

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Christmas .....	95
The Christ-Child .....	66
LITERARY DEPARTMENT :	
Songs of Eternity .....	97
Jeanne D'Arc.....	99
A Vision of the Holy Grail .....	107
Practical Lumbering in New Ontario.....	112
A Christmas Message .....	118
Some Modern Playwrights and their Work .....	119
Lines on a Skeleton .....	120
Catholicity in Norway .....	122
Passing Impressions.....	125
Good Advice Badly Given .....	128
.BOOKS WORTH READING :	
Book Review.....	129
EDITORIALS :—	
Merry and Happy .....	131
Dulce Domum .....	131
Sisterly Spunk .....	132
OBITUARY .....	132
ATHLETICS .....	134
OF LOCAL INTEREST ..	137
The Ingenous Undergrad .....	141



# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 3

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1905.

Vol. VIII

## CHRISTMAS.

—o—

**C**hristmas bells are ringing  
Through the frosty air,  
Iron tongues are bringing  
One and all to prayer,  
Angel choirs are singing  
Tidings glad and rare:  
Gloria in Excelsis!!  
Infant God is born,  
Peace on earth to men!  
For this is Christmas morn!

C. '06.

## The Christ-Child.

---

*He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest.*

*He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever ; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.*

*Thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.*

*Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.*

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, to men of good-will.*

*The Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.*

*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. .*

*And the Word was made flesh and dwell amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*

*They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.*

*The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light ; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.*

*For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulders ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,*

# Literary Department.

---

## Songs of Eternity.

---

### CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.



WHEN a "door was opened in Heaven." Through it streamed upon the ear of mortals imperial epoch hymns, transcendent age choruses, rolling up from old eternities or floating from a timeless future yet to be. Like the endless undulations of serenely swelling seas, the harmonies of the first of these chants celebrates the holiness and the eternity of God. It is the choric-song of the universe. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was and who is to come."

God in his holiness and self-existence, with or without sentient beings of his own creation is the first and the last. This earliest hymn is the voice of the unmeasured ages, ere creation was. Its undertone fills the universe with music forever. It is the basal chord sounding on through all other high-wrought deepening jubilations from everlasting to everlasting.

A *second* chorus bursts into voice when God's "wish flowed visibly forth" in creation. The great sea of his holiness and his eternity broke upon the shores of time and space, and universal life was flung up in iridescent form. Spangled suns and shining systems are but the fringes of the garment of his holiness and his eternity.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure thou hast created them."

This hymn celebrates a new epoch, all things have been called into mysterious existence, and a mighty song of endless adoration praises God as Creator.

Still the heavenly door is open; a *third* beautiful prean lifts the soul with joy.

"Thou was slain and hast *redeemed* us."

This is the song of redemption. Its theme is the Lamb, that was slain, and the number of voices that join in the choral strain is

ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, sundered by we know not what interval of silence from this lost song, at length arises another tremendous acclaim from the Heavenly throng. It is the *fourth* imperial ascription of glory to God. It is the hymn of *accomplished salvation*

“Salvation to God and to the Lamb.”

This seems to be the song of individuals, the multitude numberless to man, of all nations and kindreds and tongues who, ascribing their victory to God have come out of great tribulation; they rest in the beatitude of their God

But in this progressive and ascending series of alleluia choruses, still higher and deeper, broader and fuller ranges of harmony are to be struck. They are yet to scale the heights of greater grandeur, more stupendous conquest and glory. The sudden, pealing blast of the seventh angel, that most majestic age voice, prepares us for those great voices in Heaven which are heard saying: “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever.”

This is the shout of them that triumph; it is the anthem of the world's golden age foretold by poet and seer, and by the unsearched longing of our human hearts. It is the refrain of that age when not only individual men and communities and sections of a partially redeemed world shall believe, but that serene and happy era when *all* men *everywhere* in their organized capacity—in their kingdoms shall belong to and serve our Lord and his Christ, of the goal of the ages, when the whole world shall be sanctified and set apart to God. In this drama of the speaking voices, Christ, as reigning over the whole earth and as “taking to himself his great glory” is the theme, and it constitutes the *fifth* in this sublime triumph series, separated from each other by indeterminate intervals dateless to us.

Next in order is the *new* song, wrapt in mysterious withdrawal from present human powers. No man could learn its supreme cadences but the one hundred and forty four thousand redeemed from the earth, we know that its nature is high, but incomprehensible to us it must remain, but we can lull our souls to the sounds of some of the sweet chords it suggests.

Now comes a song of victory, the song of Moses and the Lamb, God is addressed as King of saints, and “His judgments are made

manifest," sin seems to be expelled from the earth forever. The marriage of the Lamb is come, symbol of bliss. The voice from the throne is answered by the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings: "Alleluia for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

In this final unmeasurable description of a universe everywhere, in every part and as a whole subdued to God, we feel that the unity, the splendour, the endless duration of glory and beatitude are fully and forever entered upon. Light and glory fill the farthest heavens. God at last is all in all.

INXOM.

---

## JEANNE D'ARC.

---

### Her Trial and Condemnation in Brief.

---

Jeanne's capture at Compiègne on the 23rd of May, 1430, her delivery by Jean de Luxembourg to the Duke of Bedford, the English King's lieutenant in France, for the price of about £10,000 in the following November, her imprisonment in the Castle of Rouen in December, her surrender to the Bishop of Beauvais in January as "suspect of heresy" by order of Henry VI. of England, her trial, condemnation and death, were fast crowding tragedies in the tableau of her misfortunes. Her story, mingling the simple with the sublime, is ever of thrilling inspiration. Some of the wonderful incidents recorded of her recall the era of the prophets of Israel, and of the martyrs of the Coliseum. When her body was burned to ashes, her heart remained whole and bleeding, according to the story of her executioner. Many stated that they saw the name of Jesus written in the flames by which she was consumed, and a third who was foremost in his hatred of her was converted by seeing, as he stated, her soul leave her body in the form of a white dove.

Brother Seguin in a sworn testimony, said among other things: "And then she foretold to us—to me and to all the others who were with me—these four things which should happen and which did afterwards come to pass: First, that the English would be destroy-

ed, the siege of Orleans raised and the town delivered from the English; secondly, that the King would be crowned at Rheims; thirdly, that Paris would be restored to his dominions, and fourthly, that the Duke d'Orleans should be brought back from England. And I who speak, I have in truth seen these four things accomplished."

Bedford, the hope of the English army in France, died in 1435; the next year Paris was restored to the French as foretold by Jeanne to the judges, and within about 20 years after her death Normandy was totally lost by the fall of Cherbourg in 1450. In 1453 the English lost their last foothold except Calais.

How like a Biblical story the following account, testified to by Brother Pasquerel: "On the 3rd day we arrived at Orleans where the English held their siege right up to the bank of the Loire; we approached so close to them that French and English could almost touch one another. The French had with them a convoy of supplies; but the water was so shallow that the boats could not move up-stream, nor could they land where the English were. Suddenly the waters rose and the boats were then able to land on the shore where the French army was. Jeanne entered the boats with some of her followers and thus came to Orleans." No wonder that the English in their war with France, were eager to destroy such a valiant woman as this who had heaped disasters upon their heads and predicted more to come. And so at last they contrived to bring her to the stake to be burned as a witch and heretic, a fate often in later times reserved for the victims of religious hate and fanaticism, but not so in this case, for England and France held the one religion when the tragedy occurred. And Jeanne d'Arc's execution as a heretic was unique, among other things, in that on the morning of her execution, she received absolution and Holy Communion at the hands of the Church and seemingly with the knowledge of the judge who read her sentence of excommunication.

The official report of the Trial and Condemnation as well as subsequent Rehabilitation of Jean of Arc, written in the Latin text, was first published by Quicherat, who discovered it about the middle of the last century buried in the archives of France. This rescued document was rendered into English for the first time by T. Douglas Murray in his "Jeanne de Arc, Maid of Orleans", published in 1902.

The many sittings held by the Judges who tried and sentenced Jeanne d'Arc to imprisonment and subsequently handed her over to



the secular power to be burned at the stake gave a misleading appearance of impartiality to the proceedings. As a matter of fact the proof adduced at these sittings of any of the allegations of grave import contained in the "Act of Accusation", is strikingly insufficient. And notwithstanding this lack of proof, the Bishop of Beauvais who instituted the proceedings at the request of the King of England, asserted at the commencement that the maid's offences against religion and morality were even the subject of common public rumor. (Briefly these were divination and sorcery, claiming to have had revelations through Saints who spoke to her and whom she saw, consequent blasphemy, wearing a man's dress, disobedience to the Church and shedding human blood in war.)

This assertion could only be justified on the assumption that the Maid of Orleans was a notoriously bad woman, wanting in all the virtues afterwards attributed to her on oath during the process of her Rehabilitation, by a great many who were very intimate with her.

A disregard of the other side of the question is manifest throughout all the examinations of the accused preceding the sentence of her condemnation. Was it that her judges were blinded by zeal for the extermination of heresy? Unhappily for their memory there are many indications to point to the fact that this was not the cause of their seeming so persistently blind to the virtues of the Maid of Orleans. At the outset the Bishop of Beauvais found no use for the evidence of her character obtained, at his own request, at her birth place, Domremy, although it is evident that he would have gladly used it if it had in any way reflected unfavourably upon her instead of representing her as a paragon of virtue.

The inquiry as to the Maid's life at Domremy was ordered by the Bishop in January, 1431, the trial or Process ex-officio, which included six public and nine private examinations of the accused, began on the 21st of February following and ended on the 26th of March when the "Act of Accusation" multiplying each offence by its repetition, use of prolix terms like legal phraseology and otherwise, and consisting of "Seventy Articles" was drawn up. On the next day, the 27th of March the "Process in Ordinary" began with the reading of the "Seventy Articles", upon each of which the accused was examined. On the 24th of May, 1431, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, her so called Act of Abjuration having in the meantime saved her from excommunication and death. It may reasonably be surmised that the difficulty of obtaining proof

against the accused, which would make the punishment inflicted appear fair and just as possible, had thus lengthened the proceedings.

When within a few days following the sentence of imprisonment, it came to the knowledge of the judges that Jeanne had resumed in prison her male attire, and again expressed her belief in her visions, they allowed very little time indeed for deliberation before handing her over to the tender mercies of the English whose vengeance impatiently awaited her. During that short interval she was exhorted and admonished by the Bishop and his assistants but always on the assumption that she was an incorrigible sinner. Even on the morning before pronouncing the fatal words of the final sentence, the Bishop of Beauvais renewed these counsels for the benefit of the Maid who could not bring herself to believe that those who judged her so severely spoke the voice of God through the Church Militant as explained to her. On the 30th of May was read and carried into execution the final sentence which, after reciting the many opportunities given the accused to repent, repeated a string of general and indefinite accusations to which she had become so accustomed to listen. These charges were always devoid of any mitigating qualification, such as Jeanne furnished by her answers in defence, which was utterly ignored. The sentence after declaring the Maid "Ex-communicate, and Heretic", and that she is abandoned to the "Secular Authority", ends thus: "Praying this same power that as concerns death and the mutilation of the limbs, it may be pleased to moderate judgment; and if true signs of penance should appear in thee that the Sacrament of Penance may be administered to thee." Jean Lemaitre, the associate judge, acted as such, it seems, contrary to his inclinations, and it is fair therefore to assume that his judgment was not entirely free.

The beautiful story of her real character is learned from the official inquiries made during the progress of the Rehabilitation. The Bishop of Beauvais deemed it outside his duty as judge to order that a report of what took place at the burning of Jeanne should be included in the "Process", or record of the trial. The story of the execution has, however, been sufficiently preserved by the sworn testimony of many witnesses who saw what happened and heard what was said at the burning of the Maid of Orleans.

As regards the trial itself, the opinion of many leading jurists is in effect that it was worthless for several reasons, and if so, the judgment which followed it was therefore valueless, irrespective of

the evidence. Chief among these lawyers was Lohier, of whom Maître Guillaume Manchon, the principal one of the three notaries who wrote down the questions put and answers given at the trial, said in his sworn testimony during the progress of Rehabilitation: "Maître Jean Lohier, a grave Norman clerk, who came to the town of Rouen and communication was made to him of what the Bishop of Beauvais had written hereon; and the said Lohier asked for two or three days' delay to look into it. To which he received answer that he should give his opinion that afternoon; and this he was obliged to do. And Maître Jean Lohier, when he had seen the Process, said it was of no value for several reasons; first, because it had not the form of an ordinary process; then, it was carried on in an enclosed and shut-up place where those concerned were not in full and perfect liberty to say their full will; then, that this matter dealt with the honour of the King of France, whose side she (the Maid) supported, and that he had not been called, nor any, who were for him; then, neither legal document nor articles had been forthcoming, and so there was no guide for this simple girl to answer the Masters and Doctors on great matters, and especially those, as she said, which related to her revelations. For those things, the Process was, in his opinion, of no value. At which my Lord of Beauvais was very indignant against the said Lohier; and although my Lord of Beauvais told him that he might remain to see the carrying out of the Trial, Lohier replied that he would not do so."

Manchon further on adds that he saw Lohier the next day after this opinion was made known to the Bishop, and he said to him in reference to the trial, "You see the way they are proceeding. They will take her, if they can, in her words—as in assertions where she says, '*I know for certain*' as regards the apparitions, but if she said '*I think*' instead of the words '*I know for certain*' it is my opinion that no man could condemn her. It seems they act rather from hate than otherwise; and for that reason I will not stay here for I have no desire to be in it." And in truth, he thenceforward lived always at the Court of Rome, where he died Dean of Appeals."

Maître Thomas, de Courcelles, a Canon of Paris, in his deposition said, among other things, that Lohier on seeing the evidence against Jeanne, told him "that evidently they ought not to proceed against her in a matter of Faith without previous information as the charges of guilt and that the law required such information. Lohier's opinion that the trial was worthless is more clearly sum-

marized as follows by Mr. Murray in an appendix ;" (1) On account of its form, (2) That the assessors were not at liberty to hold their own views, the trial being in the castle and therefore not in open court, (3) That no opportunity was given to the party of the French king to speak for themselves, (4) That Jeanne herself was allowed no counsel nor had proper documents been prepared to support the accusation."

According to the deposition of Jean Maisseu, Dean, on his second examination in connection with the Rehabilitation, Jeanne had asked for counsel but was refused. Brother Martin Lavenu, a Dominican, on his second examination, deposed as follows:—"I knew well that Jeanne had no director, counsel nor defender up to the end of the Process and that no one would have dared to offer himself as her counsel, director or defender, for fear of the English. I have heard that those who went to the castle to counsel and direct Jeanne by order of the judges, were harshly repulsed and threatened." Manchon in his deposition said: "During the Process and almost up to the close, Jeanne had no counsel, I do not remember if she asked for one, but towards the end she had Maitre Pierre Maurice and a Carmelite to direct and instruct her." As these were spiritual advisers appointed towards the close of the case there is practically no conflict between this and the testimony of the other two witnesses.

It is stated by the Bishop of Beauvais himself near the beginning of the Process that he offered her counsel from among one of his assessors, but she refused. In view of the fact that these assessors, who were for the most part canonical lawyers, and practically assistant judges, though not so named, were liable to be unduly influenced, her refusal was but another instance of the marvelous foresight and prudence displayed, by one of her age and illiteracy, during the whole of the trial. The body of these assessors were inclined to act justly, and several were very friendly to Jeanne on account of the unfairness of the examinations but they could exercise their friendship towards her only at their peril, as was proved by the sworn evidence of several witnesses in connection with the Process for Jeanne's rehabilitation.

At the conclusion of the investigation made in 1450 at the instance of King Charles VII. who, empowered Guillaume Bouille, Rector of the University of Paris, to enquire concerning the circumstances of Jeanne's Trial, etc., great lawyers gave their opinions and declared the trial void, being "bad in substance as well as in

form", though this enquiry was not followed by any formal judgment as to Jeanne's condemnation.

It is commonly held also, as stated by Mr. Murray in his introduction, that the bishop had no jurisdiction, Jeanne having been captured in one province and tried in another. Moreover she had been tried previously at Poitiers, at the request of the Dauphin, Charles VII, who would not accept her aid before being assured that she was not unworthy. Inasmuch as the Archbishop of Rheims, the Metropolitan of the Bishop of Beauvais, and his Clergy at Poitiers found no fault in her, it was of very doubtful right that she should be placed on trial a second time before an inferior Court, Mr. Murray seems to regard the first examination as conclusive against the legality of the second. But such a conclusion cannot be reached without assuming that Jeanne had not rendered herself liable for heresy, or other offence against the laws of the Church, since the examination at Poitiers, or in any event that an inferior court had no jurisdiction. However, the question of jurisdiction does not now concern much the merits of the case, in view of the many stronger grounds for condemning the trial in its form and substance—grounds which made a later ecclesiastical Court of Enquiry denounce the proceedings in most unmeasured terms, as "a pretended Process."

The Court that tried Jeanne at Rouen did not follow in form and composition the practice of the English Courts of ecclesiastical Inquiry established by 2 Henry IV, Chapter 15, which prescribed death as the penalty for heresy, although Rouen was at the time subject to English Sovereignty. It was not a Statutory Court of Inquiry at all, but it assumed the exercise of a power similar to that possessed by the aforesaid English Courts which empowered the diocesan ordinary to try persons accused of heresy and on conviction hand them over to the Sheriff without waiting for the King's writ.

The secular authority was indeed personally present but conspicuously absent as far as the exercise of his functions was concerned, at the place of execution. The sentence of excommunication which was read at the Old Market Place at Rouen on the morning of the day of Jeanne's execution abandoned her to the civil authority, represented by the Bailly of Rouen and his Deputy who were present. But immediately after the reading of the sentence Jeanne was forced by two sergeants from her platform and delivered over to the executioner with the remark, "Do thy duty." Brother M.

Ladvenu on examination said: "Directly Jeanne was abandoned by the Church, she was seized by the English soldiers, who were present in large numbers, without any sentence from the secular authority, although the Bailly of Rouen and the Counsels of the Secular Court were present." It was not the fault of the Bailly that this grave irregularity occurred, but the fact that he was allowed no time for the performance of his duty shows that brute force prevailed over law and order, that the military power represented there by about eight hundred English soldiers recognized no right but might in their eager haste to remove the cause of Bedford's frequent defeat and humiliation. That power made itself felt during the whole course of the trial of Jeanne, whose misfortune was to be judged by a court subject to its malign influence.

Her imprisonment at the outset in a lay prison in the Castle of Rouen while tried before an ecclesiastical Court for an offence or offences against the Church from whose prisons she was excluded against her wishes, can be explained only as a shameful compromise with the secular power. How many innocent persons have been condemned to avert the wrath of Caesar since the day the meek and lowly Nazarene was sacrificed for fear of the Roman power!

Brother M. Ladvenu, a Dominican, of the Convent of St. Jacques at Rouen, on one of his examinations, states that the Bishop of Beauvais, acting as judge, commanded Jeanne to be kept in the secular prison and in the hands of her enemies; and although he might easily have had her detained and guarded in an ecclesiastical prison, yet he allowed her from the beginning of the trial to the end to be tormented and cruelly treated in a secular prison. Moreover, at the first session or meeting the Bishop aforesaid, asked the opinion of all present as to whether it was more suitable to detain her in the secular ward, or in the prisons of the Church. It was decided as more correct that she be kept in ecclesiastical prisons rather than in the secular, but this the Bishop said he would not do for fear of displeasing the English."

The "Seventy Articles" composing "The Act of Accusation" were reduced to Twelve Articles, each of which singled out some alleged faults on Jeanne's part, apparently magnified into a grave offence against the Church, the offences named in one article being sometimes repeated in another, the whole being a series of statements torn from the contexts of the Process or examinations or answers in defence, except where some of these might be made to appear in their unexplained separation as unfavorable to her. The judges

in order to bolster up a condemnation, sent these twelve Articles to the University of Paris asking the opinion of its Professors upon them. This other body judged from this distorted presentation of the case, and without taking any evidence in the presence of the accused or her counsel, reported their decision against her, declaring her a heretic.

This proceeding was severely condemned by the Court which pronounced the sentence of the Maid's Rehabilitation. Paris was in the hands of the English at the time the University gave this extraordinary decision and therefore the probability is that subserviency to military power had its baneful influence in this case also.

A. J. MCGILLIVRAY.

---

### A Vision of the Holy Grail.

---

No knight was he of Arthur's court, to ride  
On errant quest, or parlous enterprise,  
To fight with giants, or lay lance in rest  
For love of his fair lady, or to win,  
His golden spurs upon a hard-fought field;  
And yet, methinks, in truth, I knew him well,  
He was the peer of Galahad, or his  
Bayard, renowned, *sans peur et sans reproche*,  
The paragon of perfect chivalry;  
So true a knight he was, our Lady's knight,  
So true a man he was, a man of God.

Yet dwelt he mid the busy haunts of men,  
Unknown to fame, nor caring for the praise  
That men bestow; but, day by day fulfilled  
The duty that befell, content to crave  
The morrow to his Lord; and, patiently,  
Took up his daily cross, as one who fain  
Would follow Christ, the King; and, day by day,  
Kneelt at His altar Whom he served, to feed,  
In reverent love, upon the Bread of Life,  
The Food of Souls: thus drew he near to Him  
To Whom his heart was given, and for whom  
Alone he lived, His servant and His friend—

Formed in the mould of Her of whom was born  
 The Perfect Man; and, day by day, transformed  
 Into His Image, till he should attain  
 The Measure of His Stature, and become  
 Like to the Son of God:—the Saints of Christ  
 Are many, and are known to Him alone  
 Who knowth all things, and is glorified  
 In all His servants.

Thus, through many a year  
 The servant lived, but now, his head was bent,  
 While with the snows of age, and, on his face,  
 Was written plainly, so that all might read,  
 That the dear Lord had need of him, to be  
 Forever with Himself.

It so befell,  
 That once, at early morning, as he bent  
 Before the lowly Altar, to receive  
 His Well-Beloved, and, once again, he made  
 His humble act of thanks, alone with God,  
 All on a sudden, lo! the church was filled  
 With glory brighter than the sun at noon;  
 Filled with a Presence, sweet, ineffable,  
 Surpassing word or thought; and then, behold!  
 A countless throng of angels, who adorned  
 The Blessed Host upon His altar-throne;  
 And all the air was thrilled with angel-songs  
 In praise of Love Divine, content to dwell  
 Amid the sons of men: then he, made bold,  
 By utter self-abasement, by the love  
 Wherewith his heart o'erflowed, upraised his eyes  
 And gazed in wonder;—as the angel-songs  
 Were hushed in silent awe; the ang. heads  
 Bent lower, yet, in reverence—for he saw—  
 Oh bliss unspeakable! The Gracious One,  
 His Well-Beloved. Lo! His Sacred Hands  
 Bore yet the nail-prints; on His kingly brow  
 Were still the scars the Crown of Thorns had made  
 In His Most Bitter Passion; yea His Feet  
 Were wounded too, and, underneath the robe  
 That wrapped His Form, burned, as with living fire,  
 The Heart the lance had pierced, but, on His Face,



Glory transcendant, glory all Divine,  
 Yet full of utter love, of tenderness  
 No tongue can tell.

In His right Hand He bare  
 The Chalice of His Blood, the Holy Grail,  
 His Cup of love, of sorrow, bitter-sweet,  
 Which once He drained for us, the which He gives  
 To us, to drink therein.

The servant knelt,  
 And looked upon his Lord,—for perfect love  
 Casteth out fear, and all his heart was filled  
 With the great peace of God, with joy Divine,  
 Yet full of sweetest sadness, for he knew  
 He was not worthy of his Lord, he saw,  
 In those blest Hands and Feet, the deathless wounds  
 His sins had made; yet could but kneel and gaze  
 Into the Master's Face, the Face he loved.  
 And, as he lowly knelt, The Gracious One  
 Lifted His nail-pierced Hand, and signed to him  
 To draw yet nearer; then, with reverent awe,  
 Close to the Sacred Feet, the Servant bent  
 Down to the very dust; yet, once again,  
 Lifted his eyes to that most Blessed Face  
 Because he loved it.

Then the Master spake,  
 And all the joy wherewith the servant's heart  
 Was filled to overflowing as he gazed  
 Upon the Face Divine, seemed bitterness  
 Compareth to that with which his being thrilled  
 Hearing the Master speak.

What said He then?

I might not know, the servant's lips were sealed  
 And kept, full well, the secrets of The King;  
 Yet told he how the Lord had deigned to drink,  
 Once more, from out that Cup, and how He pressed  
 The sacred chalice to His servant's lips  
 And bade him drink of it, with Him; and how  
 The draught was bitter passing words, yet sweet  
 Beyond our mortal speech: how, as he drank,  
 He ever looked upon the Face of Christ,  
 And learned therein, the secret of His love

That passeth knowledge :

Thus he shared with Him

His Cup of Passion, who had borne His Cross  
For many a weary year ; drank deep and drained  
The chalice to the dregs ; then stooped to kiss  
The Master's Feet, whereat, the Gracious One  
Laid His dear, wounded Hand upon his head  
To bless, to pardon.

Then the Vision passed,

The glory vanished, and the angel train  
Followed the Lord they serve: the light of day  
Again shone round him as he knelt and yet  
The joy, the peace unspeakable, remained,  
Never to pass away.

He rose to go

Forth to the daily task, as one who feels  
His days are numbered, for the Master's Cup,  
Divinely sweet, is still the cup of death,  
For Him, for us: those that shall drink therein  
Must die with Him; and so, the servant knew  
His Lord would call Him soon, and was as one  
Who draws toward his goal, at close of day,  
After a toilsome journey, or as one  
Whose task is nearly ended; who hath borne  
The burden and the heat, who gladly lays  
His sickle by, and hastens to his rest.

One day he sent for me, and I, who knew  
His work was finished, sought His lowly room,  
Bearing to Him the Bread of Life, to stay,  
To strengthen him, in that last, awful hour  
When flesh and spirit quail: confessed, annointed,  
Fed with the Food Divine, he prayed me wait  
A little while: "Not long," he said, "not long."  
Thereat I heard him whisper, "Mary, help!"  
"Sweet Jesu, mercy!" o'er and o'er again;  
"Mother of God have pity! Mary, help!"  
"My Jesu, mercy! Then, more faint and slow,  
"Jesu!" and "Mary!" as his eyes grew dim.  
Thereafter, silence, but the peace of God  
Was on his face, the peace of those who die  
In Mary's arms.

Yet, once again, he stirred,  
And strained his failing fingers round his beads  
As he would fain have told them, at the last,  
As in his daily life: then, suddenly,  
He seemed to waken, for his closing eyes  
Were opened wide and on his lips a smile  
As of a man who, after many years  
Of weary waiting, sees the friends he loves  
Better than all, so was the servants face  
Filled full of joy.

When, lo! the little room  
Was thronged with angels, though I saw them not,  
Yet seen of him; and all the air was thrilled  
With angel music, though I heard it not,  
Yet heard of him, and then, in utter awe,  
And conscious of my own unworthiness,  
I knelt beside the bed, for One was there  
Whose priest and I—I, whose frail, mortal hands  
Had lately held Him, veiled to sight and sense  
As he hath chosen:—yet I saw Him not,  
I was not meet to see those Hands and Feet,  
The Brow the thorns had scarred, the Blessed Face;  
Not meet to hear the loving words He said,  
The Lord, the Master, but the servant saw,  
As he had seen Him when He bade him drink  
From out His Holy Grail; the servant heard  
His voice, the Gracious One, for lo! his face  
Was as the face of one who talks with God  
As friend with friend, and knows not any fear,  
But only love:

And then his eyes grew dim,  
As blinded by the Vision; and, once more,  
He whispered, "Jesu! Mary!"

Then he slept:  
To whose pure soul oh! Master, Lord and Friend,  
Grant, in Thy mercy, endless light and peace!

## Practical Lumbering in New Ontario.

**A**S most of us know, the northern and more westerly parts of Ontario are densely covered with pine forests from which is manufactured some of our very finest lumber. In the fall of the year the lumber companies who have purchased these limits of pine send in gangs of men under the supervision of foremen, to wage a war against nature and destroy some of her most beautiful handiwork. And she does not concede without a protest as very often men are killed or maimed

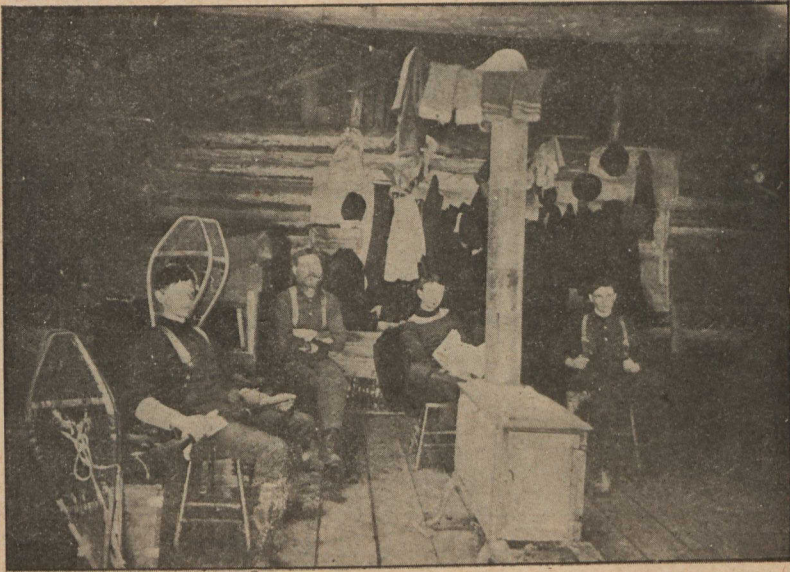


Storehouses and horses.

for life in this interesting though somewhat dangerous occupation. The lumberjack must always be on the lookout, while at his work, for falling trees.

When the men arrive at the scene of operations, the first thing to be done is to construct camps, and stables. These are built of logs, layed one on top of the other and dovetailed together at the ends, the chinks being filled in with moss and mortar. The roofs

are just ordinary, being made of lumber but covered with tar-paper instead of shingles. The camp consists generally of a cookery where the famous shanty beans are prepared and eaten, the sleep camp, two storehouses for supplies and rigging, two stables, the foreman's office, where the company "van" or store is kept, and a blacksmith shop in which is made most of the working outfit. The spot for the camp is generally chosen on an elevated piece of ground near some running water, and when the newness has worn away the place gradually takes on the air of a small village.



Inside of the Foreman's Camp.

While the men are engaged at the construction of the camp the foreman is busy looking over his season's cut. He starts into the bush and with the practised eye of the woodsman blazes out his roads, on which the pine must be hauled in the winter. All up-grade must be carefully avoided, as it would be impossible for the horses to pull the enormous loads anywhere but down hill or on the level. For this reason main roads are generally cut in the low places through swamps, and creek bed. It will therefore be seen that it is rather a difficult task to choose out the shortest and easiest places. The blazing of the roads is the most critical work a fore-

man has to do, because everything depends on his having first-class ways to get his logs to the dumping ground.

When the roads are blazed one gang of men, known as the "main road cutters," are sent in with axes to cut out all trees and brush. The trees must all be taken out by the roots, the branches trimmed off and piled up along the sides, while the trunks, if they be pine, are sawn up and hauled to the nearest skidway, if not good for lumber they are merely thrown to one side. The roads are cut about sixty feet wide. After the cutters follow the graders, who remove all hillocks and fill up or bridge over the holes left where the



Loaders at work building up a load of logs.

trees have been removed. Thus when the ground freezes and the snow begins to fly a tolerably good road is the result. The men who superintend the cutting and grading, commonly known as "buck-beavers," must be practical woodsmen of wide experience, for if there is anything in lumbering which requires great care in the construction it is the main roads.

While the operations mentioned in the preceding chapter have been going on, other gangs of men have been busy cutting and sawing up the pine on each side of the roads. All day you can hear the merry shouts of the men and the busy sound of the saw, coupled

with the loud "Timber" of the log-makers when a tree is about to fall, and the roar of the stately pine when it hits the earth.

When the trees are down and sawn into logs, the trail-cutter or swamper, trims them free of knots and branches, and cuts a trail into them so as the teamster can swing his horses up, hitch on, and haul them away to the skidway where they are piled.

These skidways are cleared spaces in off the main woods; two large trees are laid in the centre about six feet apart, and on these the logs are piled or decked. When the teamster draws up the log, one end of a small steel chain which has been hitched by a block



A completed load ready to be taken to the "dump."

pulley to the front of the skidway, is passed around the centre of the log and is fastened to the top of the pile by means of a swamp-hook. The team is then hitched to the other end of the chain and the log is drawn up on poles or skids to the top. There are generally two men called rollers, who look after this part of the work, one to see that the log goes up straight, the other to place it when it reaches the top of the skidway. These piles of logs vary in size, some having as many as fifteen hundred while others may only contain one hundred logs.

It is working on skidways that most accidents happen in the woods, as logs are handled pretty roughly there, and the least slip on the part of the men might easily mean serious injury. Then again the chain may slip its hold as it sometimes does, and anything it hits is generally no more use, or the big pile of logs may slip out in front and carry the man on top to destruction. As a rule only first-class men are allowed to use cant hooks.

When the swamps and marshes have been frozen over, and the snow is deep enough, the roads, which have been so carefully constructed, are prepared for the most important feature of the whole



A Skidway in course of erection.

work, namely the "sleigh-haul." It is at this stage that money is either made or lost in the lumber business. Logs must be hauled before the first thaws in the spring, for the roads being built in low places will not last, and logs left in the bush are practically a dead loss as insects and wood-peckers destroy them during the summer months.

To get the roads ready, snow ploughs are sent through them, to clear them out and make a good solid bottom. It is a well known fact, that when snow is disturbed it will freeze very solid. Then follow the water tanks in the wake of the ploughs and ice the roads



to a depth of two or three inches. The tanks are kept busy all the time, sometimes being out all night, so it is not very long until the roads are all a solid mass of ice.

When everything is ready along come the shanty boys once more and quite an imposing sight they make winding down the trail with their lighted torches, about half-past three in the morning; with the thermometer prowling around between thirty and forty degrees below zero. They break down the skidways they have so dexterously piled in the fall and load the logs on to the waiting sleighs which haul them away to the lakes, from whence they are driven with the spring freshet to the sawmills where they are sawn into our unequalled red and white pine lumber.

Many people will no doubt wonder, what these men, who are willing to brave the dangers and hardships of this rough life, do for amusement. They are generally too tired at night to do much, but tell a few stories, have a smoke and go to bed, and it may be said that no place else, will you hear such thrilling and interesting adventures, as the secluded life of the lumberjack makes him rather morose, and uncommunicative to the outside world. When Saturday night comes around they generally have a dance in the camp, two or three violins supplying the music. On Sunday card-playing seems to be the favorite form of amusement; a few of the men take their rifles and go off for a day's sport in the woods.

The lumberjack as a rule gets a very hard name, but it must be remembered that he is generally only seen, when after his long, toilsome winter, he comes out for a few days in the spring to have a time. And taking everything into consideration I hardly think we can blame him o'er much for having it. If everyone could only meet these men when they are at work, and live among them for awhile, I think it would be safe to say the prevailing opinion of them would be vastly changed, for a braver and more fearless set of men doesn't exist.

NIMROD.



## A Christmas Message.

---



HO I sit in darkness this Christmas Eve,  
I know that the world is fair ;  
And the musical chimes of the Christmas bells  
Will ring on the morning air.

And tho' I have neither gems nor gold  
As tokens to place before you,  
I will not repine, for love greater than mine  
Its gifts and its graces throws o'er you.

And I will arise and rejoice to-day  
In the world's glad loving and giving,  
And I will sing a song in my heart  
For the untold riches of living;

For the courage of Hope and the beauty of love,  
For the faith that faileth us never ;  
For the peace on earth and good will toward men,  
And the stars that shineth forever.

INNOM.

## Some Modern Playwrights, and their Work.



THE drama of the Restoration was frankly coarse, honestly and unblushingly dirty, wholly immoral. It showed a world where men did wrong, knowingly, and women, too; but men and women who called things by names unfit for ears polite—or prudish: yet never called evil good, or good evil, not lust “affinity.” They knew right and chose wrong—but “took their pandies without whining.” In brief “they play the game and lose, if ever they must, like gentlemen.” They would have scorned to cheat “old Nick,” himself.

The drama of the Decadence is quite o her. It shows a world where men “do evil and excuse it worse”; where women follow, or perhaps, set the example. If the XVII century—and XVIII, too—were coarse the XX is nice—“with nasty ideas.” Indeed, the prophets of this new law, “higher than that of duty” are discarding niceness till only nastiness remains, not honest, as in older times, but nasty *sans phrase*. “*Ca pue*”—forget the expression; I should prefer my mother tongue, but that it is fashionable to be refined. *Valeat quantum*.

Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen, are the high priests and prophets of this new gospel. They have many fervent followers, for, to bid men and women follow their concupiscence and it call their “affinity”; to trample duty, in fulfilment of “a higher law,” is, in good sooth, “glad tidings of great joy” to those who fain would “shake off the trammels of a superstition” which bids them abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.” The “new law” transforms all these into a “higher duty”; appeals to every baser, sexual instinct, bids us “eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” Even Omar’s philosophy were preferable to Shaw’s—because Omar, with his “jocund despair—to quote John Hay—like the Restoration dramatists, is, at least, honest.

The plays—or sermons—of these prophets, have made noise enough; so, for that matter, does a dung cart, in a crowded street. “And smells so? Pah!” They have “led captive” silly women—and sillier men—“laden with divers sirs,” who, by a mere repetition of

this devil's *credo*, have "become as gods,"—incapable of evil. "*Dir wird's gewiss vor demer gottseligkeit bange*"; they will find godhood of such sort, laden with responsibilities not to be evaded. "*Knowing good and evil.*" Unable, seemingly, to distinguish which is which; possibly, unwilling; yet, even if "as gods," only attaining, lawlessly and prematurely, to such knowledge as, to quote Thomas Brown once more—"death giveth to every fool *gratis*," at a cost not easy to estimate; rushing boldly in "where angels fear to tread." And, if these adepts of "the higher law" have no need of such, death, doubtless, will have other to reveal to them. Yet neither, one imagines, "*unto salvation.*" Still, "*though thou bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him.*" And it is the modern fool who proclaims, from stage and platform, that "*there is no God*"—but only *superman*, whose law of conduct is his own heart; whose prophets are Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen. From whose snares—*a laqueis diaboli, libera nos, Domine!*

BEATUS, O. S. B.

---

### Lines on a Skeleton.

---

This was the mightiest house that God e'er made,  
 This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.  
 These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair  
 As Solomon's palace of white ivory.  
 Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,  
 Shakespeare's wit from these lorn walls looked down.  
 Sadness like the autumn made it bare,  
 Passion like a tempest shook its base,  
 And joy filled all its halls with ecstacy.

This was the home wherein all dreams of earth  
 And air and ocean, all supreme delights,  
 Made mirth and madness: wisdom pored alone;  
 And power dominion held: and splendid hope:  
 And fancy like the delicate sunrise woke  
 To burgeoning thought and form and melody.

Beneath its dome the agony of the Jew,  
The pride of Caesar or the hate of Cain,  
The thought of Plato or the heart of Burns  
Once dwelt in some dim form of being's light.

Within these walls of wondrous structure, dread,  
A magic lute of elfin melody  
Made music immortal, such as never came  
From out those ancient halls of Orphean song.

Love dreamed of it, and like a joy it rose.  
Power shaped its firm foundations like the base  
Of mountain majesty: and o'er its towers  
Truth from fair windows made his light look down.

But came a weird and evil demon host,  
Besieged its walls, destroyed its marvellous front;  
Shuttered its casements, dismantled all its dream,  
And hurled it down from out its sunward height;  
And now it lies bereft of all its joy  
And pride and power and godlike majesty;  
The sport of elements and hideous mimes,  
That bench its corridors, desecrate its rooms,  
Where once dwelt love and beauty, joy and hope,  
Now tenantless: save for the incurious wind,  
And ghostlike rains that beat its bastions bare,  
And evil things that creep its chambers through.

But whither thence is fled that tenant rare,  
That weird indweller of this wasted house?  
Back from the petalled bloom withdraws the dew,  
The melody from the shell, the day from heaven,  
To build afar earth's resurrection morn.  
And so, Love trusts, in some diviner air  
The lord of this lorn mansion dwells in light  
Of vaster beauty, vaster scope and dream;  
Where weariness and gladness satiate not,  
Where power and splendid being know no ruin,  
And evil greeds and envyings work no wrong.

WILFRID CAMPBELL.

## Catholicity in Norway.

---

### A Deeply Religious People, the Norwegians are Well Disposed Towards the Church.

---

The action of the Parliament of Christiania, which severed the last bonds that united Sweden and Norway, has, says Abbe Felix Klein in the Catholic World, centered upon these two kingdoms the attention of the whole world. But nowhere has this action aroused greater interest than in the United States, because of the large number of immigrants it receives from the Scandinavian countries.\* \* \*

Norway is emphatically the most democratic nation in all Europe; Sweden is one of the most aristocratic. The nobility, abolished in Norway, still wields a great influence in Sweden, and the electoral franchise in the latter kingdom is conditional on an income of 1,000 crowns, or about \$300. This requirement excludes the larger part of the laboring class.

Norway, which entered the Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries, was violently torn from her in the sixteenth by the Lutheran kings, who ruled both it and Denmark. The people resisted long and desperately, but finally yielded to force. Exile and the fear of death extinguished little by little every spark of Catholicism, and from the beginning of the seventeenth until the middle of the nineteenth century Lutheranism enjoyed a complete triumph. It was not until July 16, 1845, that the Storting passed the first law favorable to dissenters. After its passage Lutheranism still remained the established religion, but those who did not believe in it had the right to leave the established church and publicly worship as their conscience dictated. This same liberty of religious worship was granted by Denmark in 1847, but not until 1860 by Sweden.

Norway, in 1869, counted 220 Catholics, with one Apostolic Prefect, twelve missionaries, and seven religious of St. Joseph. At this time there were but two missions in Norway, one at Christiania and one at Bergon, and three in Lapland; Tromso, Allengaard and Hammerfest. By the year 1895 other missions had been established in Fredrikstad, Fredrikshald and Trondhjem. At that time Norway had twenty-three priests, 875 lay Catholics, ten paro-

chial schools with 275 pupils, one higher school of Christian doctrine, five Catholic hospitals, and four communities of Sisters.

From the official statistics, published in December, 1904, we learn that at that date there were 2,150 Catholics (out of a total population of 2,250,000); twenty-two priests, three of whom are native born; twenty-one chapels and thirteen missions. Each mission has a Catholic grammar school. The Catholics have two high schools—one for boys, the other for girls; two orphan asylums, ten hospitals, a training school for nurses, two novitiates for religious, and a printing and publishing house which issues Catholic books, apologetical and devotional, as well as the *St. Olaf*, a Catholic weekly newspaper.

The fact that there are already three native priests and two novitiates for religious speaks hopefully for the future, and one may foresee the day when the Church in Norway, like the Church in the United States, will be self-supporting.

At present several charities assist her and sometimes travelers, or foreigners who have heard of her need, contribute generously. But the greatest and the most regular help that comes to her is the funds given by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This admirable society, which America has begun to understand and appreciate, gives yearly to the Church in Norway the sum of 28,500 francs (\$5,700); the lowest sum given since 1892 was 28,000 francs (\$5,600.)

The revenues of the mission are not absorbed by the churches alone, for the schools are a weighty burden of expense. Since the country enjoys absolute liberty in the matter of instruction, Catholics, with a keen sense of their duty, take advantage of the privilege to give their children a religious training. But, considering the paucity of their numbers, they must make great sacrifices to maintain a grammar school in every parish.

Public opinion throughout Norway, is very favorable to Catholics and all the relations of the latter with the civil authorities are most cordial. The churches and schools are exempt from taxation, and this fact, which may seem quite insignificant to American readers, seems to the French the height of liberality. Another evidence of the good disposition of the nation was evidenced on the death of Leo XIII. The members of the government officially sent their sympathy to Bishop Falize and officially also as a body assisted at the funeral services held at Christiania.

The Norwegians, a sincere and loyal people, if there be such on earth, certainly accept their false religion in perfect good faith. How could they have been enlightened as to the falsity of the Lutheran doctrines which they hold since for more than three centuries not a single priest entered their country? They had come to believe that Catholicism, according to one of Luther's prophecies, had disappeared entirely from the face of the earth. No greater astonishment could be imagined than that shown by some peasants of Hitterdal when they learned that Catholics still existed, that there were even some at Christiania, with several priests and a Bishop.

Catholicism, with all its blessings, will grow quickly in Norway when more missionaries and more money are available. What can twenty-five apostles accomplish in a country so extensive and so difficult to traverse? The number scarcely suffices to make the Church known in the principal cities. They cannot extend their labors to the remote, small towns, yet it is there that they might succeed best, since there a more fervent faith has been preserved. In the great centres of population, rationalism and indifference have already worked great harm; in the smaller communities, and especially in isolated farms, religion and good morals have preserved the greater portion of their force, and Catholicism would find there a fertile soil for its growth.

Ex.





## Passing Impressions.

---

### II.

It is scarcely correct, perhaps, to include amongst passing impressions the varied recollections which crowd upon me, as I write, of one who was an intimate family friend, quite familiar from my early childhood. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to jot down a few desultory notes concerning that Nestor of American literature who so long dominated Catholic circles in the United States. The forceful personality of Orestes A. Brownson is not to be easily forgotten, any more than his colossal figure, massive, leonine head, full gray beard and piercing dark eyes.

He made us more or less frequent visits of a fortnight or so at a time, and it was his delight on such occasions to gather the young people about him, turning away, perhaps, from a philosophical discussion on abstruse theological or ethical question, with some of the learned folk, who in those times met very constantly at our home. It was in a very real sense an education to hear Dr. Brownson discourse in his deep, organ-like tones upon topics of the day, his knowledge extending over an amazingly wide range of subjects.

I remember, for instance, while still in my teens, I conversed with him, or rather heard him converse, for an hour or more upon the poet Whittier, with whom he had an intimate personal acquaintance and whom he greatly admired. He regarded him as the most national and typical of American poets, quoting here and there from his poems in support of the contention. It was particularly interesting to hear him relate his experiences in the celebrated Brook Farm experiment, in which another distinguished convert to the Church, Rev. Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist community likewise, took part, with most of the leaders of New England thought of that distant epoch were engaged. The Doctor had lived on terms of everyday familiarity with Emerson and Thoreau, Alcott and Hawthorne, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" and the author of "Evangeline."

Though it was a favorite expression of the philosopher that "it was hard to make a saint out of a live Yankee," he was himself after

his conversion a sincere and practical Catholic, forever striving to bend his mighty and hitherto undisciplined intellect into submission to the teachings of the faith. He believed, indeed, with an entire and deep conviction which would be amazing to the flippant agnostics and so-called free-thinkers of to-day. He had literally groped his way into the Church, testing and rejecting with characteristic courage and honesty, a variety of systems finding intellectual certainty, as well as religious conviction at the feet of Peter. In *Catholicity* he found full satisfaction for heart and mind. Its universality and breadth delighted him. He disliked the word Catholicism, indignantly declaring that the faith had nothing to do with "isms."

Had he remained without the Fold, where after many wanderings he had found peace, it is quite possible that his fame would be trumpeted more widely, and that he would have been acclaimed as, perhaps, the greatest of American thinkers. Dr. Brownson was well content to sacrifice that more extended horoscope and to dwell in the comparative obscurity to which his change of faith had consigned him.

It is gratifying to learn that a bronze bust of this intellectual Hercules has been placed in Central Park, New York, as some recognition at least of his eminence amongst his countrymen. Dr. Brownson was intensely American, though the late D'Arcy McGee once observed that "Brownson was too big for America." He loved his country with a virile and sturdy patriotism, which commanded respect even from those who differed with him. He lived in the seclusion of a small Jersey town, whence he made occasional visits to his friends in New York. Elizabeth, with its shaded streets and gardens, with its grave and conservative aspect, seemed a fitting background for the sage. His household was a delightful one, presided over by the gentle and sympathetic wite, with her soft eyes of brown and pleasant face, and his brilliant daughter, Sarah, afterwards the wife of Judge Tenny, too early lost to literature, as well as to a wide circle of friends. This home, so redolent of culture, so attractive a place of pilgrimage for the Doctor's many admirers, was saddened by the early death of three sons, but notably the universally lamented Captain Brownson of the regular army, who distinguished upon General Hancock's staff and fell at the battle of Five Forks.

Nearly all of Dr. Brownson's sons were in the army, one of them still survives, though the Major Brownson of those days is better known now as the distinguished man of letters Henry L. Brownson, LL.D., resident in Detroit.

One of the philosopher's favorite recreations was a game of whist. He was an exceedingly scientific player and I remember in the family circle being called upon to fill a place at the card table, and endeavoring with much fear and trembling to play up to his standard. It was the only time upon which I was ever afraid of Dr. Brownson. Upon all other occasions, he was most approachable, most cordial and most friendly to us of the younger fry whom he never ceased to regard as children. Peace to his soul: He fought a brave battle for the American church and dealt mighty blows in her behalf. He has long been at rest, and to the present generation but a name. He has left monumental work behind him, and it is something to have known and to have had familiar association, with that man whom Lord Brougham described to Washington Irving as "the greatest of Americans."

A. T. S.



## Good Advice Badly Given.

---

The summer is over, the holidays past;  
Think not of days too joyous to last;  
    Get to your work.

Think not life is eternal light;  
After the brightest day comes night;  
    After life comes death.

Let not the honors unheeded glide;  
True is the saying—"Time and tide  
    Waits for no man."

Hard though it be for youth to think it,  
Break time's chain, and 'tis hard to link it,  
    Time waits not.

Likewise, take the tide at its height,  
Better your chance of sailing aright,  
    If you start in time.

Use well the early hours of life;  
Get on your armour for the strife  
    That awaits you.

Duty done will bring reward;  
Nobler than a leisured lord,  
    Is he who works aright.

You are beginning on Life's way;  
Keep to your duty, come what may;  
    The end crowns all.



## Book Review.

WHERE THE ROAD LED, AND OTHER STORIES. *Benziger Bros., New York.*

Where the Road Led, is a pretty little tale by Anna T. Sadlier who contributes three other stories to the book. The other writers are well known Catholic authors like Magdalen Rock, Maurice Francis Egan, Clara Mulholland, etc., whom we have all known and admired in their productions. Our book contains twenty-eight stories in all, adapted to please both young and old and to instil in the mind lessons of piety.

\*\*\*

WAYWARD WINIFRED, By Anna T. Sadlier. *Benziger Bros., New York.*

This latest production of a prolific pen is worthy of its predecessors. It is a weird fascinating tale of the Wicklow Hills and their association with the fortunes of the old Irish family of O'Byrne. The heroine who lives with her old nurse and two devoted servants in an old castle of the hills of Wicklow seems the very spirit of the place. She is the sole representative, apparently, of the "ould stock" and is held in a sort of awe by the country people because of the strange circumstances attending her birth and subsequent life. She is taught by the mad schoolmaster who turns out to be her father's eccentric uncle who had abandoned all, even his faith in his anxiety to revive the family's fortunes in the person first of his nephew, and, after his disappearance, of Winifred. The providential intervention of a kind American lady who takes Winifred to New York, is responsible for the return of the long-absent father, the reunion of all and the revival of the family.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE, Third Series. *Benziger Bros., New York.*

The Juvenile Round Table consists of a collection of beautiful short stories, written for young folks by popular Catholic authors. The third series which we have received, contains contributions from Mary T. Waggaman, A. T. Sadlier, David Seldon, Katherine Jenkins, S. M. O'Mally, Marion Ames Taggart and Mary Catherine Crowley. All of these writers are well known for the wholesome influence of their works on the minds of young Catholics. The book is nicely bound and illustrated. It should make a suitable 'Xmas gift for boys and girls.

\* \* \*

HENRY II, by Dom. Gasquet. *Burns & Oates, London.*

Those who have given up the study of mediaeval entanglements may be lured back by this latest production of the learned Benedictine. It has not all the charm of style of Dean Church on the same subject, but it has what, possibly the Anglican Divine, could never have had, without "Romanizing."

This great work shows painful research. The study of unbiased documents allows the author to make most impartial assertions, as to the real grievances in England in those haughty days of the early Plantagenets, considering the time-honored, bitter prejudice with which the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have until recently, been treated, it must be unspeakably gratifying for all honest scholars to meet such a writer as Dom Gasquet. Perhaps some Catholics have yet to learn that the rupture between England and the Holy See was not complete and justified by the actions of the Roman authorities whose representatives assumed an authority over English sovereigns and the civil domain which no title could allow. This would make the English Reformation accomplished long before Henry VIII.

The abbot does not attempt to prove that all the blame of those stormy times falls on the King of England. The great principle throughout the work is that the English of that time simply drew the line between matters civil and spiritual. The author draws a strong picture of the times showing the Pope's relations to the Crown, in the feudal sense of the period. That the Pope should have been called in all Christendom, the "over lord" helps one to understand the situation and when one recalls that this was not an empty title one wonders less at the frequent friction.

S. N.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

#### TERMS:

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

#### EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,	T. J. GORMLEY, '06,	C. J. JONES, '07,
G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,	T. J. SLOAN, '06,	A. T. POWER, '07,
T. J. TOBIN, '06,	M. T. O'NEILL, '07,	P. J. MARSHALL, '07,
G. P. BUSHEY, '06,	J. Z. McNEIL, '07,	J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers:—J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII. OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1905. No. III

## EDITORIAL.

### MERRY AND HAPPY.

Not a green Christmas but a real old-timer, white and frosty-- nevertheless a happy Christmas. May the fire grow the redder in the grates of the poor and the hearts of the generous throb the faster. That the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and six be laden with blessings for us all—so mote it be.

### DULCE DOMUM.

Home—the English claim theirs is the only language which has the word. The French retort that if they have not the word they have the thing itself. Amiable contention—for both can and do

sing in chorus "There's no place like it". 'Tis the Alma Mater of our first language lessons and our pedal training, 'tis the temple in which we learned to hush our prayers and to form our childlike concepts of God's fatherhood and mother Mary through object-lessons of the love of sainted parents. Ah, 'tis on Christmas eve, if ever, that the heart speaks

Backward, turn backward O Time in your flight  
Make me a child again just for to-night.

#### SISTERLY SPUNK.

Alberta and Saskatchewan have made their debut and we are no longer seven. They have at the very outset evinced a desire to speak for themselves, as the rural paper would say 'with no uncertain sound'. They have thereby shaken off the 'shackles' of a programme all the way from Toronto. Apart from other considerations it is better too that the new provinces start out under the sympathetic care of a federal executive similar in political stripe—better than to have them stepchildren in the happy family. Keewatin is next on the list of the sub-arctic dependencies.

---

### OBITUARY.

—o—  
OSCAR OLIVIER.

We regret that owing to a mistake we neglected last month to announce the death of Oscar Olivier, a student of our classical course before the eventful fire of 1903. He was but in poor health when he left Varsity for the last time and continued to decline until finally he succumbed to tuberculosis early this autumn. To his bereaved sister and a long absent brother, we offer the heartfelt condolence of his classmates and comrades, the students of O. U.—  
Requiescat in Pace.

REV. ALBERT GAGNON.

In the death of the Rev. Albert Gagnon on Dec. 9th the Ottawa diocese loses one of its most brilliant young priests and the Ottawa University one of its most distinguished alumni. The deceased



priest is the son of Mr. J. Gagnon of Ottawa. He was born in Buckingham, P. Q. He made his classical course at the University, where despite his delicate constitution, he won the Aberdeen medal for general proficiency and received in turn the degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy, Licentiate of Philosophy and Bachelor of Arts.

His theological studies were made in the Diocesan seminary here after which he was ordained in May, 1899. During the six years of his sacred ministry he served as curate at Valleyfield, St. Bridget's, Ottawa, and Buckingham, and as pastor at Cantley and West Huntley, at which place he was immediately before his death.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

In prime of life he passed away,  
But who can say, in that brief space,  
He hath not merited the grace,  
The earnings of a longer day.

True worth is not defined by time  
'Tis measured by our every deed.  
The flower surpasses far the weed,  
Tho living short it lives sublime.



## Athletics.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the hitherto unbeaten Toronto 'Varsity boys met the boys in Garnet and Grey on 'Varsity Oval. With the hope of the C. I. R. F. U. reversing its decision whereby our team would regain the coveted point, College supporters still saw a chance of the championship being landed in Ottawa, for in the event of our winning both games from Toronto we would be then tied with her for first place. However just the reverse happened and all fond anticipations were nipped in the bud when the blue and white were declared victors by a score of 19 to 5. This score appears large and while it may indicate the superiority of the victors, it certainly does not indicate the play. Toronto had a heavy team, just about half as heavy again as ours, and every one knew his place to perfection. What helped their team play more was the admirable manner with which they used signals. McGill and Queens had made attempts at this style of game but they counted for nothing. Toronto, however, proved quite efficient in them. On the other hand our boys played their best game. All during the afternoon there was not one poor play on either side. The kicking and catching of our backs was of the first quality, our quarter worked as he never did before while the scrumage and wings held their men and caused the Toronto men lots of trouble. In fact, for three-quarters of the time our men had the ball in Toronto territory but owing to the lack of weight they were unable to score. Toronto had the ball but little but when they did have it they could make good use of it by means of their combination, especially the "tandem play." The game was an ideal one from the spectator's standpoint but was marred considerably by the poor work of the officials. They may have had good intentions but they practically "let everything go on both sides" and the results from such a policy are not always the most gratifying.

The college team lined up as follows: Fullback, J. B. McDonald; Halves, Gleeson, Joron, Durocher; Quarter, Johnson; Scrummage, Brennan, Smith, Collin; Wings, A. S. McDonald, P. McHugh, Jones, Filiatreault, Costello and O'Neill.

## MORE ABOUT THE PROTEST.

In the last number of the REVIEW mention was made of a point which had been taken from College and given to McGill. It was characterized in rather bitter terms and, we believe, we were justified in so doing. However, things have taken an unexpected turn since that time, and more, the game remains ours and Referee Dalton's decision has been allowed to stand. We are greatly indebted to Queen's for bringing this matter up for reconsideration for, although it did not better our chances any, it shows that Queen's had our interest at heart and that they are sportsmen in the true sense of the word.

As for the other teams who were interested in the first decision, we apologize in part for what we have said. Still we are of the opinion that had we been in the championship race at the time of the second reading, we would have hardly been awarded the point. For the sake of consistency McGill stood by her old decision while all the other teams, and they were all represented, voted for the maintenance of the referee's decision. This clearly shows that the Intercollegiate Union had seen its mistake and resolved to right the wrong. We are glad that the whole matter has been settled to the satisfaction of all and we hope that the time will never come again when the Intercollegiate Union Executive will allow the like to occur.

The meeting above mentioned was the semi-annual of the C. I. R. F. U. Besides general business and the discussion of the protest nothing was done save to elect an executive for the coming year. It was as follows :—

President—Dr. Etherington, Queen's.

First Vice-President—A. W. MacPherson, Toronto.

Second Vice-President—C. J. Jones, Ottawa.

Secretary-Treasurer—A. H. Beckwith, McGill.

Immediately following the meeting the annual Banquet of the Intercollegiate Union was held in the Place Viger Hotel. Every club was represented and both McGill and Queen's Football Teams were there.

## TORONTO 20.—COLLEGE 11.

The journey to Toronto being long and tedious the College team left Ottawa on Friday, November 17th. Many graduates and

alumni as well as several members of the Toronto team met them at the station on their arrival. The game completed the Intercollegiate series. College were determined as on the previous Saturday to break if possible Toronto's sweep of victory, but if they did not succeed in defeating the champions, the score 20 to 11 shows that greater efforts than in Ottawa had been put forth. Toronto was without the aid of Southam, but McPherson another star halfback took his place. The College lineup was the same as on the previous Saturday. The game was very open and would have been spectacular had it not been for the muffings of the backs of both teams, Durocher wrenched his knee in the first half and was substituted by Bawlf who played the best game on the field. The *Toronto News* says of him, "When Durocher retired he uncovered a substitute by the name of Bawlf who showed the form of a thoroughbred in a half-breed race. He is built like a runner—thin, lanked and deep chested, but light. He has good legs, and when he got a chance boosted the ball like Hardisty. He is as quick as a flash. Once when Varsity's line broke through in a bunch on him he gyrated like a whirling dervish, finally getting the ball away from him in the midst of the melee as straight and as true as if he were kicking from practice." Gleeson who had been gaining ground for his team by long punting and runs around the ends, had to retire in the second half on account of a sprained ankle. College line was very strong and Varsity's famous tandem play seldom succeeded in gaining ground, the inside wings McHugh and McDonald being conspicuous in the breaking up of those plays. Filiatreault as usual did his share of the scoring by getting over the line for two touch-downs. Dr. Dalton was referee, and R. Britton of Kingston, umpire.

#### ALL HAIL! THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS.

For the first time since its formation, the Intercollegiate Union boasts of the Canadian championship and Toronto 'Varsity Football team holds the title. They won the honor from the famous Rough Riders at Rosedale grounds by a score of 11 to 0. The result was everywhere a surprise except to those who saw both teams play. It was a case of science against weight and science won. It plainly shows that the Intercollegiate Union has at last awakened from its

lethargy, and has realized what it can do. This is borne out by the fact that twelve of this year's champions played on 'Varsity last year and that team was then last on the list.

We congratulate Toronto 'Varsity on winning their well-deserved title which is augmented by the fact that they have not suffered a defeat. By winning the the Canadian championship Toronto has done more for College sport than they, perhaps, realized. They have shown that College ball is the superior, they have brought it to the front among Canadian unions, and they have started the Intercollegiate Union, on the high road to a magnificent and manifest future.

We therefore join with the College teams in congratulating Toronto 'Varsity, C.I.R.F.U. champions, and C.R.U. champions.

#### HOCKEY.

King Winter once more holds sway and the lines of sport have acceded to his demands. Football players have given way to puck-chasers and now it is all hockey.

A large rink has been built in front of the new Arts Building and skating is in order. Messrs Johnson, Smith and Durocher are rink managers, and the grand knights of the pick and shovel are doing good work.

Our Senior Hockey team has been admitted to the City League and promises to give a good account of itself. Mr. J. George, as manager, is already set to work and he feels confident that he has the material.

---

## Of Local Interest.

---

#### WEEKLY DEBATES.

On Sunday, November 5th, the question "Resolved, that Sunday games are not detrimental to Sabbath observance," was discussed by Messrs. J. G. McNeil and G. Byrnes for the affirmative, and Messrs. M. Doyle and T. Callaghan for the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

On the Sunday following, the question discussed was "Resolved that strikes are not justifiable." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs W. Veilleux and W. Grace, while Messrs. J. Marshall and

C. Bresnahan discussed the negative. The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

On the morning of Nov. 16 the members of the Debating Society assembled in the lecture hall to participate in a mock parliament in which Mr. James George fulfilled the office of Premier, while Mr. Veilleux led the Opposition. Mr. L. Leonard occupied the office of Speaker.

Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" is the title of a lecture delivered on Dec. 3rd by Mr. T. Marquis, B.A., a graduate of Queen's University. Mr. Marquis, who is at present editor of the *Ottawa Free Press*, takes a great interest in debating societies and especially the present Intercollegiate body. In connection with the lecture Mr. Marquis read many of the more prominent passages of the play, which added greatly to the interest of the entertainment. Subsequent to the lecture Mr. Sloan, seconded by Mr. Costello moved a vote of thanks, and a rousing V-A-R for the lecturer closed the entertainment. A few more such lectures will increase the popularity of the Society.

A new and much-needed feature has been added to the weekly debates. The Reverend Moderator recently proposed that at each debate a critic be appointed to point out all mistakes during the course of each discussion. The officers of the society have seen fit to adopt this suggestion and henceforth a fifth member will assist at each meeting.

At the regular meeting of the Scientific Society, the subject for discussion was "Patent Medicines." The lecturer of the evening Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M.A., pointed out the evil effects of such preparations, and referred to statistics illustrating the quantity of such concoctions consumed daily. A large audience attended, and a fine musical program added further interest to the lecture.

We have been favored by a visit from the provincial of the order the Rev. H. Tourangeau, O.M.I.

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Ottawa's representatives went down to defeat before the Queen's men in the second debate of the Inter-University series, on the evening of Tuesday, December 5th. Although beaten, they made a very creditable showing, and their opponents won on a narrow margin, as

was evidenced by the fact that it took the judges over half an hour to reach a decision. The debate was held in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, and was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

The subject was "Resolved that free trade within the British Empire, with a high tariff wall against all other nations, is desirable." For the affirmative Messrs. C. J. Jones, '07, and J. E. McNeill, '07, of Ottawa University, presented several interesting and convincing arguments in favor of inter-imperial and inter-colonial free trade, while for the negative, Messrs. R. C. Jackson, '06, and D. A. McArthur, '08, of Queen's, argued with force and fluency, against the adoption of such a policy.

Mr. G. H. Perley, M.P., in announcing the decision arrived at between himself and the other two judges, said that it had been no easy matter to decide between the teams, but after having considered the merits of the arguments adduced, and their style and delivery, they had awarded the decision to Queen's. Before making the announcement, Mr. Perley paid a high compliment to the young men who had taken part in the debate, and warmly commended the Inter-University Debating Leagues for the training it gives the students in the art of public speaking. The other two judges were Messrs. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways, and D. J. McDougall, M.P.P.

The University orchestra, under the leadership of Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, rendered several excellent selections before and after the debate.

Mr. W. P. Derham, '06, presided, and in a very pleasing address set forth the aims of the league in which Ottawa is associated with Queen's, McGill, and Toronto. He referred to the ever increasing warmth of feeling among the students of the different Universities, and in particular to the cordial relations that exist between Queen's and Ottawa, both in athletics and in debates.

The announcement of the judges, while received with some disappointment by the local students, did not prevent them showing their good feeling for the visitors by giving them a rousing "Hobble! Gobble!"

*The Army and Navy Journal* announces the promotion of Rev. Francis P. Joyce of the Fourteenth Cavalry from second to first lieutenant. Father Joyce is chaplain of the Fourteenth and has just arrived from the Philippines with his regiment at San Francisco, where it will remain for some time before being assigned to permanent quarters. It is thought the regiment will be stationed at Fort Meyer, Washington. Father Joyce is a son of Joseph Joyce of West Genesee street, and he entered the army last April, receiving his appointment from President Roosevelt in person, "who," Father Joyce said at the time, "gave me a lecture as good as any bishop could give me." He sailed for the Philippines on May 8. His promotion is unusual for so short a service, but it is said that he has done much good for the men and that his work has been highly commended by the commander of the regiment.—*Syracuse Sun*.

Thursday, November 30th, American Thanksgiving day, the Washington Club held its annual elections. Vice-president Johnson occupied the chair in the enforced absence of Mr. Torsney now at Dunwoodie Seminary. The secretary Mr. Bushey read the minutes of the last meeting and the names of the new members admitted to the Club. In a few well chosen words Mr. Johnson pointed out the wider scope and the greater advantages of the Club in view of the increased membership and the consequent importance of the elections. On the Saturday following an informal reception was given to the new members. As the cheroots were being chipped, Mr. Dillon's rendition of "My Own United States" produced a train of thought that brought back the days of yore. The reverie was broken by Mr. Goetz in a comic song and smiles had their innings. Other songs by Messrs. Deahy and Hatch, readings Messrs. Frank Smith, McCarthy and Burns, piano selections by Messrs. Bresnahan and Hatch, and a clog-dance by Mr. Gallagher kept up the happy strain. In the banquet hall the usual toasts were given and answered. The evening was fittingly closed with the chorus singing

Among those present were Rev. Thomas Murphy and Rev. A. H. Kunz, curates of St. Joseph's Church.

The officers for this year are:—President, Frank Johnson, '08; Vice-President, Michael Sweeney, '09; Secretary, Leo Rock, '09; Treasurer, Frank Dillon, '09; Moderator, Rev. J. H. Hammersley, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass.



## The Ingenious Undergrad.

---

### I.

—Kansas, Oct. 25, '05.

Dear Father,

Well, we're back at college again, away out in this forlorn western place. It had been all arranged that we were to go to Fordham, but Angel's mother has an innate dread of New York fire engines, and that together with the fact that young Mr. Swellit was laid up in bed with a sprained ankle (of course he blamed the accident on us) determined our parents to send us out to this gay town. But we don't mind it very much, we could have fun at a funeral.

I have found another guide here in the person of Father Malachy Kelly, the secretary of the college. He's a real pippin from Pippinsville. He never squeals, so we can tell him everything, and ask his advice. Just think! this week he constituted us a committee of discipline. You see it was this way:—

There's a big four flush coming to college here; he lives out in the 'burg, and every time I look at him I feel my lunch hooks itch. His name is too hard for the bunch to pronounce, at any rate, so they call him "Handsome". He's one of these sweet little pink and white boys; he'd put you in mind of a box of dainty Parisian lingerie just opened. You're almost scared to touch him with your finger for fear you'll soil him. As a dresser, he'd make a bowery sport, or a Saratoga "bookie" look like a faded daisy. Is he loud? Well! I reckon! He wears a suit of clothes that isn't quite large enough to show all the pattern; and his tie! Well, Angel says he can hear it twice before he can see it. His socks remind one of a headlight on the Big Four, and his shoes look like an advertisement for gelatine, or a bottle of Heinze's Pickles—"one of the 57 varieties," you know. His tile is set at an angle of forty-five, he's got an overcoat that looks like an ad for E. & D. corsets and he struts around like O'Keefe used to do when trying a coon cakewalk. He combs his tow like John Drew and wears a Chauncey Depew collar. If you can shove up anything from the Za Za quarter of New York, that gets a look at him, the chips are yours.

But to come to the story: This "actually alive" thinks the girls in the 'burg are all dead on him—so they are, (in a horn). When he doffs his tile and does the stage bow, they give the hot-house smile, but when he's out of hearing he gets the wooden laugh. Now, although I haven't been allowed out much since I've come here, still, I've had my lamps turned full flare on this guy's capers and my tongue was hanging out all last week for a chance to show the gazabe that he ought to be in the fool-gallery. The chance came last Monday evening.

We were in our room doing a little work for Tuesday; that is: Spider was trying to make a squirt gun, Angel was fixing a sign for "Carrot" Connolly's back, and I was trying to fix my banjo. About eight o'clock Father Kelley dropped into the room for a chat, and we knew from the twinkle of his left eye that there was something doing. "Look here, you fellows," he said, after we had seated him comfortably in the only easy chair in the room, "which of you dropped that cat over Byrnes' transom last night?" I pointed to Spider, who grinned and tried to look innocent. "Well, Spider," he said, "you will have to be careful, or the rector will have you down to his room one of these days. Spider's face did a corpse act as he said, "Say father, you didn't squeal, did you?" "I was tempted to, but I didn't, and I won't if you fellows can do a little piece of business for me without bungling," laughed the pater, (we call him "pater"). "Well," said Spider, breathing easier, "if you didn't squeal, I guess we're safe—for no one else would suspect us. But what's the business? I'm game, if Foxey says 'yes'".

"Well," said Father Kelley taking a long pull from his smoke piece, "I've heard that our young friend 'Handsome' has been acting rather mean with some of the kidlets in the small yard, and, besides, he has been giving the professors no end of annoyance by his foppishness. He has hardly done anything for which we can discipline him officially, but he needs a lesson, and I think you are just the people to give him one. I guess I can trust you to use your own methods, but remember, no infraction of the rules, and above all don't bungle it. I have little fear on that score however, for you incorrigibles haven't been caught yet."

I kept my thinkworks busying pretty hard that night, and on

Tuesday morning laid a few proposals between Angel and Spider which they allowed ought to pan out one hundred per cent.

I fixed it with Father Kelly, after breakfast so that the three of us were to get out on Tuesday evening until nine fifteen to distribute show cards for Saturday's match. That afternoon, I think "Handsome" received a little perfumed note [in Angel's delicate lady's handwriting] reading thusly:

Dear Mr. A,—

Can you meet me at seven thirty this evening on the corner of R— and C— streets? Pardon my boldness, I shall explain when we meet.

Your unknown friend,

BERYL.

After supper, Spider and I helped to dress Angel (I never thought he'd make such a sweet young lady.) Then we took his share of the show cards and disappeared, while Angel went to keep the engagement.

About eight forty-five, Father Flynn coming down R— street, (he had been purposely sent up by Father Kelly on a petty errand), espied "Handsome" and his fair Juliet on the corner of S— street. He immediately gave chase and "Handsome," unchivalrous coward that he was, (so Angel calls him), fled; but the fair Juliet had speed to burn, and easily kept pace with him. Near the corner of C— street was a large pond, (it had been raining the night before), and when they had reached this I am quite certain that I saw the young lady put out her dainty, little? foot and trip him; (we were hiding behind a house at the corner). Well, "Handsome" went into the air, and after going through a series of somersaults and contortions that would make an East Side tumbler look like a January thaw, he landed broadside, splash, into the pond. In about a minute, the air was full of trouble—and a whole lot of other things. "Handsome" sputtered, and spit, and used language that I'd hate to put on paper; while Spider and I, from behind the house, flummixed him with mud, as fast as we could move our pump-handles. Angel too ran behind, tucked up his skirts and helped us. Say! "Handsome" was a picture! What didn't hit him splashed the muddy water all around

him. We gave him the busiest three minutes of his life until Father Flynn hit the scene, and then we did a tin can start for the College as fast as our stilts could carry us. Ten minutes later, Angel's female duds were stowed in Father Kelly's room, and we were safely stowed in bed, and "Handsome"—well, I haven't heard yet, and I daren't ask. I'm too tired to write any more, so good-night.

Your old pupil,

FOXEV.

P.S.—I saw "Handsome" this morning; he looks as if he'd passed through a sausage machine. I'm sorry for spoiling that water.

F.

