



Mater Dolorosa.

A confraternity under the patronage of Our Lady of Sorrows has just been organized in Rome for the purpose of furthering the union of Christian Churches.

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HEART SPRING.



H ! would that the heart like a flower
Could blossom afresh every year,
That no deed of the past held its power,
The future no fear.

The crocus remembers no Fall
That sullied its purple and gold ;
The daffodil banners are tall
And proud as of old.

The primrose is innocent still,
Looking up with a baby surprise ;
No memory troubles her will,
And no sorrow her eyes.

Oh ! would that the heart had a spring,
All things to renew and restore ;
That the soul, as a song-bird, should sing
Her song as of yore.

INNOM.

Lady Gregory.

Lady Gregory was born in 1892. Her father was Dudley Persse of Roxborough, County Galway. Her husband, Sir William Gregory, was for many years member of Parliament for the same county and was afterwards appointed Governor of Ceylon. He died in 1892. Among the best known of Lady Gregory's works is her husband's "Autobiography." "Mr. Gregory's Letter Box" is of special interest to those who wish to know as much as possible about the stormy period of Castle Rule, when her husband's grandfather was a high official there.

Her re-telling of the Irish Sagas is her latest and best work. "Poets and Dreamers," "Gods and Fighting Men," and "Cuchulain," are works that alone would justify the world wide attention being given to this Irish Renaissance. The new Irish drama has been enriched by a play written by this gifted woman; "Twenty-five" is the name of this play. She has also translated into English most of the Irish plays of Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Lady Gregory has a beautiful face that helps to make one understand some of the exalted terms which Celtic poets use in speaking of Irish beauty. This type is of the higher intellectual order, yet speaks of sweet simplicity and keen sense of humour. It is a face that a sculptor might appreciate more intensely than a painter. One can easily associate a deep melodious voice with such a face, and, a free yet dignified manner.

In "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and "Gods and Fighting Men," by Lady Gregory, we have two precious additions to the wealth of Gaelic lore. These two good-sized volumes are prefaced by William Butler Yeats, and if one must decline to see everything as this interesting revivalist sees, one can and one should be glad to have the light of other days "turned on" by this expert.

It is not necessary to read these books *straight through* to realize how distinct is the Celtic spirit from the Gothic. One soon realizes that the Celt was inspired by "the mystery of great spaces and windy light," that the Goth saw his visions "under the pressure of darkness." To be sure, such reading compels an almost absolute surcease from the practical cares that infest the day. These stories settle the question of Tara's sovereignty; no wonder the mediaeval

chroniclers let many of these confused stories drop out of their records.

One of the strongest conclusions forced on the believing reader is that the Irish world is a very old world.

As to Finn, *the* ideal hero of the Gaels, "who was always in the woods, whose battles were but hours amid years of hunting, he delighted in the cackle of ducks from the Lake of the Three Narrows, the scolding talk of the black bird of Doire and Cairn; the bellowing of the ox from the valley of armies; the whistling of the eagle from the valley of victories; the grouse of the heather of Cruachan; the call of the otter of Pruim re Coir,"—he was not a wild man of the wild or black woods. Ireland had passed out of the stage of wildness by the time Finn enters upon his great exploits. It is easy to see how began the belief in all far-away times that hunting was royal sport, and that hunters were familiar with nature, in a supernatural way we would say, but it was quite natural to them to talk with gods. Those were the men and women who went on from childhood to old age with the undiminished imagination of childhood, living in daily expectation of wonders. Yeats thinks mankind, as a whole, had a dream once that like children they were playing at being great and wonderful people with great ambitions, which they will put away before they grow into ordinary men and women; that the dream was built up bit by bit by nobody and by everybody. The business of the old story-tellers is to make us remember what mankind would have been like, had not fear and the failing will and the laws of nature tripped up its heels. The Fianna are whatever we want them to be, and what extravagant thing will one not want after the spell of those enchanted woods has worked upon the heart and fancy? What may one not do, where may one not go and be amused if not happy, when one knows the "stags are as joyful as the leaves of a tree in the summer-time?" Joy, yes, that is the word, that is uttered from every leaf and blade, as well as in every sound of bird, or beast, or man. Is it Paradise, such as all the world believes in? Oh, but what a disturbing element comes in when the Christian truth prevails! No æsceticism in the days of Finn, but they are all visionary. The god Midhir sings to Queen Etain in one of the most beautiful of the stories: "the young never grow old; the fields and the flowers are as pleasant to be looking at

as the blackbird's eggs; warm streams of mead and wine flow through that country; there is no care, nor sorrow on any person; we see others but we ourselves are not seen. These gods are more beautiful than men, but men, when they are great are stronger than they, for men are, as it were, the foaming tide-line of the sea." Is it any wonder the people of those days believed the Druids made the world? Is it any wonder, Oisín in his protest to Saint Patrick, is so melancholy at the contrast of the grace of the day that was dead with the grace of the new day! The country people have remembered that he assured the saint he would "cry his fill because Finn and the Fianna are not living."

And who is going to talk the country people away from their belief in the wonders not yet quite withdrawn from Irish hills and lakes and woods? We are every now and then told there's a "slump in poetry," Well, perhaps Yeats is right when he says—"We do know that, unless those that have made many inventions are about to change the nature of the poetry, we may have to go where Homer went, if we are to sing a new song." Is it because all that is under the moon thirsts to escape out of its bounds, to lose itself in some unbounded tidal stream; that the songs of the folk are mournful; and that the story of Fianna, whenever the queens lament for their lovers remind us of songs that are still sung in country-places? In trying to get at the true Irish art, these books show how large a part one must make for the influence of the sunshine. For all the old writers stand for power of discipline in the sunshine, for the joy it brings into life, and what is more beautiful in our own latter day poets than their sun worship? Yeats says, and he will do for old and new, as to nature worship: "When one has drunk of the cold cup of the moon's intoxication, one thirsts for something beyond one's self, and the mind grows outward to a natural immensity; but if one has drunk from the hot cup of the sun, one's own fullness awakens, one desires little, for wherever one goes one's heart goes too; and if any ask what music is sweetest, one can but answer, as Finn answered: 'what happens' and yet the songs and stories that have come from either influence are a part, neither less than the other, of the pleasure that is the bride-bed of poetry." Why have a few countries always had a popular literature, a folk-lore not absolutely a "curiosity of literature to-day?" Why has Ireland, so near the

philosophizing neighbors, kept so much of her ancient lore? Yeats would lead us to believe that much of the poetry of her pagan days still lives among the people who have not become modernized, and who have never dreamed of America. Lady Gregory's delightful way of telling these old stories proves that there are still nurses who know how to charm the wee ones. She says she has found it more natural to tell them in the manner of the thatched houses, where she has heard so many of the wonderful deeds of Finn and O'Connell and Patrick, the ever-living ones, rather than in the manner of the slated houses, where she has not heard them; and this is precisely the charm of these tales now told in English, but thought in Irish. It does not require an effort to smell the peat burning, and when the smoke compels the falling of eyelids, why should not the wind in the chimney or at the loose door and panes give all sorts of tokens that these loved ones are indeed. "ever living?" Another reason Lady Gregory gives for telling these stories in the way of the believers is to answer back Dr. Atkinson, an Englishman of Trinity, Dublin, who, four years ago, pronounced Irish literature "low, something to be despised and absolutely devoid of idealism," though he found a positive pleasure in reading the same stories in Greek and Latin or French. Napoleon doesn't seem to have had any other purely poetic delight, and he had only Macpherson's humbug Ossian. Mr. Roosevelt has Cuchulain with him now in his wild-west vacation, and what time he is not putting his rough bullets into old Bruin's heart, he is renewing his faith with the valiant old Irish sportsman who swore that "by the oath of my people, I will make my doings be spoken of among the great doings of heroes in their strength!" Is it any wonder this poetico-politico hero of to-day has an open ear for the tales? Mr. Alfred Nutt says that were all Ossianic texts preserved in MSS. older than this century to be printed, they would fill some eight or ten thousand octavo pages. And we must not forget that for the last five hundred years this body of romance has formed the chief imaginative recreation of Gaeldom, Scotch and Irish, and reading and writing are not the condition upon which this treasure of curious lore has depended for survival.

The notes at the end of each of these volumes of Lady Gregory's are of great interest to the reader who wants to know all he can about these well preserved sagas, etc., and it is pleasant to find at

the back of the books, a guide to the pronunciation of all that concerns the Fianna and Oisín. These names of men and things make music to the ear, no matter how they may distress the eye. The scholars of new old Irish have a good task before them if we are to learn to say all this as it should be said. Lady Gregory has a claim on the very special thanks of those who know they can never go over to Ireland, no matter how ready they may be to believe in all that has told and is still telling, about the possibility of coaxing some of these wonders of eld out of the woods; she gives us in English, what Irish peasants who were all princes in their day, think in Irish.

It is hard to believe Saint Patrick was utterly untouched by the laments and arguments of Oisín; these constitute the last chapter in volume of "Gods and Fighting Men." The arguments are not syllogistic, nor in any sense Thomistic, but they are all worth reading from a poetic point of view, and they are hard to forget. Oisín deploring the loss of Finn, says: "If the brown leaves falling were gold, if the white waves were silver, Finn would have given away the whole of it," so reckless were these children of nature of the so-called treasures. Has not some of that heedlessness, as to practical things, something to do even yet with picturesque Ireland? No wonder Oisín found it hard to believe so generous a man as Finn, should be "bound in pain, in cold Hell." Oisín had no ear for church bells, nor for clerical chant; he preferred the song of the blackbird of Doire and Chairn. "The blackbird that lived in the beauty of the pleasant trees, if Patrick only knew that story he would forget his God for a while." The lament is sufficient proof that He who taught from the roadside and the hill tops, and based happiness on detachment and suffering, came as a Disturber, came to change the face of the earth.

Yet all the Sagas and the mythologies of the Greek and the Oriental serve to show that something went wrong in the beginning, and that since that wrong, mankind has been regaining Paradise. Even if in the days of Finn it seems hard to realize a lost Paradise, when "there were no one of the Fianna without his fine silken shirt and his soft coat, without bright armour, without shining stones on

N.B.—Mídhe is Me; Sídhé is Thee; and Rudraighe is Rory, and Cuchulain is Cu-hullin or Cu-hullin and so on.

his head ; two spears in his hand and a shield that brought victory." What has "Patrick of the true crozier," to show against those splendid hunts? When "the sun was beautiful overhead, and the voice of the hounds went east and west from hill to hill," when Finn and Brann let out three thousand hounds from their golden chains, and every hound of them brought down two deer ! One can almost sigh with Oisin, Son of Finn, last of the Fianna, who was expected to give all this up "to drag stones to build churches" and abbey schools, and later still, to build railways and canals and pave streets. Faith, and it is no wonder for Finn to be sorrowful for his strength to go from him to be as he said : "My whole body is tired to-night, my hands, my feet, and my head tired, tired, tired. I am a shaking tree, my leaves are gone from me, an empty nut, a horse without a bridle, a people without a dwelling place. I, Oisin, Son of Finn ! It is long last night was ; although this day is long, yesterday was longer again to me. Every day that comes to me is long"; and thus he wails while Saint Patrick argues in vain, to show him the reason why the old order changeth. No more enchanted cups. No more houses that rise up and go down in a night, but the blackbird sings yet, and the wells and the lakes and hills still give signs. Saint Patrick was too good to exorcise all the beauty of Ireland. See what Dr. Shahan says of the Saint's dealing with Irish paganism, he found the old Irish a generous people to whom selfishness was particularly odious, who gave the poets beakers of gold, and rare weapons. they were self-sacrificing ; they were glad to die for one another, affectionate. What is the dirge of Lycidas to the "Keening" of Cuchulain over the dead body of Ferdiah? When we shall know pagan Ireland and Christian Ireland through and through, perhaps we can then tell why there rings in the Irish voice a fine delicate, melancholy, Dr. Shahan calls it : "the note of reminiscence."

S. N.



The World's Great Poems v. Virgil.

“**C**OMPARISONS,” as Mrs. Malaprop would say, “are odorous.” Moreover, they are misleading, which is a much more serious charge to bring against them. It is a case of: “worse than a crime—a blunder.” Comparisons, therefore, between Homer and Virgil, as to their respective merits, that is, are to be avoided, though they have been made in the past, with all the cocksureness that distinguishes the literary critic, wherein, indeed, he surpasses even Lord Macaulay, of whom it was said—by one of his enemies: “I wish I were as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything.”

German critics, one may note, with that curious “contrariness” —otherwise “cussedness”—which distinguishes them, long ago pronounced *ex cathedra*, on the superiority of Homer over Virgil. And English critics, during the first half of last century, with that fondness for opinions, theological or other, “made in Germany,” which has characterized John Bull since “gospel light first dawned in Bullen’s eyes,” made profession of a similar faith, and anathematized all and sundry who should dare to differ from them.

However, *nous avons changé tout cela*. “Hans Wurst,” thanks to Kruger telegrams, and other similar trifles, is no longer beloved of John Bull, who has transferred his ponderous affections from his “Teutonic kinsmen”—less than kin—to his “natural enemies,” who are disposed to be more than kind. And, as a result, we no longer take our critical opinions, ready made, from Germany. Even in matters theological, there are signs that the pace “is too good to last.”

The reaction, however, so far as Virgil is concerned, set in many years ago. A writer, in volume xxiv of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published in 1888, having stated that “Virgil, in ancient times, enjoyed unquestioned supremacy among Roman poets,” passes on to shew how “the German mind has always been more in sympathy with the art and genius of Greece than of Rome or Italy.” He proceeds: “In the present day the effect of this reaction,” against German influence, that is, “shews itself only in a juster estimate of Virgil’s relative position among the poets of the world.” Comparisons, in fact, are ruled out. Each has his own place, his own

glory ; there can, surely, be no rivalry between them. The rivalry, the jealousy, is only between injudicious partizans, more bent on proving their own orthodoxy than on converting those who differ.

And yet, granting all this, there is a sense, a domain, in which comparisons may justly be made. The writer already quoted, Professor Sellar, at a subsequent point in his article, admits as much. "Virgil's free and yet idealizing interpretation of the imperial idea of Rome," he writes " is the basis of the monumental greatness of the *Æneid* as a representative poem." That is, we must recognize clearly, Virgil's purpose, Virgil's dominant idea, and the limitations which inevitably result therefrom. It is a "nationalist" poem, rather than a "humanist" one, if the terms be admissible. "The inferiority of the poem to the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*," Professor Sellar continues, "as a direct representation of human life is so unquestionable, that we are in greater danger of underrating than of overrating the real, though secondary interest which the poem possesses as an imitative epic of human action, manners, and character."

"Imitative epic." Those two words are "significant of much," to quote the Sage of Chelsea. Whom did Virgil imitate, whom should he imitate but Homer? The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were, so far as we know, the only epics wherewith he could possibly be familiar. Homer, so far as Virgil was concerned was first in the field ; though Homer, one cannot doubt, followed some yet earlier model. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun." So said the Wise Man, deliberately, and, apart from inspiration, it is literally true. The epic deals with man : his passions, sufferings, actions : with humanity. Not the greatest of all poets can create, he can only reform and use anew the indestructible material—human nature.

Virgil, then, dealt, not with mankind in general, but with mankind as fashioned, modified, transformed, it may be, by the genius of Rome ; a genius whether republican or imperial, pagan or Christian, the like of which the world has never seen nor shall see paralleled, except in Judaism. Virgil's epic is national, as truly as the Books of Kings, or Maccabees, are Hebrew. So that we return whence we set out : There cannot be comparison between him and Homer. And this because Roman human nature differs, with a difference almost past our comprehension from the Greek, or Asiatic—Oriental,

practically,—with which Homer deals. It is like instituting a comparison between Dante and Milton; between the fervent mediæval Catholic, and the equally fervent seventeenth century Socinian; between Francis of Assisi and John Wesley.

In Virgil, moreover,—and this is more to our present purpose—we find a clearer, nobler, more perfect utterance of that soul language which forms the chief interest of these papers than, perhaps, in any other “heathen”; certainly than in Homer. Newman, who, more than any other of his age, and speech, had learned that universal tongue “by heart,” speaks—as Professor Sellar quotes of Virgil’s “single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance as the voice of Nature, herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every age.” The allusion, here, though Professor Sellar does not make it, is so evidently to St. Paul’s words as to make quotation almost supererogatory. Almost, not quite, seeing that such scriptural allusions are, alas! becoming, daily, more obscure, less easily, less quickly recognized. This, then, what Newman had in mind; and in form familiar to him “like a peal of village bells, heard long ago,” as he has said. “For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for . . . the redemption of our body.” [Rom. viii, 22, 23.]

“The great epic of Virgil,” says Professor Minto, in dealing with the *Æneid* of Augustus, “the national epic of the Roman people, glorifies the Divine Providence which founded Rome in the beginning. . . . The divinity which protects Rome is the Lord of heaven and earth and all that is therein. There is no God or Lord like unto Him. Blessed are the Romans who have this Lord for their God.” Virgil, in other words, was one of those of whom St. Paul speaks as seeking after God “if haply they might find Him.” (Acts xvii, 27); of whom St. Peter, in his sermon to Cornelius, says that “in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him. (Acts x, 35). Briefly, a Saint of Paganism, one of those “souls in prison” to whom the Lord of Life, after His crucifixion went and preached. (I. Peter iii, 19.) Small wonder that Dante chose him for his guide in that strange journey to the under world.

A word, in conclusion, as to translations of Virgil, an easier task, in every way, than to turn Homer's Greek into our modern speech, seeing that Rome has left on us—Rome pagan and Rome Catholic—as on all other European nations, so deep an impress that, consciously or unconsciously, we are guided, in many known and unknown ways, by her genius; consciously or unconsciously, our speech, our thoughts are one with hers. Nay, are hers, not ours. Two such translations stand pre-eminent, Dryden's and that of Scottish Douglas. One, we might say, Dryden's, since he, surely, in his age and nation, stands where Virgil did in his. A lesser age, a lesser genius, but a race, if one may say it, only lesser in so far as as the Roman impress—Catholic or pagan—has become defaced by time. Yet, to our love of Virgil we owe much, and to Dryden no small debt. Could we but read our past as Virgil read the history of Rome, in the conscious recognition of God's over-ruling, ever-guiding Providence, that "the Most High," as Daniel said, "ruleth in the kingdom of men", that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people";—we, "upon whom the ends of earth are come," may yet escape the fate of ancient Rome, of all "the nations that forget God."

That, one fancies, is the lesson Virgil has to teach; one difficult perhaps, to learn, by way of classwork and translation, but needing to be learned, for all that, He looked for "the Desired of all Nations," *tu Marcellus eris*; for us, He has come, and we know Him. He has work for our British Empire, just as surely as He had, of old, for the Romans. They did it unwillingly, and were cast aside, as useless: how shall we perform the task that has fallen to our share?

F. W. G.

Aubrey De Vere's Milcho.

IT may be asked on what grounds Aubrey De Vere can claim a foremost place among the distinguished writers of his time ; wherein lies the source of his influence and power. We deem it largely due to the fact that his natural talents found un-failing sources of inspiration and sublime models in that Church which gathers within its fold what is purest and loveliest in our human nature. De Vere achieves real success when he flings round his themes the halo of Catholicity. The same may be said of Shakespeare, for nowadays it is well established that the Bard of Avon was immediately under the influence of a Catholic environment, that he was well grounded in the dogmas and practice of our holy religion. To substantiate our claims with respect to De Vere an analysis of the character of his best creation, Milcho, will serve. In thus venturing to show the influence of a Catholic spirit on the intellectual achievement of the poet we feel that we enter on a field where not a few reapers have already put forth their sickles. Yet, as Macaulay once remarked, "the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf."

Milcho represents pride and avarice, the well-nigh universal vices of this materialistic age of ours. "Pride is," according to St. Thomas, "aversion to God from unwillingness to be subject to His rule. When the soul is separated from the Supreme Good thus, its disordered affection is perversely concentrated on the things of earth, things which, corruptible and frail, can never satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. Hence a sustained craving or cupidity engendering avarice. The heart becomes exceedingly hardened and fruits of toil and care are hoarded to take the place of God in the heart. Such a proud and an avaricious man is Milcho. There he stands like Macbeth, a haggard shadow against the hand breath of pale sky which yields but sufficient light to see him. He moves in an atmosphere of gloom under a black, dreary cloud, and all things about him seem grey and cold. While in the majority of writers we generally find that even the vilest characters are portrayed so as to attract sympathy, and at times to win esteem by the very wretchedness of

their depravity, not so with DeVere's Milcho,—Milcho is radically perverse.

“ Good will ! Milcho's good will !
 Neither to others or himself good will
 Hath Milcho ! Fireless sits he winter through
 The logs beside his hearth : and as on them
 Glimmers the rime, so glimmers on his face
 The smile. Convert him ! Better thrice to hang him,
 Baptise him ! He will film your font with ice,
 The cold of Milcho's heart has winter nipt
 That glen he dwells in ! From the sea it slopes
 Unfinished, savage, like some nightmare dream
 Raked by an endless east-wind of its own,
 On wolf's milk was he suckled, not on woman's.
 To Milcho speed ! Of Milcho claim belief !
 Milcho will shrivel his small eyes and say,
 He scorned to trust himself his father's son,
 But clutched by stress of brain. Old Milcho's God
 Is gold.”

He hoards up gold, and in doing so does homage to himself whose stress of brain has gathered it. And in that obsession of selfish pride are atrophied all the finer fibres of human nature : light is expelled from his intellect and good from his will. In his darkened judgment he deems every one like himself, judging them by selfish standards. Patrick for him is “ a deft sand prober,” “ a knave who has heard of gold in river beds.” Again :

“ What better laughter than when thief from thief
 Pilfers the pilfered goods ? Our Druid thief
 Two thousand years hath milked and shorn this land
 Now comes the thief outlandish that with him,
 Would share milk-pail and fleece.”

In his hardness of heart, he becomes suspicious of the kindest advances, and envy, jealousy, fear and hatred in turn dominate him. As the Psalmist puts it : “ The sound of dread is always in his ears, and where there is no peace he always expecteth thereon.” In Patrick's efforts he sees :

“ A plot from first to last,
 The fraudulent bondage, flight and late return.”

His ferocity and inhospitality are manifest in these lines ·

“ Shall I in mine old age
By word become the vassal of my slave ?
Shall I not rather drive him from my door
With wolf-hounds and a curse ? As thus he stood
He marked the gifts and bade men bear them in,
And homeward signed the messengers unfed.”

With consummate skill the author portrays the end of his career in which indeed the lesson of the story is conveyed. The same arrogance that cast away the friendship of God, makes him adhorred by his fellow-men in each of whom

“ The best and sweetest
Near him had ever pined like stunted growth,
Dwarfed by some glacier nigh.”

Milcho's pride brings its own punishment. God did not forget, and in his loneliness the voice of conscience speaks, as he stands before the desolate sea, far ebbcd, and sad with sunset all but gone.

“ That hour, stirred from the abyss, the sins of all his life,
Around him rose like night—not one but all—
That earlist sin that like a dagger pierced
His mother's heart, that worst when summer's drouth
Parched the brown vales and infants thirsting died,
While from full pails he gorged his swine with milk
And flung the rest away.”

Milcho refuses the grace of God and thenceforth the demon prompts. And with brooding on one thought begins in his brain whose strength was still his boast, a flaw. The demon proposes that he burn his belongings to thwart the greed of Patrick, for the reason that appeals to his hatred.

“ Frustrate thus shall he
Stare but on stones, his destined vassal scaped.”

Milcho flings the lighted brand in the heap of his possessions, but when the treasure of his life is a mass of flame, the tempter mocks :

“ Thy game is now played out,
Henceforth a by-ward art thou—rich in youth,
Self-beggared in old age.”

The *dénouement* of the Nemesis action follows: Milcho the miser is now a pauper. Milcho the proud of life becomes a suicide.

“ With a wild beast’s cry
He dashed himself into that terrible flame
And perished as a leaf.”

In the development of the catastrophe the author makes it perfectly clear that Milcho having “bound his own eyes with a bandage of wilful blindness and all his powers with the iron fetters of his own deliberate will fully verified in his conduct his own words

“ Deceived are those who will to be deceived.”

And well could Patrick from the depth of his sorrow laden heart exclaim

“ The deed is done ; the man I would have saved,
Is dead because he willed to disbelieve.”

The reprobation of Milcho is the clothing in poetic diction of the old theological truth of the retribution that attends the misuse of the gift of liberty. An adequate appreciation of the beauty and strength of treatment is to be gained only by a perusal of the poem.

P. J. P. '04.

Consistency.

“Consistency thou art a jewel.” Truly: *procul, et de ultimis finibus pretium ejus*; like “the sweet uses of adversity,” since “few by sickness”—or other trouble, one supposes,—“grow better,” as holy Thomas à Kempis says. Possibly, too often, it is a case of:

“ When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be ;
But when the devil grew well,
The devil a monk was he.”

Cucullus non facit monachum, which brings us back, if you will see it so, to consistency.

‘ For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently ’;

Or, for that matter, any other of

“ The thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to.”

The physician, in fact, is loth to heal himself. Perhaps he distrusts his drugs—or himself. Nor does the engineer enjoy being “hoist with his own petard,” whereto the practising of his own precepts by the philosopher bears, often, close resemblance.

On the other hand, the philosopher might retort by quoting :

“ Who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or dull the eager edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?”

Principles, in a word, are one thing ; practice “ *bien autre chose.*”

There is, of course, consistency and consistency. That, for instance, of Lowell's “ *General C.*” of whom it is said that :

“ Consistency still was a part of his plan,—
He's bin true to *one* party, an' thet is himself.”

A wise man truly, “ wiser than the children of light,” akin, surely, to that unjust steward whom his lord commended as a “ drefle smart nan.” But it is hardly a jewel, unless it be, like adversity, a jewel in a toad's snout. There is another and more appropriate animal alluded to by Solomon : “ *Circulus aureus in naribus suis,*” where “ *suis*” is *not* ablative plural. (1 rov. xi, 22.)

Again there is that “ foolish consistency ” which Emerson justly calls “ the hobgoblin of little minds,” and adds that it is “ adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.”¹ That, one fancies, is the consistency of the snail who takes the muddy cart-rut for the king's highway ; of the parochial patriot who thinks

“ the rustic cackle of *his* burg
The murmur of the world.”

This, also, is hardly a jewel ; not even a misplaced one. It is more dangerous than a little knowledge.

PHILOSOPHER.

¹ Essay on History, Q. V.

OUR PLATE.



The Wallace Challenge Cup '83.

The Dunville Trophy '04.

Bryson-Carling Trophy '03.

Dominion Championship Cup '89

Presented by the City of Ottawa.

The Quebec Rugby Union Trophy '95.

May and Mary.

Once more, once more sweet May brings Mary's throne,
Whereat with happy hearts we offer praise and prayer ;
Winter with cruel hand had touched our lives with frost—
Silence ! 'twas but a breath of earth ; May is of heaven.
What grief, what gloom can hide 'neath May's sweet smile,
Mother of all our race, the living and the dead :
Who sleep are safe with thee, and we who live, rejoice.

The first bright buds are thine,
Emblems of Hope divine,
Fearless in trust and Faith,
Triumphant over death ;


They bloom by turbid floods,
They shine in dusky woods,
With soft voice whispering :
" Arise, sad hearts, and sing !

Cast off the winding sheet
Of earth's despair, unmeet
For Christians, heirs of Him
Who from the caverns dim

Of death, and the grave's prison,
In joy and glory risen,
Opens wide the gates of bliss
To a new Paradise.

Nor death, nor parting there
Clouds the translucent air ;
Nor tears, or sighs dismay,—
All there are passed away."

E. C. M. F.



Religious Topics.

The First Bishop of Kingston.



THE Canadian episcopate have had many remarkable men amongst their number and their history offers one of the most remarkable pages in the annals of the Dominion. Not the least eminent is the Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, first bishop of Regiopolis or Kingston.

He was born on the borders of Loch Ness, Scotland and began a career, which was marked by many vicissitudes, when he was sent to the Scotch colleges of Paris and Valladolid. While at the former seminary, he became a witness of many of those tragic scenes, of horror and carnage, which marked the French Revolution. At one time, he was seized, and with several companions forced towards a liberty pole, to poim in the Carmagnole and wear a liberty cap. He escaped by feigning lameness.

From Paris he proceeded to Spain and at the famous college in the ancient city of Valladolid was ordained to the priesthood. He returned to his native Highlands, and labored strenuously amongst his fellow countrymen, who were suffering much for their Catholic profession. When numbers of them were ejected from their humble farms, the energetic young priest, accompanied them to Glasgow and, despite the odium which still rested upon every Catholic priest since the virulent outbreak of fanaticism resulting in the Gordon Riots, he championed their rights and obtained for them employment from the Glasgow manufacturers.

There was an urgent call to arms throughout Great Britain at that time. The horrors of the French Revolution were still fresh in men's minds, and though they had, after all, surpassed but little the sufferings which the British Catholics had had to endure, during the long martyrdown of the penal times, they occasioned an almost superstitious terror in England. The rumored invasion of the French was on every tongue.

Father MacDonald foreseeing a grave peril which might menace

the faith of his Highlanders, should they be separated and drafted in Protestant regiments, and animated, moreover, by a truly patriotic spirit, organized his men into a splendid corps, known as the Glengarry Fencibles and himself acted as their chaplain. It is worthy of note, that this was the first Catholic regiment since the Reformation. When the war scares had subsided, the regiment was disbanded and the zealous priest obtained as a reward for his services, a grant of land in Upper Canada. He resolved to transport there his sturdy flock, that in that land of promise beyond the Western wave, they might find, at last, the peace and prosperity denied to them in their own. He founded therefore, that settlement, which has since become so familiar to Canadians as Glengarry. And ever since its foundation in 1804, a century ago, it has remained staunch and true to that faith "once delivered to the saints". The name of Glengarry is almost synonymous with Catholicity. It is a spot of peculiar interest, too little known, indeed, circled round with a mass of legendary lore, of primitive customs, the hardy, simple life of its dwellers, beautified by that Catholic spirit in its full simplicity and piety, which they have preserved intact, in the heart of a hostile province.

For twenty-five years, their founder and true apostle, labored amongst them. But his zeal did not end there. He discovered that in the whole of the region, which is now the Province of Ontario, there were but two priests, and one of these a Frenchman, knowing scarcely any English. He also became aware that there were a large number of Catholics, many of them Irish, scattered throughout that vast tract of country, between the borders of Quebec and the shores of Lake Superior.

He took upon himself, the charge of this scattered flock and by almost herculean labors, extended to them his ministry. No obstacles deterred him. He braved the fierce storms of winter, the polar cold, the barren ice-fields; while the spring floods and the summer heat were equally indifferent. He cared little for roads or bridges, a bark canoe, to be carried at the portage, a forest path, however trackless, served to speed him on his way. Administering sacraments, saying Mass, consoling the dying, instructing the ignorant, exhorting the erring, so sped those fruitful years.

He followed the shantyman, the voyageur, the pioneers, in their adventurous course and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in hitherto

inaccessible spots. In all those wilds, his name was held in benediction. Nor did he neglect his own people. He built a church and school for them, he secured their civil rights by legal tenure and acted, as he had always done, as their father, their law-giver, their best and truest friend. The hearts of his people turned to him, with all the faith and lealty of their truly noble race.

At that time, here was but one Catholic bishop in British North America, Mgr Plessis of the diocese of Quebec. He appointed Father MacDonald as his vicar general and finally as Vicar Apostolic or coadjutor for the whole of Upper Canada. Many difficulties were put in the way of this appointment by the English Government, but the sturdy Highlander was not to be daunted by obstacles of that nature. He crossed the seas, an arduous undertaking in those days, more than once, and held conferences with the colonial office in the interests of his charge and particularly after his appointment to the See of Kingston. This, again, was bitterly opposed, but nevertheless, the new prelate once inducted into that office, continued to discharge its onerous duties, with his characteristic energy and efficiency till his death.

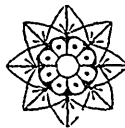
His first care was to multiply as far as possible, the number of priests. On one of his visits to Great Britain, he brought thence, Father Peter MacDonald, who became not only his vicar-general, but veritabily his second self. With his aid, he founded St. Raphael's Seminary for the education of priests, which he knew to be one of the most vital needs of his diocese and of the country. He next laid the foundations, in the 11th June, 1838, of the college of Regiopolis, for ordinary students, for education was specially dear to this enlightened pastor, as, indeed, it ever has been to the Catholic clergy and episcopate. The bishop promoted it by every means in his power. He made it a practice, moreover, to disseminate amongst his flocks, such books as would be a sure safeguard against ignorance.

When the troubles of 1837 disturbed the peace of the country, Bishop MacDonald stood staunch and firm on the side of the government, restraining his people from taking any part in the struggle. Not that he did not recognize the existence of grievances, and loudly proclaimed this belief. But it was his firm conviction, that the righting of any wrong could be obtained by constitutional agitation and without having recourse to bloodshed.

During Bishop MacDonald's chief pastoral, religion progressed marvellously, in all those regions, where scarcely its seed had seen sowed. On the occasion of Mgr Piessis' first pastoral visit, there were colonies of Catholics at Glengarry, Sandwich and Kingston—a handful of Scotch and Irish Catholics with but two churches, St. Peter on the Thames and Malden which lay on the very verge of civilization, and as has been seen, but two priests. Two other French priests had even then, proceeded to the North West to lay the foundation of the future Catholicity of that extensive region. In the course of that quarter century, churches and schools had sprung up, priests were multiplied and corner-stone had been laid of the splendid Cathedral of Kingston.

The noble Highland bishop, lingered on amongst his devoted children, to celebrate the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Shortly after he was called to the eternal jubilee, bringing with him the garnered sheaves of a richly fruitful life. But with the people amongst whom he labored, his name shall be "in praise forever, throughout the generations."

A. T. S.



The Reviewer's Corner.

Book Review.

HURRELL FROUDE, by Louise Imogene Guiney. *Methuen & Co., London, Eng.*

We cannot have too many books on that very interesting group of men who, with William George Ward and John Henry Newman as leaders, created such a sensation at Oxford as shook Anglicanism from its foundations and left it a bewildered, divided system. This latest addition to the literature of the Oxford Movement is a compilation, cleverly and lovingly made; the author has long since proved her right of way among the *élite* of letters.

No one who has given the Tractarian Movement studious attention will wonder at Hurrell compelling a biography, though he died very soon after the agitation began (1836) and did not, like Newman, who loved him so, see his way out of the Anglican into the "Roman Church." This work is largely autobiographical, though none the less interesting on that account. The Newman Correspondence, edited by the Mozleys, shows how close were the heart as well as soul ties that held these men together. Newman speaks most lovingly of "dear Froude" in his letters to Keble and others. They all looked upon his early death as a real loss to the cause of a "reformed church." He, like Newman, was very sincere in his endeavors to lead the church he loved back to "the Catholic *ethos* lost in the sixteenth century." All these agitators claim our closest attention, so earnest and honest were they in their attempt to prove the Church of England a living branch, never really cut off. Hurrell Froude and Keble puzzle us as to their going the full length of the consequence of *Tract go*. Froude died, Keble held back. It is pleasant to think Froude would have trusted the "Kindly Light" that led Newman and so many others out of the "encircling gloom." He would have found his dream of a "new *Ecclesia Anglicana*" come true in the venerable and unalterable *Mater Ecclesia*, that gave peace to the other seekers, who were set free once they could con-

scientifically say, "After all, Rome is right." The story of this life makes fascinating reading; one yields easily to the charm of the subject, and one is wistfully regretful his race should have been so short, especially after one has heard Newman acknowledge his debt to him: "He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in my heart the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence."

Not the least interesting part of this book is the second half, which is largely made up of estimates of Hurrell Froude. Those who speak represent widely different standards of appreciation of the "Romanizing tendency of the Oxford Movement." His brother, Anthony, is surely wide apart. Some of the others who speak of this early lost one are: Wiseman, Newman, the Mozleys, Hutton, Church and Keble.

Miss Guiney should continue this Oxford course and tell us about the movers who, till now, have been merely mentioned in connection with the great venture.

S. N.

"JULIA," by Katherine Tynan-Hinkson. *Longmans & Co.*

Within the shores of the Emerald Isle has been laid the plot of almost countless tales of love or war, or both combined, and whenever the author has drawn on the real life of its natives for material and placed it before us in a pleasing manner, we have been either charmed, amused, grieved or indignant by turns, or have felt a strange mixture of all such feelings. Charmed indeed we often are, especially when the author portrays faithfully the true-hearted, sympathetic Irish, amid their own surroundings be they never so humble.

But in Catherine Tynan's new novel "Julia," we find a rather unusual style of purely Irish novel. Accustomed as we have been to having the Irish tenantry portrayed as wretched, poverty-stricken, uneducated and often very superstitious, either through lack of education or the author's mistaken idea that the prevailing form of religion fosters that element in their nature, we turn, upon closing this book, with a more cheerful mind, and a sense of having watched from a comfortable corner, a very human, well-staged little drama

which had for its setting a charming rural nook in that most interesting of all sea-girt lands.

Although one sees at the beginning just where the hero and heroine must surely arrive in the end, yet there are so many interesting minor characters, in themselves just as interesting as the principals in the drama, that one's attention never flags until the last page is rather unexpectedly reached, and the last line read, which leaves us wondering, among things, what became of Joe Quinlan—did he reform, and become a great man among his fellows, or did he take to drink to drown his grief when his love affair went awry? It also shows us a very desirable phase of English character in Jim Dacre, who figures quite prominently through the story.

The writer has a happy knack of passing over all the unpleasant features of the Irish rural life, giving us only what is best and most acceptable to our way of thinking in this free land. If her characters are sometimes a little too perfect to be entirely true to life, and if there has been less of a display of the wit and the temper which is supposed to belong to true Irishmen, we can forgive the omissions, for we have before us an ideal book for the brain-weary. Instructive it is, if we are to believe that tenants are always in as comfortable surroundings and as enlightened as were the O'Kavanagh's of the Keep. Let us hope the day is not far distant when the Irish rural class will all enjoy the same sort of ideal life that they are portrayed as having, and that the undesirable elements of the Irish life will be as carefully and successfully eliminated as they are in Catherine Tynan's novel "Julia."

J. McM.

Among the Magazines.

The May number of *Truth*, (Nazareth, N.C.) has a leader of special significance in these times of wearisome misunderstanding as to the relation of church and state. The Rev. Lucian Johnston under the heading: "Church Unity and the Papacy," throws some strong 'white light' on some of the blurred pages of modern history. The aim of this paper is to show how desirous the church has always been to make all possible concessions to obtain unity—while at the same time, showing how hopeless is the endeavour to wrench from

Rome the sacrifice of any *fundamental* principle, and how "the Papacy must be our basis for any negotiations looking towards unity." The writer makes a strong plea for the careful study of church history, on the part of all honest peace-makers. Then he makes a closer review of the period known as that of the Great Western schism, showing how Philip IV of France, in the 14th century led in the breaking up of Christendom as realized in the 16th. The latter part of this study is devoted to the Church and State in America. Father Johnston says: "The doctrine has been pushed so far beyond the intention of its author that it is being extended even into the domain of religion. Why, for instance, is the reproach of *foreigners* so constantly flung at us, but because we recognize the spiritual supremacy of an Italian?" The tendency on the part of all the old governments to nationalize the church is the main cause of a broken Christendom, and this writer says some fearlessly strong things as to the claim of the United States to be called a Christian state. Though he declares that the name of Christianity is everywhere, "It permeates our legislature almost unconsciously; our social relations are determined by it, it is the very air we breathe, and, though the name of Christ be never mentioned, even prohibited; nevertheless would this nation still be Christian to its heart of hearts." It is not fair to that timely study to cut it up—it should be reproduced in full. So terse is the argument, so strongly does the personality of the writer impress it; he seems anxious lest his criticism of nationalism be interpreted in a hostile sense, he declares nothing is farther from his intentions, his object being "to show that nationalism, though good in its proper sphere, has no place in spiritual matters; that when it does attempt to enter it is a cause of schism"; he contrasts the Papacy with nationalism merely to show that when nationalism, by over-stepping its proper limits, became a foe to the unity of the church, it naturally became a foe of the Papacy, which is the concrete expression of that unity.

S. N.

The *Canadian Month* for May presents a splendid review of the situation in Ireland, by W. F. P. Stockley. In a series of erudite paragraphs he portrays the vast meaning of the movement that is taking such an astonishing hold on masses and classes, the move-

ment of the Gaelic league. "Scarce a week passes, but a book is out in Gaelic There are more books published now in Ireland in a year than some time since in thirty years."

The Gaelic League's official notice of its *raison d'être* is :—

"The Irish language is the most distinctive mark of our nationality and the most effective means of generating and maintaining true Catholic sentiment. It is a powerful lever in the present industrial revival. The study of the language produces a thoroughly Irish feeling which influences the action of Gaelic leaguers even in ordinary matters of business. Leaguers will support none but Irish manufacture. Hence the language bears effectively on practical affairs, and is an important national asset from the material stand point. The Gaelic League is developing in the Irish people a spirit of initiative and self-reliance. It is concentrating their thoughts and energies on their own country and native interests. It encourages a feeling of self-respect and thereby help the cause of Temperance. By awakening in the people a sense of duty to their country and endeavouring to create employment for them at home and encouraging the revival of native pastimes and amusements, it is helpful to stop emigration."

Speaking of the days in which 'seoin' influence was in the ascendant, the writer says: "No wonder that in the Great Northern Railway time-table, the only three *Irish* pictures for this people are (1) The Battle of the Boyne obelisk ; (2) Nelson's Pillar, Dublin ; (3) The Prince Albert Memorial, Belfast. Think of what is really Irish in all that district of St. Patrick's See and of St. Lawrence O'Tuathal's — remains of the period of Christian Ireland before the Normans, and then the Normans' cathedrals and abbeys and castles ; not to speak of Drogheda's wonder caves in the dim past ; of Tara not far off the line listening to harpers or to O'Connell ; or of the white memorials in the streets of the capital, to O'Connell himself, to Grattan, to Burke. "Why should young Irish people think Cashel was remarkable for one of the Edwards, King of England, being crowned there."

The "come down" of the Postal authorities in the question of delivery of Gaelic-directed letters, marks the growing power of a movement that looks to American sympathizers for the help of their influence and public opinion. President Roosevelt's speech to the 'Friendly Sons' in New York, this year, left no doubts as to his views on the movement.



Exchanges.

The *Niagara Rainbow* from Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., comes to us only four times a year, but it is perhaps the best of our quarterly exchanges. Its advent, although so seldom, is always awaited with pleasure. The April number of the *Rainbow* contains a large amount of well-written and very readable matter, among which "Island Reveries," a series of commentaries on various subjects, deserve special notice for its clever composition and valuable comments on questions of present day interest. The number is interspersed with several full-page illustrations on religious topics that are very attractive and of real aesthetic value.

A constant, and at the same time most welcome, visitor to our sanctum is our friend *The Bee*, from St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; and in the uniform standard of excellence which it maintains throughout the year it is no less constant than in the regularity of its arrival. Although it never strives to much pretension as to originality of composition, yet there is always much interesting reading to be found in *The Bee*.

In the *Manitoba College Journal* there has been appearing monthly a series of studies on "John Henry Newman." We are always glad to see an article which deals with anything pertaining to the life or character of this illustrious man, and we are doubly pleased with the series of articles in question, for on the whole we found them eminently fair. A perusal of these studies would give a person a fairly general idea of the progressions by which the great Cardinal was led to join the Catholic Church. We find it hard however, to understand how a man who has apparently made such a study of the life of Newman as this writer in our Manitoba exchange could have arrived at such conclusions as he draws in his final instalment in the March number. Certainly any person who, after a study of Newman's life, and especially of his work, the *Apologia*, makes charges the writer of that book with insincerity leaves himself seriously open to the same indictment.

From far-off California we monthly receive the *Collegian*, the organ of the students of St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal. The April number contains among other things, an able and well-composed essay on "Modern Thought," an interesting story entitled "The Incidents of a Day," and some fairly good verse. The editorials of the *Collegian* we have always found well-written and on timely subjects

The *Catholic Union and Times* has the following on "Irish Politeness":

"The French have always been considered nationally and individually as the patterns of courtesy, and, within certain bounds, they have fairly won that enviable pre-eminence. Nevertheless, we believe that the Irish are the equals if not the superiors of their Gallic cousins, in the charming characteristic of politeness. Courtesy may be defined as the sparkle in the wine, the delightful effervescence of sound and generous spirit. This in a very high degree is found in the national make up of the French. They are brave, gentle, tender, considerate, chivalrous—in a word, all that goes to constitute a courteous and graceful personality; but in each and everyone of these points they are not a whit more pronounced than are their kin beyond the channel. In one respect, however, the Irish have a distinct advantage over the French. The politeness of the former is spontaneous, impulsive, unstudied and unselfish, while in the case of the latter, there is always the self-consciousness of a graceful action gracefully performed.

What can be more beautiful, on the other hand, than the exquisite bloom and freshness of Irish courtesy and compliment? Of that race it may be truly said that its worthy representatives from the highest to the humblest individuals never wantonly have injured a human being or hurt the feelings of one of God's creatures. To be sure, there are brutes and boors in every nationality; but taking the Irish all in all, they are uniformly a kind-hearted, gentle people, whose first impulse is to be happy themselves and make others likewise. Quick to resent insult or redress wrong, they can fight like lions for their honor or their rights, but their very sensitiveness they display in defence of their own feelings, renders them thoughtful and careful of the feelings of their fellows.

The truest politeness springs from a kindly disposition, and in this possession the Irish are the superiors of the world. Out of a gentle heart naught but gentleness can naturally come, and this explains the native tact, grace and beauty which distinguishes the compliments and repartee even amongst the poorest and humblest of Ireland's children. In the case of those who have had the advantages of success, culture and fortune, the perfect flower of Irish character is almost invariably seen—so much so indeed that as the proverb goes, "An Irish gentleman is the finest gentleman in the world."

University of Ottawa Review.

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ORA PRO NOBIS.

Many a student who read of the sad catastrophe at St. Genevieve must have seen in it what might have been with us, had our fire started *at any other time*. Our disaster, as we remember well, happened during the Octave of the principal feast of the Blessed Virgin, and we were praying to her. At the installation of the statue in the new building, the President's allusion to the protection of Mary needed no commentary!

BRAIN FAG.

It would appear that to develop "brawn and grey matter, especially the latter," is the mission of the up-to-date college. With all due deference to the convention that this number is to be distinctly athletic, we desire to accentuate the 'especially' in the

above. But be wary! Over exertion in the development of grey matter, commonly known as 'plugging' is liable to produce a reaction of tired feeling just as physical overtraining engenders fatigue and exhaustion. Steady boys, start the review early and anticipate the rush. Do not rely on cramming for there *is* such a thing as brain fag.

WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD.

"Let me make the songs of an University, and I care not who makes its laws," spake the sanctum poet quite sententiously as is his wont. "Rather let us collect the songs we have," rejoined the more practical sporting editor. "And let us make a silver collection to defray the expense of publishing them in book form," added the intensely practical managing editor. And so it came to pass that it was unanimously voted that the battle hymns of belligerent ages past be without delay crystallized in print 'lest we forget.'

THE GROWING TIME.

An evidence of the rapid strides Canada is making towards a full consciousness of its own importance is the growth of a distinctly Canadian magazine literature. We have looked long enough to the States for our mental pabulum and literary recreation. The *Canadian Magazine* and *Canada First* are bidding for the patronage hitherto given to foreign monthlies that burden our bookstalls. *Out-door Canada*, is a new-fledged venture along the lines of *Outing*, the well known sportsman's *vade mecum*, destined to succeed, we think, just because Canada is the very best sporting country in the world, fitted by nature to be the recreation ground of a continent.

PASTURES NEW.

To the University of Ottawa Athletic Association the REVIEW tenders its sincere congratulations on their decision to enter the Inter-Collegiate Ruby Union, and for divers reasons. Not the least benefit accruing from the change is the forging of a new link to bind together, even as our Debating Unions or scholarly competitions

competitions cannot do, the principal academic institutions of our common patrimony. The teams of the future shall be all the more representative and the regular practices more thoroughly and enthusiastically an undergraduate function. We are admittedly handicapped by the exclusion of skilled graduates who have been so loyal, pitted as we are against organizations that recruit from multiple faculties and post graduate courses. But the die is cast. *Noblesse oblige*, and we are out for the cup. We shall be slow to forget the strenuous days of 'town and gown.' Is there not such a thing as a free-for-all Dominion championship?

EVANGEL OF PEACE.

The final reconciliation of Chile and Argentina is due to the direct intervention of the Church and the kindly offices of Edward the peacemaker. A colossal statue of Christ made of bronze from molten cannon has been erected on the frontier, high amid the peaks of the Andes, to the eternal peace. At the base of the monument is inscribed: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace, which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain." Steps have since been taken towards the settlement of outstanding disputes between Brazil, Bolivia and Chile, and everything points to a day of solidarity in the great, Catholic, southern continent—a day, when the epigram of Wendell Philipps: "that South American republics fall to pieces before you can daguerrotype the crumbling fragments," will no longer have the semblance of a truism.

"OVERHEARD."

Anent the editorials in the *Toronto News*, comparing the Separate School question in England with that in Canada, the dialogue below goes to show that the Nonconformists have not created a scare any more than our Toronto Orangemen.

(*From the Catholic Times of Liverpool.*)

First British Working Man: Sye, Bill, Dr. Clifford won't loike this ere job (building a Catholic School).

Second British Working Man: Not loikely.

First W. : Seems to me the R'm'n Caathlics don't tike the Doctor werry serious. 'Ere is Feyther Kirey a-buildin' a big new school same as 'e never ceerd tell o' the bloomin' Doctor.

Second W. : Dr. Clifford, 'e gases sumfing friful. But 'e haint tiken serous by 'ardly nobody. They was a talkin' 'bout 'im hin the Bull and Magpie las' night. Me an' Patsey Maher was there. You knows Patsey. 'E is a great Rad'cal an' 'Ome Ruler is Patsey. 'E an' Pete Smith 'ad the 'ell o' a hargymnt bout Dr. Clifford an' wot they calls passive sistance an' nominational schools. "Hi sye," says Patsey, says 'e, "it haint natural to bring the kids hup without no reeligious lessons. Hi ham surprised," says 'e, "that hany meenister o' reeligion would go in fur the loike." "Old 'ard," says Pete Smith, "old 'ard ; you are travellin' from the point," says 'e. "Hi ain't no passive sister," says 'e. "But Hi sye as the 'ome is the plice for reeligious 'teachin'." "The 'ome?" says Patsey. "An' who 'ud give the teachin' in the 'ome?" says 'e. "'Tain't the feyther, tired out hafter 'is d'ys work. An' supposin' she 'ad the knowledge 'erself, wich she never 'as, could the poor muvver, wiv hall 'er washin' an' cookin' and sewin' an' scrubbin', 'ave the time an' the will to give reeligious teachin'? Unnatural is wot Hi calls it," says Patsey. "But there's the Sunday school," Pete. "Trew," says Patsey ; "but the Sunday school hain't honly once a week. Wot's the good o' once a week hinstruction? No Christian man will 'old," says 'e, "that reeligion should be made so light hof hin heducatin' the young. Hand Hengland is a Christian country." "Well," says Pete, "Hi shouldn't mind the Bible bein' taught." sez 'e, "but I hobject to nominational teachin'. Hall the trouble comes frough this nominational teachin'." "Hi beg to differ," says Patsey. "Nominational teachin' is the one thing to put han henc' to hall troue. B'lieve me, till nominational heducation his hagreed on," sez he, "there is bound to be trouble. There hain't no raal reason," sez 'e, "wy nominational teachin' should not be hagreed hupon. Dr. Clifford makes a great mistike," says 'e, "hif 'e finks 'is game will settle the question while Hengland is a Christian country or hafter."

An' they went on hargying terrible till closin'-up time. An' they hended has they begun, Patsey for nominational schools and Pete agin 'm. Hi ham no scholar, but hit do seem unnatural not to give the kids proper reeligious teachin' hin the schools, specially has hit can be done wivout hinterferin' with A B C and the hother hordinary teachin'. Hanyhow, the Caatholics be very serious 'bout the matter, han' heighty Hirish members o' Parlment han' 'undreds o' Henglish members 'olds wiv nominational heducation. Han' the muvvers o' the country 'olds wiv hit. So Feyther Kirey can run hup 'is buildin' wivout fear o' consequences from Dr. Clifford for hany hother doctor.



CHAMPIONS OF CANADA
 -1904-

Athletics.

The Role of Ottawa College

In Making Ottawa the Sporting Capital of Canada.



OTTAWA has now the honor of being called the Sporting Capital of Canada, and that title our city really deserves, for no other city in the Dominion can show such a record of championships or such a list of brilliant athletes. This reputation was not won without an intelligent effort, or without many a struggle on the field ; in fact, tracing the history of sport in Ottawa from its beginning to the present day, we find the records of Titanic struggles hitherto unparalleled. Carried away by the glories of victories gained and championships won year after year with unflinching regularity, the followers of sport in Ottawa are often prone to forget the past ; what has gone before possesses no charms when compared to the struggles of which they are the eye-witnesses. But has not the question sometimes obtruded itself : How did this present excellence evolve and perfect itself ? It is my intention, therefore, in this article to show *how* Ottawa has become the city of championships, and *how* our teams have at all times figured prominently in giving her that name.

With this object in view I must carry my readers back to the days when Ottawa was but a small town, when our University was but a small college, and when the O.U.A.A. had not yet sprung into existence.

As early as the years 1880-81 we find the students of what was then the College of Bytown, gathering around the garnet and grey standard and organizing a foot-ball team. The idea of organization was immediately grasped and soon took a tangible form. The first football team, with E. F. O'Sullivan as manager and captain, was forthwith gathered together and therein was formed the nucleus of that splendid organization of the present time, known throughout the length and breadth of the country as the Ottawa College Football Club. During 1881 and '82 the football team contented itself with winning the City championship. As time went on and strength in-

creased, the ambition of the boys soared to more exalted heights than the worsting of a local team, and their eyes were directed towards Britannia and Montreal. These also met defeat in 1893 and 1884.

Up to this time no athletic association existed. It soon became evident that the Football team could not exist of itself, so the students gathered together and as a result the Ottawa College Athletic Association sprang into life and being. It may be interesting to note that this was the first organization of its kind to exist in any Canadian college.

The first to whom the honor of President of the O.C.A. fell was Mr. Chas. Murphy, then a student at college.

As yet the Football team was not in any union or league, so the first act of the newly organized association was to apply for admission to the Ontario Rugby Union. The application was favorably considered, and the fall of 1885 saw College preparing for the struggle. Team after team met defeat, until College and Ottawa played off for the championship of Ontario. At the call of time the College men walked of the field victorious, thus winning the first football championship ever held by an Ottawa team. To give my readers an idea of the feelings that then existed at Varsity, I will quote an extract from the "Owl" at that time:—

"Stoics murmured against our demonstrations of joy, for they knew not that occasions such as this was, make up the history of our miniature world. Six games played, 100 points to 16 in our favor."

Here started the most glorious stage in the history of the Football team. Space will not allow me to go into a minute description of the different events that characterized that remarkable period. Suffice it to say that, beginning with the first game of the fall of 1885 and ending with the last game of the season of 1889, the College team never met defeat. During these five successive years over thirty games were played, none of which were lost and the aggregate score of which amounted to some four hundred and thirty points to sixty. Be it always remembered that during this time the College team was essentially a student aggregation.

In 1887, College, by defeating Montreal, then champions of Quebec, by a score of 10 to 5, brought for the first time the Dominion

championship to Ottawa. To show how the citizens of Ottawa appreciated the work of the College team, here is a telegram sent to Montreal by a number of sportsmen on that memorable occasion :

“Congratulations ! We are proud of our football team, proud of their deeds and daring.”

The year 1889 saw College again Dominion champions. Thus we see that up to this time the College Football team set the pace for every team in Canada, and practically laid the foundation of Ottawa's claim as a Football city.

But the glories of College were not destined to end here. However, College team had monopolized the championships, and this was not palatable for the Ontario Union executive, who so readjusted the management to rid themselves of an invincible factor. It did not take them long to find a means. College had played Queen's University in Ottawa and beaten them 11 to 9. It appears that according to rules governing the game at that time two points of a lead was not sufficient to win. The Union, therefore, ordered the game to be played over in Brockville. Here College again defeated Queen's by the same score, scoring 11 points in the last five minutes. When College returned home they found another order awaiting them to play Toronto 'Varsity in Kingston. The executive of the O.C.A.A. thought this unfair treatment and refused to obey. As a consequence they retired from the Union, unbeaten champions. While the dispute was going on the following appeared in a local paper :

“The students stand unequalled on the football campus of Canada to-day, and it would be well for the Union to act upon the suggestion of the Toronto *Globe*, and allow the College to keep the cup (emblematic of the O.R.U. championship) permanently, for we have no doubt that, so long as they feel disposed to keep it, no team in Ontario, and in fact in the Dominion, can wrest it from them.”

It was on the occasion of College withdrawal from the O.R.U. that the citizens of Ottawa presented the College team with a beautiful trophy as an appreciation for the honor they had done the city in the battle fought out on the gridiron. This beautiful trophy still holds the place of honor among the many souvenirs which decorate the College hall of fame.

Resuming our narrative, in 1890, we find our team with no more worlds to conquer and deprived of union standing. She did not want

for games, however, for five were arranged during the seasons, all of which the boys in garnet and grey won, running up an aggregate score of 75 to their opponents 37. In the following year, 1891, the team still remained homeless, so to speak, and had to content itself with winning three out of four exhibition games. It might be well to remark that in 1891, College fell a victim to Ottawas for the first time since its organization.

In 1892 College became reconciled to the Ontario Union and re-entered its fold, and after winning two games against Ottawas, tried conclusions with the other component teams. But, for the first time in its career, it failed to land the championship.

Going on to 1893 we find the students making a desperate effort to restore their team to its former prestige. They but partially succeeded, however, for the garnet and grey won but two games out of four played, and finally failed to win premier honors. This was the last time College competed for the Ontario championship. She broke away and joined the Quebec Union.

Reviewing the part played by the College team in the Ontario Union, how can any Ottawan refrain from singing the praises of a football club, which for the first time in the city's history brought home the Provincial championship and the Dominion championship and held them for five successive years in an unbroken series of victories.

Let us follow the grand old team into its new surroundings. We find it not only winning the Quebec championship undefeated, but also going up to Toronto in 1895 and playing off with Queen's for Dominion honors. When the referee's whistle marked full time Ottawa College had once more won that proud title which time had associated with her name—that of Champions of Canada. The season was brought to an early close owing to an injury to one of the players, which necessitated temporary retirement from the game.

In 1896, the boys went into the game with their old time vigor. Every game in the Quebec Union was won, and the handsome total majority was 84 to 14. Then the western champions, Toronto University, were downed in a manner which left no doubt as their inferiority.

In 1897, from all accounts, there was a battle royal for the championship. The trouble started when the season was well nigh

finished. As a result of ferocious brutality displayed by Ottawas in their second game with College, a game in which the referee was assaulted, the Ottawas were reported to the Q.R.U. and suspended by that body. At the close of that memorable game the score stood 8—8, with 8 minutes to play. As a result of Ottawa's suspension, the other teams played off for the championship and College won out. The boys from 'Varsity then gave battle to the Hamilton Tigers and won the Dominion Championship by a score of 14—10.

Coming ever nearer the present we take the season of 1898, with College, Granites and Montreal in the Quebec League. The regular series ended with all three teams on an equal footing. A series was arranged so that College played Montreal on their own grounds winning by 23 to 1. This is quite the reverse of the score on a previous date when College left Montreal defeated by 47 to nil. Granites then defaulted and College were once more Quebec Champions. Ottawas had thrown in their lot with the Ontario Union and had won the Championship of it. Consequently Greek met Greek on Ottawa's grounds on Thanksgiving day. Reading accounts of the game, one who did not witness it must feel convinced that College was unfairly treated. However, space will not allow me to expatiate on this point. College lost the championship by 11 points to 1.

Passing on to the fall of 1899, we come to a season which must be fresh in the memory of all. We find the College stalwarts playing out the series and ending in a tie with Brockville. A game was arranged and played off in Montreal, College winning after a fearsome struggle by a score of 11 to 9. An effort was made to play off with Granites of Kingston, champions of Ontario, for the Dominion championship, but no satisfactory arrangements could be made, so Dominion honors remained undecided.

The season 1900 was an utter failure for the wearers of Garnet and Grey, for they won but one game. The team started with only a few experienced players, so when it was seen that the hope of championship honors were vain, the season was utilized for the bringing out of new material. It was a good move as subsequent events proved.

Determined to retrieve the defects of the former year, the College started off in 1901 with a vim that foretold victory. Anticipations were not vain for the wearers of the Garnet and Grey ended the series in a tie

with Britannia. In a game with the latter in Montreal, College won the Quebec championship by a score of 30 to 14. It would be well to remark that in 1900 College and Britannia were the weakest teams in the Union. A fierce struggle still awaited our boys. Argonaut's of Toronto had won the Ontario championship and were determined to bring the Dominion championship home with them also. A game was forthwith arranged and College and the Toronto representatives met on a snowy field in Montreal. There followed one of those strenuous struggles which we read off in years gone by, for from start to finish the ball swayed back and forward until Argonauts led by one point, with eight minutes to play. Collège took a brace and in less time than it takes to tell it, rushed the ball the full length of the field and tied the score (12 to 12). Here the game ended and College demanded a finish. Toronto refused and left the field. On the following Saturday the same teams met on the same field to decide finally which were the superior. As is usual in such cases, College won by 18 to 3, Eddie Gleason in the first five minutes scoring ten points by two drop goals.

In 1902 we find College again winning the Quebec championship, without the loss of a game and running up an aggregate score of 127 to 14. Britannias and Montreals succumbed and even Brockvilles were defeated on their own "Brockville Pasture," a victory which no other team except College, either before or since, has been able to accomplish. In the saw-off with Ottawas for Dominion honors College met defeat by 5 to 0, after a fierce struggle.

1903 saw Ottawa in Brockville's place in the Q.R.U. The city team was strong, no doubt, and College realized the fact. The boys from 'Varsity went in with their usual determination, but met defeat once at the hands of Montreal, and twice at the hands of the Ottawas, thereby losing all hope of winning premier honors.

We are now to the present. The events of last season are fresh in the minds of all and need no explanation. I will but say that College won all its games save one on 'Varsity Oval in which Montreal (with the aid of the referee) defeated College by 11 to 10. Negotiations were opened with Hamilton Tigers for a game for the Dominion championship, but Tigers wanted half the game played under Burnside Rules. College, remaining fast by the C.R.U., refused to accept this proposal and no game was arranged.

LACROSSE.

Although we glory most in the victories of our gridiron heroes, we also take no little pride in the work done by our Baseballers, Lacrosse players and Hockeyists. The followers of these sports always have difficulties to encounter. The summer vacations and the departure of the students for their homes renders the success of baseball or lacrosse practically impossible, while our surroundings just now do not permit of a successful hockey season. However, where there is a will there is a way. Our lacrosse enthusiasts surmounted all difficulties in sight and formed a lacrosse team. The history of this organization goes back beyond the range of reference books now to hand, and continued nearly to the present day. The team was at one time a member of the present N.A.L.U., and on different occasions held the Intermediate championship of Canada.

BASEBALL.

In its palmy days the baseball team held foremost place in Canada. Although never in any league of importance save the City League, it arranged many exhibition matches, most of which were won by the boys in Garnet and Grey. In the days of the famous Owen Clarke, who was, by the way the first curve pitcher to appear on a Canadian Baseball Diamond, the College team trimmed all her Canadian foes, winning the amateur championship of Ontario, and even travelled to our neighbouring Republic. The present wearers of Garnet and Grey in the baseball line bid fair to be worthy successors.

HOCKEY.

Our hockey team has had a notable history. It never sought games beyond the city limits, but within these bounds it covered itself with glory and still continues to do so. It was the U.O.A.A. which in 1892 suggested the formation of the present city league and for a long time our team was a member of that body, which has done so much for the furtherance of the great winter sport in Ottawa. Moreover, it was in the junior department of Ottawa College that Frank McGee, now the mainstay of the forward line of the Stanley Cup holders, received his early hockey training. To old 'Varsity then, Ottawa owes not a small share of her sporting reputation

not only in winning championships but in supplying to city teams men who before entering College were mere novices, and, moreover, in turning out athletes who, in their particular line, stand out in a class by themselves.

We students of Ottawa University of the present day, besides the maintenance of Ottawa's reputation, have a grand and glorious standard to maintain. We must fight for the maintenance of the record established by those who have gone before. What organization can boast of a Guillet, a "Dunc" McDonald, a Clancy, a Gleason, and a host of others too numerous to mention? What club can point to coaches of the stamp of Rev. Father Fallon, or of King Clancy. Shall I conclude without mentioning those to whom is due the foundation of our athletic association and its helps in difficulties. To Mr. Chas. Murphy is due the first honor and to Rev. Father Whelan and Mr. B. Slattery.

To old footballers, then, to friends and supporters whom this issue may reach, we extend our greetings and we assure them that be they near or far away, they are not forgotten, and often, indeed, to wondering ears do we recount their surprising achievements. We assure them that time will only serve to make us cherish more fondly the work that they have done, and, finally, we promise them that so far as in us lies, we will do all in our power to crown with success our career in our new environment.

T. J. SLOAN, '06.

Glorious Old Varsity.

Air:—"Marching through Georgia."

Say boys, quit your smoking, here we're gathered in the rec,
For a rattling chorus, that 'll be heard in Hull, Quebec,
Now then, altogether! and the dead let's resurrec',
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah! we're champions again,
Hurrah! Hurrah! we want some better men,
We are not afraid to beard the lions in their den,
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

First we played the Westmounts, who took Britannia's place,
Lots of fine material, but they were not in the race,
For, as with all others, they could not stand our pace.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Next we played the Ottawa's, our toes of bye-gone years,
And when the game was ended, the ladies held their ears,
"Doubled the score," we shouted, and the crowd took up the cheers,

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Gladly would we overlook that game with Montreal,
Fifteen men against the fourteen led by Captain Hal,
Of scenes like this, O Union, we want no more at all,

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Again we beat the Ottawa's by seven points to ten,
Proving that beyond a doubt we were the better men,
And we said "you're down and out," when asked to play again,

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Next we played the Montreal's, who up to this had thought,
That they would be the champions, but we whipped them 11 to 0,
And men around the bulletins said miracles were wrought,

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Last we played with Westmount, and of course our heroes won,
We eighteen points rolled up, and they thought 'twas only fun,
But to show our generous soul, we gave to Westmount one,

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

J. C. W., '05.

N. B.—The above is by no means a Swan-song.—Ed.

Records of Canadian Football.**ONTARIO RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION.****SENIOR CHAMPIONS.**

1883.....	Toronto	1894 (Col. drops out)	Queen's University
1884.....	Toronto	1895.....	Toronto University
1885 (Ottawa Col. joins)	Ottawa College	1896.....	Toronto University
1886.....	Ottawa College	1897.....	Hamilton
1887.....	Ottawa College	1898.....	Ottawa
1888.....	Ottawa College	1899.....	Kingston Granites
1889.....	Ottawa College	1900.....	Ottawa
1890 (Ottawa Col. drops out)..	Hamilton	1901.....	Argonauts
1891.....	Osgoode Hall	1902.....	Ottawa
1892 (College re-enters)	Osgoode Hall	1903 (Ott. drops out)..	Hamilton Tigers
1893.....	Queen's University	1904.....	Hamilton Tigers

QUEBEC RUGBY UNION.**SENIOR CHAMPIONS.**

1896.....	Montreal	1896 (Col. re-enters)..	Ottawa College
1897.....	Montreal	1897.....	Ottawa College
1898.....	Montreal	1898.....	Ottawa College
1899.....	Montreal	1899.....	Ottawa College
1890.....	McGill University	1900.....	Brockville
1891.....	Montreal	1901.....	Ottawa College
1892.....	Montreal	1902.....	Ottawa College
1893.....	Montreal	1903.....	Ottawa College
1894 (College enters)..	Ottawa College	1904.....	Ottawa College
1895 (College re-enters for the year)	Montreal	1905 Col. enter	Intercollegiate Union

CANADIAN RUGBY UNION.

(Organized 1892.)

SENIOR CHAMPIONS.

1892.....	Osgoode Hall	1899.....	No Game
1893.....	Queen's University	1900.....	Ottawa City
1894.....	Ottawa University	1901.....	Ottawa University
1895.....	Toronto University	1902.....	Ottawa City
1896.....	Ottawa University	1903.....	No Game
1897.....	Ottawa University	1904.....	No Game
1898.....	Ottawa City		

INTERMEDIATE CITY LEAGUE.**CHAMPIONS.**

1903.....	Ottawa University II. defeated Ottawa City II. 23 to 0
1904.....	Ottawa University II. defeated Ottawa City II. 22 to 5

Since College entered a Canadian football league (14 years ago) she has held Ontario Union Championship 5 times.

Quebec Championship..... 9 times.

Dominion Championship..... 4 times.

College was out of the game three years during that time.—Therefore her record is an total of 18 Championships in 14 years.

Intercollegiate Rugby Union.

The sporting spirit of the students of the University of Ottawa, which so often in the past responded to the appeals of our athletic managers, received a fresh impetus on the evening of Thursday, April 20th, when the news was flashed over the wires from Montreal that Ottawa College had been admitted to the Intercollegiate Rugby Union, and that the "Garnet and Grey" banner which then floated triumphant on the flag-staff of the Quebec Union citadel would henceforth be entwined with the pennants of our sister universities.

Since some time past the feeling has been growing among students and faculty that our position in the Quebec Union was not answering the conditions for which our Athletic Association was formed and for which we had entered that Union. On account of the strenuous nature of the game and the demand for weight and experience which keen competition in this league has aroused during the last few years, it was found difficult for our young students to compete. We were not, therefore, meeting the chief aim of our Association, viz: the physical development and amusement of the students. Naturally our eyes were turned towards the Intercollegiate Union, though we realized that we would be greatly handicapped in the numbers and weight of those from whom we would be forced to choose a team. Reluctant to separate ourselves from clubs with whom we always enjoyed the most pleasant relations, and especially from players who had nobly upheld our honors in the past, but would be ineligible to play in the Intercollegiate Union, we realized, however, that the change must come sooner or later. With the rise of our new University home and with the brightest prospects for a large increase in the student body it was felt by the Executive that the present time would be the most auspicious for the change. So with the approbation of the University authorities and of the leading supporters of the Club, the Executive applied for admission to the C.I.R.F.U. At a meeting of that body we were admitted to membership under the usual regulations and on condition that we withdraw from the Quebec Union. To this our representative, President Alex. McDonald, agreed, and Ottawa College was welcomed into the Union by the representatives of the sister colleges.

In a few days our resignation from membership and that of Dr. Kearns from the Presidency of the Quebec Union, were forwarded to the secretary of that league. Though this severs our connection with the Quebec Rugby Union, we still hope to retain the friendly regard of the remaining clubs with whom our relations in the past were always the most cordial.

We also trust that those who favored us with their support in the past will continue with us in our new position. For with a new home, a new league, and a fresh spirit, but with the old colors, the old record and the old support, we are confident that Ottawa College can still emulate if not excell the most glorious achievements of her former heroes on the Rugby gridirons of Canada.

ALEX. McDONALD, '05,
Sporting Editor.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE U. O. A. A.

On April 29th, the annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held with a large and interested attendance of members. The entrance of Ottawa into the Inter-collegiate Union has awakened the old time spirit in the members, and the greatest enthusiasm and harmony prevailed. After the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted the President, Alex. McDonald, gave an account of the year's work of the Association, and every action met with the entire approbation of the members. His reference to our entrance into the Inter-collegiate Rugby Union was greeted with loud applause which amply demonstrated, if any such demonstration was necessary, that the spirit still exists which can make the "Garnet and Grey" as successful in the new league as it was in the old.

In expressing his appreciation of the work of our supporters and the regret we feel in parting with those players who have done so much for the team in the past but will no longer be eligible to play with us, the President made the pleasing announcement that two honorary vice-presidents had been created as a slight mark of appreciation of the many efforts of Mr. Clancy and Dr. Kearns on behalf of our Club.

The Secretary's report, as read by Mr. Jones, was an able statement of the year's work ; while the Treasurer's report was also of a most satisfactory nature.

In the election of officers for the ensuing year the choice for each position was a most happy one, and the fact that all were elected by acclamation, shows what a spirit of unanimity exists in the association. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are :

Hon. President—Mr. B. Slattery.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—T. Clancy, and Dr. Kearns.

President—T. J. Sloan, '06.

1st Vice-President—R. O. Filiatreault, '06.

2nd Vice-President—W. McCarthy, '07.

Cor. Secretary—A. Reynolds, '09.

Rec. Secretary—W. T. O'Neil, '07.

Treasurer—C. J. Jones, '07.

Councillors—W. Bawlf and W. J. Smith.

After congratulating the new officers on their election and exhorting all to work in unison so that success may crown their efforts for the ensuing year, Mr. McDonald called the new President, Mr. Sloan, to the chair. The latter in a pleasant speech thanked the members for the honor conferred on him, and in a few energetic words explained what was expected of one all. On the motion of Messrs. Walsh and Freeland a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers, McDonald and Burke. Both these gentlemen in thanking the meeting for this appreciation of their efforts urged upon them the necessity of making next year a success, and encouraged them to live up to their motto of union and concord in the fulfilment of which they would undoubtedly arrive at victory. The Director, Rev. Fr. Ouimet, then added a few words of encouragement, and the meeting was closed with a rousing Varsity cheer.

Immediately after this there was a joint meeting of the old and new executives at which the newly elected officers were duly installed and the retiring members tendered thanks for their work during the past years.

INTERCOLLEGIATE RUGBY SERIES—1905.

Oct. 14.—Queen's at Toronto.
 14.—McGill at Ottawa.
 21.—Toronto at McGill.
 21.—Ottawa at Queen's.
 28.—Toronto at Queen's.
 28.—Ottawa at McGill.

Nov. 4.—Queen's at Ottawa.
 4.—McGill at Toronto.
 11.—McGill at Queen's.
 11.—Toronto at Ottawa.
 18.—Queen's at McGill.
 18.—Ottawa at Toronto.

McGILL.

M-c-G-I-L-L !

What's the matter with old McGill.

She's ! all ! right !

Oh ! yes ! you ! bet ! (Who's all right ?)

McGill !!!

QUEEN'S.

Queen's ! Queen's ! Queen's !

Oil thigh na Banrighinn gubroth

Cha gheill ! Cha gheill ! Cha gheill !

TORONTO.

Varsity ! Varsity !

V-a-r-s-i-t-y.

Varsity ! Varsity !

!V-a-r-s-i-t-y.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y

VAR-SI-TY.

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

OTTAWA.

V-a-r-s-i-t-y !

V-a-r-s-i-t-y !

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

SHOULD RUGBY FOOTBALL BE ENCOURAGED?

From time to time we hear the question—"Should Rugby football be encouraged in the development of our youth?" By some this is answered in the affirmative, by others in the negative; but sufficient reasons have not yet been given by either side to settle this question to the satisfaction of all. Though I shall not in this article undertake to settle all doubts on this subject, I will, however, endeavor to present a few reasons why this branch of training should be encouraged.

The development of every youth must be considered from two standpoints—the mental and the physical. These branches are distinct in themselves and yet mutually dependent. For nothing can be more conducive to a strong intellectual development than a vigorous and healthy body; whilst on the other hand, the most essential qualification of a successful athlete must be a clear and quick mentality. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is a self-evident maxim which no one will deny. Every student no matter how attentive he be to his studies must, to be successful, give a part of his time to recreation and to physical exercise.

Moreover, the manly struggle of youth against youth imbues the participant in Rugby with a spirit of self-confidence which will be of immense value to him in after life. The knocks he receives in encounter with worthy opponents train him to cheerfully accept the buffets and reverses of life and to respect the opinions of others. The desire to win by honorable means whatever match he plays, will become the guiding principle to him in his daily labor of after life. What faculty too, is so necessary in after life as that of keen perception and determination undaunted by reverse?

Foot ball then is not only conducive to the physical development of men, but also develops the strongest and noblest traits of character. True, the sport has its defects, but these are not the direct result of the principles of the game, but by-products owing to the circumstances which accompany it. When carried to excess anything may become an evil; but the remedy is not in the destruction of the subject in which the evil exists, but in restrictions which will eliminate the evil alone. That a man, who is a foot-baller, is unsuccessful in his studies is no fault of the game since he is

ordinarily the exception. Many of the most brilliant players have also been leaders in their classes. Who could imagine a finer class of men than those whom the benefactions of Cecil Rhodes are uniting to study within the venerable walls of Oxford? And yet they are all without exception proven athletes, and many, I am sure, admirers or active players of Rugby. With the stamp of approbation of such leaders of men as the late Cecil Rhodes, and of scores of other men, are we not justified in concluding that athletics of the style of Rugby foot-ball are still deserving of approbation and encouragement?

M. D.

BASEBALL.

The baseball series was placed under the charge of Mr. Filiatreault, and already an interesting series has been arranged between teams captained by Messrs. O'Neil, McCarthy, Joron, P. McHugh and E. Desrosiers. According to the showing of the players in this series the members of the first team will be chosen.

Owing to the energy of Manager Filiatreault and Captain Johnson the first team has been entered in the City Baseball League, and as this organization includes some strong teams some interesting games are expected. The league is comprised of the following teams besides College :—St. Patrick's, Diamonds, Civil Service, Russell House, Y.M.C.A., and Pastimes.

On Saturday, May 6th, College met the Russell team winning easily by a score of 10—7. Those who figured on the College team were Brennan, Masson, Johnson (Capt.), Roche, Bawlf, McCarthy, O'Neil, Desrosiers and Wagner.

BOWLING.

The bowling series, which was so well contested throughout, was won by the team captained by Mr. W. Derham. His team was consequently awarded the championship, and the valuable set of prizes for which the different teams contested.





R. Lapointe. D. Collin, W. McHugh, H. J. McDonald, P. Gorman, M. Smith, C. Wagner,
 M. O'Neill, J. Lajoie, T. Sloan, Rev. J.A. Fortier. O.M.I., J. Freeland. R. Joron,
 M. Masson N. Bawlf.

THE SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM.—1904-05.



J. C. Walsh, J. Freeland, M. Smith, R. Lapointe,
 F. McDonald, M. O'Neill, R. Byrnes, W. McHugh,
 T. Bawlf, Harris, N. Desrosiers.

THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.—1904-05.

Of Local Interest.

May 1st was moving day, not only for the citizens of Ottawa, but also for the professors of the University. Several of the Fathers, tired of the nomadic life they have been leading for the past two years, have at last settled down in their own home. Those who have resided at 74 Daly avenue are the first inmates of the Arts Building. The rooms are not quite finished, although they are very comfortable indeed.

The central portion of the new Arts Building is all but finished. Its interior and exterior appearance surpasses what the most sanguine amongst us expected; the appointments, moreover, are most modern. With all its beauty and grandeur the quality that stands out most prominently is its substantial and solid appearance.

The Scientific Society, this year, has been dormant. Just why this was the case, we do not know. Its officers are competent, but they seem to lack enthusiasm. When the executive was chosen, last fall, we predicted and looked forward to an interesting season. But our hopes were blasted. During the past season there has not been one private or public lecture held, an unknown happening since the Society was regenerated some years ago. Are we to expect the annual outing?

The Fifth Annual Prize Debate took place on Friday evening, April 28th, in St. Patrick's Hall, and Mr. J. J. Freeland was the successful competitor for the Superior's medal. The subject of debate was:—"That the future of Canada would be better as a member of the British Imperial Federation than as an Independent Nation." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Freeland and Cavanagh, and the negative by Messrs. A. McDonald and O'Toole. The judges were Rev. Dr. Sherry, Hon. Frank Latchford and Pres. Kearns of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association. Mr. Freeland's speech was a forcible one and was characterized by its terseness and richness of expression. It was just in these points that he defeated Mr. McDonald who obtained second place. The latter gentleman was satisfied by merely stating the arguments, with less attention

to the manner or terms in which they were expressed. It is really to be regretted that he neglected so important an essential for his speech which otherwise was excellent, the cogency of his arguments winning the debate for his side. Messrs. Cavanagh and O'Toole also made good speeches. The former's argument was well reasoned out, but he lacked the force and 'go' of his leader. We would like to hear more from him in the future, and especially on a subject with which his sentiments would be in full accord. Mr. O'Toole also made a good speech, the delivery of which was slightly marred by nervousness—all great speakers have gone through the same experience. With some practice George ought to make a good debater. Mr. Chas. J. Jones acted as chairman. A musical programme was carried out, being contributed to by Messrs. Torsney, Masson and DesRosiers. All the singers were in good form, especially Mr. Torsney who sang exceptionally well. Taken all in all the prize debate of 1905 was up to the standard of past years, and in every way worthy of the traditions of the Society.

Did you see Tom's red tie and white vest?

I wish I was home to-night. Hey Mack?

Tommy B. was bitten by a "kissing bug." So Marjorie says.

"Resolved that Christopher Columbus was born in Canada and not in the United States." Such was the subject of a lively discussion between our friends Edgar P-ul-n and Herr G—tz. No decision was given by Referee O'G—dy.

A rather impromptu concert was held on a certain evening not long ago, in the new Recreation Hall. It was as follows:—

1. Song.—"The Man with the Ladder and the Hose." R.J. B.

2. Song.—"The Letter that he longed for never came."

Tommy B.

3. Speech.—"The Evil effects of the morning Smoke."

Mack O'N.

4. Reading.—"Rabbits and their Habits." Quam.

5. Song-Duet.—"McSorley's Twins." W. D. and Jimmy G.

6. Song.—"I got Mine." Smithy.

Manager O'G—dy deserves the thanks of all the students for providing such an instructive and interesting programme.

The Junior Locals

We feel that we owe our junior friends an explanation, for the unavoidable absence of this department in the March and April numbers of the REVIEW. The usual space allotted us was in both instances encroached upon by our senior friends, and this, coupled with the special features necessarily forced us out. We shall, however, endeavor to remedy matters somewhat, by making mention of one or two incidents that should have been given notice in the recent issues; and at the same time we wish to assure our readers that we shall assert our right more forcibly in the future.

Last week the winners in the Junior Hockey League were the happy recipients of souvenir pictures of the team. The champions appear to good advantage in the picture and the whole is very neatly gotten up.

Unfortunately the Bowling League games were not finished as per schedule. A few remained to be played to decide the championship, when the decorators stepped in and took possession of our hall. We trust that we may find time to play them off before the holidays.

During the past months a number of highly interesting debates have been held by our Junior Society. The young orators have succeeded very well in their work, and each debate seemed to surpass the preceding one ones in excellence. The pessimists, who at the outset ridiculed the forming of such an organization, now realize that with proper management the idea is quite feasible. In the name of our Junior friends, we wish to again express our gratitude to the originator and organizer, Mr. H. J. Macdonald, who has been unsparing in his efforts in behalf of the Society.

On Thursday, April 13th, the J. A. A. Committee met to organize a Jr. Baseball League. Three strong, well-balanced teams were chosen, with Messrs. W. Fleming, E. Boulay and C. O'Neill, Captains. This league comes as an innovation in the small one, and

thus far has proven very successful. The schedule of games played up the present is as follows:

Boulay vs. Fleming.	Boulay	16—12
O'Neill vs. Boulay	O'Neill	15—9
Fleming vs. Boulay	Fleming	10—6
Umpire—Rev. Fr. J. Boyer, O.M.I.		

The representative small yard team played its first game with the strong Page's team on Parliament hill, May 7th. The play was fast and snappy, and our team found hard work in winning 7—4. The team played a considerable game all through and gives promise of finishing ahead of the city teams.

The second team met the Columbia's, a Junior city league team, May 15th, and succeeded in defeating them by a score of 11 to 4. W. O'Brien's base running was one of the features, while the most spectacular and conspicuous man on the field, was the visitors' pitcher. He was a veritable Ichabod Crane in appearance, and a regular Goetz in pitching ability.

Perhaps the most interesting match played thus far was the one between our representative team, and the Third Form Greek Class. As Howard's nine students—and trainer Mulligan—emerged from the dressing room attired in their natty Garnet and Grey *stockings* and Chesterville vest-sweaters, it looked as if the small yard would not even have one of "Tom's" snow ball chances. After a few innings of play, however, it was quite evident that our youngsters would have an easy task. The writer, who had the honor of umpiring the game, attributes the serious loss to the poor head-work of the much vaunted Chesterville pitcher, although Guilfoile at short and O'Halloran, one of Clinton High's famous catchers, made many costly errors, thereby weakening their teams chances. The final score was 19 to 6 in our favor, but the defeated ones had their sorrows soothed, somewhat, by being the guests of Captain Howard at tea the same evening.

There is plenty of good material for a Lacrosse League in the Junior ranks, and Rev. Father Boyer is endeavoring to organize one.

McMillan, Burns, Bawlf, Lauzon, Leveque, Chartrand and others have all played in fact in Junior company and have the fine points of the game well in hand.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Masters M. O'Leary, L. Chantal, W. Chantal, L. Bonhomme, S. Garrity and F. Garrity, some of the younger boys were confirmed May 14th, in St. Joseph's Church. The Juniors offer them their congratulations.

Frankie Brennan's Cricket Club is becoming quite popular, and a number of the small boys have already paid their entrance fee of \$1.00. The new organization bids fair to outsiine the Senior Tennis Club.

1. Who said, "spell Yacht"?
2. It is almost impossible to get anything past W. Burns and W. O'Brien, the two small yard lacrosse defence men.
3. M. O'Leary's Cornerites are doing noble work in the small yard.
4. W. Chantal is in training for the coming race with Pinsonnault.
5. One dollar will be paid to the person who can prove that V. M. tried to organize a pie-eating contest
6. There are no Juniors in the infirmary at present, and we hope that none will be so unfortunate as to contract the white vest fever.
7. We note a marked improvement in the singing since Frankie G. joined the choir—and since some of the seniors kindly resigned.
8. To those who were successful in the recent Jr. French declamation contest we offer our congratulations. In Div. A, Master W. Baril won the gold medal presented by M. L. Gauthier, an ex-member of the Society. Master E. Beroard took second in this division. In Division B., Master A. Desrosiers had no difficulty in capturing the first prize.

9. The Juniors will be pleased to learn that that G. Dunne is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

10. Beware of Fudge ! It may contain red pepper.

11. The "Midgets," one of our smallest teams crossed bats with the St. Joseph's Choir team Saturday, May 20th. The gate receipts will be given to the Tennis Club to procure aprons for those who are obliged to march off the field.

12. The second term class closes this year on the 21st of June. There is yet time for those who have neglected their work to pick up and pass good examinations. Students living in Chesterville, owing to the late ending of the school term will be forced to wait over for the July train, as the June train leaves on the 16th of the month.

13. The Juniors will be delighted to hear that plans are being drawn up for a large swimming tank, modeled after the one at Clinton High School.

JR. EDITOR.

