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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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Co-Education.

(Speech delivered at the Prize Debate.)

Mr. Chairman, Rev. Fathers, Worthy Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My honourable colleague has shown that from moral and intellectual considerations co-education is detrimental, destructive and deadly. I will endeavour to unveil the equally pernicious and morbid results which follow it in the educational and social order.

If we follow the human race through its various stages of development, through savagry and paganism, through rudimentary civilization when first the beams of celestial love flickered on the souls of men and reflected from thence the nobleness and beauty which had for so long a period lain dormant; if we follow it through the long lapse of years during which it was cast and re-cast by revolution, religion and war; and if we view it now in all the effulgence of its splendour we see a marked and indelible distinction between the duties of man and woman. While in the savage state the man wielded the arrow and the sword, the woman kept guard over wigwam and children: in the middle ages the man guided the plough, the woman plied the distaff: and to-day the man seeks for a livelihood in the scheming, subtle world while he confides to his wife the sanctity of home and children.

The home is a place of peace, of shelter and protection from the

injury, terror, doubt and division of the world. In this sanctuary the man places his wife; within its precincts she is queen; its preservation from stain depends upon her ruling; in his rough work in the open world he has hardened himself to perils and trials, to failure and subjection, in order that he may keep from her the anxieties of outer life and protect her in her sacred place and vestal temple from the unloved and hostile society of the motley concourse. She must be of queenly disposition and character then in order to prove worthy of her trust; and he must be so moulded as to keep the hearth aglow and the roof over head.

And since their respective duties in life are so divergent surely it is but poor logic to say that their preparation should be identical: surely it is ill advice that would qualify the girl for her uxorial and maternal duties by subjecting her to the indiscriminate companionship of inconsiderate boys and by giving her the environment of the college campus, indelicate and offensive.

Surely it is anything but charitable to qualify the boy for the adverse fortunes of life which he must necessarily contend with, by saturating his nature with effeminacy, inculcating womanish delicacy and tenderness, melting his manly heart in sentiments of superfluous modesty, shame and fear, to such an extent that he is utterly unfit for the company of men and then ushering him into the world to be a playtoy for all whom his girlish face and silly smile attract to him.

Co-education is therefore undesirable because it does not prepare the man for the duties which in latter life will be incumbent on him and because it robs the woman of those characteristics which are exclusively hers. He is not apt to be successful in competition with hard and exacting men who has spent his previous life in the company of girls; who has acquired their habits and manners; who is shocked at insignificant irregularities of conduct; who thinks he can trust all like he did his female companion in the schoolyard; who expects the smile and gracefulness from his opponent in life as he was wont to receive them from his dolly friends; who is surprised and disappointed to find that the caress of the stranger is not as soothing and gentle as that of his mother.

She is not so apt to make a dutiful wife and devoted mother, and confine her affections to one man who as girl mingled with promiscuous youths and loved them all; who in the morning walked to school with one, in the evening walked home with another, and for

the night had engagements with both of them ; who long since has despoiled herself of that modest and reserved demeanor, that dignified air, that graceful bearing, that grand, elevated, ennobling character so decorous in a lady and which shows "how divine a thing a woman can be made."

Along with being thus sadly deficient in that part of education so essential, the student in the co-educational institution is undeniably subjected to many distractions which, if the other sex were absent, would be absent also. It is at the very least extremely probable that for some the eyes of an attractive miss in the adjacent seat would be more fascinating than those of the sedate old professor, and that more time would be expended in giving attention to her than in following the work of the class. It is also very probable that in the class would be those who would not express their opinions as candidly and work as comfortably and freely as if there were no ladies present ; and vice versa.

The instruction and correction for young ladies along certain lines which are very important, very necessary and highly beneficial, and which in fact are much attended to in convents and ladies' colleges cannot have a place on the day's program in the co-educational institution.

It is readily understood then that the mingling of the sexes in the same room has the effect of retarding the progress of the class, obstructing the acquisition of knowledge by the students, graduating ladies and gentlemen with an education deficient in many respects and impairing their future careers.

From physiological considerations also, co-education is to be rejected and condemned on account of the physical disability of girls to follow the arduous course of training which is necessary for boys, and on account of the deplorable and lasting effects which follow such an injudicious system. From physiology it may be learned that the average excess in the weight of the brain of males as compared with that of females, is one hundred and twenty seven grams, that the girl has not the same intellectual capability as the boy, that her organism is vitally different, that these differences demand a most careful recognition especially in her youth, and that all her powers of body and mind are noticeably inferior to those of man. Is it not then against the order of things as established by Divine Providence, to force on woman burdens which she is not capable of bearing, and

thereby disabling her for that part of life which God has particularly assigned to her?

“The laws of nature are stronger than the theories of man :” The young girl is not able to follow the same course of instruction as her brother : it is not good for her to be put in competition with boys, to deprive the rest of her organism of nurture and strength in order that she may concentrate all her energy in prosecuting her studies ; her constitution, so delicately adjusted, cries out against it, with pains and aches ; and nature, whose warnings were unheeded, comes forth in the form of neuralgia, nervous derangement, and hysteria. Is this evil of co-education not sufficient to counter-balance every possible advantage that may possibly be gained from the commingling of the sexes? It strikes at the very heart and foundation of society ; it fosters and increases the procrastination, restriction and futility of marriage ; it leaves the home lonely, silent, and cheerless ; it condemns itself in the pale and ashen faces of over-worked women ; it is an injustice to the girl, to humanity and to God.

And what are its effects socially? The schools and universities of the country are preparing men and women for places in society ; and every year great numbers are given to the different walks in life. What is the effect, I say, if this annual exodus from these preparatory institutions is composed of individuals whose morals have been vitiated : of young men incapable of performing the duties involved in their state of life ; of young women giddy, fickle and thoughtless, without anything definite in view, given to gaiety and a good time? Young men and young women of this type will constitute the greater part of that community where co-education exists. It cannot be otherwise. The underlying principles and the inherent spirit of the system, from which so much good is supposed to result are heavily pregnant with deadly evils. This venom will do its work ; and those who come in contact with it, will mirror co-education in its true colors. They will bring anarchy to the household and ruin to the affections.

This system of education as it is advocated, is like an extensive building erected on sand ; its forbidding walls will crumble away, and ultimately fall with a mighty crash, crushing those who inadvertently reposed under its treacherous shelter ; and from this source

great social destruction will spread far and wide ; moral, intellectual and physical wrecks.

My opponents have argued that co-education should be practised because it is economical and because it is a convenience to patrons. Alas ! What atheistically revolutionary principles have so captivated your fickle and susceptible minds, that you are thus in keeping with that arrogant and godless spirit that has moved so many men to bend their energies against all that is Christian and civilized? What compromise is this in which you would have the people concede their morals and their education, so sacred and so cherished, and give them in return despicable gold ?

Without apologizing for casting such a reflection on your good sense, they ask you to become adherents of co-education for this reason. You mothers, they ask you to save a little money at the loss of your daughters. You mothers, they offer you a few paltry dollars, but they want in return the deposition of your daughters from their thrones of feminine loveliness and character. You fathers, they offer you an insignificant bribe, in order that you may have your sons develop into men incapable of making a livelihood for themselves, and consequently dependent on you : they tell you that this is economical. Young men, they will have you believe that you can be happy in a childless, cheerless home, with a woman whose physical and moral constitution is gone ; that you can save money when for six or seven months of the year your wives are down south, or by the seaside. Co-education is not economical ; and if it were, that argument could not be considered, when the disadvantages of the system are so many and so deadly.

To say, as my opponents have said, that it raises the standard of scholarship, and that the presence of the opposite sex is an incentive to study, is but wild speculation ; and if co-education has these good results it more than counterbalances them, by the permanent and deplorable effects which excessive study has on the constitution of young ladies.

As to the refining influence, the inculcation of better manners, the infusing of higher ideals, and the banishing of the consciousness of sex, which my opponents have urged in support of this system, I have shown in the course of my speech, that co-education either cultivates them in the extreme, which has a very evil effect, or in-

stead of fostering them at all generates the opposite vices, the demoralizing effect of which on society I have already explained.

And now, having seen its many and great disadvantages, let us turn from co-education and repress it, for another reason—because there is no necessity for it. We have a plentitude of schools and universities for young men, and we have convents and ladies' colleges for young women. Let us educate our boys to be not only gentlemen, but men in every other sense of the term, adapted and fit to bear the burdens of the world, with broad views and a manly spirit. Let us educate our girls to be ladies, taking the part and having the true characteristics of ladies, with physical, mental and moral health, model wives and ideal mothers.

There is no necessity for this innovation: it bears too foreboding an aspect, to be worthy of substitution, for the present very efficient means of education.

JOSEPH T. BRENNAN, '10.

A New Eucharistic Indulgence.

"Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia; Corda, voces, et opera."



RECENT Circular Letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa calls our pious attention to an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, granted on May 18th, 1907, by His Holiness Pope Pius X., to all those who with faith, piety, and love, regard the Sacred Host, either at the Elevation of the Mass, or during Solemn Exposition, saying at the same time the words of St. Thomas "Dominus meus et Deus meus"—or in the vernacular "My Lord and my God." A plenary indulgence can be gained once a week, on the usual conditions, by those who observe this pious practice.

The good priest* to whom belongs the honor of having petitioned and obtained this indulgence has sought to increase the devotion of the faithful towards the Blessed Sacrament, by the revival of an ancient usage in perfect conformity with the spirit of the

* Father Joseph Recorder de Porda Annesci, priest of the Congregation of the Mission, or Lazarist Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul.

Roman Liturgy. The custom of thus regarding the Sacred Host was once widespread, and has only fallen into desuetude of recent years, destroyed, as we shall see, by Protestantism, and obscured by Jansenism. It is in accordance with the Rubrics of the Roman Missal which prescribe that the priest shall elevate the Sacred Host and Chalice, looking on them intently, and *show* them to the people to be adored. The well known and excellent treatise of Father Van Cochem, O.F.M., on the Holy Mass tells us that during the Elevation the people should look towards the altar, and regard the Blessed Sacrament with fervour. For "says the pious author," we read in the life of the illustrious St. Gertrude, that every time we look upon the consecrated Host we grow in merit, and the happiness of eternal life will correspond to that with which we shall have contemplated here below, the precious Body of Jesus. . . . do not, therefore, imitate those badly instructed Christians, who, prostrating themselves too profoundly, put themselves in the impossibility of seeing their Saviour; and he adds that "the priest who having elevated the sacred species, replaces them upon the altar with too much haste, is blameworthy, for he deprives our Saviour of the homages of the assembly."

We have numberless proofs that this devotion was well known and dear to the hearts of our Catholic forefathers. There was a prevailing idea in the Middle Ages that the sight of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament brought health-giving joy to the heart. The "Lay Folks Mass Book"—a popular manual of devotion in the Reformation, England, instructs its readers as follows:—

"Therefore kneeling hold up thy hands,
And with inclination of thy body
Behold the Levation reverently.

Some of us will remember that a similar devotion exists even today amongst the devout peasantry of Ireland, who, beating their breasts, whisper soft words of welcome to the Eucharistic presence. In Catholic Wales too, this devotion was known and practised. In an ode written by the poet Morys ap Howel, about 1530, and now preserved in the Cardiff Free Library, we find the lines "Let us over yonder to the Church, on Sunday, to *see* Jesus." The English poet Dan Lydgate bids us, with the quaint affectation of the dawn of the Renaissance.

" Let pale Aurora conduct you and dress
To holy church, of Christ to have a *sight*."

When it became customary for priests to celebrate every day, and Low Masses were consequently multiplied, the devotion of the faithful seemed to have expressed itself in some curious ways. Attendance at Mass was often spoken of as "seeing God," and Bacon tells us how a man would jostle his neighbour in his eagerness to look upon the Holy Sacrament, because he could not be blithe until he had seen his Lord God that day ;" and people would run from altar to altar in order to witness the Elevation. As it gradually became the custom to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in every church, it was but a step to the practice of exposing the Sacred Reserve from time to time, in order to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, especially of those about to undertake a perilous journey, &c. From these simple beginnings we may trace the growth of all that the ingenuity of love has since devised in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, by way of Solemn Exposition, Perpetual Adoration, and the Forty Hours Prayer.

Two incidents of the Protestant Reformation in England seem fraught with meaning when regarded in the light of history. In the year 1535, Henry VIII. broke away from Catholic unity and assumed the title of "on earth supreme head of the Church of England." The infamous Thomas Cromwell became his lay Vicar General, and in a few months the saintly religious of the London Charterhouse were sentenced to become victims of the Royal tyranny, and proto-martyrs of the Reformation.

Tremblingly but confident, they had gathered together in their Church for the last Community Mass, when, at the Elevation of the Host, our Lord vouchsafed to them the joys of supernatural consolation. Dom Maurice Chauncey, an eye-witness, tells us that "when the Host was lifted up there came as it were a whisper of air which breathed on our faces as we knelt: and there came a soft sweet sound of music." So did Almighty God reward those who throughout their lives had practised this beautiful devotion; and with this supreme consolation they went forth to prison and to death. Soon alas! came the fiercest days of persecution and abuse—when men dared for the first time to doubt and rail at the doctrine of the Real Presence: when in one Church a Protestant lawyer raised a dog in his hands as the priest elevated the Sacred Host; and the very words of Consecration became a by word for jugglery as "Hocus Pocus."

The climax was soon to arrive. Elizabeth having succeeded to the throne and being present at the Bishop of Carlisle's Mass on Christmas day, as some assert, and while the cantors at the lectern were singing "Gloria in Excelsis" sent a message to his Lordship forbidding him to elevate the Host. On the prelate's refusal to comply with the royal demand, Elizabeth rose from her footstool, biting her thin lips in anger, stamping vigorously on the floor, and so left the chapel. A few days later she took effectual measures to ensure compliance with her orders, and the abolition of the elevation did but precede by a short time the abolition of the mass itself.

The memory of this devotion lived on in more favoured lands. In France, however, it fell into desuetude under the chilling breath of Jansenism—that insidious heresy which under pretext of safeguarding the honor of Almighty God, kept men from using the sacraments which his love had instituted. It was all in accord with the formal, dramatic, reverence which it exacted, to discourage the reverent familiarity which found its expression in regarding the Sacred Host lifted up in propitiation for our sins. Trembling awe took the place of confident love. Devotion was paralysed and disfigured, until it quickened once more to life moved by the loving revelations of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary.

Our present Pontiff, Pope Pius X., has recently issued a powerful exhortation to frequent and daily communion—and this, not only for favoured souls, but for all in the grace of God and having a pure intention of advancing in virtue. Guided by the Holy Spirit he calls to witness the ancient teaching of the church crystallised in the sane theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, and urges the faithful to a more constant use of the Sacraments.

To the thoughtful observer the revival at the present time of the ancient and devotional practice of regarding the Sacred Host and the fact of its being approved and enriched with indulgences will seem to have a special signification. We may surely hope that it will become once more widely known, and merit the abundant blessing of Him who said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." It is even so in the history of the Catholic Church which, divinely instructed and guided, "bringeth forth out of her treasures new things and old."

I. J. E. D.

“Idea of a University.”

FROM the very essence of man, we know that he is a rational being and is composed of a body and soul. We see that the specific difference between him and brute is reason ; also that the soul of man is immaterial and lasts for ever, while that of the brute is material, and thus is destroyed with the body. Having this knowledge as a foundation, we come to the conclusion that life, with this rational being, is not destroyed when the organs of his body fail to perform their functions, but that his happiness in after life depends upon his actions on earth. To attain to *this* end he must be guided by his own reason and conscience. God is the only perfect being ; but, as man is made after God's likeness, he is inclined to become more perfect ; and this is the work of Christian Education.

The chief object of a University should be the development of the intellect and the extension of universal knowledge. In an institution which has always those principles in view, you will find the essence of a University, considered independently of its relation to the Church. However, it has always been affirmed that a place of learning cannot do justice to itself or to its students without the helping hand of God. The Church does not change it in any way in regard to its main characters, but it serves as a support. How often do we find Catholics going to Protestant schools? They go there to obtain something which they cannot find at home, and this is the culture of the mind. By the cultivation of the mind, I mean the ability to command our own powers and to make a just estimate of things as they pass along or before us.

A liberal education does not only manifest itself in a courtesy, propriety and polish of word and action, but it also brings the mind into form. The mind is like the body, and grows in the same way. When young, it has no principles laid down as a foundation for the intellect to build upon ; no discriminating convictions, and no grasp of consequences. When the intellect has once been properly trained, and formed to have a connected view or grasp of things, it will display its powers with more or less effect according to its particular quality and capacity in the individual. Then, we should gain a

habit of method, of starting from fixed points, of making the ground good as we go, and of distinguishing what we know, from what we do not know. Protestants, depending on human means mainly, are led to make the most of them; their sole resource is to use what they have, as knowledge and nothing else, is their power. It is otherwise with us Catholics, we have a goodly inheritance.

At the present time we see many Universities erected, which do not make any provision at all for Theological Chairs. Now, the question arises; Should Theology be taught? A University, I would say, by its very name, professes to teach universal knowledge. Theology is surely a branch of knowledge. Therefore if a University excludes Theology from the subjects of its teaching, it does not profess all branches of learning. Johnson in his Dictionary, defines a University to be a school where all arts and faculties are taught; and Mosheim, writing as an historian, says that, before the rise of the University of Paris, "The whole circle of sciences then known, was not taught, and that Paris was the first to embrace all the arts and sciences, and therefore first to become a University." Therefore, all knowledge forms one whole, because its subject matter is one, and the systematic omission of any one science from the catalogue prejudices the accuracy and completeness of our knowledge altogether, and that, in proportion to its importance. By Theology we mean the Science of God, or of the truths we know about God, put into system; just as we have a science of the stars, and call it astronomy, or of the crust of the earth, and call it geology. In a word. Religious Truth is not only a portion, but a condition of general knowledge, and to blot it out is unravelling the web of University Teaching. The human mind cannot refrain from speculating and systematizing, and, if Theology is not allowed to occupy its own territory, adjacent sciences, nay, sciences which are quite foreign to Theology, will take possession of it.

We have now to consider whether and in what sense University teaching, viewed relatively to the taught, carries the attribute of utility along with it. It is a great point to enlarge the range of studies which a University professes, even for the sake of the students; and though they cannot pursue every subject which is open to them, they will be the gainers by living among those who represent the whole circle. Such education as this is called "Liberal." By it, a habit of the mind is formed which lasts through life, of which

the attributes are : freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom. This, then, is the main purpose of a University in its treatment of its students. Liberal education is the forming of a gentleman ; and, by the grammatical sense of the word, we see that it is opposed to servile ; and by servile work is understood, bodily labour, mechanical employment, and the like, in which the mind has little or no part. Then we may say that those are useful which bear fruit ; and those liberal which tend to enjoyment. Therefore, there are two methods of education ; the end of the one is to be philosophical, and of the other to be mechanical. Liberal education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman.

A boy's business, when he goes to school, is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts. These must be of some utility, and this is Liberal Education. It affords a real benefit to its subjects, as members of society in the various duties and circumstances and accidents of life. Then a practical end of training good members of society must be assigned to a University course.

M. J. SMITH. '10.

The Cub Reporter.

(What the City Editor once got in a fire report.)



HE angels of night had spread their ebony wings over the vast city, and a stillness as deep and profound as that which envelops the starlit, trackless prairie was brooding o'er the red-tilted cottages of Kimberly Crescent wherein the weary workers, worn out by their herculean labors, were snatching an all too brief interval of repose on the lotus-scented breast of Morpheus, when from out the eerie void of silence there rang forth, with paralyzing suddenness, a stentorian shout of "Fire!"

No sooner had the dread alarm ceased to fling its reverberating thunder over the responsive housetops than the sleeping settlement became a veritable pandemonium of noise and confusion. Like myriads of bees from an overturned hive, the denizens swarmed into the streets and focused their dilating eyes upon a dazzling effulgence in the skies, the crimson luster of which made it all too awfully evident that a conflagration of unprecedented fury was raging in the near vicinity.

Like a flotilla of fishing boats swept irresistibly on before a mighty, rushing tidal wave, the crowd surged in a conglomerate, inextricable mass to the precise locality where the fire demon held maniacal sway, and a wail, resembling the cry of a lost soul shut out of Paradise, filtered through their lips as they discerned the form of a wonderously beautiful maiden, clad in an exquisitely chaste robe de nuit, peering with the eyes of a startled fawn from one of the upper windows of the burning domicile.

"Merciful heavens she will perish;" vociferated the crowd in cyclonic chorus. "For pity's sake, save her!" And, as if in providential answer to this clamorous appeal, the fire engine thundered like a rampant monster of the antediluvian period down the congested thoroughfare, and a tumult of cheering that seemed to cleave the heavens in twain greeted the appearance of an intrepid young fireman of Titanic proportions who had reared an elongated ladder against the side of the burning edifice, and was bounding up with the strides of a Colossus to the rescue of the distressed damsel.

With what a dazzling luminosity did the pellucid orbs of the prepossessing young lady light up when she described amid the asphyxiant smoke the form of her indomitable deliverer! And what a mighty fusillade of ecstatic shouts burst from the leather-lined lungs of the marvelling multitude as the valiant fireman's axe shivered the window frame! Instantly a dense exhalation of volcanic vapor rolled forth with Vesuvius velocity, but the imperturbable fireman leaped into the red-hot furnace of flame with the invulnerability of a salamander, and when he reappeared he held in his charred and blackened arms something, which, but for an occasional cel-like wriggle and a characteristically feminine anxiety concerning the symmetry of its back hair, might have been mistaken for a marble statue.

For a moment the magnificent figure of the lion-hearted rescuer poised itself, in an eye-blinding frame of fire, on the scorched window sill, then, enfolding his fair burden in a giant-like, yet infinitely tender, embrace, he made a breath-suspending dive into the yawning fire escape, and not a second too soon, for, simultaneously with his precipitous passage into safety, a gorgeous pyrotechnical display of sparks betokened the collapse of the roof, and the fire demon wearying of his saturnalian holocaust, permitted himself to be reduced to impotence by the tons and tons of aqueous artillery which the firemen poured in a Niagara-like cataclysm upon the once massive but now woefully marred and mutilated cottage.

Marion Crawford.



WE are indebted to Messrs. MacMillan for the following interesting notes on the lately deceased novelist, which we feel sure will prove interesting to some of his many admirers.

Francis Marion Crawford, who died at Sorrento, Italy, on April 9th, has been so continuously and prominently before the public since his first book was published that it is hard to realize how comparatively short his career has been. A prodigious worker, he produced not less than forty novels and historical works; yet *Mr. Isaacs*, his first book, was written only twenty-eight years ago. With this and the books that followed in rapid succession he perhaps reached a larger public than any other American novelist of the last fifty years. Not only was he immensely popular in America, but he was equally a favorite in England, while his following in Italy, France, Germany and other European countries was undoubtedly greater than that of any other American.

Mr. Crawford once told a newspaper reporter that he had written one of his longest novels in six weeks, and, moreover, this novel was written out in his own hand, within that space of time. Much of the manuscript was so minutely written as to be almost impossible to decipher except by the strongest eyes. When a glass was used upon it, however, it was found that every letter was perfectly formed; and among the friends to whom his manuscripts were shown it became a matter of remark that the more closely a manuscript was written the better and more interesting it turned out to be.

This remark of Mr. Crawford's to the reporter, however, was unfortunate, as it led to the inference that he worked hastily, and used his great talent chiefly with a view to its immediate reward. Those who knew him well, and had watched his career since his first success know that such an inference would be unjust to his high sense of responsibility towards himself and the public. He had many natural gifts, but he had also the patience and power of concentration which are often lacking in gifted natures. His observation was always, and almost unconsciously, keen, and his desire to learn unbounded. As he used to say, "I like to know how things are done," and he could do many different things himself. Readers of

Casa Bruccio (which he thought his best book), may remember that one of the minor characters, an old cobbler, is described in a manner which shows intimate acquaintance with his trade. That was easy to do, because when Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis, the "Lonely Parish," one of his friends had been the village shoemaker, and he made pair of shoes "just to learn how." He also joined the local bellringers, and became familiar with their complicated peals and chimes. The description of silver chiselling in *Marsio's Crucifix* is also the result of actual experience, for he once worked at this branch of art, and if he had gone on could have supported himself by it. Like many left-handed men, he was skillful in the use of tools, and his capacity as a practical mechanic was tested when he put a complete system of American plumbing into his villa at Sorrento, assisted by a couple of workmen who had never seen such appliances and could only solder a joint.

As a young man Mr. Crawford was the envy of his acquaintances, not only was he tall and straight, extremely handsome, and possessed of great bodily strength, but he had in addition much charm of manner, and a mind capable of grasping with ease tasks which were impossible to others, or only obtainable by months or even years of effort. One of his talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been born and partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of its many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter in Prague, in order to obtain local colour and atmosphere for one of his novels and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue.

But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; a grammar and dictionary always aided the service of his quick ear and iron memory. His knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani and Urdu was not of much use to him after his early manhood, but in Greek and Latin he found his familiar friends until the very end. Latin, either classic or mediæval, was almost as simple to him as English, and only a few months ago, as an amusement for his leisure, he read everything of Pindar's that survives, "because some of it was pretty tough Greek."

His characteristic thoroughness was shown in the way he took his pleasure. Always a lover of the sea, and an expert sailor of that swift but dangerous craft, the Italian felucca, he could not afford a yacht, but happening to be in America when the sailing pilot-boats were replaced by steamers, he bought one for a song and set to work to make himself proficient in navigation, of which he already knew something. In a short time he passed his examination before the United States Marine Board and the Association of American Shipmasters and obtained a master's certificate, entitling him to command any sailing vessel on the high seas. Then, with a young Scandinavian mate and a very small crew, he sailed his forty-ton schooner, re-christened the "Alda," (which means "deep sea wave" in Icelandic) back to the Mediterranean. They touched at the Azores, and his scratch crew came on board again fighting drunk, but the mate was a good man of his hands, and Crawford had been the best boxer in the University when he was at Cambridge, so, as he expressed it "we got under weigh after a few lively minutes."

While he was at Cambridge his family met with money losses which made it necessary that he should support himself, and the hard training which he underwent for several years was invaluable in his after career. For some time in Rome he did any sort of work that he could get, such as translation and newspaper correspondence; then he decided to try his luck as a professor of philology in India, and he started for Bombay on money lent him by his old friend Augustus J. C. Hare. Things went so badly with him there that he was on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment, when the editor of the Allahabad *Herald* having died of cholera, his place was offered to Crawford. For the following eighteen months he did everything connected with a newspaper, not only writing it all, including the advertisements and correcting the proof, but sometimes helping his slender native staff to strike it off.

When he first "found himself" as writer of fiction at the age of twenty eight, the result was like the rush of an artesian well when rock is pierced, and one book followed another in rapid succession. Those who think that he forced himself to write are mistaken; the writing forced him. When he was at work on a novel he was possessed by it—he heard the characters speak and saw them move, and they were as real to him for the time as living men and women. No novelist who has written many books is always at his best—there

would be no "best" if that were so—but Marion Crawford from first to last, gave all that was in him to his work, and a proof of its high average is that half a dozen people will often give as many different opinions as to which is his "best book." Even when not at work, his mind was always collecting material for future use, and, as often happens, when he was thought to have invented wildly improbable situations, he was only setting down facts. The triple tragedy in *Greifenstein* occurred in a noble German family before the middle of the last century, and the son of the house, the last of his race, entered the Church and died a Cardinal, There are two well-known instances in which priests kept the secret of the confessional as Don Ippolito does in *Corleone*, but with the difference that they were convicted of the crimes which they had not committed, one being sent to Siberia, the other to a French penal colony.

He had finished two novels before his fatal illness, but when they have appeared there will be no more. The pen which has brightened so many hours for thousands since the first words of *Mr. Isaacs* were written is quiet now, and its master has gone to his own place.

To those who knew the man well no such presence will ever come again. His devotion to his family and to those friends outside it whom he loved; his high sense of honour, his absence of vanity, his simplicity of nature, and his generosity of thought and deed combined to make him a companion who was always desired. It may truly be said that much as he gave the world, he left it nothing so good as what died with him. Like Tennyson's *Ulysses*, he was a part of all that he had met, and like him he has touched the Happy Isles and seen the great Achilles, whom he knew.

Recollections.



THE sun had set, leaving a reddish pathway on the horizon of the distant Syrian mountains; the full moon in the Orient was gradually rising from the low shores of the Euphrates and was gliding smoothly in a deep blue sky. The heavens were clear, the air was calm and the splendor of the dying day modified the horror of coming darkness, the coolness of

the advancing night quenching the burning heat of the tropical desert. The camels with their masters had retired, the eye could not detect the slightest movement on this gray and monotonous plain, a deep and sacred silence hung over the desert. I could only hear at long intervals the mournful cry of some night-hawk or the vicious yelp of a jackal.

The shades of night were imperceptibly increasing and in the twilight all I could now distinguish was the white walls and pillars which had become shapeless phantoms. The solitude of the spot, the stillness of the evening and the majesty of the scene, all inspired me to higher thoughts. The sight of a large and deserted city, the recollections of the past, the comparisons of the present cast me into a deep reverie. Here I reflected, here, once prospered an opulent city, here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes, these deserted spots once witnessed a vast living multitude, this very road, now grim and solitary, was once a public street, full of active wayfarers. In those walls, where silence now holds its sway, the cries of joy and feasting, the tumult of industry and of arts were continually re-echoed; those stones heaped in shapeless masses once formed regular palaces; those scattered pillars were the ornaments of majestic temples; those crushed galleries were once the limits of sumptuous parks. There, to accomplish the duties of her creed, or to attend to her daily needs, a vast nation was thriving. Hither a pleasure-creating industry, called the riches of every climate, the precious silks of China, the downy rugs of Lydia, the Amber of the Baltic, and the gems and perfumes of Araby.

But lo! is this dismal skeleton all that remains of a powerful capital? Are these vain and obscure recollections the only relics of a vast domination? Oh! then how true are these immortal verses of Gray's Elegy:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomps of power,
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Yes, the silence of the grave has succeeded the murmur of a busy population and a dreadful poverty has superseded the magnificence of a great commercial city. The royal palaces have become the dens

of wild beasts, the herds now graze on the threshold of the temples and filthy reptiles have their abodes in the sanctuaries of the gods.

Thus haughty Palmyra has crumbled to dust, thus the works of men vanish and are forgotten.

J. F. SIMARD, '12.



THE PRIZE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, April 30, at 8 p.m., the annual prize debate took place in St. Patrick's Hall. It was by far the most successful debate in years. An added feature of the programme was the excellent musical entertainment, which was a treat everybody enjoyed. Almost every available seat was taken.

The opening number was a solo by Mr. P. C. Harris, who was joined in the chorus by the University Glee Club of forty voices. The "Auld Plaid Shawl" was rendered very pleasingly by Miss Kathleen Corridan. The debate was then in order. The chairman, Mr. Edmund F. Byrnes, in a few well chosen words, addressed the audience and announced the subject under discussion—"That Co-Education is in the Interest of Higher Education." The affirmative was in the hands of Messrs. O. Linke and J. W. Grace, while the negative was assigned to Messrs. J. Connaghan and J. Brennan.

The judges of the evening were His Honor, Judge R. D. Gunn, Jas. F. White, LL.D., and Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D. The distinguished gentlemen, after some discussion, concluded that the negative side had won, and that Mr. J. Connaghan was the winner of the medal.

Miss Madge Rammage then sang in a pleasing voice two solos. She was followed by Mr. T. P. Murphy, who by his character songs was recalled three times. Miss Bessie Boyle then sang Maytime, which everybody enjoyed. The programme was concluded with solos by Mr. W. P. Somers, who was joined in the chorus by the Glee Club.

Too much praise and appreciation cannot be expressed to the talent for the generous manner in which they lent their services on so short notice.

Ancient Irish Books.



IN ancient times the Irish nobility, gentry and people in general were ardent lovers of their native language and literature, and certainly showed this love by their many productions of known repute. The great Anglo-Norman nobles also, having effected permanent settlement in Ireland, seem to have adopted what they must have considered the best manners, customs, language and literature, for they immediately set about learning the Gaelic language, and attained such proficiency that they have been reproached by their compatriots as being "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In these days so great a value was set on literary productions that it often happened that a much prized MS. was the stipulated ransom of a captive noble, and became the object of a tedious warfare. But this glory of the Emerald Isle in the literary field was not to last forever for she became the prey to successive attacks from the Danes, the Norsemen, the Anglo-Romans, and the English under Elizabeth, Cromwell and William of Orange. The result of these attacks was the fall of the Supreme Monarchy and the dispersion of the native chiefs, and consequently many of the great books were altogether lost. At the termination of the wars of the seventeenth century, the examples of the old Gaelic literature were so few that it was impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the language in its purity.

Considering all these things which worked towards its destruction, it is a great wonder that we still have any fragments of the ancient literature of Ireland, however extensive it may have been at one time. And it must have been extensive if we can judge from those selections which have withstood the ravages of invasion and the destruction of time. We find that the collection of old Irish books is still of very large extent and if we can judge the literature of our ancestors from the fragments which are left we are justified in experiencing some feeling of national pride.

In Trinity College, Dublin, is to be found a collection consisting of 140 volumes dating from the early part of the twelfth century to the middle of the eighteenth. In this collection we find beautiful copies of the gospels. Here we also see the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals, and besides, many historical and family poems of great antiquity. There is also a large

number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of love, of war, and of social life in general are vividly and elegantly portrayed. This collection contains also volumes of laws of the Irish Saints and ancient forms of prayer; and besides all these we find many curious treatises on medicine.

Another great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. In this collection the most valuable are original Gaelic composition, but there is also quite a number of translations from Latin, Greek and other languages. The latter productions are principally of a religious character, but there are many from various Latin authors which are of great value to the Gaelic student for they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many words now obsolete or obscure. Among these are to be found the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne and many other important works.

But it is not only in Ireland that important Gaelic selections are to be found, but also in England, Scotland and the Continent of Europe. In the British Museum, London, and in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are some valuable works. At the latter place the collection is not very extensive for it consists of but sixteen volumes but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. There are other collections in England, the property of private individuals. The Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, contains some precious books.

Passing over to the continent of Europe, in the Library of Paris we find a few Gaelic volumes; in Belgium is to be found part of the treasures which formerly belonged to Louvain College. Michael O'Cleary, a celebrated Franciscan friar, collected for the College of Louvain as many books as he could relating to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. At the time of the French Revolution these were widely scattered and in the College of St. Isidore at Rome are twenty volumes which at one time formed part of the Louvain collections. Among these manuscripts are some of the most valuable materials for the study of Irish language and history. In this latter collection we find many volumes relating to Irish history, of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

University of Ottawa Review.

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A LITERARY EVENT.

Whether the cause be ignorance or malice, we know not, but it is an indisputable fact that Catholic ideas and happenings receive scant consideration from the great majority of papers and periodicals. Garbled reports, fictitious interviews, falsified statements, and misquoted speeches seem to be in order whenever Catholicism is concerned. No one will deny that the power of the Press either for good or evil is to-day well-nigh incalculable. The Holy Father himself has repeatedly said that in order to face opposing forces the Church must, in every country, arm itself with a militant Catholic journalism. Hence the publication of the new weekly "America," will be a source of great satisfaction to English-speaking Catholics the world over, and in particular to the fourteen millions who own allegiance to Uncle Sam.

The editorial staff appears to be an able one, and the first few numbers give promise of a very high standard from every point

of view. Let us hope that "America" will be to this continent what "The Tablet" is to our European brethren. Prosit!



Exchanges.

The best story in this month's exchanges we judge to be "The Portrait-Painter of Berlin" in *Acta Diurna*. The plot is good and in a general sense very well developed, the style spicy. We hope to have the pleasure of reading stories of an equally high character in *Acta Diurna* in the future.

The *St. Mary's Collegian* afforded an interesting perusal. The style prevalent throughout has a persuasive air, while the poems are replete with appropriate thoughts. "The Mission of Ireland" contains a very good exposition of the subject treated, and the truth of all assertions regarding "The Home of the Faith" is evident, while their manner of expression is praiseworthy.

We welcome heartily each week the "Notre Dame Scholastic." The issue for March contains some worthy contributions. College Drama was greatly enjoyed as a specimen of what College literary efforts should produce.

We congratulate the editors of *Vox Studenti* on the neatness of their periodical. "The Elbow Curve" and "A Soldier of the Queen" are its most important articles. The former is a baseball story, while the latter is an essay, telling of the bravery of a small regiment of British soldiers who fought in South Africa. The joke column is full of wit.

If you know some feller's failin's just forget 'em, for you know
 The same feller's got some good points, them's the ones you
 want to show.
 "Cast your loaves out on the waters," they'll come back, (a
 sayin' true).
 Mebbe they will come back buttered when some fellow boasts
 for you.

—Ex.

"The University of Ottawa Review publishes several scholarly essays, prominent among which is *L'Eglise des Saints*," by Mr. La Mothe. In reading this article the reader invariably recalls Washington Irving's Description of Westminster Abbey; for while *L'Eglise des Saints* in no respects appears to be an imitation of the other, yet both produce the same feeling of awe and puniness, so evident when one is alone in the midst of the solemn grandeur of nature."—Ex.

Young Eagle is well decked out and fair to look at. The convent monthlies are all good, while the organ of St. Clara is one of the best.

Besides the above we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following: "College Mercury," "St. Mary's Chimes," "McMaster Monthly," "St. Thomas Collegian," "The Villa Shield," "The Argosy," "St. Mary's Messenger," "Allisonia," "The Comet," "The Solonian," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Mirror," "The Hya Yaka," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "St. Joseph's Collegian," "Niagara Index," "The Queen's University Journal," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "The Young Eagle," "Amherst Literary Monthly," "Assumption College Review," "Abbey Student," "Bethany Messenger," "St. John's University Record," "The Collegian," "The Agnetian Monthly," "The O.A.C. Review," "The Xaverian," "The Viatorian," "The Columbiad," "Vox Collegii," "The Exponent," "St. Mary's Angelos," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "The Pharos," "Academic Herald," "The Bethany Messenger," "The Patrician," "The Mitre," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "Acta Victoriana."

Books and Reviews.

In the Edinburgh Review for April may be seen a very good article on William Henry Drummond. He is there represented, as he truly was, patriotic, generous and very appreciative. By him more than by anyone before or after was the true, distinctive character of the French-Canadian peasant brought to light; by him, better than any one else could have pictured it, was the innate, unquenchable spirit of cheer and contentedness of the French-

Canadian peasant portrayed. This spirit is reflected in the lines of *The Habitant's Jubilee*:

"All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey get ev'rybody
Dat is, plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
S, I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
Cn farm by de reever so long I was leev'."

Nor did Drummond desire to speak in caricature of the French-Canadian. No, his was a nobler, a more charitable disposition. He was deep and penetrative, and his large, overflowing nature delighted in painting what his insight could penetrate. To unite the two Canadian races, the French and the English, into one, solid, cohesive people, formed the object of his serious and constant efforts; and it seems that he considered his hope already possible of realization when he made the remark,

"Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de best', bes' frien'."

The *Contemporary Review* gives the views of Edward A. Parry concerning the advisability of having those taking oaths, kiss the Bible, or Book as he calls it. His reasons against this practice are very sound and persuading. He quotes authentically and exhaustively from lawyer, and judges of different times and nations to show that it is but a matter of custom and not really compulsory by law. He goes further, though, and besides demonstrating his good sense, he demonstrates his deep prejudice. He cannot think of the fact that the Church, that is the Catholic Church, instituted this practice, but he must, at once, begin to vent his spleen against that Church, calling it foolishly superstitious. Well!

"Wisdom and virtue to the vile seem vile,
Filths savor but themselves."

"The Irish Dialect of English" has been ably and agreeably treated in the *Fortnightly Review*. The author goes on to show how the Irish retain the Irish accent through centuries, though ignorant of Ireland's tongue and picturesque scenery; also that the English language contains very many suggestive, racy, logical idioms translated literally from the Gaelic.

Among the Magazines.

To anyone who makes a dispassionate study of recent German naval development, says a writer in the *Scientific American* of May 1st, there is nothing to indicate that her present activity in the construction of "Dreadnoughts" is aimed at any particular power, or has anything in the nature of an intended challenge. The writer compares the naval strength of Great Britain and Germany and shows that in every department England excels, possessing a greater number of "Dreadnoughts," armored cruisers, and second-class battleships.

In the same magazine Henry Morris Russell, Ph. D., writes an article on "The Heavens in May," an interesting and useful one for astronomers.

The May number of the *Educational Review* as usual contains interesting items concerning the Maritime Provinces. "Some Ideas of Loyalty," "School Excursions and Patriotism," and "Empire Day" are three excellent articles, exposing, as their titles imply, methods for instilling loyalty and patriotism into the hearts of our Canadian youth.

In the same magazine W. H. Moore gives some interesting facts about birds. There is a more or less intimate relationship existing between the feathery covering and the song or voice of all wild birds, says the author, "and the more thought and study one gives to this phrase of bird-life, the more one is inclined to believe that there is something drawing birds, flowers, insects and man, mammals, reptiles, and plants all, more or less, in touch with one another, and all more or less for the benefit of each other."

America, the Catholic weekly which replaces the Messenger, ably upholds the reputation of that magazine as one of the best Catholic Reviews in circulation. The last two April numbers contain pithy articles on many of the most interesting and live questions of the day, political, religious and social. "Mr. Chesterson's Orthodoxy" is an appreciative article on one of the most learned philosophical works of modern time. "The Situation of Christians in Turkey," "Russia," and "Ireland To-day" discuss political questions which are absorbing the attention of people all over the world. "Blessed Jeanne D'Arc" is an excellent article in which Rev.

Michael Kenney, S. J. relates some of the great historical events during the life of the Maid of Orleans. He descants upon her many virtues, her exemplary life, and her undaunted heroism. "In declaring Blessed this Matchless Maid," he concludes. "Pius X. is crowning the brow of Heroism and raising Patriotism to the Altars of the Church.

The May number of the *Canadian Messenger* is particularly valuable for several interesting articles, chief of which are "Pilgrimages," by E. J. Devine, S. J., and "Notes on Moral Training." Father Devine gives us the reason why pilgrimages are resorted to by Catholics and their history. They date back before the time of Christ, when the Jews, as history tells us, made it a matter of conscience to be present in Jerusalem every year, for the offering of sacrifice and prayer.

We find in the exercise and practice of true principles, says the author of the Notes on Moral Training, that God gives us three powerful aids, all accompanied with special grace, which are increased as we correspond with them. They are: "The law of God imprinted in our hearts, revealed by God and expounded and enforced by the Church; the gift of moral sense, the faculty of discerning what is right and wrong in and with regard to our own acts; and finally, conscience in its true form and right capacity, that judges and passes sentence on every deliberate act of our lives.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* for April contains an interesting history of the famous St. Mary's College, O-coit, and an article by P. J. Lennox on Early Printing in Ireland, which is of great interest to every student of Irish history.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father McCauley, '90, of Osgoode, was a visitor at the College this month.

During the month Alma Mater was favoured with a visit from Rev. Father Francis French, '91, of Brudenell.

The Review wishes to congratulate one of its former editors, Rev. T. W. Albin, '00, on his success in parish work in Onaway,

Michigan. Last Easter his new church was formally opened amid imposing services. The Detroit Free Press, in speaking of the Rev. gentleman, predicts a bright future for him.

Hugh J. McDonald, '03, who has just completed his exams. successfully at Osgoode Hall, has been admitted as junior partner in the law firm with which he has been serving in the past.

Messrs. Gerald and Philip Kirwin have just completed successful years at Toronto University. The former, who is studying Analytical Chemistry, will pursue laboratory work under Dr. Haanel, Director of the Dominion Dept. of Mines.

Mr. W. Derham, '06, has successfully completed his exams. in Electrical Engineering at Toronto University

Mr. Roddy Byrnes, '05, has successfully completed his law course at Osgoode Hall.

Rev. Father W. E. Cavanagh, '93, was a visitor to the Sanctum last week.

Rev. Father Fay, '00, of South March, paid a short visit to Alma Mater this month.

Mr. Harry McDonald, '10, who is studying science at McGill, has reflected great credit on his Alma Mater by coming out first in his exams. last month.

Rev. Father Prudhomme, of Gloucester, favoured us with a visit lately.

Mr. Ernest Brunet, '09, has successfully passed his M.D. exams. at Queen's, and has been appointed House Surgeon at Water Street Hospital, Ottawa.

Mr. Arthur Derosiers, '12, occupied a high place in the honour list in the recent exams. in Science at McGill.

Revs. J. J. Meagher, '92, of Kemptville; R. A. Carey, '02, of Prescott; J. O. Dowd, '03, of Cantley, paid a visit to the Sanctum on May 25th.

Rev. J. Keeley, '02, is at present curate under Ven. Arch-deacon Casey, of Lindsay.

Rev. R. Halligan, '03, is in Kingston, recovering from a very serious illness. We wish the Rev. gentleman a speedy return to health and strength.

Personals.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the widely known missionary, has been in the city for some days, and honored the boys of the Juniorate by giving them a lecture on the North-West. Father Lacombe, who is now in his eighty-third year, has been among the Indians for over half a century.

At the concert given by the Catholic Athletic Club, of Ottawa, in the hall of St. Mary's Church, Ottawa East, on May 18th, the University Glee Club performed very creditably. Mr. Martin O'Gara, '10, the president, was in the chair.

The recent euchre in aid of the Sacred Heart Church Rebuilding Fund, which was held in the basement of the Juniorate, was largely attended, and was a pronounced success.

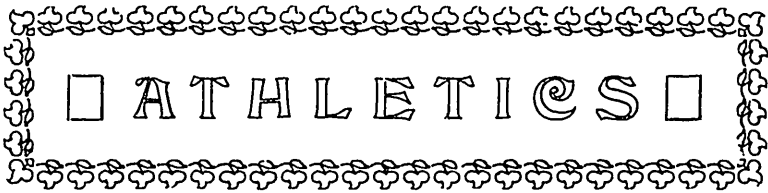
Mr. Louis J. Kehoe, B.A., '94, has been elected president of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association; Chas. F. O'Neill, '11, still retains the office of secretary-treasurer.

The County Chaplain of the A.O.H., Dr. Sherry, is organizing a large pilgrimage in connection with the unveiling of the monument at Grosse Isle on August 15th. It is expected that Hibernians from all over Ontario will take part in it.

Rev. Father Cousineau, of Sarsfield, paid us a call on the 21st inst.

Rev. C. F. Gorman, of Spencerville, visited the University during the month.

Right Rev. A. MacDonald, the recently appointed Bishop of Victoria in Vancouver, passed through Ottawa the other day on his way out to the coast. The scholarly prelate dined at the University and told us many interesting things connected with his travels abroad.



ATHLETICS

Baseball.

The greatest sport in the world is now occupying the attention of hundreds of athletes. Throughout the entire country the keenest interest is everywhere manifested.

Up to the present time the sport has not taken a very firm foothold in our country, but it is now fast gaining in popularity.

In Toronto and Montreal, the most progressive cities of Canada, much interest is taken in the game, and great crowds attend to see the stars perform.

Ottawa, once the proud possessor of one of the fastest teams in the Northern League, was buncoed out of vast sums of money by poor management, and as a result the game received such a severe shunt that professional ball will probably be dead for some years to come.

However, the best means is being taken to revive the game, by the establishment of a fast city league, and the efforts of its promoters are meeting with great success.

The league comprises four clubs—O.A.A.C., Capitals, Columbias and College, all of which are represented by comparatively good teams.

Up to the present five league games have been played, all of which were fast and interesting. Of these College participated in three, winning one and losing two.

The first game between College and Capitals resulted in a loss to College by a score of 11 to 6. The weather had been so wet that it was impossible to practice, so the team was picked on former showing and expectation of some "touted" stars. There was nothing to it and the team was badly beaten. The line-up was as follows: battery, Linke, Dubois; 1st b., Corkery; 2nd b., Bawlf; ss., McCarthy; 3rd, Muzanti; lf., Conway; cf., O'Neill. If Deahy, Smith and Ryan spares.

In the second game the team lined up the same as in the opening game. This game things came our way more or less, and we

got away with a neat little victory over O.A.A.C. by the score of 2-0. It was an excellent exhibition of baseball, and the large crowd which was in attendance greatly appreciated the good work of both teams. Rivard and Freeland worked well together for O.A.A.C., but poor support lost them the game. It looked bad for College at one stage of the game, when the bases were full and only one man out. Linke couldn't find the plate, so he was pulled out and Muzanti substituted. By excellent work on the part of the team the difficulty was overcome.

The third league game in which College was interested was played on Ascension Thursday vs. Capitals. This was a very important game and both teams were out to win.

The day was ideal for baseball, and in the "warm-up" both teams showed good form, but with "play ball" things took on another aspect, and the game became very loose, especially "lose" for College. The Capitals were gracefully presented the game by a number of costly errors on the part of the Collegians.

Linke and Dubois worked for College. In the fifth with two men down, Linke passed two men and was taken out and replaced by Muzanti. The umpire was rather strict on balls and strikes, and made it pretty difficult for the pitchers.

In the same fatal fifth, O'Neill dropped a nice fly to deep centre, the "ump." misjudged a man on the bases, and McCarthy threw wide to first. The team played loosely at times throughout the game and consequently the game went to the Capitals, the score reading 6-4. Deahy and Bawlf were the stars of College. For the winners, Ashton pitched a beautiful game, and by keeping his hits scattered, was in a great measure responsible for the victory.

Handball.

Since the Easter holidays much interest has been evinced by the students in that game of games, namely handball. Under the direction of Brother Bertrand, two leagues were formed, consisting of about twelve teams each, and during every recreation period the alley was the scene of many hotly-contested games, and also spirited disputes amongst the spectators as well as amongst the parties directly interested. From the first to the last, interest never flagged, and as a consequence we have in our midst many who have become experts at the game.

The championship of the A series was won by a team consisting of Bonhomme (Capt.), Boisvert and McDonald, while that of the B series by Burrows (Capt.), Rev. Father Lajeunesse and Linke. To decide the championship of the College a game was played between Rev. Father Lajeunesse and Bonhomme. Rev. Father Lajeunesse carried off the palm of victory.

During the time allotted for the games, which lasted from Easter until about May 24th, much genuine pleasure was afforded the student body as well as some of the professors, who are, indeed, stars. The handball games of 1909 will often be recalled with pleasure.

St. Michael's College vs. Ottawa College.

The most exciting game of the season was played on the College Holiday vs. the crack American team representing St. Michael's College of Burlington, Vt. The game was scheduled to take place on the day preceding, but owing to bad weather it was deferred till the following. It was owing to this change of date that the crowd was not up to the usual size. The game was most hotly contested, and both teams were thoroughly awake throughout the game. College got away to a bad start, giving the visitors a lead of 5 runs. With this heavy handicap, the College "lads" tightened up and brought the score to the interesting reading of 5-6. Then our American friends found it getting too interesting, and with little or no difficulty lifted the ball for a number of safe hits, driving in four runs. This put victory so far out of sight of the Collegians that they lost hope and were unable to score further.

Ryan for the visitors was all to the good and kept the College fanners more than busy. The game resulted in an easy victory for St. Michael's, the score being 11-6.

The team was composed of a number of perfect young gentlemen who did honor to the College they represented.

Our feelings were extended particularly to Mr. Meagher, the good catcher, who so deeply felt the need of a good umpire.

Victoria Day Meet.

Everything is in readiness for the big meet to be held on the 24th, and inclement weather is the only thing that will prevent it from being a huge success. For the past month the different committees are hustling around to get everything into shape. The

grounds have been surveyed for the different races, and a cinder track, one hundred and twenty yards in length, has been laid. On this will be run the hundred yards dash and the hurdle race.

The entries are all in and are good both in quality and quantity. Among the entries are Bobbie Kerr, Frank Lukeman, Goulding, Knox, Barber and many others, besides our own track team which is a formidable one. Kinsella, who won the hundred yard dash in Hamilton; Smith, who did so well at the last meet; Corkery, Bawlf and others are on this team. The O.A.A.C. have also a good team entered. The fifteen mile marathon has a big list of entries.

A good day's sport is provided, and there should be a bumper crowd in attendance.





Of Local Interest

NEVER MIND THE KNOCKERS.

Never mind the knockers,
 Go ahead and make your play;
 They're in every worker's way;
 Never mind the knockers.
 Every one who seeks to shine,
 If successful, they malign;
 'Tis of fame a certain sign—
 Never mind the knockers.

They strike only those who climb,
 Never mind the knockers.
 'Tis success they deem a crime;
 Never mind the knockers.
 If they hammer at your name,
 Then, be sure, you're in the game;
 'Tis a species of acclaim.
 Never mind the knockers.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

When picking up a lucky horseshoe, take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner table which is laid for 12 only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

—Ex.

“Say, Jim, what would you like to be?”

Jim—“Well, I think I'd like to B.A. just now.”

Professor—“Mr. B—n, what would you consider the first idea of the human intellect?”

B—n—“Hunger.”

"Where is my trunk?"

"Under the bed, me laird."

Ch-p has bought out Sam's lunch room. Good luck to the new proprietor.

"Who was at the ice cream contest?"

"Oh, only the light eating crowd."

Stop that, Riley, do you hear. Whoa!

L-y, who was your friend from St. M's the evening of the 13th? What's his name?

"JUNE 17."

I go to class at early morn
With pencil, pad and books well worn;
I sit and listen, talk and think,
And sometimes steal a short sweet wink.

The same thing o'er each day I do
Till ten short months have by me flew;
Alas! the end comes round too soon,
Oh! how I fear the Ides of June.

That Greek and Latin, French and Dutch,
Now give me cause to fear them much;
The why, this fear, is that I've thunk—
I see the Ides and see a flunk.

Cheer up, old chap, you'll soon be thro'gh
Do your best for it's up to you;
Trust to your noodle and good luck,
And like the goose may avoid a pluck.

Stay with the books till the Ides have gone,
Stay up at night and work till dawn,
Stay under cover like highway thug,
Stay in your room and *plug, plug, plug.*

G—. "Say, M—, what delivery ought I to use in that debate?"

M—. "The spit-ball, of course!"

Junior Department.



THE meeting for the purpose of forming a Junior League and of which notice was given in last month's REVIEW, was held in Ottawa University, on April 30th. There were present: Messrs Lachapelle and Lamoureux, from the Juniorate; Messrs. Cross and Mooney from the Ermines; and Messrs. Poulin and Tobin from the Small Yard. Father Veronneau occupied the chair. A league was formed consisting of teams from the three Associations sending representatives, and the "Intermediate City League," was the name unanimously chosen for it. The following were the officers selected: Hon. President, Dr. J. Chabot; First Hon. Vice-President, Mr. Hurd; Second Hon. Vice-President, Dr. Baird; President, Mr. Lachapelle; Vice-President, Mr. J. Cross and Secretary, Mr. J. Tobin. At the same meeting, a schedule was drawn up and a few simple regulations about the selection of umpires and the conduct of players were formulated. At another meeting called for May 7th, the application of Sandy Hill for entrance into the League was accepted, and the schedule re-arranged accordingly.

Why do you think J. D. and Fernie are good debaters?

Because, though vanquished, they can argue still.—I-i-n.

On Wednesday, May 12th, Small Yard, opened the season against the Juniorate. The final score was 7 to 3, in favor of the sturdy ball tossers, from 600, Cumberland Avenue. The Juniorate has a good team but we feel confident that our team will hand them out a trimming the next time they meet them. Small Yard:—Poulin rf, Tobin 3b, Nagle ss, Brennan 1b, Milob c, McCabe lf, Harris 2b, Villeneuve cf, and DesChamps p. The Juniorate:—Lachapelle rf, Killian M. ss, Caron lf, Morisseau cf, Poulin 1b, Killian E. c, Larose 2b, Goyet 3b, and Lamoureux p.

WANTED.—A pitcher for second team. Those applying must have the motion, must be able to control at least one curve, and must be strictly amateur.

The Minims are in charge of Father Voyer for baseball. He has formed a league for them and is recognized as their official umpire in all their games. If we were to judge from the noise they make during a match, we would conclude that the youngsters are taking

very enthusiastically to baseball. The Junior Editor would like to have the line-up of the winning team for June REVIEW.

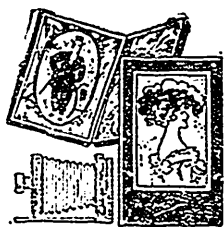
What about our relay team for Victoria Day? Things are not turning out just as we planned. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." At the moment of going to press, two of our best speeders, Batterton and Cornellier, who were sure of a place on the team, are on the sick list. But even with this handicap we expect to win. There are others willing to jump into the vacancies, and though they will not be able to do as well, as those whose places they fill, they will do their best to land the cup. Ribout and Nagle are training faithfully and are showing class.

Two in One is still on the market.

Father Veronneau has picked from the smaller boys three teams for a mile relay race. In A Team, there are DesRosiers, McNally, Quinn and Dozois; in B Team, Braithwaite, Lamonde, Hansberry and Gelineault; and in C Team, Cote, O'Neill, Brisson and McCabe. The winning team will have their photo taken at the expense of the Junior Athletic Association.

Remember there will be a Boarders' Field Day, at some convenient date in the near future, and very likely we will go to Britannia-on-the-Bay to hold our athletic competitions. It should be the commendable ambition of each and everyone to carry off the prize in some particular item of the day's events. Practise, therefore, especially along the lines in which there is most chance of your excelling.

Some time ago, the International Society of Dopes, lost their very efficient president, in the person of Mr. E. L-I-de. To succeed him in the high office, it was tacitly conceded by the many members that J. M-N-ly was the one best qualified, on account of the multiplicity and length of his "dopes." For admission into the society, or for permission "to go into a dope," write to the secretary L. B-dy.



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