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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

REVIEW

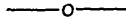


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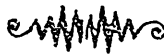


Vol. I. No. 2. October, 1898.

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THE MOST REV. C. H. GAUTHIER,
ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON.

From a photograph taken for the REVIEW by Jarvis, Ottawa.

University of Ottawa

REVIEW

Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 2.

MOST REVEREND C. H. GAUTHIER.

ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON.

IT seems but yesterday that Catholic and Protestant alike stood in Kingston Cathedral beside the bier of Archbishop Cleary, grieving over the great loss both Church and Canada had to sustain in the demise of that singularly gifted and highly accomplished prelate. To-day (the 18th of October) in that same Cathedral of St. Mary's, Catholic and Protestant have re-assembled in vast numbers to witness the beautiful ceremonies of the episcopal consecration of Mgr. Cleary's successor, His Grace Archbishop Gauthier. It is a moment for retrospection, and our thoughts naturally fly back over the past years of this new candidate for the "complement of the priesthood."

In the early eighties, Gabriel Gauthier and his wife settled in that part of Glengarry County which has since become the town of Alexandria; to this pious family was born on November 13th 1845 a son whom God destined to be the future Archbishop of Kingston. Thus descended from Scotch and French ancestry, he has the distinguishing traits of each, for in his character the shrewd, clever, business qualities of the Scotch are united with the polish, grace and religious spirit of the French. He received his primary education at the Christian Brothers' School in Alexandria and in 1859, he entered Regiopolis College, Kingston, at that time under the presidency of Dr. O'Brien. This was the golden oppor-

tunity of his life. In college, his earnest piety, untiring diligence, exemplary conduct, rare talents and faithful observance of the rules won the approbation of superiors and teachers and justified their bright hopes of his future. He was graduated in 1863 with first class honors and in the same year entered the Seminary where he was particularly diligent and studious. Four years later, on August 24th, 1867, he was ordained priest at Perth by the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. What fond remembrance, the good Archbishop must now have of dear parents and of friends of his youth who surrounded him on that bright August morning twenty one years ago! The brilliant future they predicted for the young levite has surely been more than realized in his elevation to the dignity of Archbishop of the grand old See of Kingston, which enjoys, it is said, the proud distinction of being the first see erected in any British possession after the Reformation.

For a short time, Father Gauthier was director of the Diocesan College, but in 1869, he was appointed to the important parish of Gananoque which included Howe Island, Brewer's Mills and Lansdowne. Here in the exercise of his holy ministry, he applied himself to all his manifold duties with characteristic energy and assiduity. During the five years spent in this charge, he built the churches at Lansdowne and Brewer's Mills and soon afterwards he made many beautiful improvements in the sacred edifices at Gananoque and Howe Island. From this important parish, he was appointed to Westport in January 1875, but on the accession of the Right Rev. John O'Brien to the see of Kingston, he was transferred in the same year to Williamstown. Here were many opportunities for the exercise of his talents and experience. The religious and educational progress of the parish soon attested the devotion and vigour of its good pastor; for a heavy debt of \$5761 was soon discharged, the beautiful churches of St. Joseph and St. Ita were built while a large and handsome addition was made to the presbytery. In the same town, the Sisters of Notre Dame had a flourishing school and into their noble work he infused his own vigour and energy. Characteristic of Father Gauthier in all his charges is the particular love he entertains for the beauty of God's church and so in whatever parish he labored, the

erection and embellishment of the temples of worship was to him of first importance. This was again evidenced at Glennevis which he had as a mission and where at a cost of \$45,000, the magnificent church of St. Margaret's was built, a worthy monument of his zeal and of the faith of the people.

Finally in 1886 he was called to Brockville. A sketch of his great labours in the Island City would be a sketch of the religious and educational progress of that important parish ; for, during the twelve happy years succeeding the date of his appointment, Dean Gauthier prominently identified himself with every movement tending towards the advancement of our religion, the interests of higher education, and the unity of the Catholic people. The care of the sick first appealed to him and at a cost of \$25000, the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, provided with all modern appliances and conveniences, was opened. In this building hundreds of sick and suffering of all denominations have received the tender care and treatment of the good Sisters of Providence. Soon a new convent and a large separate school were erected which will remain as witnesses to his zeal and energy. On August 17th, 1891, the worthy pastor of St. Francis Xavier was appointed Vicar-General and this well-deserved honor was another source of delight to his many friends. True and just to all confided to his care he has in a great degree the Gaelic sympathy and heartiest love for the children of Erin and these noble feelings were reciprocated in the affection and veneration of his numerous Irish parishioners. It is the success of his pastorate in Brockville that has brought him so favourably before the eyes of Catholics and Protestants throughout the province; for in this important charge he has shown unusual caution and moderation on all questions affecting the interests of the Church while the harmony and good will manifested in such affairs may be attributed to his liberal and enlightened position in general.

During all his long priestly career, Father Gauthier has ever proved himself zealous with untiring zeal for the greater honor and glory of God, and for the propagation as well as for the preservation of the faith among the people. His name is respected, nay revered, by all classes irrespective of creed throughout the

diocese of Kingston. The priests of the diocese, too, have long ago learned to love him and to look up to him as a friend in need, as a counsellor in days of doubt, as a father in days of tribulation and trial. It was but natural, then, that the Clergy of Kingston should depart from the customary mode of procedure and initiate a precedent for this section, by sending to the Holy Father a unanimously signed memorial praying that Very Rev. Dean Gauthier be appointed to the see left vacant by the death of Archbishop Cleary.

The 27th of August, the official documents were received from Rome. The glad tidings of the selection of Dean Gauthier for such an exalted position were received with enthusiasm and joy by the clergy and people; and scarcely less joyously was the news received in other dioceses, especially in Ottawa where the new Archbishop has many personal friends. Clergy and laity at once made great preparations for the consecration ceremonies and to-day the choice of the Kingston clergy, the choice of Rome, the choice of the Holy Spirit that guides the Church of Rome, received episcopal consecration from the hands of Archbishop Duhamel assisted by Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg and Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the eloquent Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax. From many representative bodies, fraternal and religious societies, municipal councils and from a host of friends throughout Canada and the United States came addresses and messages of congratulation. One address, that of the clergy of Kingston diocese, deserves particular mention as a beautiful work of art. Of one handsomely illuminated page of this address, the present number of the REVIEW, contains a fac-simile.

In the historic see over which Archbishop Gauthier presides there is a Catholic population of 37,000 souls to whose spiritual wants forty-four priests attend, and for whose accommodation there are fifty-nine churches and five chapels. Through the watchful care and guidance of the clergy, the laity are well united in religious and benefit societies and among the latter the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association and the Ancient Order of Hibernians have succeeded in uniting the greater

part of the Catholic portion of the diocese in the strong bonds of fraternity charity. There are also many other societies assisting in the cause of temperance and in the noble work among God's poor.

For such an important Archdiocese, it was necessary to select a man of great zeal, energy, executive ability and with these Mgr. Gauthier combines true Christian piety rare, talents and attainments. He is a good linguist, being a fluent and forcible speaker in English, French and Gaelic. He is moreover a careful and prudent administrator. The watchword of Catholicity in Ontario is "Upward and Onward" and long will its progress continue if the Church of God have priests and bishops as zealous, learned, and faithful, as is he whose arms bear the characteristic motto, "*In fide et veritate.*"

M. E. CONWAY. '01.



DUTY.

As the hardy oat is growing
 Howsoe'ver the wind may blow ;
 As the untired stream is flowing,
 Whether shines the sun or no :—
 Thus, though storm-winds rage about it,
 Should the strong plant, Duty, grow ;
 Thus, with beauty or without it
 Should the stream of being flow.

—D. F. McCarty.



THE GREATEST OF GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

(Continued from September Number.)

THIS unique cohesion of hearts and minds, O'Connell accomplished by means as unique. Early in 1824, he proposed in the Catholic Association that all contributors of the trifle of one penny a month should be admitted as members of the Association. The motion was carried and the "Penny Rent" became a thing of History. But at first, the scheme met with a perfect deluge of scorn and ridicule from O'Connell's enemies and with the peculiarly damning force of extremely faint praise from his friends. O'Connell, however, proceeded calmly with the development of his plan. He appointed the priests organizers and "Rent"-collectors in their respective districts; while he arranged that each local organization, should be in direct communication with the central executive at Dublin. The Agitator's patience and energy were in due time rewarded. Slowly things moved at first. Then suddenly the land woke up to a new life of all-conquering vigor. As though by common impulse, the whole nation rushed to the collectors to pay "O'Connell's Pence." Every man, woman and child became fired with wild enthusiasm by the proud consciousness of giving personal assistance in furthering the grand old cause. Now the smile of faint praise was replaced by the firm, determined expression of fervent and zealous cooperation. Sneers gave place to fears, for again great England looked aghast as she viewed the operations of the most thoroughly national movement ever inaugurated by man. Of course, as we have seen, the Catholic Association was suppressed, but "O'Connell's Pence" only swelled to greater proportions and the *New* Catholic Association rose exulting in irresistible strength. Nor did the movement end here. The Irish exile in Canada and the United States, the Irish convict - convicted of fidelity to God and native

land — in the far off penal settlements of Australia and the West Indies, the Irish settler of Hindostan, of the East Indies, of Southern Africa and of South America, united their several mites till vast sums rolled into the treasury of the Association. But result of results ! The head committee at Dublin was the nerve-centre of a mighty political system whose ramifications penetrated to the uttermost extremities of the earth; and O'Connell, blessed above all his predecessors, beheld what to none before him was it given to behold—Irishmen of Erin and of the greater Erin beyond the seas, united as one man beneath the common banner of " Penny Rent." Now at length was his witness ready.

The next step in his plan, as already indicated, was to secure as assistant counsel, the nations of the earth. To France, the land of chivalry, whither turn as though by instinct the eyes of every people that seek their liberty, to France did O'Connell now turn. He caused Shiel, a master of the Gallic as well as of the Anglo-Saxon idiom, to write to the Parisian Press articles on the Irish situation. Soon Paris was a blaze with excitement as the gifted Irishman laid bare the atrocities of English misrule. Then distinguished Frenchmen visited Ireland to investigate for themselves and their testimony rang through the length and breadth of France. The press of the other continental countries, from mere commentaries on the articles and the testimony in question, proceeded to the serious discussion of the Irish question and finally to denunciations of England's policy towards her sister Isle. Now France, " the hereditary friend of Ireland," sends large contributions to swell O'Connell's agitation-fund. Germany, the mother-land of the Angle and the Saxon, Germany the mother-land of Luther, raises a voice of encouragement to the down-trodden Catholic Celt, and the hand she proffers in friendship is filled with welcome gold. From Spain, from Italy, from Austria, comes the same substantial aid. All Europe is aroused. The nations of the earth stand pointing the finger of reproach and remonstrance at proud Britannia—O'Connell's assistant counsel await the opening of the trial.

(To be continued)

E. J. CORNELL, O.M.I.

Poems Worth Reading.

THE LIGHT-BRINGER.



BEFORE each soul, that eastward looks there flies
 A Shining Presence, swift as God's own thought :
 And who beholds her sees her wings are white,
 And that 'tis always morning where she stands.
 Before her face dawns kindle out of dark
 And daybreaks walk far kingdoms. Evermore
 Her wings are bent to sunrise, and her voice
 Calls back to men and leads them over tracts
 And chasms of storm, and blinding cataracts,
 Enamored of its sweetness. Whoso sees
 Light sown, beyond black-smoking thunderdrifts
 Shall kneel with her before the feet of God.

She is the shaper of His far off Day—
 The builder of great empires—fashioner
 Of deathless Morning in the souls of men ;
 And mightiest nations, following her voice,
 Press forward with their foreheads set to dawn,
 And only pause within Eternal Morn,
 Hearing the bugles blown before His Face.
 Daughter of God, and enemy of hell,
 Her hand uplifts the daybreak like a sword
 And strikes the darkness from about each soul
 That hath her shining seal ! Her name is Hope
 And she bears light from God down unto men.

—Charles J. O'Malley, in the *Midland Review*.



HIS GRACE OF OTTAWA,
CONSECRATOR

BISHOP GABRIEL of OGDENSBURG,
ASSISTANT CONSECRATOR

HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, OF HALIFAX,
ORATOR OF THE DAY.

BISHOP O'CONNOR of PETERBOROUGH,
ASSISTANT CONSECRATOR.

AT ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER'S CONSECRATION.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.



HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime ?
 By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time ;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks into a thousand flowers.
 This floral queen in its beauty seen
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they droop in the blooming time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls to the ground,
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem
 Grow lively and lovely around ?
 By dying it liveth a thousand fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
 The Arab's Gimel el Bair,
 That dwells in the African solitudes
 Where the birds that live lonely are ?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good ?
 It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the sea for their food.
 In famine it feeds them—what love can devise !—
 With blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
 The snow-white bird of the lake ?
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake ;

For it saves its song till the end of life,
 And then in the soft, still even,
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun
 It sings, as it soars into heaven ;
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard these tales ? Shall I tell you one
 A greater and better than all ?
 Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
 Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
 How He left the choirs and anthems above
 For earth in its wailings and woes,
 To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
 And die for the life of His foes ?
 O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !
 What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine ?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
 The tale of the Holy and True ?
 He died, but His life now in untold souls
 Lives on in the world anew.
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
 As the stars fill the skies above.
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life. His loss is our gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all :
 Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall ;
 Must pass from the view and die away,
 And then will the fruit appear :
 The grain that seems lost in the earth below
 Will return many-fold in the ear ;
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
 The joy for the tear the peace for the pain.

—Henry Harbaugh, in *New York Sun*.

LAMENT OF SPAIN.



WHILE my soldiers strove in fray,
 Safe in Santiago Bay,
 Anchored there our squadron lay—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Then from me the order came—
 " Longer thus to lie were shame ;
 Forward to the feast of flame "—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Madness well the admiral knew ;
 But his duty to pursue,
 His was not to talk but do—
 Woe to me, Espana !

But it came July the third,
 Clear for action was the word,
 And the sound their spirit stirred—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Every flag on high appeared,
 Every deck for action cleared,
 Forth they went the foe to beard—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Moved the squadron fast and free,
 Through the channel to the sea—
 Not a grander sight could be—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Ah ! the foemen watched us well,
 And a storm of shot and shell
 Fiercely on our vessels fell—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Through the battle, fierce and hot,
 Quick returning shot for shot,
 Every Spaniard faltered not—
 Woe to me, Espana !

Mine were men of dauntless breed ;
But the courage of the Cid
Overthrows no fate decreed—
Woe to me, Espana !

Shrinking not from perils dire,
Stood they in that mass of fire,
Fighting on their funeral pyre—
Woe to me, Espana !

By the storm of battle sore,
Driven to the rocky shore,
Calm and proud their fate they bore—
Woe to me, Espana !

Though our star in lustre waned,
Though the foe a triumph gained,
Yet our honor is unstained—
Woe to me, Espana !

Not o'erborne by many foes,
Sinking not beneath their blows,
Spain shall live in spite of those —
Hope is here, Espana.

Hope within us never dies ;
Phoenix-like shall Spain arise
From her ashes to the skies—
Strong and proud Espana.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Weekly.*



THE RIGHT REVEREND N. Z. LORRAIN.

BISHOP OF PEMBROKE.



THE Right Reverend Narcisse Zephirin Lorrain, the subject of our sketch, was born at St. Martin, County of Laval, Que., on June 13th, 1842.

His father, Narcisse Lorrain was a descendant of that race of hardy pioneers whose toil reclaimed from the wilderness the vast districts north of the Province of Quebec. His mother, Sophia Gohier, was a woman worthy of the strong man who led her to the altar in 1841. Intelligent, brave, and courageous, she seconded the efforts of her husband with such success that prosperity soon settled upon the happy household and it became one of the most wealthy and prominent families of the County of Laval.

The eldest of a family of seven, Bishop Lorrain received from his virtuous and god-fearing parents a pure and solid home education. It was here that was laid the foundation of the life that was to be crowned with the Bishop's mitre, that was to shine so brightly as to be deemed worthy by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, to be set up as a model for the faithful to imitate, as a teacher for them to follow, as a Pastor for them to obey.

The College of Ste. Therèse was the institution entrusted with the classical education of the young aspirant for the priesthood. This college is associated with the training of some of the brightest minds that have adorned the ecclesiastical and political arenas of our young country.

From the beginning of his course in 1855 till he was graduated with Baccalaureate honors he proved himself a model student. He never tired in his efforts to secure the education which leads man into the higher domain of ideas, and gives him the status he should occupy who was made after the image of his Maker. At the end of his classical course he immediately entered on the study of Theology and was ordained priest by Bishop Bourget August 4th, 1867.

After his ordination the young priest became Professor in his *Alma Mater*, and such was the earnestness and the ability he manifested that in 1868 he was elected its Director. These few years had sufficed to change the unknown and unlettered youth into a man of the highest attainments and capable of fulfilling the duties of chief officer with honor to himself and profit to the institution.

But there was need of him in other fields. Ste. Thérèse could procure other Directors and other Professors; but the vineyard of the Lord needed workers, and who was better fitted to take charge of a portion of it than he who had hitherto proved so faithful in the discharge of his manifold duties as the head of a vast educational institution. The call came not from his native Canada: it was the parish of Redford, N. Y., that wanted him. Accordingly he was sent there with the consent of Bishop Bourget, and remained for ten years till 1879 when he was recalled to succeed the Very Reverend Canon Morneau as Vicar General of the Diocese of Montreal. The "Monthly Visitor" thus sums up his work in this important charge:

"The new Vicar General soon justified the wisdom of the choice made by his ecclesiastical superiors. His business abilities were immediately called into play to solve the huge financial problem that presented itself to the successor of the dauntless Bishop Bourget. To this day Vicar General Lorrain's masterly grasping of the situation and cool-headed exploitation of the sources of ecclesiastical revenue, with the object, so successfully attained, of putting the Diocese on a firm financial standing, are approvingly recalled by the ablest financiers of the metropolis."

On September 21st, 1882, he was consecrated Bishop of Cythera and appointed Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac. On May 4th, 1898, the Vicariate Apostolic of Pontiac was erected into the Diocese of Pembroke and two days later Mgr. Lorrain was elected Bishop of the new Diocese. His installation took place on the 22nd day of September.

The work performed by this devoted Apostle of Jesus Christ during the time he was Vicar of Pontiac, would require volumes to describe; so, like Xavier de Maistre and his written confession,

we shall give only the headings of chapters, and not even all of these. He took for motto the words "*Non recuso laborem*" and the following statement taken from "The Monthly Visitor" shows he appreciated the full depth of their meaning.

"At its birth the Diocese of Pembroke comprises 33 churches, 37 chapels, 4 convents, 3 hospitals, 24 parishes, 33 missions with a population of about 40,000 souls including 3,500 Indians; these parishes and missions are in charge of 36 priests, of whom 25 are secular and 11 regular."

The extent of his Diocese will give an idea of the gigantic task he has in administering to the spiritual wants of those entrusted to his care. It comprises "the counties of Pontiac and Renfrew, the Township of North Canonto in Frontenac, the northern townships of the Counties of Addington and Hastings, sixteen townships of the County of Haliburton, and a part of Nipissing District; as well as all the Territory included between the Height of Land, on the south; the Hudson Bay, James' Bay and the Great Whale River as far as Lake Apiokacumish, on the North; the 72nd degree of longitude on the East; and the 91st degree on the West."

Within this vast territory a large number of children of the forest come under his paternal care. He has personally visited many of their settlements, at one time making a trip of 1,500 miles in a bark canoe to visit the Indians of Lakes Temiscamingue and Abbitibi, and of Fort Albany on James' Bay; at another, one of 1,700 miles to the Red Christians on the Upper Ottawa. Rupert's Land and the Upper St. Maurice.

But what strength to carry on this holy work must he not have received when on the occasion of his intallation in September, the clergy and laity from far and near assembled in Pembroke to honor and encourage him! On this occasion many distinguished guests waited on him, among them being the Most Reverend Archbishops Duhamel, Ottawa; Bruchesi, Montreal; Gauthier, Kingston; and Bishops Emard, Laroque, Gabriels and McDonnell, of Valleyfield, Sherbrooke, Ogdensburg, and Alexandria respectively. The Very Reverend H. A. Constantineau represented the University of Ottawa. In all over one hundred of the clergy of Ontario and Quebec graced the occasion by their presence.

Addresses were read by the priests of the new Diocese. Representatives of the people also read addresses in English, French, German and Polish ; but a unique feature was the reading of the Indian address by Chief F. Piziniwac. To this last His Lordship answered in the native language of the Red men of the forest.

But the crowning acts of the feast, the bouquets, were the addresses of the children, one on behalf of the little boys, and the other in the name of the little girls. Accompanying these was a beautiful souvenir volume in which were recorded the dates of the principal events in the life of Bishop Lorrain and in which were also enclosed photographs of himself, his father and his mother. The reply to these addresses was full of feeling for like the Master this good Bishop loves little children. When these expressions of childish reverence and esteem were uttered by the little ones His Lordship was much moved and it was some time before he could trust himself to respond. We shall quote from his answer the following lines with which we shall close this brief sketch of this truly noble and pious man :

"You refer in your address to my love for you and to the zeal I have manifested in your behalf. Did you not say, I am a Shepherd ? Did you not compare yourselves to youthful lambs ? Does not a good and kind shepherd, always more carefully look after the lambs of his flock than after the old sheep ? He takes them into his arms, he caresses them, he even some times brings them into the hearth of his home. I have therefore, only done my duty, as a good shepherd, to kind and docile little lambs.

I visit you often, in the school rooms, in your play grounds, yes, and I must confess that the sweetest moments of my life are those I pass in the company of children. When I see you so alert, so intelligent looking, it gives me hope for the future, and it is for me a guarantee that when the present generation of men and women of this parish will be gone, you children will be there grown up men and women, ready to replace them, and keep up the good name of the church and of this congregation.

One day, Archbishop, now Cardinal Gibbons, was speaking to children, and addressed them in this way: "Ladies and gentlemen." A priest who was present asked afterwards why he had called them ladies and gentlemen, instead of dear children. "My reason," answered the Archbishop, "is to make them understand what the Providence of God may call them to be in the future. In speaking to these children I may have spoken to a future President of the United States."



REV. M. E. STANTON,
Smith's Falls.

RT. REV. MGR. FARRELLY, V.G.,
Belleville.

VERY REV. T. KELLY, V.G.,
Kingston.

Yes, the children of to-day are the men and women of twenty-five years hence. You will all of you, dear children, have a mission to fulfil during the course of your life in this broad world into which you will soon be thrown, and now is the time for you to undergo the proper training. In your homes your parents will give you the training you require to be good and sociable citizens. In the schoolhouse, your kind teachers will form you to be useful, intelligent and refined members of the community in which later on you will be moving. In the church, your clergy will give you the religious training that will prepare you to be honest citizens of this world and ever happy citizens of heaven. Learn, therefore, from your very youth to love your parents, your teachers, your clergy, your country, your God. Be grateful to them always and rejoice as you do now, for your Bishop, when you see him respected, honored and loved. Then you will grow, not only in body, but also in grace and in wisdom before God and before men; then you will be the consolation of your parents, the pride of your teachers, the honor of your church and of your clergy, the glory of your country."

Than these words nothing perhaps could give a higher, grander idea of the love of God and of the faith, that animates the good Bishop of Pembroke; for love of the little ones is but another form of charity towards God and zeal for the religious instruction of the children of to-day is but prospective love of the Church of to-morrow.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.



THE INFINITE.

The Infinite always is silent;
 It is only the Finite speaks
 Our words are the idle wave-caps
 On the deep that never breaks.
 We may question with wand of Science,
 Explain, decide, and discuss;
 But only in meditation
 The Mystery speaks to us.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Literary Notes.

And as for me, though that I koune but lyte (littie)
On books for to rede I me delyte,
Apd to them give I feyth and ful credence,
And in my herte have them in reverence.

—*Chaucer.*

TWO GREAT BIOGRAPHIES.



Someone has justly remarked that the history of a human being, no matter how common place may have been his career and his achievements, is not without that interest which attaches to a tragedy. Simple or accomplished he has struggled, often to the point of deep anguish, with the grave problem of his own existence; and the pathos of his entrance on the scene of life is deepened by the everlasting silence which follows upon his exit. There is no kind of writing, which has truth and instruction for its main object, so interesting and popular, on the whole, as biography. But in order that it may achieve its proper effect it must conform to certain artistic requirements. I believe most people will agree with me when I affirm that a life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely.

When Cromwell commanded the artist to paint him with his "warts on", he I feel convinced, suggested a principle which all biographers should adopt. The biographer should aim to leave on the mind of the reader a very clear, complete and symmetrical portrait. The biography that is minute and pictorial will be hailed with pleasure by every lover of good reading, while that which is neither minute nor pictorial, symmetrical nor full will be given over to loathing. Color photography is, I hold, the process which should exclusively be used in biography. If a flaw exists here and there in the outline to be drawn, let it not cost the wise biographer a thought. A faultless being is out of place on this

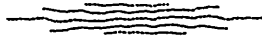
mundane sphere of ours. Earthly perfection is a mere comparative quality. There is really a weak link in the moral chain of every child of Adam. It has been well said by a philosopher of the Orient that, as the fleet greyhound has no scent, and the peacock which delights us with the beauty of its plumage, has a discordant voice; as the gaudy flower has little fragrance, and the hardiest and the loftiest trees are comparatively barren of fruit, nearly all productive trees being little cripples; so every son of Father Adam, and, in no less a degree, every daughter of Mother Eve, has certain desirable mental or moral qualities, but no one can boast of them all. "How", asks Sir William Temple, in his *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*, "can a man hope to excel in all qualities, when some are produced by the heat, others by the coldness of the brain and temper? The abilities of man must fall short on one side or the other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered."

I have been led to these general remarks by the pleasing, albeit somewhat late, discovery that Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman" in every way meets the requirements of good biography. It is a work wherein a great subject is exhibited in exact proportion and in the proper light; two indispensable elements of effect in the graphic art. His personal recollection of the first Cardinal of the restored Church in England are but those of a child in his father's house where Wiseman was a frequent guest, yet the communication of men and women who had a maturer knowledge of him and were admitted to his close friendship, supplement these so satisfactorily, that the illustrious subject lives again in Mr. Ward's graphic pages. We Catholics have by no means too many of such books. May their tribe increase!

Mr. Edmund Sheridan Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" is so well in keeping with my conceptions of what a biography ought to be that I do not hesitate to pronounce it of equal value with the similar work by Mr. Ward. I am aware that Purcell's "Manning" is the object and savage criticism. We are told, for instance, that Purcell depicts the great Archbishop as proud,

unyielding, ambitious ; a schemer, a politician ; one who loved power, distinction, honor, and would sacrifice others to gain them. Such are, in brief, the chief charges. Well, I have just arisen from a tolerably careful perusal of the two bulky volumes devoted to the record of the individual life and an exposition of the character of the great ecclesiastical statesman and uncompromising churchman, and I venture to regard Purcell's estimate very differently indeed from the way it is looked upon by adverse critics. Moreover, I have gone carefully through "Purcell's Manning Refuted" by M. François de Pressense, a French Protestant, who was, however, an admirer of Manning, and I fail to see how Purcell is "refuted" in a single matter of importance. The defect of the refutation is fatal ; it does not refute. I believe Mr. Purcell has done his work admirably, and brought out with unusual clearness the salient points of a character and career that had much to fascinate. His skill as a narrator appears to me of the very greatest. This, of course, is mere individual persuasion. The impression made on my mind by the story is that of a noble man, grandly struggling in the interrelations of nature and grace, falling often and finally reaching "o'er stepping stones of his dead self" a degree of perfection and quietude vouchsafed to few. A great life is always an epic. Mr. Purcell appears to love his subject and to have devoted to it a thorough study in its sources and contemporary documents. He tells the story with simplicity, truth, dignity, and insight into such detail as makes Manning and his times stand out in relief, yet he on no single occasion fails to put into use a wise reticence and befitting restraint. His method is eminently psychological and aims at an analysis and record of the inner processes of the struggles and growth of a great soul. As almost anyone at all acquainted with the career of Manning might expect, the chief interest arises from and turns upon the changes in the inner life recorded. Not that external incidents are suppressed ; they are not. Had they been, Mr. Purcell would, maybe have saved himself from a torrent of virulent abuse. But would he have given us the real Manning? Let each intelligent reader of the biography answer this question for himself. I do not suppose Mr. Purcell need dread the general verdict.

Of Pharisaism in ecclesiastical biography we have had altogether too much. Hypocrisy is always hollow. The lives of the saints, and for that matter the lives of the sinners as well, when written with frankness produce effects that no work wanting in this quality could achieve. It was in reference to hagiography that Mgr. Dupanloup once said: "Il y a bien peu de vies de saints écrites comme elles devraient l'être." I well remember when I was a boy (I have alas! arrived at an age when I find it convenient not to be too exact in by-gone dates) being given an artistically compiled "Life of St. Augustine" by poor Father Bennett, who now sleeps the "long sleep" in the quiet Oblate cemetery overlooking the picturesque little Rideau River, and although my mind, even in that distant day of my green and salad youth was pronouncedly of a worldly bent, the work made upon it a beneficial impression which time has failed wholly to obliterate.



JEROME SAVONAROLA.

When a few years ago, a leading magazine produced a biography of Savonarola, in the course of which that great but unfortunate monk's attitude towards his Church was grossly misrepresented, and the position occupied by the Church itself systematically falsified, it was pitiable to remark the silence of the Catholic press and people. It was not the weakness of the Catholic side of the case that withheld an adequate defence, but rather the scarcity of reliable material therefor in the English language. The handy-sized Life, to which its author, the Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P., gives the modest title of a "Sketch of Jerome Savonarola," would then have been invaluable. Such occasions are however wont to recur, and the compilation produced in this year, the fourth centenary of the tragic and heroic death of the great Dominican reformer, will be found to serve a permanent usefulness.

"Columbus discovered the paths of the ocean: Savonarola hose of the soul," says Pasquale Villari, in his life of the martyr

of Florence; "he endeavored to conciliate reason with faith, religion with liberty." The task was gigantic; opposed as he was by the distracted spirit of those dark and evil days. Historically considered, his was a period of hate and violent contending passions, of unscrupulous hostility to the spirit and teaching not of the Catholic Church so much as of Christianity, of cruel machinations against one who sought to do God's work alone. He was born ahead of his time. Then and since the path of the reformer was and has been a thorny one. Yet, no craven hearted man is ever fit to be a citizen. Courage is the true source of patriotic effort and humanizing reform.

Father O'Neil divides his admirable "sketch" into two parts. The first presents the public life of Savonarola, and the second gives a vivid picture of the man, as illustrated by his own writings. "I have not approached the subject," observes Father O'Neil, in his preface, "with any notion of presenting the famous preacher in a new light, nor have written for scholars to whom the copious literature on Savonarola is available, but for those to whom many of those works may not be accessible."

The writings of the great Dominican are considered in an appendix, and for the convenience of the readers who may desire to pursue the subject in a more comprehensive way, a second appendix is added, containing a long list of books for the purpose. The book concludes with a third appendix, consisting of a useful bibliography for the reader who may desire to study more closely the history of Florence as it is identified with the career of Savonarola, and the condition of the times in which he was born, as well as of the age in which he lived.

The most interesting passages of the work are those in which Father O'Neil makes it quite clear that Savonarola had no thought of leaving or opposing the Church. It was the shame and corruption in the Church and out of it he thundered at with all the powers of his oratory. He was ready to suffer anything, even public shame and death, rather than disobey the voice of duty.

"Four hundred years have gone by, writes Father O'Neil, "and, despite misunderstanding and calumny, the lustre of his

fame shines more gloriously than in the passing hour of his triumph. And though the judgment of history has not been finally pronounced, the mists of prejudice have been dissipated by the sun of truth, in whose clear light Savonarola, with all his faults, stands forth, assuredly a grand figure in the gallery of the world's greatest men."

This book is the result of close and exhaustive study of published and unpublished works which throw light on the subject. It contains a good relation of the history of Florence at the period, and incidentally illustrates the manners of the times and the court of the Medici. Being essentially a popular life—a sketch for the people—it is so written as to keep the interest of the reader sustained throughout. The publishers, Marlier, Callahan & Co., Boston, have left nothing undone to render the volume attractive. It is elegantly and tastefully bound, the illustrations are excellent, and the press-work first class. The price, one dollar, is extremely low.

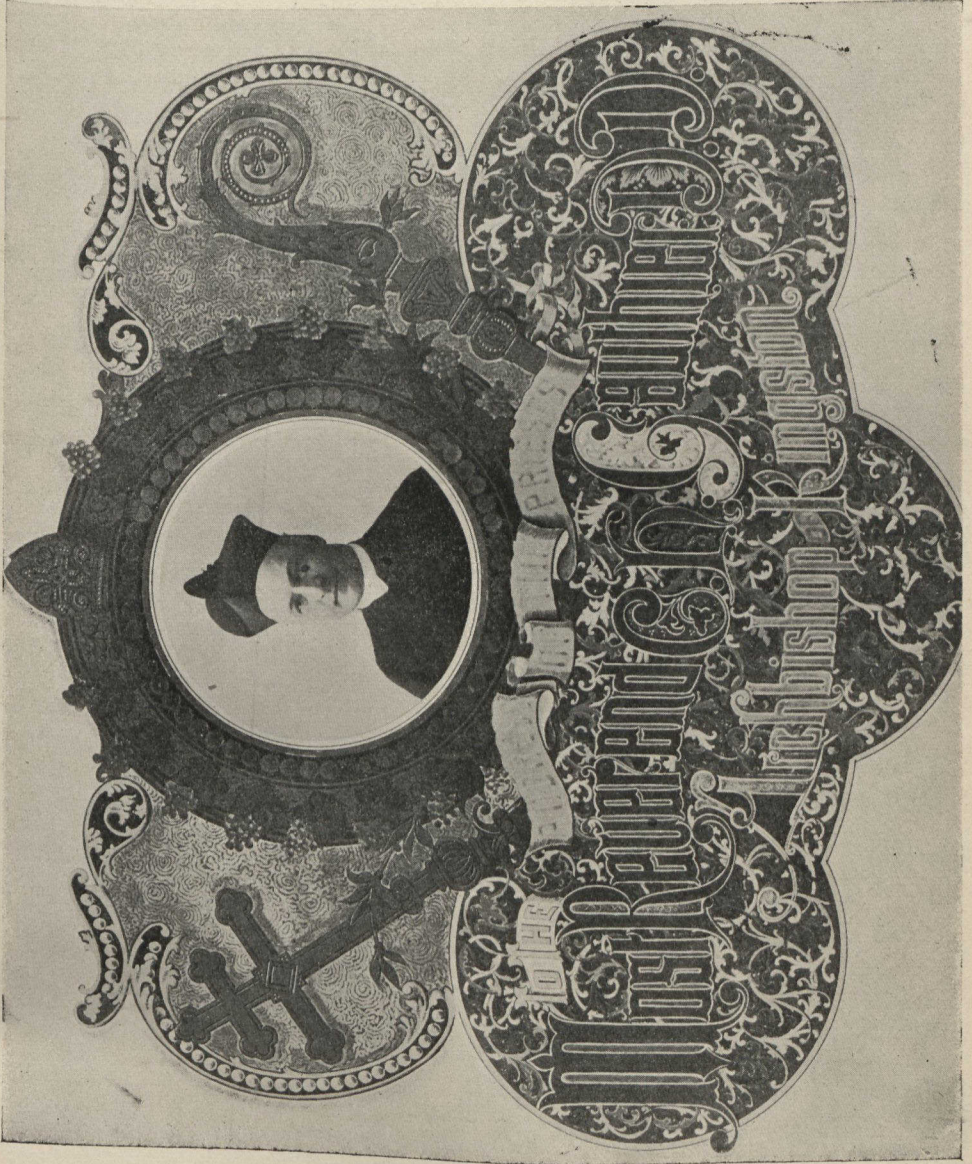


A NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

An historical novel is, we are taught by competent authority a story of adventure, using adventure in its broadest sense. Among British writers, Sir Walter Scott is universally conceded to be the greatest exponent of the rare art of dressing the drybones of history in the showy fittings of imagination. In American literature, James Fenimore Cooper, is, at his best, a worthy disciple of the author of *Waverley*. In the historical novel it is only needful to draw character in bold outline; to represent men not under the influence of motives that hold sway in artificial and complex society, but as breathed upon by those common airs of reflection and swept hither and thither by those common gales of passion that operate upon us all as members of the human race. It is not the personality of the actors to which the attention is supremely

drawn, though even in that there is ample field for the exhibition of striking characterization. It is the events that carry us along; it is the catastrophe to which they are hurrying that excites the feelings and absorbs the thoughts. There can be no greater absurdity than to speak of this kind of story, as is sometimes done, as being inferior in itself to those devoted exclusively to the delineation of manners and character, or even of the subtler motives which act upon the heart and life. As well might one say that Homer's *Iliad* is a poem of inferior type to Wordsworth's *Excursion*. Again, it is only those who think it must be easy to write what is easy to read—a widespread but glaring misconception, let it be said—who will fall into the mistake of fancying that a novel of adventure which has vitality enough to live does not owe its existence to the arduous, though it may be largely unconscious, exercise of high creative power. No better correction for this error can be found than in looking over the names of the countless imitators of Scott, some of them distinguished in other fields, who have made so signal a failure that even the very fact that they attempted to imitate him at all has been wholly forgotten.

I hope the foregoing general remarks will not seem out of place as an introduction to "*Rose à Charlite*," (Boston: Page & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.) by Marshall Saunders, whose "*Beautiful Joe*" enjoyed such an enormous success. Miss Saunders presents us with a historical romance which is Nova Scotian in character and scenery. It is brimfull of thrilling interest from cover to cover. It is sensational in the best sense of that much abused term. The history is treated to good advantage and the fictitious characters delineated with skill and grace. One of the leading incidents is the infamous expulsion of the Acadians, in treating of which, Miss Saunders, I am delighted to observe, turns, aside from the polished but cunningly mendacious pages of Parkman, and follows the poetical picture presented by Longfellow in his immortal "*Evangeline*," and the virile defence of the unfortunate Acadian people, so carefully prepared by Mr. Edouard Richard and published by Levell in 1895. It must be gratifying to the latter writer to find that his patriotic work is producing good fruit. The plot in parts is not so coherent as an exacting



reader might desire, but it will on the whole compare favorably with the schemes of incident underlying such romances as Robert's "Forge in the Forest," Gilbert's "Seats of the Mighty" and Kirby's "Golden Dog." The book is absolutely devoid of the tedious padding that fatigues the attention occupied with the story of the "Golden Dog." In the matter of interest, without an abundance of which quality, no novel should be published, this story easily leads the list just given. In fact, among recent American fictions, in so far as interest is concerned, Miss Saunders' book has but one dangerous rival and that is the exceedingly lively story of "Spanish John," by William McLennan of Montreal. The language has been criticised as being a trifle stilted, and that fault undoubtedly exists throughout, since the author, for example, tells of a man who "attains to" the top of a hill, and refers to "ranks of somniferous hens." Let Miss Saunders leave such "tall adjectives" to the politicians. But this is a minor fault after all. Rose is a most charming person who lives a life of suffering in such a way as to make her misfortunes refine her heart. Vesper, is a creation upon which the author appears to have lavished the best art at her command. Little Narcisse acts his part extremely well, and Agapit and Bidiane live in the memory long after the book is read and lent to a friend, never to be returned. That Miss Saunders, a Canadian, was compelled to resort to the United States for a publisher, and presumably for a market, is a stinging commentary upon that exploited abstract term called Canadian nationality.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 2

To Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston and to Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, the Faculty and Students of Ottawa University offer the sincerest congratulations and good-wishes. Long may Heaven preserve them to guide the forward march of their steadily progressing dioceses.

* * *

The *Canadian Freeman* of Kingston is to be felicitated on the appearance of its "consecration number." It is truly what it claims to be—a handsome and interesting souvenir of Archbishop Gauthier's consecration.

* * *

All unconsciously the REVIEW this month has assumed quite an ecclesiastical air. Yet we do not feel that any apology is necessary; for certainly no events of greater interest to Catholics of Canada have occurred within the past four weeks than the elevation of Rt. Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, Vicar-Apostolic of Pontiac, to episcopal rank, and the episcopal consecration of Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. Moreover, we are sure

that students and alumni alike, will gladly receive and preserve our present number as a souvenir of the solemn ceremonies attending the conferring of those exalted dignities and as a remembrancer of the festivities in honor of His Grace of Kingston, and of His Lordship of Pembroke, than whom our University and our REVIEW have no stauncher friends, no more faithful supporters.

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* *

Says the *Canadian Freeman* :—

“One of the most notable and pleasing incidents of the Archbishop's consecration was the visit to Kingston of the Ottawa College band, numbering forty pieces. The Ottawaites marched to the Cathedral playing beautiful airs, headed by their beautiful banner of the University. They wore neat dark blue uniforms, trimmed with bright red. The band under the leadership of Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., is one of the best that has visited Kingston for many years and is indeed a credit to the Ottawa University. Kingston people were much pleased with the band; and their kindness in coming to Kingston will not soon be forgotten by the citizens.”

And the University band tenders a hearty vote of thanks to the people of Kingston for their hospitality. The boys in blue and red will not soon forget their trip to the Limestone City.

THE SISTERS AS NURSES.

It did not require any *ante bellum* tracts to demonstrate to Catholics that the Sisters in war, as well as in peace, are a priceless blessing to suffering humanity. Nor did it require any military influence to impress the same fact upon some of the American army surgeons who had the wisdom to trust the care of their hospitals to the Sisters. But it did require all the distress of the late Spanish-American war and all the volunteer-camp sickness to prove to the United States War Department that the best army nurse in the world is the Catholic Sister. She attends the wounded whenever any attention is necessary, be the time night or day. She obeys instructions with perfect humility. She never intrudes any silly suggestions and never tries to usurp the duties of

the surgeon. These are some of the qualities that distinguish her from other classes of nurses.

It is gratifying to Catholics, the world over, to hear the bountiful praise that is being bestowed on the Sisters for their work among the United States soldiers. Some of the army surgeons are recommending the Sisters to the government in preference to the trained nurses of organized charities ; and, in support of their recommendations are making comparisons of the work done in various hospitals, which comparisons go to show that the Sisters have no equals as nurses. It is noteworthy, too, that the warmest and most grateful praise for the Sisters comes from the soldiers themselves, and from the Protestant soldiers at that. The heroic self-sacrifice of these Catholic heroines has converted even A.P.A.'s. to a better state of mind. The Sisters have once more proved that true charity exists but in the one true Church.

A SIGNIFICANT VICTORY.

A glorious victory was that of Oct. 22nd. It was the triumph of Ottawa College brawn over Granite firmness and strength. But it was more than a mere athletic victory. It was a moral victory of deep significance to the reflecting mind. Defeat sore and galling was at first the portion of our footballers' bitter chalice. Eleven to one, forty-seven to zero—a poor foundation surely on which to build hopes for the future. Self-appointed critics were not wanting to upbraid the team with having disgraced themselves and their *Alma Mater*. Of course the critics were wrong ; for unavoidable defeat is disgraceful to no man except to him that succumbs to his misfortune, while our men, like true men, viewed their defeats in the light of incentives to greater efforts. Humiliating though their reverses were, our boys sat not down like weaklings to bewail their fate ; but like giants they rose in their strength to run on the way to victory. Obstacles they surmounted and difficulties they overcame, until finally on Saturday last they forced Victory to bedeck herself with garnet and gray. And therein, it seems to us, lies the true significance of our footballers' triumph

and therein do we find their true glory ; for their conduct denotes that they possess in an eminent degree energy of character, depth of character, manliness of character. Thus by actions far more eloquent than words, the boys in Garnet and Gray have proclaimed to the world the merits of the education given in this University of Ottawa. Better than a flood of pamphlets and prospectuses, louder than an army of orators trumpet-tongued, have they demonstrated by their energy and pluck and perseverance, that their *Alma Mater* does not rest at ornamenting the mind with what is beautiful in Art, with what is grand and ennobling in Literature, with what is useful and interesting in Science ; but that over and beyond, she develops in her students that will-power which makes men of character, which makes of men true men. Their conduct proves to evidence that Ottawa University prepares her students to be hereafter, not learned idlers along the way-side of life, not easily discouraged sentimentalists prone to seek relief from the ills of life by cowardly means, but men willing to be up and a-doing, men capable of supporting disappointments, and of rising superior to adversities, men ready and able to battle manfully in the struggle of life, and strong-willed enough to bear up patiently under successive defeats until the art of success is learned. It is especially in this light that we consider Saturday's a most glorious, a most significant victory for Ottawa University.

“ AS ITHERS SEE US.”

“The Ottawa University *Owl* has stepped aside to make room for its more robust and learned friend, the OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW, which made its first appearance in our sanctum yesterday. The dress is new and the general style of the magazine is in keeping with the several important departments that have been added to the heretofore interesting *Owl*. The REVIEW, like the University, is in the front rank, and reflects much credit on the students and staff.”—*The Canadian Freeman*.

“In spite of its name the well known monthly publication of Ottawa University, the *Owl*, loved the brightness, until at last

having attained a very high state of brilliancy indeed, something had to give way ; and so it broke off its old title. But it is the same magazine, in the same form and sticking to the same vigorous ideas that re-appears this month under the new name of the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW. There is more space given to editorial matter ; but that is no doubt owing to the assiduity of the untamed board of brand new editors. They will be content to write less before their year has passed. However, we can candidly congratulate them on the excellence of their first work. It is greatly to the credit of Ottawa University."—*The Catholic Register*.

The UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the name of a new magazine which has just made its appearance. It takes the place of the *Ozel* which had been for a number of years published by the students of the University. The REVIEW is in every regard worthy the great University from which it emanates. Not alone will collegians pass a pleasant hour and derive much benefit from its perusal, but the general public as well. Its articles betoken great care in preparation and are the work of the brightest minds in the college. We wish the REVIEW and the admirable institution which sends it forth unqualified success."—*The Catholic Record*.

Events of the Month.

By D. McTIGHE.

Col. Johnston's
Death.

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston is dead. The celebrated novelist and lecturer, after seventy years of varied, industrious, upright life, passed to rest on September 23. He was born in the State of Georgia, a descendant of a long line of Protestant ministers. In early life he practiced law, then became professor of *belles lettres* in the University of his native State, and later established a school for boys. During the period of his professorship he wrote several works on literary topics, chief amongst which is his "English

Classics." Later he wrote several novels and many short stories depicting Southern life, which obtained a large share of public favor. He became a Catholic some years ago and has given a son to the Church. His demise recalls the passing away of the old school of Southern gentlemen, so delightful to look upon, so cheerful to listen to, and so charming to associate with. Our poor world will always be lonelier for their loss.

**Archbishop Gauthier's
Consecration.**

No more imposing event has ever taken place in Canada, or perhaps in America, than that of Tuesday, October 18, when Most Rev. Charles H. Gauthier was consecrated Archbishop of Kingston. The day was marked by a spontaneous outburst of love towards the new Archbishop on the part of the people of the diocese who showed their affection very impressively by turning out so numerous to receive him, and later, when the consecration ceremony was over, by the grand, faith-inspired rush to kiss his hand. It was remarkable also for the manner in which the Archbishop was received by the priests of the diocese. Without exception they held out their arms to him, received him most affectionately, and placed their services at his disposal with the fullest confidence in his ability, generosity, justice and piety. The priests of the neighboring dioceses added their affectionate sentiments, and thus made his hearty reception universal amongst those with whom he shall hereafter live. The consecration ceremony was performed by Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa. He was assisted by Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and by Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, Ont. Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, N.S., preached the sermon, a masterly discourse, full of solid instruction and eloquently delivered. The ceremony was carried on without the least discord to mar its solemn harmony. One of the largest gatherings of bishops and priests ever assembled on the continent added to its dignity. The students of this University feel proud of the part they were permitted to take in it. The faculty was represented by Very Rev. Father Constantineau, rector; Rev. Father Nilles, vice rector; Rev. Fathers Martin and Murphy.

Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's, was also present. The students were admirably represented by their band. The program of the festivities was carried out in a manner that does great credit to the energy, foresight and grasp of details, of the able organizer, Rev. Father Stanton of Smith's Falls.

Archbishop Gauthier's diocese is the oldest in Ontario and the fourth-oldest in America. It was formed from part of the old Quebec diocese in 1819, but remained a vicariate-apostolic until 1826. Five Bishops and two Archbishops have ruled over it, as follows: Bishops Macdonell, Gaulin, Phelan, Horan, O'Brien; Archbishops Cleary and the present incumbent, Dr. Gauthier. It comprises a vast territory, but it is well organized, thanks to the extraordinary zeal and administrative ability of the late Archbishop Cleary.

The Status of Prohibition. Since Prohibition carried the country so largely, there has been considerable discussion about the immense vote that was not polled. The anti-prohibitionists claim that as a consequence of this the measure carried, while the workers for the plebiscite hold that it was equivalent to silent support of their side. Personally, I have always thought very little of the stay-at-home voter, being of the opinion that he had no real interest in the question at issue. So on this account I think that the vote on the plebiscite represents the sentiment of the country. However, it seems, in view of recent developments, that the vote will be thought not large enough to draw a prohibitory law from the government. Several inferences justify this surmise. There is the smallness and alleged indefiniteness of the vote, which, while perhaps a flimsy thing in itself, is yet capable of being stretched to formidable proportions under the operations of legislative lobbying. Besides this the question is of a doubtful national nature. Though Prohibition was submitted as a national measure by the national government, yet the opinion is held quite extensively that the regulation of the liquor traffic should be within the control of the separate provinces. Nevertheless, it is probable that the prohibitionists will demand a bill. Most probably also the government will be severely harassed, and will experience a great deal of worryment in evading these demands.



RIGHT REV. N. Z. LORRAIN,
Bishop of Pembroke.

Great Britain's Disputes. It is a remote country, indeed, whose political or commercial possibilities, do not affect Britannia's giant heart-throbs. Every day fresh complications arise to threaten her supremacy or check her advance. Recently her chances looked bright for gaining the mastery in the orient. But the deposition of the Chinese emperor suddenly bedimmed them, and for the time being, gives the upper hand to her rivals, France and Russia. Lately, however, she is daringly asserting herself again in opposing Li Hung Chang's return to power. Now comes her difficulties in Africa. Here she is face to face again with her old enemy, France. Russia is backing France in the Soudan, in return for France's support in China. It looks like a question of retreat in Africa or China for one power or the other. The outcome cannot be predicted. We must await results.

Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGGLESON.

On Wednesday the 28th ult., His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University paid us his first official visit this year. At 8.30 a.m., a solemn high mass was celebrated in the chapel by Rev. Father Nilles, O.M.I., vice-rector, assisted by Rev. Father Schang, O.M.I., and Rev. Bro. McKenna, O.M.I., as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The members of the faculty attired in their academic robes attended. The choir was under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I. His Grace assisted from the throne and after the gospel had been read, delivered a very impressive sermon on the duties of students and the grandeur of their state of life. After mass a profession of faith was made by the faculty and then all repaired to the Academic Hall where a reception was tendered to our distinguished visitor. Addresses were presented in both English and French. The English address was read by Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, and the French address by Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99. In both was extended to our guest the welcome we had already given

him in our hearts. In reply His Grace thanked the students for the kind sentiments expressed in their addresses and gave them some golden advice which if followed would ensure for them a happy and successful scholastic year.

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The opening exercises of the annual retreat took place on Monday the 9th inst. Rev. Father Lewis, O.M.I., gave the sermons and instructions to the English-speaking students, while Rev. Father Guertin, O.M.I., discharged similar offices for our French fellow-students. The result of the missionaries' work is highly satisfactory. In the preachers, the students had able and zealous instructors, and we feel convinced that their efforts in our behalf have produced abundant fruits. Before the departure of the Rev. Fathers, the students presented them with an address of gratitude and with several useful presents.

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Mr. P. J. Galvin, '00, has the sincere sympathy of all the students in the sad loss he has recently sustained by the death of his young brother. To our sympathy we add our prayers for the peaceful repose of his brother's soul.—*Requiescat in pace.*

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* *

The evening of the holiday following the close of their annual retreat, the students were delightfully entertained for the space of about three hours by their classmates of the Sacred Heart Juniorate. The evening's amusement had as its centre of attraction a presentation of the "Rebel of '98," an Irish drama of acknowledged power and interest.

To say that the entertainment was a great success is but to repeat the judgment of everyone who had the pleasure of participating in the patriotic enthusiasm and tender feelings it aroused. The histrionic ability displayed on that occasion showed unmistakable tokens of patient, skillful training bestowed upon talent easily capable of being formed into splendid material for the stage. To enter into a detailed appreciation of the play, or to give each worthy name in the *dramatis personae* its proper meed of

praise would carry us far beyond the space at our disposal. Let it suffice to mention a few of those amateur actors, that from the importance of their parts, as well as from the excellence of their bearing before the footlights, call for special notice.

Mr. Michael Murphy as Dwyer the Wicklow Chief, and Mr. William Chaput as a "sprig of gallant Wexford," called forth a veritable storm of applause, and were finally honored with the familiar rah ! rah ! rah ! of old Varsity. Mr. J. Piette personated Lord Foppington to perfection ; he was just a downright Cockney fop, don't ye know ? Mr. William Lang deserves special praise for the thorough manner in which he filled the rather difficult rôle of Colonel Hammersleigh, while Mr. J. McGuire as Donal McMurrough, Master W. Labonté as Clarence, and Mr. Joseph Healy as Middleton were well in touch with the stirring and pathetic spirit of the play. The Irish leader, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was represented by Mr. A. Paquet, while Mr. F. Gagnon played the part of that arch-enemy of Erin, Major Sirr. Both these young men sustained their respective rôles with ease and dignity. The entr'actes comprised an amusing recitation and some charming selections of vocal and instrumental music. The entertainment was prepared and presented under the direction of Rev. Bro. Flynn, O.M.I., to whose unsparing exertions a great part of its success must in justice be attributed.

Needless to say, the drama was highly appreciated by the students of Ottawa University. Besides being of decided historical value, it gained additional interest from its appropriateness to the present year, the centenary of the bloody scenes it commemorates. The play was thoroughly Irish—Irish as the green hills of Wicklow—Irish as the jaunting cars of Dublin, and everything really Irish is sure to be greeted with a warm *cœur mille fois* from our Varsity boys. We are happy to say that the evening's enjoyment has formed a new golden link of friendship between the students of the Juniorate and those of the University—a friendship that cannot fail to have a lasting influence for good. The REVIEW is but wording the sentiments of all the students of the University in offering to our young friends of the Juniorate a wealth of thanks and congratulations.

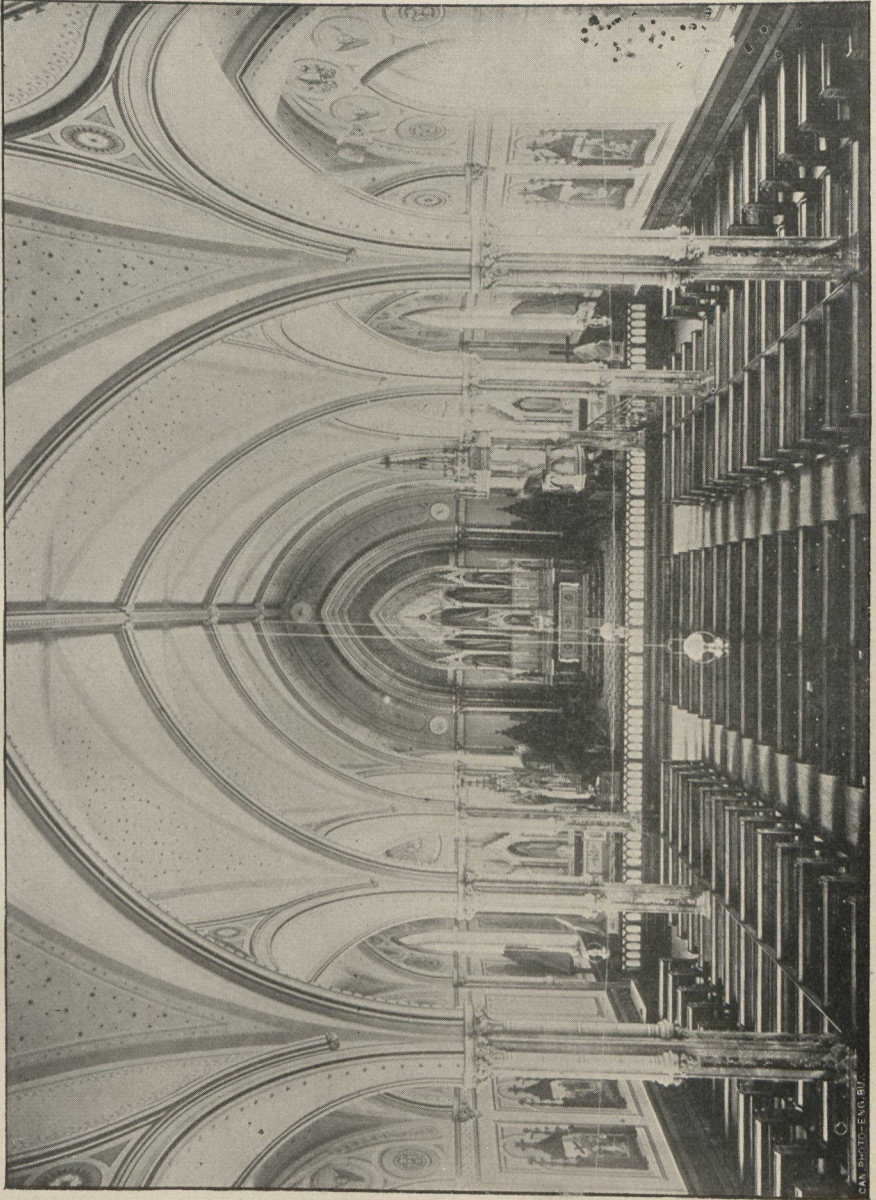
The College World.

BY P. J. GALVIN.

"Education and Patriotism" is the title of an article in *The Stylus* well deserving of praise. It does not present any new ideas on these time-worn subjects; its merits consist rather in the orderly and forcible presentation of old ones on these two separate topics, and then in the establishing of the relationship between the educated man and the patriot. The article opens with a reference to Harvard's Memorial Hall. Such an edifice, with its numberless mementos of the illustrious dead, connected as it is with one of the oldest seats of learning on the continent, arouses in a reflecting mind an investigation of the connection there exists between education and heroic deeds. The writer then considers separately the two divisions of the subject, and sums up the whole by the logical conclusion that "since true education fits a man for real manhood and manhood's duties, and since man's duties to his country are next in importance to the sum of his duties to religion, he will be the truest and best and most intelligent patriot who has been trained to the perfect use of all his faculties and who always exercises these in the spirit and plan of his training."

The fiction of the *Georgetown College Journal* is only of the mediocre type. "Patsy: A Revolution Romance" narrates an incident that is somewhat romantic, it is true, but it is nevertheless devoid of all other redeeming qualities.

The editors of the *McGill Outlook* have embodied within that wide-awake title as concise a statement of the nature of their paper as they could possibly arrive at. It is difficult to determine their object in maintaining such a publication. The newsy part of it is well looked after, so well, in fact, that the *Outlook* is little else than a few pages of "local news." Literary improvement evidently forms no part of the program of the founders of the McGill weekly. They may develop a few proficient reporters, but apart from that I see no other good they can hope to achieve.



INTERIOR OF PEMBROKE CATHEDRAL.

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Athletics.

The football season of '98 opened rather inauspiciously for the Ottawa College fifteen. In order to give the new men some practical experience an exhibition game was arranged with McGill for Oct. 1st. After an hour's slow, uninteresting play the whistle blew with the score standing 11 to 1 in favor of the boys from Old McGill. The College team lacked system, was in poor condition, and taken altogether the outlook was most discouraging. The players for College were: back, Kearns replaced by Bonin in the second half; halves McGee, McGuckin, Bakerville; quarter, Holtan; scrimmage O'Reilly, Boucher, Murphy; wings. Lafleur, Fahey, Doyle, O'Gara, Cunningham, Shea, and McCreadie.

* *

But who was prepared for the stinging defeat administered to our boys in garnet and grey, by the Montrealers? Not even the men of red and black expected to win by a score of 47 to 0. Such was the score, however. Once more the College men seemed demoralized, and though every inch was stubbornly contested, still it was all individual work and counted but for little. Our team was composed of the following players: Bonin, E. Murphy, C. McGee, McGuckin, Dandurand, P. Murphy, Doyle, Boucher, Lafleur, Fahey, Dunlop, J. McGee, Nagle, O'Reilly, McCreadie.

* *

But defeat only spurred on our boys to greater efforts which have at length been rewarded as is evident from the result of the Granite-College game on Saturday, Oct. 22nd. The following account of the match is from the *Free Press* of Monday, Oct. 24:

GARNET AND GREY STILL ON TOP.

"The Granites, flushed with the success of their recent victory over Montreal, came down Saturday with the expectation of defeating Ottawa College by a good margin, but their dream was

dispelled by the stalwarts who lined up in the garnet and grey. They vanquished the visitors by 14 points to 5. Since the Granites defeated the Montrealers by the remarkable score of 44 to 8, the newspapers all over the country have been figuring on the probable score of the College-Granite match, and one in Toronto put the result down at 100 to 0 in favor of the Granites. But a happy change set in. Since the defeat of College by Montreal two weeks ago, there has been a steady improvement in the Varsity team, and this, coupled with constant and faithful practice, seemed to place the champions on a stronger footing than ever. The presence of "King" Clancy in the scrimmage, Pat Murphy at quarter, and McCabe at inside wing, made the team strong in every department, so while the result was a surprise to outsiders, it was not unexpected by those who followed closely the work of the College men during the past week.

"Saturday was a dreary day for football. For well nigh twenty-four hours torrents of rain descended and made all things wet and heavy and sodden. But in spite of all the disadvantages under which the players labored, the match was a hard, fast and scientific one. Both teams showed a desire to play open and in consequence the spectators witnessed some clever running, passing and dodging, which was frequently relieved by pretty kicking. In the latter department the visitors had considerable advantage over their opponents. In Dalton, the Granites have a quarter who is tricky and reliable. Their forward line is big and well educated in the methods of playing Rugby. The team as a whole put up a nice passing game, and several times got it working in a way that looked dangerous for the College. The latter developed a tackling streak, however, that frustrated many a well intended rush. The College men, from full back out to forward line, played magnificently. They put a snap and dash into their play that was surprising, and they passed and scrimmaged with such regularity that they completely rattled their opponents. From the nature of the grounds and the bad weather, it was thought that College, on account of their superior weight in the line, would confine themselves to scrimmage work. But on the contrary the ball was heeled out regularly by Clancy and gains always resulted. Boucher played the game of his life and was the

best man on the field. He worked hard from the beginning to the finish of the match. Prudhomme, who never donned a uniform since the defeat of Varsity at Toronto in 1896, played for his old team and put up his old-time game. He was not in the best of shape, but stood the work well. Laffeur, McCabe, Jim McGee, O'Gara, Clancy, McCreadie and Fahey, worked like beavers.

"Joe McDougall, the referee, and Fred. Chittick, the umpire, had a hard task, and filled trying positions in a satisfactory manner.

"The teams lined up as follows :

GRANITES—Reyner, full-back ; McCrea, Hamilton, Clarke C., half-backs ; Dalton (Capt.) quarter ; Mile, Lumb, Chown, scrimmage ; Young, Dehaney, Varney, Rankin, Elliott, J. Clarke, Etherington, wings.

COLLEGE—McGuckin, full-back ; E. Murphy, C. McGee, Kearns, half-back ; P. Murphy, quarter ; Boucher, Clancy (Capt.) P. Murphy, scrimmage ; Laffeur, Fahey, McCabe, Prudhomme, McCreadie, O'Gara, J. McGee, wings.

Referee, J. McDougall ; umpire, F. C. Chittick ; timekeeper, G. P. Murphy.

PLAY STARTS.

"Captain Dalton, of the Granites, won the toss and elected to kick down field with the advantage of an easterly wind. Charlie McGee kicked off short and J. Clarke fell on the ball. It was Granite scrimmage, but College was given a free kick for a hand out to Dalton. C. McGee kicked into touch and on the throw-in the ball went to Hamilton, but Prudhomme broke through and fell on the ball at Granites five-yard. From a pass-out C. McGee punted over the line, and Reyner was forced to rouge.

College 1, Granites 0.

"Granite kicked off short and Fahey fell on the ball. C. McGee punted and the College forwards followed up too quickly, with the result that the Granites were given a free kick. Hamilton kicked to C. McGee, who fumbled, and Dehaney fell on the ball. E. Murphy received the oval on a pass from his brother and punted to Clarke, who muffed, and the ball went into touch. Granite secured on the throw-in, but College was given the oval

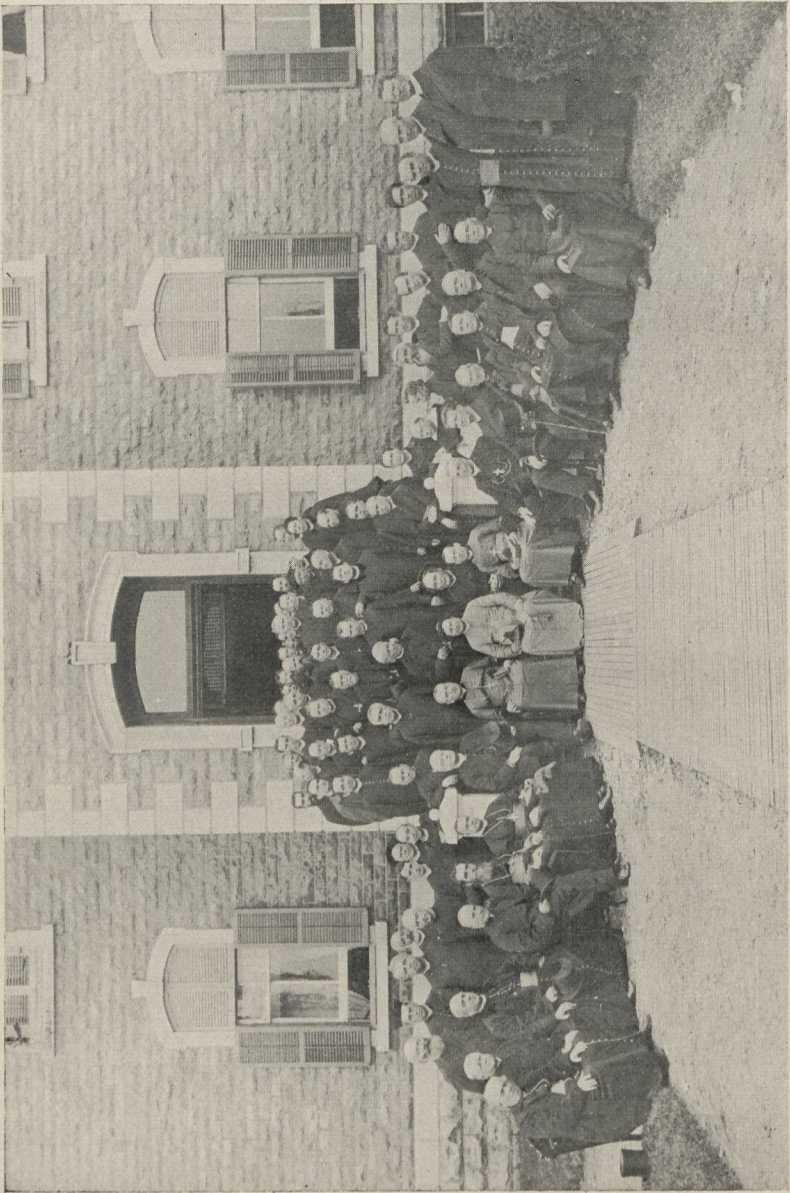
for a handout. C. McGee took the kick, and Fahey again secured the leather for his side. C. McGee went through the line for five yards and punted to Etherington, who missed, and the ball went over the line. Reyner made a poor return, and McCreadie had a grand chance for a score, which he did not take advantage of. Hamilton dribbled into touch. E. Murphy punted well and afterwards got in a couple of clever runs. By good scrimmage work the College worked the ball to the Granite line, but Reyner got the ball and made a grand run out, but was brought down by C. McGee 10 yards out. C. McGee kicked to Reyner, who rouged.

College 2, Granite 0.

"Pat Murphy returned the kickoff and Clarke was brought down hard, but transferred the sphere to McRae, who kicked to centre, where Kearns was tackled. Eddie Murphy brought the ball to Granite 25 by a clever run. McGee, E. Murphy and Kearns ran to Granite 5 yards, but the ball was brought back for a forward pass. C. McGee kicked over the line and McRae rouged, but the score was not allowed for College off-side. Varsity now made several mass plays that brought the fight to Granite's line, and little Pat Murphy was pushed over for a try which Tom Boucher converted.

College 8, Granite 0.

"Hamilton kicked short to Lumb, who passed to Clarke, and the latter punted to McGuckin. McGuckin returned poorly and a scrimmage took place on College 15. McGee, E. Murphy and Kearns covered 14 yards, and the latter's kick was muffed by Clarke. E. Murphy secured, and aided by interference he made 15 yards before he gave to Lafleur. The latter dodged three Granite men and went over for a try. It was a clear gain of 60 yards, but the play was not allowed on account of off-side interference. "Chicky" McRae got in a couple of his long kicks. One went by E. Murphy and Pat Murphy's prompt work saved a score. Lumb had his ankle injured and retired in favor of Hazlett. McGuckin made a pretty play. He caught Hamilton's kick on his own line. He was hard pressed and swung around the goal post and carried the ball out 30 yards. Granite obtained three free kicks in rapid succession in dangerous quarters. Only sharp work by Fahey and Lafleur saved a score for Granite. The play was on



GROUP OF CLERGY AT PEMBROKE CELEBRATION.

College 5 yards for several minutes, but the Collegians put up a grand defence game and seemed invulnerable. The ball was scrimmaged at College 10 yards, and Milo went over for a try, but was called back for going outside. The College by successive rushes brought the ball out 50 yards, when time was called.

SECOND HALF.

"The College had a bad attack of the rattles, although having the wind in their favor at the beginning of the half. Fumbles and poor returns proved disastrous to the garnet and grey. After the kick off Granite obtained two free kicks. McGuckin kicked well down field and McRae sent into touch at College 25. McGee missed a catch and Dalton fell on the ball, Hamilton punted to touch at College 10. Eddie Murphy ran twenty yards, and then McRae kicked over the line to McGuckin, who roused. College, 8, Granite, 1.

"McGee kicked off to McRae, who, kicked to Kearns, whose return was blocked and Granite fell on the ball only four yards out. Dalton passed to Hamilton who played to College line and fell over for a try, and when the tangle of human beings was unravelled the spheroid was three inches over the line. McRae missed an easy goal. College, 8, Granites, 5.

"The College woke up and rushed the ball at the kick off to Granite 25. Pat Murphy and Eddie ran well in, and kicked; an exchange of kicks took place, on which College lost ground.

"Kearns punted low to Reyner, whose return was blocked; O'Gara secured, and gave to Prudhomme. A beautiful exchange of kicks was made between Pat Murphy, Reyner, E. Murphy, McRae and C. McGee. Boucher broke through for a gain as did E. Murphy. The latter on the next play went over the line but was pushed out a yard. A short pass to E. Murphy, and he shot over the line for a touch. Boucher missed a difficult goal by a few inches. College 12, Granite 5.

"Clarke punted to E. Murphy, who sent the ball to Reyner. The latter was downed on his own 25 by Lafleur. Pat Murphy tried a drop from the field and missed by a foot. The ball went into the dead line however and College scored again. College 13, Granite 5.

"Some loose play by both teams followed. E. Murphy tried for a goal, from the field and McRae caught but was carried over his own line. College 14, Granite 5.

"College resorted to close scrimmage work and held the ball until time was up.

SOME FREE KICKS.

"Boucher made his debut as a goal kicker and did well.

McCabe has only been at the game for about two weeks but played a magnificent game. His tackling was good and he held his man to perfection.

Lafleur's work was the best seen this year. His speed and knowledge of the game made him a valuable man.

E. Murphy and Charlie McGee made the best runs of the day.

Jim McGee and O'Gara held their men down and did some nice work on the throw in.

"King" Clancy has aroused great enthusiasm among the players, and he is getting every ounce of work out of the men.

In Pat Murphy the team found a worthy successor to Alf. Smith, the prince of quarter backs. His dashes through the line were a feature of the game and his kicking over the scrimmage reminded the old-timers of Leveque who worked that style of play to perfection.

Varsity scrimmage aggregates 593 pounds and they use their weight to the best advantage.

College are all right for they can fight. They beat Granites out of sight. They fill the bill. They're men of vim, and when they kick, they kick to win."





From a Photograph by Jarvis, Ottawa.