.  
 President—Frederick C. Hatch.  
 Vice President—Edwin H. McCarthy.  
 Secretary—Matthew F. Deahy.  
 Treasurer—Harry F. Lambert.

Saturday evening, Dec. 1, a very pleasant smoker was held by the Washington Club to inaugurate the new regime. At 9 p.m. all the students who claim Columbia as their native land, sat down to a sumptuous repast which satisfied even the Epicurean taste of "Eddie."

After the good things had been capably discussed all repaired to the recreation hall. Amid the blue vapors of Havana's choicest, a very entertaining program was put up. The first number was a song, by M. Deahy, entitled "You're a Grand Old Flag," which seemed to inspire all present with patriotic sentiment. The president then announced that each and every member must participate in the evening's proceedings under penalty of being placed beneath the "taps."

Among the many speeches of merit which would take too much time and space to enumerate, a few, however, deserve special men-

tion : Thomas O'Neil captivated the gathering by his versatile and humorous discourse. Mr. Houle paid an eloquent tribute to the achievements of the Society in the past and expressed great hopes for its future. He also gave an interesting demonstration of the latest fashion of the art of smoking in Paris. The toasts were intermingled with songs befitting the occasion after which interesting and beneficial addresses were made by the Rev. Frs. Fortier, Hammersley, T. Murphy, Kunz, Stanton, Turcotte and McGowan.

Following, the President thanked, in behalf of the Society, the Rev. gentlemen for their encouragement and especially Fr. Fortier for his kindness in granting the privilege of holding the present enjoyable function. The meeting dispersed to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," each member feeling that he had spent not only an enjoyable evening but also a profitable one, and expressing the hope that many similar gatherings might be enjoyed by the Washington Club.

With handball alleys and with the campus covered with the snow and a leaking rink, the only resource is the famous old bowling alley of last year. The schedule contrived by Manager McHugh has furnished some exciting contests and not a few strikes, cases of hard luck, protests, etc. But they are never wanting helping hands to set up the pins if you ask McSwiggen.

Since an afternoon at the Rideau Rink not long ago, M. D-y-l- has been showing symptoms of Quin(n)sy.

Instructor in Greek—Give future indicative of *anabaino*?

Jerry—Ana-ana-ana-ba—— !

Inst.—Oh, never mind Anna. J. M-c holds the hand there.

Tommy (in an endeavor to quote from Macbeth) Lay *down*, Macduff! and damned be he that cries : Hold, enough !

The annual entertainment under the auspices of the Athletic Ass'n of Ottawa University was held Friday evening, Dec, 7th. The large Recreation Hall of the Arts Building, was tastily decorated for the occasion. The programme was a varied and somewhat strenuous one, but was carried out in a most efficient manner, Rev. W. Stanton, Master of Ceremonies. During the course of the evening, "King" Clancy, the veteran football coach, gave, in his usual forcible style, a vivid description of the Yale-Harvard game,

which he had the pleasure of witnessing while on a visit to his home.

The many different points of the American game were explained to his eager listeners, and when he told them that he had seen many teams of the "Garnet and Grey" just as good as those, if not better, a V-A R- broke out from the several hundred students present, that must have startled several "Senators" enjoying a nap in the "Star Chamber" on Parliament Hill. His reception plainly showed how dear he is to the hearts of the Ottawa College students, who will swear by the "King's" word.

The following novel and intensely thrilling programme was worked off on the unsuspecting but very appreciative audience.

I. Boxing Contest. "Bantam Championship of Madagascar."  
"Freckles" Parent vs. "Pete" Gibbons.

Referee—"Chink" Fahey.

Seconds—"Young Canada" Schmidt, "Peach" Macdougall,  
"Jerry" Lashaway, "Dago" Costello.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Parent who won.

II. Song—"The Saucy Little Bird on Nellie's Hat" was painfully executed by Mr. Algie Deahy, Podunk, N. Y.; Mr. "Spare-Ribs" Costello, Squeedunk, Arizona

III. Tug-of-War—(In which three five-inch ropes were broken.)  
All Quebec vs. Half of New York. (Winners.)

Captains—J. Baptiste Joron, "Latch-Key" MacCarthy.

Referee—"King" Clancy.

IV. Boxing Contest. "Featherweight Championship of Timbuctoo"—"Savoir faire" Legris, Ste. Polycarpe, vs. "Shamrock" Rodden, Cork, Ireland. Result a draw.

V. Recitation—"The Curé of Calumet," by Arc-en-ciel Burns, and as he insisted on giving an encore, there was a mad rush for the door, and after several minutes of riot and hard feeling, he gave place to the next performer.

VI Buck and Wing, Irish Jig, Double Shuffle and several other artistic steps, were nimbly ripped off by "Lanky" Gallagher, Potsdam.

VII. Declamations by "Kipling" O'Neil, and "Hash" Lambert. The audience attempted to take the "Law" into their own hands, but Officer "Whibbs" saved the life of the two orators, by his prompt action.

VIII. Songs—By Rev. Father Fortier, "The Land of Nod," "The Auld Plaid Shawl," Bro. Finnegan; and P. C. Harris, "Old Rameses" from the Gingerbread Man; "McSwiggin" Harrington and Chorus from Killaloo, "The Prodigal Son."

IX. Boxing Contest—"Heavy-Weight Champeenhip."

"Broncho" Troupe, Mexico vs "Marvin" Hart, Denver.

This fight was declared a fake and the audience were refunded their money.

X. Tug of War—Western Cowpunchers vs. External Ottawans.

Captains: "Terrible" Burns; "Brier" Marshall.

XI. Boxing Contest—"Any-Weight" Championship.

"Dakota Jim" MacDonald vs. "Shiner" George Dixon.

Dixon persistently fouled the referee and was awarded the decision.

XII. Country Shake-Down—An exact representation of what happened at a "hoe-down," in the 4th Concession of Killaloo was given.

The following celebrities, noted for their beauty and affable manners, went through the many intricate movements with grace and perseverance. The partners for the onslaught were:—

|                |   |   |                   |
|----------------|---|---|-------------------|
| Dan McGraw     | - | - | Mollie O'Meara.   |
| Dick Dougan    | - | - | "Cherry" Nolan.   |
| Mike Flannegan | - | - | "Sadie" Tompkins. |
| Tim O'Flaherty | - | - | "Liz" Muldoon.    |

Fiddler, "Old Tom" McGregory, Fenian Raid Veteran.

Dancing was indulged in, the music being furnished by Senator Veilleux, who is a whole orchestra in himself. Cigars and light refreshments (matchless) were served, after which the gathering broke up, all having thoroughly enjoyed the evening's performance.

Our right scrimmager had a thrilling experience not long since while doing some 'Xmas shopping. Accompanied by two friends he entered a large departmental store on Sparks street, and leaving his chums, went to the further part of the establishment in pursuit of a bargain. Basking in the smile of a fair vision behind a ribbon counter, he soon lost all track of his surroundings and when at last he pocketed his yard of garnet and grey and tried to find his way out,

he discovered to his horror, that he was lost. Too proud to ask for direction, he wandered through the maze, adapting different plans to gain the street, but all to no purpose, after a ten minute jaunt he would find himself again in the vicinity of that ribbon counter. At last a happy thought entered his bewildered brain. He determined to follow some particular shopper and in this way be lead out of the building. He chose a woman for his guide and then for two long hours he followed that exasperating female from one department to another, only to be landed in the dining hall connected with the store. Nothing daunted George took up a position at the door and after a forty-five minutes wait, was rewarded by seeing his "guide book" emerge from the lunch room, adjust her veil, and make preparations for the street. With joy too great for words he again took up the trail and in exactly thirteen seconds was landed on Sparks street, a happy smiling boy.

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### Laus Deo!

How deeply still the wintry night  
 Whose pall o'er hill and valley rests,  
 When lo! the King, the promised Light,  
 The earth with Heaven's glory vests,  
 When angel voices strange descend  
 From high to hail our Saviour's birth  
 And bid man's homage glad extend  
 To Him whose throne is made on earth.

The Babe, new born at Bethlehem,  
 Embraced with joy in Mary's arms,  
 Redeemed from death despairing men,  
 Made Love replace dark sin's alarms,  
 Awakened songs of joyous peace,  
 Whose echoes bless our Christmas time  
 And bid our warring passions cease,  
 Our will reflect the Will divine.

Though earthly gloom is spread so wide  
 And clouds of sin o'er nations rest,  
 A Light on earth doth still abide  
 To rescue men with cares oppressed;  
 It shines in humble cotter's home  
 As in the princely palace grand  
 The Babe on earth makes yet His throne  
 Adored in ev'ry Christian land.